

# THE VARSITY

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## AU REVOIR.

Ah Sweet! the light of life seems all to fade,  
Since far away from thee I now must go;  
The happy days late past are whelmed with we  
That rises like a tide, and storms have made  
A ruin of past hopes; yet undismayed  
I face all grief, no wave can overflow  
One steadfast hope whence others grow:  
We meet again—on this my heart is stayed.

The might of faith doth make the weakest strong,  
And faith of mine doth join me to that strength;  
All things are possible, to me belong  
All hope and trust and joy, until at length  
Faith hath reward, I know not how or when—  
This one thing only, we shall meet again.

W. P. M.

## THE PLEASURES OF PROOF-READING.

Among all the printed matter that comes through the mail per book post, is there anything that approaches in importance the earliest proof sheets of your first book? What a strange yet familiar look they have! Your first observation made with regret, is that words and sentences, when congealed in cold type, produce a less favorable impression on your mind than when viewed in the heat of composition. This is unfortunate, but you resolutely conquer the chill that creeps over you, and diligently apply yourself to the work of correction, with the determination to let no error escape. There are a good many errors—typographical, topographical, historical, rhetorical, and (shall I say?) grammatical. It is in the power of every tiny piece of type to outrage your feelings in some way; either by appearing where it ought not to be, failing to appear where it ought to be, taking up a position above or below its fellows, or standing on its head. When you sternly discountenance all these vagaries, it has other resources. It loves to appear in a partially mutilated condition, or imperfectly covered with ink. Driven from this stronghold, it will go hard with it if it can't belong to another font of type. When you encounter an italic letter among its Roman brethren, there is no difficulty in detecting the offender. Guilt is written on every abject curve of its body. But sometimes in the middle of a word you encounter a letter a shade shorter or darker than its fellows; it looks like an interloper, but you are not quite sure. You touch it with your pen, and make an interrogation point opposite it on the margin. Then the printer takes out that dubious letter, and puts an interrogation mark in its place, giving the word an extremely novel and picturesque appearance, but making it somewhat difficult to pronounce.

But if you are troubled with a literary conscience, the process of proof-reading is continually beset with interrogation points, invisible to the outward eye, but none the less imperative in their nature. Is this sentence obscure and affected? Is that one childishly simple? Doesn't that other one seem to be straining after effect? Does it reach what it's straining after? Wouldn't it be possible to cut out the strain and leave the effect? Where is the delicate line between lightness and

flippancy, between carefulness and stiffness, between wholesome sentiment and nauseous sentimentality? The paragraph which seemed almost poetic, when you wrote it, now seems almost meaningless; how can you know what it actually is? If your hero has no faults how can he escape being a prig. If he has faults how can he be a hero? If your paragraphs are long, will not the average reader think you dull? If they are short, will not the reader who is above the average relegate you to the rank of a writer upon a weekly story paper?

With these problems pressing upon your brain, it occurs to you that the rest of the family may offer you solutions to some of them. Upon the announcement that your first proofs have arrived they say, "Oh!" an exclamation which, upon consulting the dictionary, you find is susceptible of a variety of meanings. They bid you keep a firm hand on your adjectives, and be careful how you spell. "Don't go to correcting a sentence by ear," say they, "but consult your grammar, and make sure you're correct." You are naturally of a patient disposition, but when one of them, inspecting the sheets with an air of settled gloom, says, "I fear this is going to be a flimsy sensational novel; tell me does it teach a lesson?" You cannot forbear to reply, "Yes, a history lesson;" and as there is really a good deal of historical information in your book, you make good your escape for that time.

If you are fortunate enough to have as chief critic one who is as interested in the work as you yourself are, the pleasures and puzzles of proof-reading are largely increased. The advantage of a better judgment and finer taste is incalculable, but, on the other hand, you don't know what to think when you find some of your phrases denounced as Americanisms. Of course if you had said—if it were possible for you to have said—that your heroine's mother had, on account of some misdeed, given that young lady "Hail, Columbia," or if you could have allowed your hero to exclaim approvingly and slangily to his intimate friend, "Good Henry Clay head on you!" or, in its abbreviated form, "Good clay head!" then you could readily understand that these objectionable expressions were Americanisms. But there are others of which you are not sure. A friend of mine once decided that to get the start of, as in the phrase "they'll not get the start of him," was an Americanism. Afterwards we discovered it in Shakespeare. Was she disconcerted? Not in the least. She merely said, "Well, if Shakespeare can bring himself to use Americanisms I'm sure I wouldn't be so particular."

After the first chapter has been returned to the printers the glow of novelty fades, and the importance of the work, in your own estimation, unconsciously dwindles. You look gratefully, but with some misgiving, at your kindly neighbor, whose faith in the value of your performance is so great that she assures you she is going to save the proceeds of her next churning of butter to buy it with. You bid her beware how she recklessly exchanges butter that she knows to be good for a book whose quality is unknown, but the good soul is not to be turned from her intention.

Musing idly upon the ease with which we can "tell" good butter, and the difficulty of giving a perfectly just decision upon a book, your last proof-sheets, persued absent-mindedly, drop from your hand. They seem all right, but 'twill be safer to read them again. Suddenly, with a thrill of horror, you stop short, your hair perceptibly changes color, and your rigid lead pencil points to a paragraph in praise of the mirror-like qualities of a certain Canadian sheet of water, which you had written

thus : "The bay that at sunset had seemed a sea of melted gold now held the young moon trembling in its liquid embrace."

The printer had substituted "man" for "moon."

This unreasonable planet seems determined to turn the light of its countenance away from you, for in the Christmas number of the periodical to which you most delight to contribute, there is a quotation which reads,

"The sun, which bares its bosom to the moon."

This line was written by Wordsworth, in his beautiful—is it not his most beautiful?—sonnet,

"The sea, which bares its bosom to the moon."

And it seemed to give a greater value to the next quotation—from Walt Whitman,

"The white arms in the breakers tirelessly tossing."

But of the fact that penmanship is, as a rule, far more imperfect than printing and proof-reading, this writer has no need to be reminded.

A. E. W.

## REVENGE OF THE FLOWERS.

(Under a Picture.)

Slowly the soft strokes of the echoing bell  
Fall, like faint voices, each one sent to tell  
An hour is gone, time passes, all is well.

The sun, slow marching through the western skies,  
Seems on his way to linger ; nature lies  
In languor 'neath his gaze, and faintly sighs.

In chamber fair, half shaded from the sun,  
What happy dreams pass smiling, one by one,  
Though evening's hours of rest have not begun.

Soft lights, with shadows blent, steal softly through,  
Half-radiant sunbeams for admission sue,  
And gentle breezes uncoiled tresses woo.

All through the morning hours, upon the hill,  
Hither and thither, straying at her will,  
Seeking with fairest flowers her lap to fill.

With treasure more than ample vase can hold,  
The rover's pleasure and success are told.  
Now see how art hath nature fair controlled !

Each flower its beauty shows in careless grace,  
Distinct from all, yet all gives each its place,  
And harmony all difference doth embrace.

The weariness of triumph o'er her came,  
Who conquers nature, nature yet can tame.  
In soft repose now lies that lovely frame.

With curving lines of beauty, half concealed  
By drapery soft flowing, half revealed,  
She lies in grace unconscious, eyelids sealed.

Her face, half turned aside, in shadow lies ;  
Her breathing, gentle as the south wind's sighs,  
Comes slowly forth, and e'en in coming dies.

A fragrance, rising, fills the little room ;  
The flowers seem to faint in their perfume ;  
The light is slowly fading into gloom.

The odours strengthen, while the senses, dulled  
By heavy sweetness, heavily are lulled.  
Alas ! what flowers hath that fair hand culled ?

Their vengeance hidden coiled within their breast  
Who owns them, but of evil fate possess.  
Alas ! that it is she who lies at rest.

Now, from amid the flowers, with evil stare,  
A lurking adder lifts his head in air.  
What help is nigh ? Asleep she lieth there !

Uncoiled, it crawleth o'er that form divine,  
Invades the bosom that had all been mine,  
With sharp assault drives life from that fair shrine.

The flowers have faded ; sadly, wearily,  
The day dies into night, and silently  
The tired world slumbers, while in death lies she.

The sorrows of my heart can ne'er be known,  
My body walks this earth, my soul hath flown.  
I wait till by her side they'll lay me down  
Asleep.

HENRY A. DWYER.

"SHE." \*

The author of *King Solomon's Mines*, in his latest book carries us still farther out of the region of probability, and takes us this time to the east coast of Africa and the land of the marvelously supernatural. The immense sales of the book, and the favour with which the works of such writers as R. L. Stevenson and H. Rider Haggard have lately been received, go to prove that a change has come over the public taste, and that stories of the supernatural are, to a considerable extent, usurping the place of the intensely realistic novel. The reaction is a natural one, in view of the dead level of sameness and mediocrity which has of late years enveloped novels of the latter class, and it will be somewhat interesting to watch the development of the new movement. A great imagination is a rare happening in the realm of letters, and it is perhaps safe to predict that if novels of the imagination are to be the rule, they must be fewer in number if they are to rank in the first class. And not only will there be fewer novelists in the front rank, but they will write fewer books. It is hardly possible that a writer, who depends entirely upon his inventive faculty, should produce books with the facility of a Howells or a Black ; though, indeed, if one result of the new movement should be more careful elaboration of plot and detail, the result to literature of this kind will be a distinct gain.

Thus we come to Mr. Rider Haggard's new book. The story is fascinating. To commence it is to read it through at a sitting. That is immensely in its favour. The main character is boldly conceived and successfully drawn throughout. It is the work of a powerful imagination. The shrivelling of "She," who would twice bathe in the life-giving ether, is a triumph of inventive skill. In fact the whole history of the journey of Ayesha and her companions to the Cave of the Spirit of Life, is the best piece of work Mr. Rider Haggard has done.

Of the other characters there is not much to be said. Leo Vincey is a handsome young Englishman, possessing many of the traits of character of his race. There is nothing very special about him except his good looks. The only remaining character worthy of particular mention is Horatio Holly, the guardian of the hero, for the servant Joe is a very ordinary mortal. Mr. Holly is remarkable—remarkable for his ugliness. He is a good scholar too ; a necessary qualification, as he is obliged to talk, through many pages, in classical Greek. But beyond these two things, and the Baboon's Greek is given to us in the freest English translations, there is nothing in the character of Horatio Holly, which would suggest any great labor on the part of the author. Not that this is absolutely necessary, as "She" is a history of adventure. The character of She, is really the only original creation in the book ; there is a distinct resemblance between the others and similar characters in *King Solomon's Mines*. And She herself may well have been suggested by the wonderfully learned witch in *King Solomon's Mines*, who had lived beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

The account of the manners and customs of the savage people among whom the travellers fell is carefully elaborated and full of interest. It is probably here that Mr. Rider Haggard has put most labour. One great charm of a book of this kind is the unconscious blending of the natural with the supernatural. That is one of the strong points about Stevenson's "*Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*." The great art with which the improbable is

\* She: A History of Adventure. By H. Rider Haggard.

kept out of sight, and the hope that some natural explanation of events will turn up, to the very end of the story, constitute the real genius of that book. In *King Solomon's Mines*, too, the first intruder into the unknown country went there in search of gold, a report of vast treasures, improbable it is true, but not impossible, having reached his ears. But in "She" we start with the impossible. That two Englishmen, educated gentlemen and members of a university, should start out in all seriousness to search for what could not conceivably exist, is almost ludicrous from an artistic standpoint. It is a radical defect in Mr. Rider Haggard's book.

Judging the novel on purely artistic grounds, which is the only way possible of treating a creation of this kind, the book may be said to be badly balanced, and to lack unity of design and evenness of execution. There is too much anxiety on the part of the author to bring us into the country and presence of She-who-would-be-obeyed. We arrive in the domains of "She" almost before we are fairly started on the "high emprise." And, after the shrivelling of Ayesha, the culmination of the adventure, the travellers are transported back to England more quickly than they came. It may sound somewhat strange, but there is really not enough adventure in the book. It falls short of our expectation as a history of adventure; there ought to be a great deal of adventure before attaining to the presence of so marvellous a person as "She," and a great deal more adventure in getting away from the country of so wonderful a queen, who yet reigned far enough away from the ken of mortals, to be unknown and unheard of in the civilized world.

One is forced to the conclusion that "She" has been somewhat hastily conceived and written. The workmanship of the book bears evidence of this. It is unevenly written, and the average merit of literary composition is not so good as in *King Solomon's Mines*. There are defects of detail, too, which would hardly be expected from a writer of Mr. Rider Haggard's powers of imagination. A single instance will suffice. Leo Vincey's beautiful curls are represented as turning white after the terrifying scene in the cave. Surely that was unnecessary! The young man's life was yet before him. Why handicap his beauty by bleaching his hair? Besides, there was fright enough without that. The artistic effect of the scene is spoiled by the mention of a phenomenon, the use of which has now been relegated to the novels of "the Duchess." By-the-way though, Grant Allen has made use of the same thing, in a prettily told story in the January *Harper's*, in order to bring about a reconciliation between an aesthetic young man who, when blind, had fallen in love with a beautiful girl with *brick-red hair*, and his beloved. The only way in which Grant Allen can bring the affair to a happy climax, is by making the girl fall sick of a fever, and rise from her couch with snow-white hair. There are cases on record of hair being turned white by sickness; but these are rare, except in second and third-rate novels, where they are altogether too plentiful. A much more natural way, and one we have never seen recorded in novels, would have been perhaps after this sort: It is a well known fact that, in cases of fever, when the head is shaved, the new growth of hair comes in a darker shade; so that Grant Allen's young lady, instead of being doomed to premature gray hairs, might have delighted the aesthetic taste of her lover with a glimpse of "lovely locks of truest auburn." The unsightly baldness which would intervene, could have been overcome by a trip to the sea side for the lady's health. But this is a digression.

Mr. Rider Haggard's book bears, as has been said, the marks of haste and immaturity of design and execution. It is to be hoped that so original and powerful a writer will not be led by the intoxication of popularity to over-production. The power of his writing will suffer otherwise. He cannot do better than take for his guidance the example of one of our best novelists—one who has produced comparatively little, without losing thereby either popularity or power—Mr. R. D. Blackmore.

J. O. MILLER.

#### CARLYLE AND GIGADIBS.

(A DIALOGUE WHICH MIGHT HAVE BEEN.)

GIGADIBS.—As you were saying—

CARLYLE.—This is a mad world that soberly busies itself in pursuing bubbles—Mr. Sham bending his hurdies to Mr.

Fraud, with a "I'd be loth to disturb you." A world that shrieks of sacrilege if a stout arm ruthlessly strip from pretentious hollowness its rags and tawdry habiliments—which seeing, an honest man turns himself away in disgust from the blind, dusty, sweating, toiling mass, and longs for a Mirabeau or Cromwell to force order upon the chaos, cutting off the false which veils from men the immutable truth of God's universe.

GIGADIBS.—Yet are there cheering signs of the coming dawn—

CARLYLE (*breaking in*).—Very poetical if not true; where do you see such? Long have I trusted that beneath the dead ashes of the past there may lurk a Phoenix to start up instinct with life—that there may issue forth from the roaring loom of time, a new fabric, woven of all the strength and truth and beauty in man; but mine eyes have I strained in vain, for even now I see it not.

GIGADIBS.—But the progress of Science—

CARLYLE.—Call you rattling among the dry bones of the universe Science? All the probings and dissectings and measurements of which science boasts are futile to wrest from inscrutable Nature her mystery,

GIGADIBS.—The rising tide of Democracy—

CARLYLE.—Better it is for the weak to be governed by the strong; Radicalism is the rock upon which we must shipwreck, if no leader appears to point the way and force the weaklings to accept a safety whereof they are unworthy.

GIGADIBS (*with confidence*).—The advance of Freedom of Thought certainly is—

CARLYLE.—Ay! Religion is a great Truth groaning its last—

GIGADIBS (*venturing for once an interruption*).—I am glad to hear from Mr. Carlyle's own lips that he is in sympathy with us; and I dare hope that he will find himself able to assist in the work of dispelling the mist of clericalism. (He presents the prospectus of the Gigadibs' Society for the Diffusion of Benthamite Literature.)

CARLYLE (*to himself*).—He is a wee bit Utilitarian body after all. (*Then aloud*) I am no' a Bedlamite yet. Put it away! What has man to do with always thinking of his happiness. To each man, according to his strength, is it appointed to do his part in hewing out the destiny of his kind—towards truth and light. Happiness may never be his lot, yet, like a star, never hasting, never resting, must man fulfil his God-created mission.

GIGADIBS (*with spirit*).—Utilitarianism finds its warrant in the latest scientific theories. For it is evident that if the fit alone survive in the struggle for existence, that the customs and institutions of that surviving class are consonant with what is for the best interests of the whole. Now, the moral consciousness in man is a result of hereditary obedience of tribal custom. Therefore his indefinite moral ideal finds its content in obeying the tribal customs, which customs, from the nature of the case, are expressed by the Utilitarian standard of the greatest happiness of the greatest number.

Gigadibs hereupon pauses and waits a reply before pursuing the argument. The silence is at last broken by the Chelsea Sage saying in a meditative tone, with a sorrowful shake of the head that is resting on his hand—

"Eh! but you're a pair cratur, a pair, wratched, meeserable cratur!"

(Exit GIGADIBS.)

W. H. H.

#### AN ADEQUATE CAUSE.

A breath of sweetness over a fence,  
And a scarlet geranium leaf rain-wet,  
Swims in level light from a westering sun,  
In a tossed green sheaf of mignonette.

And—there you stand on the wooden quay,  
In your lily loveliness, my Queen;  
Dim troubled eyes o'er the waters look,  
From "the sweetest face I have ever seen."

BOHEMIEN.

## THE VARSITY.

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All communications should be addressed to THE EDITORS, University College, Toronto, and must be in on Wednesday of each week.

Contributions when not accepted will be returned if accompanied with a stamp for that purpose.

Now that the Provincial Government has been returned to power, and its hands greatly strengthened, it is to be hoped that it will do something definite, and something generous, in aid of the Provincial University. There is one department of the University which should receive, as it most certainly deserves, special attention. We refer to the department of Practical Science. Since its re-organization on a singularly narrow basis, little or nothing has been done to enable it to maintain its proper place as one of the recognized departments of the University. That it has succeeded as well as it has is a matter for congratulation.

As far as we are able to judge, the position of the present School of Practical Science is this: It has afforded lecture and laboratory room for the Natural Science Department, and has eased the pressure on the space of University College. Most, if not all, the lectures to students taking the Natural Sciences course are delivered in the school. So far, so good. But the Engineering Department, what of it? Beyond the establishment of a Professorship and a Fellowship in Engineering, no progress has been made towards the development of the institution. The principal work which the Engineering branch is doing is to turn out surveyors and draughtsmen. No provision is made for practical work in the Mechanical Department. And this is not the fault of the school authorities. The Engineering Department is practically called on to make bricks without straw. In such a course, the very essential to good and thorough work—an intimate acquaintance with all the practical details of engineering, which are only to be acquired by constant practice in the use of machines and tools—is entirely left out. Surely this is not logical. At the present time, when so much attention is being given to the subject of Technical Schools, the one which should be the cap-stone of the system is left without proper means and appliances for the adequate and even necessary performance of its work!

The duty of the Government in this matter is plain. Workshops, supplied with the latest models, patterns of machines and tools necessary for all the purposes required, should be provided. A competent instructor should be engaged to superintend the machine shop. The Professorship of Engineering should, moreover, be placed upon exactly the same footing as the other chairs in University College. In saying that the School turns out practically nothing more than good surveyors and draughtsmen, we are by no means disparaging its work. The School does as good work as many other institutions which are more thoroughly equipped. But what we do say is this: That the object of such a School should be to afford every facility for instruction in a complete course of technical and scientific education. This is what might reasonably be expected of it by the public, and by those who desire to attend its sessions. As it stands now, it only fulfils a part of its proper work. Is it too much to expect that justice will be done to this long-suffering and most excellent School? We hope not.

If we take a look at similar institutions abroad, we shall soon see how much more comprehensive they are in the scope of their operations. Take, for instance, the Massachusetts Institute of

Technology. There are nine regular courses pursued therein, each of four years' duration; for proficiency in any one of which the degree of B. Sc. in the course pursued, is conferred. The courses are as follows: Civil and Topographical Engineering; Mechanical Engineering; Mining Engineering; Architecture; Chemistry; Electrical Engineering; Natural History; Preparatory to the Professional Study of Medicine; Physics; and General Course. There are, in addition to the President, 13 Professors and 14 Assistant Professors, who are still further supplemented in their labors by thirty instructors and assistants. There are in connection with this School, Draughting-rooms, Laboratories of Chemistry, Physics, Applied Mechanics, Mechanical Engineering, Mining and Metallurgy, and Biology; besides Museums and Libraries. This School has over 660 students in attendance, and her graduates amount to about the same number. The Institute is a thoroughly independent School. The Worcester Free Institute, though not on such an extensive scale, is still a very complete Industrial School. It offers a good education—based on the Mathematics, Living Languages, Physical Sciences and Drawing, and affords sufficient practical familiarity with some branch of Applied Science, to secure its graduates a livelihood. It has a large staff of Professors and Lecturers, and grants the degree of B.Sc. It has a large Machine-shop, fully equipped, and presided over by experienced practical workmen. The Sheffield Scientific School, at New Haven, is, perhaps, one of the most complete and extensive of the kind in America. It used to be in close connection with Yale College, but has been re-organized upon a new basis, and is now, practically, an independent Institution, presided over by a Director, assisted by about thirty Professors and Instructors. The complete course occupies three years. The first year's work is the same for all, and the last two years are devoted chiefly to instruction—practical and theoretical—in seven special departments. These are: Chemistry, Civil Engineering, Dynamical (or Mechanical) Engineering, Agriculture, Natural History, Biology (preparatory to Medical studies), Mining and Metallurgy, and Preparatory work for other higher studies. Those taking the course in Mining and Metallurgy, take the regular three years in Engineering, and at its close spend a fourth year in the study of Metallurgical Chemistry and Mineralogy. The course preparatory to other higher studies includes general instruction in Arts and Science, and also in Meteorology, Sanitary Science, Political Economy, Constitutional Law, and so forth. The degrees conferred by this School are: Bachelor of Philosophy, on those who have completed any of the regular three year courses, and have passed the examination at its close; Civil Engineer and Dynamic Engineer, on Bachelors of Philosophy who have taken the first degree in Engineering study, and who pursue a higher course for at least two years, sustaining a final examination, and giving evidence of ability to design important constructions and make the requisite drawings and calculations therefor; also the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, given for high attainment and original research.

We have selected these three American Science Schools as typical examples. They are all different from one another, are managed differently, and appeal to separate and distinct constituencies. The Worcester Free Institute is largely devoted to the industrial training of young boys, who serve their apprenticeship, as it were, at this school. The Massachusetts Institute of Technology is recruited chiefly from the artisan class, who receive thorough training as handicraftsmen. The Sheffield school affords instruction in the higher branches of engineering and advanced scientific research. Speaking generally, the Worcester Institute represents the elementary, the Massachusetts Institute the intermediate, and the Sheffield School the advanced departments respectively, in the system of technical and scientific education as pursued in the United States. The number of Technical and Industrial Schools of all kinds supported out of national funds in the different States is 45, attended by over 500 students. The tendency everywhere is to multiply such institutions, and to represent every branch of industrial art and science. The three we have referred to, are selected as being fairly representative institutions of their respective classes. The experience in these schools is that they flourish better as independent institutions than as appendages to

literary academies or colleges. While this is a question about which there may reasonably be a difference of opinion, still it is worth considering. Our own school of science should take a similar position to that occupied by the Sheffield School.

We have referred in detail to these American schools with the purpose of showing the extent to which such institutions can be developed, their enlarged scope, the enlightened views respecting technical education which they evidence, the thorough character of their work, and the influence for good which they exert upon the industrial and commercial interests of the community. But in comparing such institutions with our own School of Science the conclusion is inevitable. While in one State of the Union our neighbours support two or three splendidly endowed and equipped schools, we see the premier province of Canada supplied with a school having but three really independent instructors, and making no provision for practical work in one of its chief sub-departments. Now we appeal to our readers and the public generally, if this is in keeping with the industrial requirements of this province? The answer must be overwhelmingly in the negative. And the next question is: What is the Government going to do about it? Is it going to allow these essential needs of the Province to suffer for the lack of sufficient capital to carry on the work of instruction? The Government and its friends are very much given to boasting about their six millions of a surplus. Leaving one of these millions for the new Parliament Buildings, there still will remain enough to endow ten such institutions as the School of Science. It is a disgrace that the Province of Ontario pays so little attention to this institution, which embodies the very spirit of the times, and which, in this practical and progressive age, should be in a position to compete successfully with any similar institution on this continent. Let the Government consider this question well.

### COMMUNICATIONS.

The Editors are not responsible for the opinions of correspondents. No notice will be taken of unsigned contributions.

#### "THE DR. WILSON MEDAL."

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS:—I do not purpose to prolong the discussion of a question which for a long time has held the foremost place in University politics, by appearing as an advocate either for or against the general principle of awarding scholarships and medals, but to refer to a specific case, which, in addition to being an injustice, has reached the *ne plus ultra* of absurdity. I refer to the "Dr. Wilson Medal" for Modern Languages.

It has been held by some that, as this is a private donation, the undergraduates have no right to discuss the system on which it is given. I am not one who thinks so. There is no substantial difference between a private donation and a public one. The one is given by an individual; the other by a collection of individuals. If there is injustice in the one, it deserves condemnation no less severe than if it were in the other. We do not owe more respect to the individual than to the community.

As was announced some months ago, the medal will be given on the result of a competition in English essay writing; the subject for the present year being: "The development of the historical drama in England, France and Germany, with particular reference to the works of Shakespeare, Hugo, Schiller and Goethe." In addition to this, some degree of proficiency in French and German prose composition will be required.

The winner of the medal given on this plan will be passed off to the public as the most proficient in the Modern Languages taught in University College, for this is the only meaning "Medalist in Modern Languages" can have to those who judge the winner's acquirements by the title which the medal bears. But will he be so in reality, and by necessity? Let us enquire. Let us place side by side the curriculum for the fourth year, and the standard of culture necessary to become a medalist.

First, with regard to Italian. This is without the pale of the knowledge required of the gentleman who has his eye on the medal; he will, therefore not trouble himself with this language, except in so far as to obtain the fifty per cent. requisite for Third Class Honors. Or he might even venture to neglect it so much as to fall below this standard, and trust that the Senate would dispense its charity by granting him a Pass Degree. For he might accept the charity of the Senate in taking a Pass Degree, and still be the Medalist in Modern Languages. He would pursue the same course with regard to Ethnology, for that is likewise outside of his sphere.

In French, German and English he would devote his whole energy to prose composition; he would trace the development of the historical drama from some history of literature, and read the historical dramas of the foreign authors in English translations; for it would be a waste of time, as far as his object is concerned, to read them in the original text.

All the imposing mass of philology, old and modern texts mentioned in the curriculum, with a very superficial amount of study, would yield him his requisite fifty per cent.

Such is the course I should pursue if I started out with the intention of competing for this medal. This is undoubtedly the shortest and surest road to winning it. But is it honest. Is it not scandalous, to call the successful candidate who pursues such a course as this, more proficient in Modern Languages than he who should win First Class Honors on the work prescribed in this department on the University curriculum?

A medal given on such conditions defeats the very aim of liberal education; it sets a premium on ignorance; it deceives the public, and wrongs the honest student. He who would compete for, he who would accept a medal given in this way, has no fine sense of honor.

But what appears most wonderful of all, is that this scheme should have been proposed by gentlemen who are supposed to have the deepest interest in raising the standard of linguistic education. Were they serious in proposing this scheme? I respect them too much to believe so. The charity of a generous posterity has been extended even to Macchiavelli. Let us be charitable also to them. Let us believe that their aim was to hasten the downfall of a custom in which they did not believe, by reducing the *absurdum ad absurdius*.

T. LOGIE.

### THE GYMNASIUM.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIR,—Anyone visiting our college gymnasium cannot but be struck with sorrow that such an institution as our Alma Mater cannot boast of better apparatus for physical culture than that which we now possess. Cannot the students take this matter in hand and by co-operating with one another, form some fixed system for furthering college athletics? I noticed with pleasure Mr. Hodgins' review of "Physical Culture," a book written by Mr. E. B. Houghton, of this city. I would make some suggestions as to the method of furthering such a scheme. The first essential is a competent, energetic instructor, who, by taking this branch of education (for such it is now considered) under his control, would consolidate the individual and, in many cases, ill-directed efforts of the students, and by pressing its claims would bring more strongly before the eyes of both faculty and students the necessity of having a permanent and well-equipped gymnasium. In the hands of a trained and skilled instructor, our present gymnasium might be made one of the finest in the province. By tearing down the partitions which disfigure the ground floor, the now cramped quarters could be converted into a commodious and well-ventilated hall. Such a hall would be a focus for instruction in gymnastics both in theory and practice, and would during the winter months, nourish that feeling of sociability and *esprit de corps* which is so much to be desired among the students of our college, and which at present seems to die out as soon as the football season ends.

Hoping these suggestions will call forth some discussion on this much-needed reform, I remain

F. H. SUFFEL.

### THE FIGHT FOR APPEARANCES.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—In your issue of the 22nd ult. appeared an article by Mr. A. Stevenson entitled "The Fight for Appearances." To it I wish to take exception. I am not a writer; I am not a scholar. If I have so failed to perceive Mr. Stevenson's idea that my criticism is without force, no harm will be done. If I am in error he will perhaps be good enough to enlighten me. I imagine that the article in question originated in some such manner as this: Strolling through the park while the old King's College building was in course of demolition, Mr. Stevenson has found that the structure was not what he thought it to be, and another proof, almost unnecessary, has been assimilated by his conviction that "things are not what they seem." I sympathise with him in his denunciations of shams, but I cannot help thinking that he has been most unfortunate in his choice of illustrations. Sham buildings come in for the greatest share of his wrath. There must, however, be a line drawn between shams which are detrimental to our well-being, and shams that are advantageous. Of hypocrisy in men's lives nothing too harsh can be said, of deceitful hearts the home is perdition, but extreme strictness in some other matters would surely detract from the happiness of mankind.

Mr. Stevenson would abolish chromos, because they are imitations of oil paintings. He forgets that they satisfy the poor man's hunger and thirst after the beautiful, much more the poor woman's. I believe there is in every human creature a certain finer nature which must be sustained by suitable food, or perish. I have no doubt that Mr. Stevenson believes it also. But while he seems to attribute the ornamentation of buildings to chronic dishonesty, I would be inclined to consider it an effort on the part of man to satisfy that aesthetic element in his nature, the possession of which is certainly matter of congratulation. It would require too much space to review Mr. Stevenson's letter in detail. His remarks about moral nature, social life, literature, politics and religious profession are just, perhaps not sufficiently severe, but unfortunately they form only the introduction of his article.

He has showered the greater part of his condemnation on that which I think is not an evil at all, and if an evil certainly the most trivial phase of dishonesty.

J. J. FERGUSON.



## ROUND THE TABLE.

George Eliot, in "Silas Marner," has painted the growth of a miser's mania with psychological fidelity. The weaver, whose fortunes are followed in that narrative, finds himself in the peculiar situation of having no longer a purpose in life. Circumstances have combined to ostracize him from the only community in which he had scot or lot. Then, losing all faith in God or man, he retires to a little village, where he lives alone, his history unknown to the incurious villagers, his sorrows and his seared heart finding no balm in friendship, with no object on which to spend the guerdon of his toiling servitude to his clattering loom. Formerly he had welcomed money as the symbol of earthly goods, now the symbol alone remains. The habit of acquiring still goes on. A transference speedily takes place; the gold is eagerly sought for itself and no longer for any ulterior purchasable pleasures.

Thus far the development is admirable, but more is yet to come. The delight of the miser feeding upon itself with growing fervour is glutted for the time by fondling the growing store. The reward of a toilsome day comes when night warns the villagers to bar their doors; then Silas, secure from interruption, by the scanty blaze on the lonely hearth unearths his treasure and intoxicates his senses with the golden glitter.

No doubt this is true to nature, but a further truth resting on psychological conditions is unrecognized by George Eliot. For it we have, as usual, to resort to the great interpreter of human nature—Shakspeare. By one swift touch he lets us into the very heart of the all-possible grasping the complete pleasure that can result to the miser:

"So am I as the rich, whose blessed key  
Can bring him to his sweet, up-locked treasure,  
The which he will not every hour survey,  
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure."

Herein, it seems to me, Shakspeare is the greater artist. If Shakspeare had written in the jargon of philosophers, he would have styled it an example of the Law of Relativity. But that has been reserved for the nice dissectors of emotion in an emotionless age.

This extract from the Sonnets naturally leads me to refer briefly to the mystery that a cloud of commentators have managed to cast over these outpourings of a mighty yet human nature.

Mr. Lewes, in his "Life of Goethe," conveys a useful moral by means of a pleasant little fable. An Englishman, a Frenchman and a German were once set the task of giving an accurate account of the sacred domesticities of camel-life. The three explorers proceeded in three characteristic ways.

The Frenchman took a bus to the *Jardin des Plantes*, looked at the camel, went to his *café*, and there wrote a sparkling *fenilleton* on the camel, brilliant, abounding in piquant description and anecdote, but conveying little real knowledge of a camel.

The Englishman gathered together an outfit, not neglecting creature comforts, and went to the arid home of the camel; there he camped and observed diligently its habits and customs. Two assiduous years did he devote to the task, and published the results in a many-volumed work, without method or arrangement, yet giving much valuable information.

The German, however, retired to his study, put on his deepest thinking cap, and endeavoured to evolve the idea of the camel from his inner consciousness—in which amusement, Mr. Lewes tells us, he is still engaged.

Might not this apply very aptly to the attempts of many polysyllabic commentators to read Shakspeare's mystery?

It is stated, perhaps originally by the wise Solomon, that the greatest mystery is the no-mystery. For this reason probably it is that the efforts of the Donnelly's, and critics of their ilk, have failed to extract from Shakspeare's work, however meaning and diction be tortured, its motive and purpose. Why adopt the view that the sonnets are profound enigmas, the clue to which can only be

found by wild guessing? Or, do they not breathe the ardour of Shakspeare's love and friendship; are they not records of moments of fervour, of weakness, of joyous confidence in his strength, and of heart-sinking despair of his fortunes—that link Shakspeare to us in a common humanity, and which gave him his deep-seated power over the master passions of men?

Nowadays, in the papers all over the country, such phrases as the following are darting beyond number through and across the pelting storms of words which are raging everywhere. "While of course it is utterly impossible to predicate the result of the elections with any certainty, the events which are transpiring seem to point," &c. "This would seem to militate against the contention that the issues involved are," &c. "There can be no doubt that Sir John has thoroughly antagonized the," &c. "It is vain, therefore, on the part of, &c., to seek to minimize the, &c.; for the fact that, &c., gives added significance to," &c. The standing-galley seems to be becoming more and more of an institution; and yet the capabilities of a printing establishment using English type are surely not so narrow and limited as those of like establishments in Japan, for instance, where an editor who invents a new word or combination of words is under the necessity of whittling it out on a block of wood. "Good heavens, young man," said the editor of a paper in a small Western town to his new "local," "the next thing you'll be doing will be to say that some one 'has gone to Chicago,' instead of 'has departed for the East.'"

"Don't you want to make half a dollar, young feller?" asked the attendant at the Wayfarer's Lodge, in the ninth chapter of "Lemuel Barker."

"Yes, I do," said Lemuel, eagerly.

"Know how to wash dishes?"

"Yes," answered the boy, not ashamed of his knowledge, as the boy of another civilization might have been. Nothing more distinctively marks the rustic New England civilization than the training of its men to the performance of certain domestic offices elsewhere held dishonourably womanish. The boy learns not only to milk and to keep the milk-cans clean, but to churn, to wash dishes, and to cook."

I will set by the side of this quotation from Howells' last novel these words written by Hawthorne at a time when his wife was away, and he had no servant to look after his house:—

"The washing of dishes does seem to me the most absurd and unsatisfactory business that I ever undertook. If, when once washed, they would remain clean for ever and ever (which they ought in all reason to do, considering how much trouble it is) there would be less occasion to grumble. But no sooner is it done than it requires to be done again. On the whole, I have come to the resolution not to use more than one dish at each meal. . . . I am at this moment superintending the corned beef, which has been on the fire, as it seems to me, ever since the beginning of time, and shows no symptoms of being done before the crack of doom. . . . The corned beef is exquisitely done, and as tender as a young lady's heart, all owing to my skilful cookery. . . . To say the truth, I look upon it as such a masterpiece in its way that it seems irreverential to eat it. Things on which so much thought and labor are bestowed should surely be immortal."

I take pleasure in reprinting from a New York paper, where it is simply credited to an exchange, the following poem, which is not all unworthy to have come from the pen of Browning:

## A WOMAN'S BARGAIN.

You will love me? Ah, I know,  
As men love—no better, dear.  
Worship? Yes, a month or so.  
Tenderness? Perhaps a year.

After that, the quiet sense  
Of possession; careless care,  
And the calm indifference  
That all married lovers wear.

Blame you, dearest? Not at all.  
As Fate made you, so you stand;  
As Fate made you, so you fall  
Far below Love's high demand.

Yet how strange is Love's deep law.  
I can look you through and through,  
Tracing plainly Nature's flaw  
In the heart she gave to you;

Knowing all *my* heart must stake,  
All the danger, all the fear,  
And yet glad, even so, to make  
This, my losing bargain, dear!

The ingenious man is of opinion this week that the Librarian should reside in Poughkeepsie.

## UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NEWS.

All reports from Societies must reach us by noon on Thursday to ensure insertion.

The Temperance League will have an open meeting on Monday, 7th, 4 p.m., in the Y. M. C. A. building. Mr. Lou Beauchamp, from Ohio, and Dr. E. H. Dewart, Editor of the *Christian Guardian*, are expected to address the meeting.

J. A. Ferguson and E. C. Acheson have been appointed to represent the Literary and Scientific Society in the forthcoming debate with Queen's College Alma Mater Society, to take place on Friday, February 11th. The subject is to be Imperial Federation, our representatives upholding the negative.

Students and graduates of Toronto University will be interested in hearing that the Rev. John Gibson, M.A., of our University and B.D. of Knox (brother of Mr. T. A. Gibson, now in attendance at the College), is married. The ceremony took place at Belle Villa, Georgetown, Demerara, on the 8th December ult. Mr. Gibson is engaged in mission work in Demerara.

Mr. Thomas B. Bunting died at his father's residence, Pickering, yesterday. He was a graduate of Toronto University and passed as a barrister in 1884. He completed his studies in the office of Messrs. Blake & Co. He opened an office at Dresden, where he was highly esteemed. A severe cold obliged him to return home, where he died. Deceased was a member of Stevenson Masonic Lodge, Toronto, and was buried at Pickering on Saturday with Masonic honors.

MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB—There was a very fair attendance last Monday, when a German meeting on Schiller was given. Essays were read by Messrs. J. P. Hubbard and S. King, and an essay written by Mr. S. J. Redcliffe, by Mr. J. W. Henderson. The next meeting will be an English one on Lowell's Works. All students are cordially invited. The Modern Language class of the Fourth Year has arranged with Signor Ramponi for instruction in French conversation and meets him on Friday at 3 o'clock.

The General Conversazione Committee met on Wednesday afternoon in Moss Hall, to hear reports from sub-committees, and to reconsider the grants made to these various committees. A reduction was made in some, the Musical and Literary Committee grant being reduced to \$300, so that now the total expenditure is estimated at something over \$800. The majority of the members of the General Committee persist in absenting themselves from the meetings. Due notice is given on the bulletin board. Next meeting on Wednesday afternoon of next week.

Friday afternoon of last week a business meeting of the College Y.M.C.A. was held in the Association's building. The most important business transacted was the appointment of delegates to the convention at Kingston, which commences on the 3rd prox. The following gentlemen were appointed from the different years:—Messrs. J. McP. Scott, A. H. Young, H. F. Laflamme, E. S. Hogarth, T. C. DesBarres, W. G. W. Fortune, G. B. McLean, T. A. Logie and the General Secretary, Mr. A. J. McLeod, B.A., Mr. A. A. McDonald and Mr. J. M. Baldwin, B.A. A missionary box has been placed in the hall of the building in the interests of the China Inland Mission.

THE VARSITY noted in a late issue the appointment of Mr. A. S. Johnston, B.A.—late Fellow in the Department of Metaphysics in University College—to the Lectureship in Logic in Cornell University. All who enjoyed the benefit of his instruction here will learn with pleasure, but with no surprise, that already his ability and culture are being thoroughly appreciated, as will be seen by the following paragraph, which is copied from the *Cornell Daily Sun* :—

The interest in the lectures and recitations on Psychology has not decreased. They are, if any, the popular lectures of this term. Instructor Johnson can indeed feel well pleased with the success of his first efforts at Cornell.

The annual reports of the President and Treasurer of Harvard University have just been issued. President Eliot refers thus to the recent changes in the University Statutes by which all religious services are placed upon a voluntary footing: "The success of the new method during the first three months of the current year has surprised those even who advocated it most strongly. The officers and students of the College, and a large part of the thoughtful public, have maintained great interest in the experiment, because they see men of eminence belonging to four different communions meeting on broad, common ground, and sinking their differences as to non-essentials that they may try and do good work for morality and religion in a field of peculiar difficulty and importance."

A meeting of the White Cross Army was held at University College on Tuesday afternoon, at which Dr. Wilson presided. The speakers were Mr. N. W. Hoyles, Mr. C. W. Biggar and Dr. Wilson. Fifty-six signed the White Cross pledge, the object of which is to promote purity of thought and action among its members. The Faculty was well represented by President Wilson, Professors Hutton and Ramsay Wright, Messrs. Baker, Squair, and Cameron, and Dr. Ellis. Rev. G. M. Wrong, of Wycliffe College, was also present. Mr. Hoyles dealt with the historical and personal sides of the subject, giving an account of the movement in the English Universities. Mr. Biggar confined his attention mainly to the national aspect, urging that we as Canadians should take up the fight before the sin of impurity becomes as prevalent here as it is in the United States and Europe. He closed with an appeal to the men of University College to take up the work, which in Toronto is carried on mainly by working men.

On Thursday evening last the University College Glee Club gave a concert at the Carlton Street Methodist Church in this city. The occasion was a social by the Ladies' Aid Society of the Church. Readings, instrumental and vocal solos, choruses and glees were given by members of the Club, and a very pleasant evening was spent.

A quartette from the Glee Club will sing at a parlour concert at Mr. W. H. C. Kerr's, on Monday evening, in aid of the Newsboys' Home. President Wilson will give an address.

At the last business meeting of the Glee Club Committee the different members of the Committee were given the names of a number of members of the Club who have not yet paid their fees. Gentlemen concerned will please take notice and be prepared to produce their modicum of the wherewithal to meet expenses.

All members will please remember to be present at the weekly practises on Fridays at 4 o'clock. The "Four Jolly Smiths" is well under way. The "Coopers' Chorus" will be the next new music taken in hand.

The corporation of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in a memorial to the Legislature state that the Society of Arts is in a flourishing condition, that 3,119 persons have thus far been regularly registered as students of the School of Industrial Science, that the Lowell School of Design has thus far had enrolled 663 students, that the School of Mechanic Arts has been patronized by 415 students, that the number of students has increased from 188 in 1878 to 637 in 1886, and that the financial condition of the school was one of painful stringency, the financial aid received from the grant of public money or lands not sufficing to enable the school to attain its utmost usefulness, and the annual avails of all the invested funds being but between \$21,000 and \$22,000, two-fifths of the sum being absorbed by payments of interest on outstanding indebtedness. The memorialists ask the legislature to appropriate \$200,000 for the further endowment of the school.

The question of industrial education is receiving more and more attention. In New York City there is an Industrial Education Association whose object is to create a public interest in industrial education. To this end, the association distributes documents explaining its plans and theories, employs lecturers and trained teachers to go wherever needed, to introduce manual training in schools or establish independent schools, and furnishes teachers for schools throughout the country. The Association has a building at No. 9 University Place, where it has a library, a museum of articles illustrative of methods and results of manual training, gives a course of lectures, and has normal classes for the training of lecturers and teachers. The Association holds: (1) That the complete development of all the faculties can be reached only through a system of education which combines the training found in the usual course of study with the elements of manual training. (2) That the current system trains the memory too largely, the reasoning power less, the eye and the hand too little. (3) That industrial training, to have its fullest value, must be an integral part of general education.

Y. M. C. A.—The following large delegation left the city this morning to attend the Convention at present in session in Kingston:—Messrs. A. J. McLeod, B.A., J. M. Baldwin, B.A., J. McP. Scott, S. M. Talbot, H. F. Laflamme, E. S. Hogarth, H. B. Fraser, G. A. Wilson, G. Logie and G. B. McClean. The interest taken in the Annual Convention by our Association is one of the propitious omens.

In the absence of Mr. Gale the regular meeting was led by Mr. Talling, whose subject was "Knowledge of the Truth." There was a fair attendance. N. H. Russell takes the place of J. H. Hunter as Convener of the Committee on Religious work. J. Drummond teaches in the Boys' Home on Monday evening.

The second of the list of popular lectures (of which the programme appeared in these columns in the first issue of this year) was delivered in Convocation Hall of Trinity College, on Friday afternoon, 29th inst. The subject of the lecture was "Social Life in Rome Under the Early Empire," the lecturer, Professor Boys. In discoursing on his subject the lecturer reviewed both the social and political life of the Romans, showing how the former was eclipsed in importance to such an extent by the latter as to be quite overlooked by historians. If we wish to understand Roman social life, then, we must go, not to the historians of the times, but to the literature. In it is embodied the thought and philosophy of the age, and on it is stamped the impress of the licentiousness, envy and cruelty which characterized that highly civilized but indulgent people. The lecturer also referred to the low state of morality generally prevalent in the time of the Early Empire, and to the very noticeable lack of knowledge of high moral principles. The relation existing between religion and statecraft was discussed, and the influence of the Stoic and Epicurean philosophy pointed out. The lecture was both interesting and instructive and was listened to by a large audience.

The regular weekly meeting of the Literary and Scientific Society was held in Moss Hall on Friday evening. Owing to the unfavorableness of the night but a small number were present. Those who were in attendance, however, enjoyed a pleasant programme and a lively debate. Vice-President Ferguson occupied the chair. Routine business was of little importance. The reading and essay were voluntary. The debate was on the subject of "Educational Qualification for Exercise of the Franchise."

Mr. T. Rogers, for the affirmative, maintained that every voter ought to be intelligent and honest, and that his intelligence and honesty ought to be made the test of his qualification. As against property qualification he argued that property holding is no assurance of either honesty or intelligence, and, therefore, not a suitable qualification for the exercise of the franchise. He claimed also that to view a State from a financial standpoint is to measure it by the lowest standpoint possible. Property qualification prohibits many from voting who are eminently qualified to cast a vote. There are many throughout the country now to whom the franchise is extended who vote, not because they understand what they do in exercising this privilege, but because, it may be, they pay a certain amount of rent for some petty holding. For example, who are better qualified to vote at the coming general election than University students? They have made a study of political and civil questions and know how these are dealt with, and understand the principles involved in their solution. Why, then, are they not enfranchised for this educational qualification?

Mr. J. S. McLean said Mr. Rogers' claim for intellectual qualification was an indefinite one and not sustained. Is a man to pass some specified examination in order to be allowed to vote? If such were necessary many who possess sufficient property to qualify them as voters under the present system and who do vote without any manifest inefficiency would be denied their present privilege. Students certainly have the theory of political matters, but there is a broad difference between theory and practice. Did such men possess the liberty of the franchise, they would also be eligible for election to parliamentary office, and, in putting into operation their theories, would get beyond the requirements of the day, would, in all likelihood, push their theories too far, and would fail to comprehend existing circumstances. Again, nearly every student who is of age has a vote, for if he is supported by his father, that father must surely have property enough for himself and son to qualify on before he is able to educate the son. On the other hand, if the young man is supporting himself at college he will have money enough of his own to qualify him for the exercise of the franchise. Practically, then, every man of the proper age has already the privilege of the franchise within his reach. The exercise of the franchise is a sufficient education in itself.

Mr. Smith followed in support of Mr. Rogers, and was in turn followed by Mr. Harkness. Both these gentlemen spoke for the first time before the Society.

Discussion was then thrown open to the meeting, the debate having

been hitherto conducted in parliamentary form. Mr. J. Johnson said that a man's interests lie in his property and that, therefore, property should be the qualification. Mr. A. T. Hunter and other gentlemen followed in the discussion of the question. Mr. Talbot maintained that every man who is governed and is not a criminal or lunatic should have a voice in saying by whom he shall be governed. Such also was the bearing of Mr. Acheson's remarks. Mr. Harrison showed that there are many men of such improvident character as to require to be governed, and not governing. Hence a universal suffrage is impracticable. Arguments were brought forward also by Mr. N. H. Russell in favor of an educational qualification in preference to one of property.

Mr. J. Ferguson, who occupied the chair, performed the functions of critic, and gave practical advice to the various speakers relative to the etiquette of public speaking, phraseology, etc., before proceeding to sum up the arguments urged pro and con. in the course of the debate. The question was then submitted to the audience, and decision was given in favor of a property qualification, as against a qualification founded on an educational basis. Notice was given from the chair of the address to be delivered before the Modern Language Club by Mr. G. Mercer Adam some time in March. On motion of Mr. Fred. Redden, the Society returned to order of business. Mr. Acheson was appointed, in Mr. Hume's place, to represent the Society in the intercollegiate debate with Queen's. The motion to place *Arcturus* on the files was carried. The rule of order requiring notice of motion to place a paper on file, was dispensed with by a two-thirds vote of the meeting, and it was determined to place on file the *Ottawa Free Press*, and the *Standard*, the new Conservative organ.

The fisheries question will be debated next Friday evening.

#### ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE VARSITY is conducted by undergraduates of the University of Toronto, and will appear every Saturday of the academic year. It aims at being the exponent of the views of the University public and will always seek the highest interests of our University. The Literary Department will, as heretofore, be a main feature. The news columns are full and accurate, containing reports of all meetings of interest to its readers.

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Owing to the persistent attempt of numerous cigarette manufacturers to cope in part the Brand Name of the "Richmond Straight Cut." Now in the eleventh year of their popularity, we think it alike due to the protection of the consumer and ourselves, to warn the public against base imitations and call their attention to the fact that the original Sraight Cut Brand is the Richmond Straight Cut No. 1, introduced by us in 1875, and to caution the students to observe that our signature appears on every package of the Genuine Straight Cut Cigarettes.

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The Varsity Book.

PROSE AND POETRY.

Copies of this book—containing the choicest selections from the columns of THE VARSITY since its first year—can be obtained upon application at this office. Price, 50 cents. As but few copies are left, those graduates and students who have not yet subscribed for THE VARSITY Book should do so at once, as the edition will soon be exhausted.

DI-VARSITIES.

When a man falls down his temper generally gets up before he does.

The only thing a man ever loses by politeness is his seat in a street car.

A bank cashier seldom goes off until he is loaded; and then he makes no report.

When the young writer reads the reviews of his first work he often finds it a guyed book instead of a novel.

Gertrude: "How cruel! Why did you snub that poor little man?" Maud: "Why, it's the latest fashion. Only a 'boy cut.'"

"Who," said a member of the Canadian House of Commons to the members who were trying to choke him off, "who brayed there?" "It was an echo," retorted a member, amid a yell of delight.

Physician (with his ear to patient's chest) "There is a curious swelling over the region of the heart, sir, which must be reduced at once." Patient (anxiously): "That 'swelling' is my pocket-book, doctor; please don't reduce it too much."

At the Criminal Court—Judge: "How is this, prisoner? I find you here again at the end of your five years, not changed a particle." Prisoner (sadly): "alas, very little, your honor." (Then, with politeness): "Neither has your honor changed much, for that matter."

It is reported on "perfectly reliable authority," (the New York Sun) that the latest conundrum at the London clubs concerns Miss Fortescue, to whom Lord Garmoyle paid £10,000 for not marrying her. This is it: What is the most expensive kind of oil? Garmoyle. Because it costs £10,000 per gal.

A wealthy New Yorker had engaged a splendid cottage at Newport, and also a new driver for his horses. The driver was advised to be very polite if he intended to keep his place. Accordingly, when the master visited the Queen Anne stable, the following dialogue ensued: Master: "Well, John, how are the horses?" Coachman: "They are quite well, sir, thank you; and how are you?"

A mother gave her little boy two bright new pennies and asked him what he was going to do with them. After a moment's thought the child replied: "I am going to give one to the missionaries and with the other I am going to buy a stick of candy." After a while he returned from his play and told his mother that he had lost one of the pennies. "Which did you lose?" she asked. "I lost the missionary penny," he promptly replied.

Richard Cœur de Lion was one of the most stylish men in Europe in his day. When he donned his suit of shining armor, put on a tin helmet, pulled on a pair of laminated steel boots threw a sheet-iron ulster gracefully over one arm, and picked up a club with a spike in the end of it, society dudes said he was "dressed to kill."

A Chinese gentleman, bearing the simple name of Azurizawa Ryochi Nichome Sanjukanboz Kiebashi-Ku, has discovered the secret of photographing in natural colours. It is hoped he will not, in imitation of Da-

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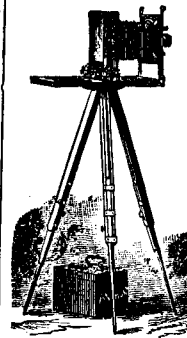
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