

# THE VARSITY



---

VOL. VII.

---



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

1886-87

# INDEX.

## PROSE.

Affection of the Poets ..	<i>A. Ethelwyn Wetherald.</i>	100
All-Mother, The ..	<i>Bohémien.</i>	263
An Algonquin Maiden... ..	<i>W. H. H.</i>	187
Aristocracy of Chemistry, The ..	<i>W. B. N.</i>	189
Balzac ..	<i>H. H. L.</i>	265
Book Guides ..	<i>William Creelman.</i>	260
Carlyle and Gigadibs ..	<i>W. H. H.</i>	141
Canadian Literature, A ..	<i>J. O. Miller.</i>	151
“ ..	<i>A. Stevenson.</i>	164
Chapeau Rouge, At the ..	<i>W. H. H.</i>	266
Dreams ..	<i>A. O. Brookside.</i>	108
Early Reminiscences ..	<i>W. F. W. C.</i>	127
Educational Reports, Recent ..		236
Education, The Higher ..	<i>W. J. H.</i>	262
English, The Study of ..		248
Fantasio ..		26
Fight for Appearances, The ..	<i>A. Stevenson.</i>	115
Germany, Letter from ..	<i>G. H. Needler.</i>	86
German Elections, The ..	<i>G. H. Needler.</i>	224
Herrick's Hesperides ..	<i>T.</i>	2
How the Poet Makes Verses ..	<i>B.</i>	3
Halcyon Day, A ..	<i>W. H. B.</i>	200
In Memoriam ..	<i>W. H. C. K.</i>	259
In Divers Tones : A Review ..	<i>Frederic B. Hodgins.</i>	223
Jean Jacques ..	<i>Chic</i>	116
Literary Notes ..		87
Lady Macbeth ..	<i>Samuel Woods.</i>	104
Letter-Bag of Charon ..	<i>W. H. H.</i>	128
Man of His Word, A ..	<i>W. H. H.</i>	1
My Friend ..	<i>Tabac.</i>	2
My Friend ..	<i>Geraint.</i>	15
My Friend Julius Schmidt ..	<i>John Fairman.</i>	106
Modern Instance, A ..	<i>C. M. C.</i>	164
My Friend Julius Schmidt ..	<i>Rachel.</i>	199
Monologue, A ..	<i>W. H. H.</i>	247
“Malcolm”; a Review ..	<i>M.</i>	249
Modern Language Memorial ..		251
National Literature, Our ..	<i>John B. Pyke.</i>	74
New Literary Sensation, The ..	<i>H.</i>	116
New York, Letter from ..	<i>W. A. S.</i>	76
“Other Side of the Story,” Mr. John King's ..	<i>W. F. W. C.</i>	75
Peace and Liberty ..		267
Philosophy of the Farce, The ..	<i>Tabac</i>	62
Physical Culture ..	<i>F. B. H.</i>	129
Pleasures of Proof-Reading ..	<i>A. E. W.</i>	139
Porter of Bagdad, The Story of the ..	<i>W. J. H.</i>	176
Plato and Kant ..	<i>M. D. T. H. G.</i>	212
Princeton Cane-Spree ..	<i>Robert Haddow</i>	235
Russian Fabulist, A ..	<i>B.</i>	131
Shakespeare and Sophocles ..	<i>T. A. Gibson</i>	74
Six Weeks at the South ..	<i>J. George Hodgins</i>	101
Story of a Chance Acquaintance, The ..	<i>W. J. Healy</i>	103
“She” ..	<i>J. O. Miller</i>	140
Snow Sheds in the Selkirks ..	<i>A. O. Brookside</i>	163
Stewart's Poems, Mr... ..	<i>W. J. Healy</i>	211
Slang ..	<i>T. A. H.</i>	212
“Scissors and Paste.” ..	<i>Tristram</i>	248
Tale of Two Idols, A ..	<i>W. J. Healy.</i>	13, 26, 38, 50, 62
Two Modern English Writers ..	<i>G. Mercer Adam.</i>	98
University of Toronto ..	<i>Vidi.</i>	37, 49, 61, 73, 85
Universities ..	<i>William Clark.</i>	107
Undergraduate Gown, The ..	<i>Henry Scadding.</i>	97
Unrecorded Conversations of Great Men ..	<i>W. J. H.</i>	119, 177
University Representation in Parliament ..	<i>Thomas Hodgins.</i>	188
Vox Humana ..	<i>B.</i>	74
VARSITY Special, The ..	<i>Tristram.</i>	225
Wagner Opera, A ..	<i>W. H. B.</i>	265
Why We Fight ..	<i>A. O. Brookside.</i>	14, 25
Would-be Governor-General, A ..		155
“We” ..	<i>Tristram</i>	175
Wallace and Darwinism ..	<i>R. R. W.</i>	187

## POETRY.

Ad Maiam Nostram ..	<i>W. H. C. Kerr.</i>	38
An Old Camp ..	<i>W. H. Blake.</i>	50
Agamemnon at the Sacrifice of Iphigenia ..	<i>J. M.</i>	128
Au Revoir ..	<i>W. P. M.</i>	139
An Adequate Cause ..	<i>Bohémien.</i>	141
Ab Illâ Do ..	<i>Didymus Dolichopolites.</i>	177
Ballade of the Stirrup-Cup, A ..	<i>W. J. H.</i>	74
Ballade of Calypso, A ..	<i>Charles G. D. Roberts.</i>	97
Ballad of Lake Huron ..	<i>William Wilfred Campbell.</i>	105
By Proxy ..	<i>F. B. H.</i>	264
Concha Tritonis ..	<i>Rehi Hassan.</i>	199
“H TAN H EMI TAS” ..	<i>W. H. C. Kerr.</i>	152
Fame ..	<i>W. P. McKenzie.</i>	98
From Heine ..	<i>Bohémien.</i>	151
How Hrôthgar Came Home Again ..	<i>Bohémien.</i>	212
In the Study ..	<i>William Wilfred Campbell.</i>	85
In Christum Natum ..	<i>W. H. C. Kerr.</i>	108
In an Album ..	<i>S.</i>	129
In a Drawing Room ..	<i>Bohémien.</i>	175
May ..	<i>John King.</i>	260
Love's Waning ..	<i>F. M. Field.</i>	101
My Star ..	<i>Kenneth McKen.</i>	25
Mountain Voices ..	<i>J. H. Moss.</i>	73
My Cupid ..	<i>J. T. Fotheringham.</i>	99
Marie ..	<i>G. F. Burton.</i>	163
Midwinter Night's Dream ..	<i>W. W. Campbell.</i>	187
Memories ..	<i>M.</i>	224
Morning ..	<i>Rebecca.</i>	224
Malcontent, A ..	<i>Samuel D. Schultz.</i>	225
Nature's Second Thought ..	<i>Frederic B. Hodgins.</i>	37
Nottawasaga River, The ..	<i>J. G. Hume.</i>	165
Nisi Prius ..	<i>J. D. S.</i>	213
Prayer of the Fishers, The ..	<i>J. O. Miller.</i>	103
Post Nubila Lux ..	<i>Samuel Woods.</i>	200
Quis Multa Gracilis ..	<i>W. J. H.</i>	49
Quisquiliæ ..	<i>Beni Hassan.</i>	201
Rose Idyl, A ..	<i>W. J. H.</i>	129
Revenge of the Flowers ..	<i>Henry A. Dwyer.</i>	140
Summer Days, In ..	<i>William Wilfred Campbell.</i>	263
Summer in November ..	<i>Agnes E. Wetherald.</i>	38
Sonnet ..	<i>Ormsby.</i>	61
Song in “Cymbeline,” The ..	<i>Goldwin Smith.</i>	102
Song of Pain, A ..	<i>Bohémien.</i>	259
Storm in the Night ..	<i>W. J. H.</i>	115
Sanctum, The ..	<i>Q. E. D.</i>	131
Spring ..	<i>W. J. H.</i>	247
Triumph of Faith, The ..	<i>J. O. Miller.</i>	261
Triolets ..	<i>W. J. H.</i>	1
To my Lady ..	<i>Kate Willson.</i>	14
To a Robin in November ..	<i>William Wilfred Campbell.</i>	26
To Chloe ..	<i>W. H. H.</i>	86
Thy Image ..	<i>J. B. R.</i>	176
Tantalus ..	<i>J. D. S.</i>	188
To My Friend ..	<i>Etudiante.</i>	189
Trust Betrayed ..	<i>J. H. M.</i>	201
To Carola in Sorrow ..	<i>R. H.</i>	211
Two Poets ..	<i>A. Ethelwyn Wetherald.</i>	235
To My Valentine ..	<i>E. A. D.</i>	236
Unforgotten ..	<i>Kate Willson.</i>	87
Vita Brevis ..	<i>T. A. Gibson.</i>	104
Visitor, Our ..		151
Word Memories ..	<i>John King.</i>	127
Water Fairies, The ..	<i>J. H. M.</i>	248

## COMMUNICATIONS.

Athletic Association, An ..	<i>John S. MacLean.</i>	77
“ ..	“ ..	89
Annual Elections' Literary Society ..	<i>H. C. Boulthbee.</i>	215

INDEX.

Conversazione, The..	..	..	Graduate.	131	Eliot's Report for 1885-6, President	..	..	..	190
Curtius' Greek Grammar	..	..	..H.	191	"Frederick Wyld" Prize, The	..	..	..	4
Cricket	..	..	J. J. Hughes.	227	Fourth Year Dinner to Freshmen..	..	..	..	16
Civil Polity, The Curriculum in	..	..	W. Houston.	241	"Fasti"	..	..	..	191
Dinner, Undergraduate	..	..	T. A. Gibson.	17	Gymnasium, The	..	..	..	154
" " " "	..	..	..Sophomore.	29	Honorary Degrees ..	..	..	..	4, 88
Dramatic Club, Amateur	..	..	Guyon Hope.	17	Harvard's Anniversary ..	..	..	..	64
Debate, Subjects for	..	..	F. B. Hodgk. s.	29	Idealism ..	..	..	..	28
" " at Kingston, The..	..	..	R. Balmer.	167	Journalism ..	..	..	..	154
Degradation of the Gown	..	..	..Spartacus.	215	King's College	..	..	..	16
Esprit de corps ..	..	..	H. C. Boulbee.	89	Library, The ..	..	..	..	178
Explanation, An	..	..	H. C. DesBarres.	167	Medical Faculty, The Proposed	..	..	..	226
Fight for Appearances, The	..	..	J. J. Ferguson.	143	Oriental Department, The	..	..	..	29, 53
Gymnasium, The	..	..	F. H. Suffel.	143	Organ in Convocation Hall, An	..	..	..	53
Hazing ..	..	..	..Student.	5	Prizes at the Sports	..	..	..	16
" " " "	..	..	..Buygun.	65	Politics and Education	..	..	..	88
" " " "	..	..	N. H. Russell.	65	Perry, Mr. Alfred	..	..	..	166
Jubilee Address to the Queen	..	..	..Undergrad.	239	Party Papers ..	..	..	..	166
Literary Society, The	..	..	..Veritas.	5	Spelling Reform	..	..	..	4, 41
Library, The	..	..	..Student.	179	Socialism, Veiled ..	..	..	..	28
Liquor Interest Threatened, The..	..	..	T. O'Perr.	203	Scholarship Question, The	..	..	..	40
Music, College	..	..	M. S. Mercer.	77	Stewart, Mr. T. B. P.	..	..	..	119
Medal, The Dr. Wilson..	..	..	..T. Logic.	143	Song Book, Toronto University	..	..	..	130
" " " "	..	..	..A. H. Young.	167	School of Practical Science ..	..	..	..	142
" " " "	..	..	..T. Logic.	179	School of Science in the East	..	..	..	166
" " " "	..	..	..A. H. Young.	191	Secondary Schools, The	..	..	..	202
Opinion, An Outside	..	..	George Temple Stanhope.	29	Senate, The	..	..	..	214
Orchestra, Student..	..	..	..E. A. H.	53	School of Science Petition, The	..	..	..	224
Oriental Department	..	..	J. McD. Duncan.	53	School of Science, Report of	..	..	..	238
" " " "	..	..	..R. H. Johnston.	89	To our Readers..	..	..	..	118
Post-Graduate Course, A	..	..	..G. D. Wilson.	131	Toronto's Political Candidates	..	..	..	154
Physical Culture	..	..	..E. B. Houghton.	155	University College Club	..	..	..	76
Re-organization of the Glee Club	..	..	..J. A. Garvin.	227	University Commission ..	..	..	..	214
Street Wanted, A	..	..	..Nox.	29	University College, Report of	..	..	..	238
" " " "	..	..	..T. I. M.	53	University Bill, The New..	..	..	..	250
Scholarships	..	..	..Sigma.	41	VARSITY, Aim of	..	..	..	28
Spelling Reform	..	..	William Houston.	41	Woodstock College	..	..	..	64, 118
"Suggestion, A"	..	..	..Old Sledge.	119	Wallace, Dr. A. R...	..	..	..	178
Secondary Schools, The	..	..	..J. Seath.	203	Worcester Technical Institute	..	..	..	214
Tug-of-War, The..	..	..	..Tugsonofogun.	5	Year Book, The	..	..	..	214
"VARSITY" ..	..	..	J. C. Burrows.	119					
Wallace's Lectures, Dr	..	..	..Science.	155					

ROUND THE TABLE.

Round the Table. .6, 18, 30, 42, 54, 66, 78, 90, 110, 120, 132, 144, 156, 168, 180, 192, 204, 216, 228, 240, 252.

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NEWS.

University and College News..7, 19, 31, 43, 55, 67, 79, 91, 111, 121, 133, 145, 156, 169, 181, 193, 205, 217, 229, 242, 253.

DRIFT.

Drift .. .. .8, 20, 56

DI-VARSITIES.

Di-Varsities. .9, 21, 33, 45, 57, 69, 81, 93, 111, 123, 135, 147, 159, 171, 183, 195, 207, 219, 231, 243, 255.

EDITORIALS.

Athletic Association, An..	..	..	..	17
Another Year's Work	..	..	..	251
Convocation Hall, Use of	..	..	..	4
Collegiate Spirit	..	..	..	4
Convocation	..	..	..	5
College Societies, Union of	..	..	..	28
Criticism, Literary	..	..	..	52
College Papers, Editors of	..	..	..	53
Christmas VARSITY, The	..	..	..	88
"Change of Front"	..	..	..	118
Curriculum, Needed Changes in the	..	..	..	130
College Journalism ..	..	..	..	154
Canadian Institute	..	..	..	251
"Daniel Wilson Scholarship," The	..	..	..	16
Dinner, Annual Undergraduate	..	..	..	16
Educational Legislation	..	..	..	178



# THE VARSITY

*A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.*

Vol. VII.

University of Toronto, Oct. 23, 1886.

No. 1.

## TRIOLETS.

*Holofernes*—I will overglance the superscript:—"To the snow-white hand of the most beautiful Lady Rosaline."

—*Love's Labour's Lost.*

The midsummer fays,  
All in love's land,  
By their craft did upraise,  
The midsummer fays,  
A gossamer maze;  
A frolicsome band  
The midsummer fays,  
All in love's land.

Its winding ways  
They builded and planned,  
(The midsummer fays,  
Its winding ways;  
By thy yeas and thy nays,  
And the lines on thy hand,  
Its winding ways  
They builded and planned.

Love, in the maze  
Dwelling alone,  
'Mid its blossoming ways,—  
Love in the maze  
Loved not the days,  
Though with roses o'erblown:  
Love in the maze,  
Dwelling alone.

Thou on the throne,  
In the heart of the maze,  
Love is thine own,  
Thou on the throne:  
Thitherward flown,  
Through rose-tinted days....  
Thou on the throne,  
In the heart of the maze!

### *L'Envoi.*

Triolets, sue for her praise,  
Flying forth to her hand;  
Fluttering abashed 'neath her gaze,  
Triolets, sue for her praise,  
That the bard may be wreathed with bays;  
Taking wing on your way to love's land,  
Triolets, sue for her praise,  
Flying forth to her hand!

W. J. H.

## A MAN OF HIS WORD.

In the autumn of 18— I met in Strasbourg M. de Saint-André, Lieutenant-General commanding brigade there. We were soon close friends and passed much of our time in company. A tall, finely-moulded figure made M. de St. André look the ideal *militaire*. His handsome features habitually wore an air of gravity bordering on the austere—this, to my surprise, I found to be a whimsical mask, adding an indes-

cribable piquancy to the thousand gay conceits and extravagances that rioted through his fancy.

We were seated in his quarters at a little table strewn with the *debris* of a late dinner. There was a lull in the conversation—we had been recalling instances of great constancy from the days of old Regulus even to our own—the fitful glare of the wood fire, for it was late in the season, lit up the armour and antique weapons that, with a few paintings, alone relieved the sombre tints of the tapestried walls. The polished oak floor glistened, and the silence was unbroken save by the sighing of the autumn wind through the brown foliage of the creepers that possessed the narrow casements. Suddenly my friend aroused from his reverie, filled his glass and lit a fresh cigar. It was evident something was coming, and knowing his humour I waited quietly.

"I can relate a very strangestory, he said at length, "if you care to listen to it." On being satisfied on this point, my friend assumed the easy attitude of a man about to deliver himself of a long story, and looking steadily at the blaze recounted his tale in low tones:—

"I had just graduated from the *École Militaire*, a good many years ago—never mind exactly how many—and feeling like a frolic, I applied for and obtained leave of absence. I spent my holiday very agreeably here in Strasbourg, and was arranging to return to Paris, when, as chance would have it, I met a M. Louis Duhren about to take the same journey. We agreed to be fellow travellers. Posting in those days was slower than at present, and we had ample time to become intimate. Both young men, we soon opened our hearts to one another. I learned that he was immediately on his arrival to marry Angélique, the heiress of M. Colbert, banker. He had never seen his betrothed, the match being arranged by their parents. In our mutual confidences my comrade told me all about his own family and that of his intended. You may be sure that I too had my pleasant secrets to confide. In such converse we whiled away the time; at last, leaving Nancy and Châlons behind, the diligence rattled into Paris. We engaged rooms together at the *Hôtel d'Angleterre*, long since demolished; it stood in the *Rue de Richelieu*. On entering our rooms I noticed that my friend was deathly pale. He grew worse, a doctor was called in, and pronounced the dread sentence—cholera. Every thing possible was done, but he sank rapidly, and died within two hours after seizure. Indeed, so sudden was his death that he had barely time to receive the last rites of the church. I was much grieved at the untimely death of one whom I had just learned to esteem. As his only friend I charged myself with all arrangements for burial.

"That afternoon could be seen knocking at the entrance of M. Colbert's house a young man fashionably dressed; without giving his name he is announced as M. Louis Duhren. M. Colbert hastens to embrace him and at once introduces him to *Madame la mère* and the fair Angélique.

"A conversation follows, in the course of which M. Louis delivers his letters. He sees the good impression he has already made on his betrothed, who, with sidelong glances and many blushes, admires his handsome figure. Dinner is served. Louis had the pleasure of being seated by his charmer, the parents are delighted at his graceful manners and sprightly conversation. Dinner over and coffee discussed, serious topics are introduced,—the details of the new household. In the midst of this conversation, so pleasing to a young couple, M. Louis arises and grasps his hat, with the evident intention of taking his leave.

"Bless me! where are you going?" inquired his prospective father-in-law.

"I have a little matter of business," answered M. Louis, "which forces me to leave you."

"What! What business can you possibly have in a city where you are now for the first time, and where you know no one?"

"Quite true; but also true that I must lose no time in going to my appointment."

"Ha, ha! I know all now; you are going to your banker, eh? Why so bashful about it? Come, come! I am entirely at your service. We can manage this so that we need not lose your company. Pray seat yourself again!"

"My dear sir, I assure you that you are mistaken. This is a matter that imperatively requires my personal attention."

"During this dialogue M. Louis had been gradually nearing the door of the room. He was now in the anteroom, his host still pressing him to remain.

"Now, that we are alone, my dear M. Colbert," continued the young man, "and the ladies cannot overhear us, I shall inform you that this morning, shortly after my arrival, a slight accident happened me. I fell ill of the cholera; it terminated fatally. I have promised to be buried at six o'clock. Think of the inconvenience that will ensue if I do not keep my word—everything ready but no M. Louis Duhren! Besides, being a stranger here, you will readily perceive that if I am not punctual, I shall forthwith gain a 11 unenviable reputation for levity, and this might injure me."

"Laughing heartily, M. Colbert accepted the excuse, and hoped to see M. Louis as soon as possible that evening, when his so pressing business had been dispatched. The young man bowed and disappeared.

"This pleasantry furnished much amusement to the family, who were charmed with his drollery.

"Six o'clock struck—no M. Duhren; seven,—*Père* Colbert grows impatient; half past, he sends his servant to enquire at the *Hôtel d'Angleterre* for M. Duhren.

"Picture the dismay of the family when the servant returned with the compliments of mine host—

"M. Louis Duhren arrived at nine, died at eleven, was buried at six."

We smoked on in silence a while. Then I remarked, musingly, "The true Frenchman is nothing if not dramatic."

"Ah, yes!" replied my friend, with an inexpressible shrug, "but what could one do? The *coquin* at the door made the mistake; I had to extricate myself."

W. H. H.

#### MY FRIEND.

A friend of mine has some odd views of life. A contemplative sort of fellow, he hides behind a cynic veil a heart really so warm that no atom of humanity is refused its love. If I judge rightly from what people say about him, this armour with which he clothes himself is generally taken for the real man.

A curiously credulous being is this friend of mine, filled with sentimental fancies and an admiration for womankind so profound that it may be called reverence. And yet by force of logic he is compelled to recognize the failings of the individual. Indeed, his love for woman is so impersonal that he may be said to worship all possible noble attributes of all possible women. To no particular incarnation does he bow, but it is a piece of his credulousness to imagine that some day he will meet in the flesh the combination of qualities which he has sorted out and arranged (like a bunch of flowers) to deck his impersonal goddess with. In this belief does he hopefully inspect every new face he happens to encounter. Thus he puts himself in the way of ever-recurring disappointment; but such is the fresh faith that springs in the breast of my friend that he will not listen to me when I tell him that he pursues a phantom.

Nay, he says, why discourage me in my pursuit? Better follow a fair dream than find my all-in-all in one of the world's conventional aims. What have you to offer? You ask me to give over seeking for truth, beauty, honesty, and to accept the makeshifts which mankind has adopted in their stead. My primrose way is dear to me, and my soul thrives better in this

celestial air than if it breathed a denser quality. Fleeting beauty leads—

"To the doorway of the dead."

So be it. I follow.

In this spirit does he confidently seek for truth. Nor in the search sparing himself much pain and trouble. Hoping that some time his thirst might be quenched, he has visited many old springs of knowledge, and has found them dry.

Firm in the belief that existence has a purpose, he yet refuses to agree that any of the objects I point out constitute it.

Position? He places so much store on humanity, and so little on the trappings of it, that this ambition he characterizes as mean. Money? He has no wish for it, and what more is there to say. Success? He answers "*Causa victrix dis placuit sed victa Catoni.*" Then does not his creed fade utterly away? No; the "I believe" is still deeply written on my friend's heart, though vagueness follows it.

"This is irrational surely," I tell him. "You are right," he says, "Man is irrational. Is his manner of acting to carefully choose some worthy object, and, placing it before him, to work steadfastly towards it? Have his theories of life any bearing on his practice, and are the springs of his action really what he would have you believe? Has he in truth, for a great majority of his deeds, any motives at all (properly so-called), or do they not flow from the purest impulse?"

I scarcely know what to answer to this, and our conversation ends unsatisfactorily.

TABAC.

#### HERRICK'S HESPERIDES.

"A phase of our verse, illustrating its present station," writes Stedman, "reflects the new London vogue. I refer to the plenitude of metrical trifles, society-verse, *belles choses* in the French forms that are so taking. Various new-comers make their entrance accordingly; scarcely one but turns you off his rondeau or ballade, and very cleverly withal. Ditties written gracefully, like those of Sherman, Minturn Peck, and others, are more agreeable than the prentice-work of sentimentalists. A sprightly Mercutio is better company than your juvenile Harold or Werter." But in these days, when the blithe songs of the light-hearted choir are found so charming—when from every bough, as we walk the pleasant paths in the groves of poetry, we hear the joyous, airy notes of innumerable songsters, like flights of glittering *roulades* over the sonorous harmonies of the Tennysons and Brownings, it seems ungrateful in us that the sweet-voiced Herrick should be all but forgotten. Of that gallant company which steered in the glorious wake of Shakespeare, few have met with more undeserved neglect. A vicar in Devonshire, he wrote his verses in the leisure of his quiet country life, giving them the beauty and fragrance of the flowers and fields about his dwelling. He invokes Apollo at the outset, in one of his little poems; and if ever the god was gracious, it was to that prayer.

"Phoebus, when that I a verse  
Of some numbers more rehearse,  
Tune my words that they may fall  
Each way smoothly musical;  
For which favour, there shall be  
Swans devoted unto thee."

He lived for a time, however, in London, and his friends were such men as Selden, Ben Jonson, Cotton, Denham, Weeks, William and Henry Lawes, to the latter of whom

His verses are amatory, anacreontic and bacchanalian, and pastoral. The hymns in praise of Bacchus are few, however; he loved his calm, leisurely country life more, perhaps, than the glorious nights at the Mermaid tavern. But he loved these too.

"Ah, Ben,  
Say how or when  
Shall we, thy guests,  
Meet at those lyric feasts,  
Made at the Sun,  
The Dog, the Triple Tun;  
Where we such clusters had,  
As made us nobly wild, not mad?  
And yet each verse of thine  
Outdid the meet, outdid the frolic wine."

It is strange that our lyric's gladness and grace did not make

him loved by all since his time; but the age succeeding his forgot him, and rejoiced in "the phlegmatic grace and pedantry of Waller, and the grace without pedantry of Carew." Palgrave's *Golden Treasury* restored some of Herrick's songs to their rightful place; who does not know—

"Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,  
Old time is still a-flying"?

He is the most joyous of singers, fresh as the spring, singing for love of song. And there is no poet who has more *abandon*, who so wholly gives himself up to his present feelings.

"Mine eyes, like clouds, were drizzling rain;  
And as they thus did entertain  
The gentle beams from Julia's sight  
To mine eyes level'd opposite,  
O, thing admired! there did appear  
A curious rainbow smiling there;  
Which was the covenant that she  
Would no more drown my eyes, or me."

But one who would write of the *Hesperides* has under his hand such a copious store of charming little poems, that he could wish to print not a few of them, and nothing more.

I cannot, in ending, refrain from quoting the words that end the preface in my copy: "May thy finest poems be piped from hill to hill throughout England; and thy spirit, tinged with superstitious lore, be gladdened by the music! May the flowers breathe the incense to thy fame, for thou hast not left one of them unsung! May the silvery springs and circumambient air murmur thy praises, as thou hast warbled theirs, and may those who live well, sing, and those who love well, sigh, sweet panegyrics to thy memory; ours shall not be wanting, for we have read thee much, and like thee much, and would fain hope that thy thoughts and language may be liked as well as we like thee." T.

#### HOW THE POET MAKES VERSES.

"He could songs make and vers endite."

—CHAUCER.

Business was pretty well over on that editors' night, and the sanctum presented an appearance of unpremeditated ease as the *habitués* mellowed into general converse. A glorious veil of delicate blue smoke shrouded the flickering yellow gas flame, and it needed all the fervour of the snug fire in the grate to bring out the quiet tints of the rich coloring of the wall-paper, pleasantly in contrast to the heavy shutter and old-fashioned casemate. The quaint legend graven on the mantel and the hieroglyphics that heralded to future ages the fame of mighty articles gleamed darkly forth so proudly that they must have been aware of their importance. The quiet talk went on.

All at once, I forget just the connection, Jack's voice was heard in full career overbearing all else—something derogatory to the testy tribe of bards. It was amusing to watch the Poet-Laureate, by merit raised to that bad eminence, when poets were mentioned. He had been sitting in an old arm-chair, the attitude more easy than graceful, fondling an antique pipe of common clay. He suddenly straightened up with conscious dignity and sedately rebuked the scoffer. At least such was my impression, for I awoke to the interest of the situation in time to catch the concluding words of Jack's reply: "That's all right about your *Poeta nascitur non fit*, but I suspect some poets have to have a pretty severe *fit* before they froth over as they do." For Jack dearly loves his pun, the more obnoxious it is the better. Vex not the poet's mind, eh? Entirely unnecessary injunction, my dear fellow. Why, I tell you any one can saw off words into lengths and label it poetry.

"Can you?" was the terse reply of the poet, with a brevity intended to be crushing.

"I think I can and if you care to witness the experiment, I shall try right here."

"Let her go Gal—, I mean that we shall be delighted," said the poet, with ironical politeness.

Jack turned his chair to the table, which as usual was littered with the miscellanea of manuscript, pens, exchanges, that accumulate on the editor's table during the year. For no one ever saw that table in its native hideousness. Jack carefully selected his pen, remarking that it should *de rigueur* be a

quill, and groped among the litter for a scrap of paper. Then in dumb pantomime tore his hair and invited the muse.

He began:—"I, the Poet, find it full time to turn off some melodious trifles, if I am to live up to my reputation. Let me see. Suppose I tackle a triolet." For as he put it with his vigorous slang "it pans out better." Under his breath he hummed over a refrain, beating the ground with his foot to see if it scanned and then announced: "This will do to start on,—

My love is lost me evermore.

What then? Of course any one can see with half an eye that there should be a *weeping*. It is a little too much of a chestnut to say that I am weeping. So let me turn it differently. Oh here it is,—

Too sore is my heart for weeping.

You see, *simplex munditiis*. "But," interrupted your humble servant, "do you mean to say that you haven't selected a subject; don't know what's going to be the situation or thought?" "My dear fellow," said Jack, with a patronizing air, "there is no need; whatever it happens to be, we will find a title. 'Make the punishment fit the crime.'" Jack can't forget the Mikado. "But, don't interrupt me again."

"Now," he continued, "I want the rhymes." He ran over *tore, wore, adore, dore, afore, door, roar, shore*. "Oh, shore will do. Bearing in mind what has already been written, it is at once seen that we must justify the weeping. The next line must then be—

Forsaken on this *something* shore.

"Lonely is a pretty good adjective. Good local colouring, you know; so the line will run—

Forsaken on this lonely shore.

"The feet are a little gouty, but it will do. The first line is repeated. We have now to get another rhyme." Again he ran over the availables and seemed rather at a loss. At last he said: "The old, reliable *o'er* will fill the bill. That makes it imperative to bring in the sea and sailing. You have studied metaphysics and know that rule about the association of ideas? Sailing . . . the sea o'er. We will now try to fill in. Try 'far from me.' Then it reads—

Sailing far from me the sea o'er.

"That won't do. Let us put in an adjective before sea, and it will be better. Blue? Angry? No, we want a monosyllable. How about *salt*? Eureka!

Sailing far from me the salt sea o'er.

To abridge the process, again we hunt for our rhyme—say sleeping—and the next line naturally is

While 'neath a bower I was sleeping.

"Now the deed is done, and what is it? The only meaning in the thing is that someone is left on a shore by his or her lover. Let me see—wasn't there something of the kind on record? Arach—no that's not the name. The poet then will turn up his classical dictionary and fit it to Ariadne

"The Triolet complete then reads thus," and Jack read it in that sing-song cadence that poets do most affect when they read their own verses:—

ARIADNE.

A Triolet.

My love is lost me evermore,  
Too sore is my heart for weeping;  
Forsaken on this lonely shore,  
My love is lost me evermore—  
Sailing far from me the salt sea o'er  
While 'neath a bower I was sleeping,  
My love was lost me evermore,  
Too sore is my heart for weeping."

Then, all forgetful of the grand old maxim, *Nonumque prematur in annum*, let your poems be kept nine years, he sends it to the Editor; and with swelled head the poet strikes the stars.

Jack concluded, and, remarking it was late, retired.

We sat mutely watching the Poet who seemed confused. At last he brightened, looked up, was surprised to see Jack was gone. Said with a slight air of hauteur: "Say! Do you know that I think that Jack made this up beforehand and wanted to show us that he too could write poetry, and mighty ragged lines they are too." *Chorus Omnes*, "Mighty ragged."

## THE VARSITY.

THE VARSITY is published in the University of Toronto every Saturday during the Academic Year, October to May inclusive.

The Annual Subscription, including postage, is \$2.00, payable before the end of January, and may be forwarded to THE TREASURER, T. A. GIBSON, University College, to whom applications respecting advertisements should likewise be made.

Subscribers are requested to notify the Treasurer immediately, in writing, of any irregularity in delivery.

Copies of THE VARSITY may be obtained every Saturday at the Post Office Book Store, corner of Adelaide and Toronto Streets; at J. P. McKenna's, 80 Yonge Street; and at Alex. Brown's, cor. Yonge and Carlton Sts.

All communications should be addressed to THE EDITOR, 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.

We draw attention to the letter of our correspondent referring to the communication from the College Council to the Literary and Scientific Society, in reference to the use of Convocation Hall for public debates, read at the first meeting of the Society for this term. Had the College Council taken the students into its confidence at the time when the occurrences complained of last fall led to what appeared to be an arbitrary act of the Council, any unpleasantness might have been avoided. Now that an explanation has been given, we feel sure that it will commend itself to the good sense of the undergraduates as a body. There is no reason why the keeping up of college customs and traditions—of which we have too few—should clash with reasonable demands on the part of the College Council.

Collegiate spirit, to avoid using the expressive but hackneyed *esprit-de-corps*, seems declining step by step with increasing numbers. It becomes more and more difficult to know even one's own year. Small coteries are then formed of men reading the same work. This is not as it should be, however well calculated to train specialists. A student who devotes himself entirely to reading, to the neglect of college life, misses some of the best effects of a university training. For he were a vain man who expected in four short years to master books enough to furnish his mind for life. Then it is that the foundations are laid for a life-time of thought and study. It is not so much book-knowledge that we should seek to acquire as habits of thought. Refinement and liberality, in the sense of breadth of view, should characterize the University man. If we gain these surely our college course has amply repaid us. How can this wholesome liberality be better acquired than by familiar intercourse with our fellow-students. College societies, college customs and observances, by bringing the men together, promote this intercourse, and none of them should be allowed to decay. The bookish man, while all very well as a portable encyclopedia, is generally a failure for the practical purposes of life. While we may not agree with Mr. Slick in his aphorism that "books spile the mind," it is too true that "the habit of supplying our ideas from foreign sources enfeebles all internal strength of thought."

It is gratifying to be able to record in the first number of this year the practical aid lately given by a friend of the College to the study of English literature, the subject which it is the highest aim and special pleasure of this journal to promote in every possible way. The President announced on Convocation Day that Frederick Wyld, Esq., one of the most prominent merchants in the city, had offered a yearly prize of \$25 in books for the best essay in English prose. It is unnecessary to dilate upon the great and lasting benefit to be derived from the independent study of our great writers, and from all attempts, feeble though at first they be, to contribute to the literature of our day. It is enough to welcome, with hearty appreciation of the munificence of the donor, this practical aid to the attainment of excellence in English composition. We understand that the prize is to be restricted to students of the senior years; and is to be awarded for the best essay on a subject selected by three examiners to be appointed by the College Council, who are to award the prize. We would suggest that these examiners

be appointed and the subject, with full conditions, fixed and published without any delay, so that those desiring to compete may be able to undertake the work before the pressure of the regular course is felt. On behalf of those interested in the development of the literary spirit, we beg to thank Mr. Wyld for his generous gift, and hope that he may himself see some satisfactory outcome of his attempt to promote the best expression of the best thought.

Though this is the "close season" for honorary degrees, perhaps a few words upon the subject may not be without some effect upon those who are either preparing to fish illegally for them, or who are going to connive at the irregularity. In looking over the reports of the college commencements of last summer, we are painfully impressed by the fact that the practice of bestowing honorary degrees is growing apace, and threatens to bring academical distinctions into contempt. Especially is this the case in the United States. Fortunately Canadian degrees are not hawked about so promiscuously. Our own University, we are proud to say, is leading the van in its silent and dignified protest against this evil habit, by bestowing no honorary degrees whatsoever. We sincerely trust it will continue in its present course, and that its example may influence other institutions to restrain their ardour. The possession of a university degree is of little value in itself. But since convention has stamped it with a certain meaning and has attached to it a certain importance, it is right and proper that it should be borne by those who have justly earned the right to assume it; and that its worth and dignity should be maintained and enhanced. The real worth of a university degree consists in its meaning to the individual who obtains it, and not in *any* honour or distinction which its possessor may seem to indicate. Its meaning to the individual is, that he has spent a certain time—long or short—at an institution for higher education; that he has read a certain prescribed amount; that he understood the same—or else what do examinations stand for? and finally that he has received a certain amount of knowledge and culture, which passes under the elastic name of education. Under these circumstances the already illusory value of a university degree should not be rendered more tenuous by being bestowed *honoris causa*.

Occasionally it is our privilege to see the *Phonetic Herald*. The only noteworthy feature of this publication is a peculiar zebra effect in spelling that is commonly associated with a school of American humour, the head and front of which was Josh Billings. The Canadian disciples of the sage Josh, though neither numerous nor influential, are clamorous in the public press for recognition. Their views are not novel, nor has their system one whit more of practical value than many others emanating from far higher sources. Admitting all that can be urged against established usage in spelling, there are abundant grounds, and these, too, sufficiently apparent, for declining the proposed change. No doubt the present system is arbitrary and conventional, encrusted with anomalies, the outcome of centuries of adjustment—anomalies hideous to the eye of the spelling-reformer; any other system, however, must be equally arbitrary, or else inextricable confusion will result; for what two men combine primitive sounds in precisely the same way? Again, to represent at all accurately the current mode of pronouncing a given word—so fluid a thing is pronunciation—different collations of symbols would be required at various times and places. If we are to sacrifice at the altar of consistency, we shall require the difference between the pronunciation of Shakespeare's era and our own to be marked in the literature of the new system. Fancy the intellectual dyspepsia that would result from viewing the transformation of Shakespeare into Billingsese! Such an apparition must suggest the idea of Harlequin in all the glory of paint and stripes tumbling over the page. There is a dignity in language quite apparent to the eye as to the ear; and, apart from any effect of association, it is at least open to question whether pages thus uncouthly garnished could ever portray that harmony and grace so characteristic of what is best in our literature. It is to be regretted that men of any intellectual force should dissipate their energy in seriously advocating so visionary a scheme.

## CONVOCAATION.

The annual Convocation of University College loses none of its popularity. This year the number of invited guests who sought admission to the hall seemed greater than ever, and many were obliged to remain outside. The students were much quieter than usual, and there was very little unseemly behavior. It was, indeed, rather a pity to hear so little chorus singing between the speeches. Convocation Day is one of the few students' days, and no one is desirous of interfering with their characteristic proceedings, so long as they conduct them with due decorum.

The first item on the programme was the presentation to the President of students who had attained special academical distinction. As the names have appeared in the daily press, we omit them here. Since the abolition of medals and scholarships by the Senate, the Council have been endeavoring to substitute similar awards in the College, by means of private benefactions. These medals and scholarships were presented for the first time this year. It is significant of the difficulty of obtaining first-class honours in the graduating year, under the new standard, that, in each department, there was only one candidate entitled to receive the medal. The absence of Miss Balmer, who graduated first in Modern Languages, and of Mr. G. Chambers, who stood first in the final examination in the Chemistry department, was commented upon. No medals were announced as won in these departments. W. H. C. Kerr, Esq., M.A., who has endowed a medal in Classics, delivered a lengthy speech on the occasion of the first presentation of it, in which he eulogized the former Professor of Classics, Dr. McCaul.

The chief interest of Convocation, however, centred in the addresses of the Revs. Drs. Potts and Nelles, the former the General Educational Secretary to the Methodist Conference, the latter President of Victoria College, Cobourg. Dr. Potts delivered a short address, in which he expressed his great pleasure at being present in his official capacity to express in public, on this, the first opportunity, the satisfaction of the Methodist Church that Victoria was about to join the federation of Colleges affiliated to the University of Toronto, and to make its home in Queen's Park. He stated his belief that the educative power of Victoria College would be greatly increased through this affiliation, and took it as an omen of the increased efficiency of the Methodist Church to supply the educational requirements of its own people.

Dr. Nelles followed in a highly eulogistic and eloquent strain. He referred to the great pleasure it gave him to stand upon the same platform with the honoured President of University College, as a fellow worker and ally in the cause of university education. He congratulated the Methodist Church and Victoria College that it was in the near future to work side by side with University College in the common cause of higher education. Dr. Nelles spoke very hopefully of the future of his own college. He modestly referred to its achievements in the past, and predicted much greater results in the future. The doctor then spoke at length upon the attitude of the Provincial Government towards the Provincial University, and urged very strongly the necessity of immediate expenditure. The professoriate staff he described as altogether inadequate to the requirements of the large and ever increasing numbers of students attending the University. A hall of sufficient size to answer all purposes was a crying necessity, and he hoped the Government would give the matter immediate attention. During Dr. Nelles' speech several rather unseemly remarks were made by a few recalcitrants at the back of the hall. Visitors, at least, should be safe from interruption and annoyance. It was not in the best possible taste for a humorously disposed individual to call out *A-men* in ultra-clerical style at the end of one of the doctor's periods.

Dr. Wilson then delivered his annual address, which has been very fully reported in the daily papers, and needs no recapitulation here. The President spoke with that unpretending eloquence which always characterizes his addresses, and he was listened to with careful attention, even by the gentlemen in the rear. He courteously welcomed Victoria College, and took the opportunity of disclaiming the inuendo that it would be practically reduced to the level of a theological college. For his own part he was glad that Victoria had come into federation as an Arts college, and hoped that with greatly increased appliances, it would do still better work than it had done in the past. Before closing, Dr. Wilson publicly thanked the friends of University College who had generously contributed medals, scholarships and prizes to supply the loss occasioned by the expropriation of scholarship funds.

THE VARSITY also may be allowed to welcome the new affiliated college, and to extend to it hearty congratulation upon its present removal to the centre of learning and refinement in this country. We have every confidence in the future of the University to which we owe our existence. We believe it is destined to rank among the first educational forces in the world. As the tide of civilisation moves with slow but certain step from the old world to the new; and as even now this continent stands in the full light of the wisdom of the past, and gathers power for the wisdom of its own hereafter, our University, even now in the forefront, has a future before it which is not to be bounded, but by the fancy of prophetic vision. To this University does Victoria come; of it may she prove herself a worthy member.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

## HAZING.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—I think it right that the facts set forth in the letters from the College Council read at the first meeting of the Literary Society, should be presented prominently to the notice of all students. As no doubt there are many who did not hear the letter read, it may be well to recount here the position of the Council in the matter. It will be remembered that we were refused last year the use of Convocation Hall for public meetings, and as a consequence it followed that strained relations subsisted between the Society and the Council until the close of the year.

In the letter I have spoken of above, the College Council has condescended to explain, and it at once becomes apparent that like most other misunderstandings, this had at bottom nothing but what will commend itself to the good sense of all. The Council has decided to allow the Society the use of Convocation Hall as of old, wishing the students, at the same time, to bear in mind the following statement of fact. The insurance companies which have risks on the buildings have notified the Council that should a fire occur while students are in the vaults or otherwise about the buildings at illegal hours, the risks will be invalid.

This speaks for itself; and it is to be hoped that it will merit the attention it deserves.

STUDENT.

## THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—Steps were taken in the Literary and Scientific Society during the past year looking to a course of lectures to be delivered under the auspices of that Society. A committee was appointed and reported that the season was then so late that it was practically impossible that year to secure desirable lectures. Still later again the Political and Science Club were in treaty with Henry George. The Literary Society took action in the report presented and appointed a committee to sit during the summer and make what preliminary arrangements were necessary. By this the matter would be in a sufficient state of forwardness at the opening of the active work of the Society, to ensure a good course of lectures during the winter.

The students of every American College worthy of the name manage to secure for their course a very respectable lecture talent. There is an institution calling itself the Redpath Lyceum Bureau, Boston, U. S. A., through whose agency, even at this late day, it might be possible to complete a course. The Society could readily provide a series even from among Canadian men of letters and science. The matter should not be allowed to drop, an enterprising effort on the part of the Society would place the success of the movement beyond doubt.

The neverfailing objection to any new departure, Will it interfere with the conversazione? will be sure to be urged. But our body of students ought to be able to support more than one College event during the year.

VERITAS.

## THE TUG OF WAR.

To the Editors of THE VARSITY.

SIRS,—In the language of Bret Harte's Truthful James, I would rise to exclaim sadly,

"What is this that I see,  
My eyes do I doubt?  
Which it's puzzling to me,  
Or is visions about?  
Is our civilization a failure,  
Or is the Caucasian played out?"

For I can hardly believe the evidence of my senses—*did* four freshmen, unhazed at that, draw after them ignominiously, with a degrading rope, four seniors,—four seniors,—four fourth year men, and among them the *Mufti* of residence? Four seniors drawn *multa reluctantes*, like Virgil's bull!

I tossed on my bed in sleepless unrest, multitudinous thoughts surging through my brain all Thursday night. *O trumpety, O Moses!* I exclaimed. Have the seniors lost all the Roman vigour of their predecessors? Are they not the heirs of glorious traditions? Are the times wofully changed, that they cannot hold their own against the invading hordes of the unhazed? "Let them not lay that flattering function to their sole," as a great author has said.

And this is why I rise to remark, tearfully, as before,

"What is this that I see,  
My eyes do I doubt?  
Which it's puzzling to me,  
Or is visions about?  
Is our civilization a failure,  
Or is the Caucasian played out?"

TUGSONOFOGUN.

## ROUND THE TABLE.

Here is a little gem of word-painting from Carlyle's journal. It is winter of '34, and Carlyle has been reading Homer; his attention is drawn to that queer scene in the Council where Therstes makes too free with the godlike heroes, and his back pays the score.

"When Ulysses weals his back with that bang of the sceptre, how he sinks annihilated like a cracked bug! Mark, too, the sugar-loaf head, bald but for down, the shoulders drawn together over his back; a perfect beauty in his kind."

A grim kind of humour this of Carlyle, essentially characteristic of a ruder age. Quite incidentally in conversation it happened that reference was made to the Carlylean humour. It evoked the somewhat curious response—What! do you find any humor in Carlyle?—with a little laugh at the oddity of the notion. It might be worth investigating the conception of humour betrayed by such query. Probably it rises little above hearty appreciation of a pun, or the routine of funny paragraphs in comic papers. But observe how mechanical is this compounding of tunnyisms. The effect aimed at is a mild shock produced by something unusual or forced in the turn of expression. Suppose that the phrase to be operated on is—"There is some sense in that." Keeping in mind the effect intended, it is at once evident that for "sense" an unexpected word must be substituted—all the better if somewhat undignified. Then, the innocent assertion, "there is some sense in that," appears in its funny dress as "there is *gum* in that." Or, again, let a politician at a public meeting declare that such or such is his unalterable opinion on some question of the day. The reporter for the other paper feels it his bounden duty to ridicule the speaker. The usual method is employed—a familiar phrase, totally unexpected however in this connection is inserted, and the desired result is brought about. "Mr. A. gave it as his unalterable *registered-for-transmission-abroad* opinion, etc., etc." Thus reads the translation into the funny dialect. This is all very well in its way, and clever enough too, but something radically different is needed to constitute humour. It is not enough that an idea be tricked up in fantastic garb—in itself such results in mere prettiness at best. The peculiar savor of humor must inhere in the idea. Quaintness in diction is one thing—another to grasp an idea in its fanciful relations, relations however that serve to throw into strong relief its pregnant verity; and herein it is that the humour of *Sartor Resartus* consists. Because so founded on the real that, like a flash, it lights up the dark corners of a subject, places the reader at a new point of view by, as it were, "depolarizing" the fixed phraseology that encumbers it. Humor in this sense is a deadly weapon against sham, however bulwarked by protecting formulas. This powerful engine did Carlyle possess and employ to good purpose against unverities impervious to argument.

\* \* \*

How few of us who are about University College day after day give what thought we should to the magnificence of design in its architecture, and the quaintness, the grotesqueness of detail! Have you ever come to it by moonlight, with the massive tower standing out above the sculptured portal, and the soft lines of light and shadow along the front,—with its pinnacles and gables and roofs, and all its lines and carvings bathed in that motionless silvery whiteness, like some perfect shape out of cloudland? Have you seen it under an autumn sunset? The sight would go far to gift one with an almost tremulous sense of the beautiful. Are you on familiar terms with each of the wide-mouthed, grinning heads and gargoyles set in the noble architecture like the quips and cranks in Shakespeare? Have you ever, except on hazing nights, gone down into the vaults to explore every corner? Have you stood in the vaulted chamber beneath the tower, straining your eyes to see something more than visible darkness "by the dim, religious light" of a match? Do you yet know,—or could you wish to know,—the edifice stone by stone, carving by carving? Have you found meanings in all this beauty of architecture? The two blindworms carved in stone, for example, one on either side the steps leading to the main entrance, are symbolical of the slow, painful strugglings up from the depths and darkness into the light of knowledge. Did you know of this before? Have you read what William Black has written of our University in *Green Pastures and Piccadilly*? Do you—but I pause for breath.

\* \* \*

These rhetorical questions you will answer to yourself as best may please you. If it be that any third person,—not you or I,—looks on them as fatuous, senseless queries, pranked out in an affected mode, let him pray that it may yet be given him to gather to himself some of the wisdom beyond price which knows how to come upon

"Tonques in trees, wisdom in running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

\* \* \*

A politician is constantly on thorns lest he be inconsistent with

previous utterances. In fact, consistency is the choicest jewel in the crown of political virtues. Honour and honesty the politician may have, but consistency is imperative. Consistency, however, is not the peculiar virtue of politicians; all manner of men sacrifice at her altar: in effect, wish it to be thought that their minds are well-balanced and trustworthy. All this savours of egotism. Pray, sir, who are you, anyway, that it concerns this busy world to reflect whether you have always thought as now? Of course, it is safe to predict that to-morrow one will think two and two make four, and so on. It is equally safe to presume that the general rules of conduct that have become part and parcel of our existence will still seem necessary and valid. But why seek to carry mathematical certainty into the realm of taste and judgment? What a dreary, monotonous existence this of ours would be if we could see before us in this way our mental furniture always the same. How tiresome it would be to be always knocking against the same old idea, like a machine, regularly, on due occasion, going through the same motions. Where, then, is there room for mental growth and expansion if, because we have once regarded such and such a standard as final, we are not permitted to change? Let us not be quite so consistent; rather should it be faced as a symptom of mental stagnation if your opinions on matters of judgment have not undergone some distinct, though it may be slight, modification. For if so, certain it is that either no further data have been found or that you are gifted with marvellous prescience. All of us who have been *boys* (some of us seem to have missed this stage of development) will remember a curious operation of which the subject used to be a hen. Take a staid old hen, whose youthful levity has disappeared under the cares of the world; with your hand press her beak to the ground, and draw with a lump of chalk a line straight from the tip thereof. Remove all restraint, and the deluded fowl remains in that position as if fascinated, steadily glaring at that line. This exactly represents the attitude of the man who boasts his consistency. By some means placed at one point of view of a subject, there he sticks, it being impossible to put him in possession of a different one, and thereby enlarge his mental experience. Let us not be quite so consistent.

\* \* \*

A correspondent asks what is the sanctioned usage in the matter of spelling the name of the greatest of dramatists and poets. An exhaustive essay on this subject will be found in Elze's book on Shakespeare, in the Library,—one might term the essay exhausting, were it not that nothing can be tedious which treats of Shakespeare. From records, documents, the parish registers of Stratford town, and what other sources are to be got at, it has been found that the name is spelt very variously, as might indeed be expected in an age when orthography was still a matter of private opinion. It would seem that the true spelling is either Shakespeare or Shakspeare. The last needs explanation. When the immortal William came to be a man about town, he grew half ashamed of the homely name his forbears, stalwart Warwickshire yeomen, had left him. Names which have a specific matter-of-fact meaning cannot take on the nameless magic of courtly ease—even though when done into Latin they have the fine sonorous quality of *Hastivibrans*; for so did a poet of his own day name him. Elze has some interesting remarks on this frivolous fashion of the day, which is with us still in the person of Mr. J. Banclerque Smythe. Shakspeare may well be forgiven this trifling vanity, if it fits us, whose minds and souls would be lost in that noble, godlike man's, to speak so of him; and I will own that I take a simple, foolish pleasure in writing his name as he would have it written in the hey-day of his London success.

\* \* \*

We had been talking of Tennyson's "Break, break, break," and the ingenious man, who was sitting near the fire, in the broken arm-chair, repeated the verses slowly:

"Break, break, break,  
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.

"O well for the fisherman's boy,  
That he shouts with his sister at play!  
O well for the sailor lad,  
That he sings in his boat on the bay!"

"Do you know," he said, "what the finest thing about these lines is,—the something which haunts you with its hinted pathetic grace? It must be sought for deeply. The initial letters of the first stanza are *b-o-a-t!* What superb 'local coloring' in a sea-piece! Ah, Tennyson is indeed a great poet!"

This, you must know, was sarcasm on the part of the ingenious man; for he had in his mind at the time certain critical Bœotians, with perceptions no blunter than the large end of an egg, who do analyze most deftly the spell under which the poets hold us.

HH.

## UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NEWS.

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

- Mr. J. J. Mackenzie is in Leipzig.
- Mr. J. M. Palmer is in law in this city.
- Mr. A. D. Crooks is in law in Toronto.
- Mr. J. McD. Duncan continues at Knox.
- Mr. J. W. Morrice is with McLaren & Co.
- Mr. R. Baldwin is with F. W. Kingstone.
- Mr. W. P. Mustard is the new Fellow in Classics.
- Professor Loudon is spending a year in Germany.
- Mr. G. H. Needler is off for Leipsig after a Ph. D.
- We welcome Mr. J. E. Elliott to the graduating class.
- Mr. Robert King has gone to Guelph Training Institute.
- Mr. R. Shiell has entered law with Coatsworth & Hodgins.
- Mr. C. P. Clark is training for a league umpire next season.
- Mr. I. E. Martin is filling Prof. Loudon's position with ability.
- Mr. H. J. Hamilton spent the summer in Prince Edward Island.
- Mr. A. G. Morphy is organist of London South Methodist Church.
- Mr. D. J. MacMurchy, is with Wells & MacMurchy, barristers.
- Mr. T. A. Rowan is studying law with Beaty, Hamilton & Cassels.
- Mr. W. W. Baldwin is studying Medicine at Trinity Medical School.
- Messrs. R. Gourlay and T. Marshall are at the Hamilton Training Institute.
- Messrs. R. A. Patterson and G. D. Wilson are at the Strathroy Training Institute.
- Mr. Jno. McMaster has secured a partner in life and a position in Belleville High School.
- Mr. Eugene W. Sterne has secured a position at the Passaic Rolling Mill Co., Patterson, N.J.
- Messrs. J. C. Robertson and A. S. Johnston, ex-fellows, have engaged in the profession of pedagogics.
- Mr. L. P. Duff wields the birch at Barrie Collegiate Institute. He will resume his collegiate studies after Christmas.
- Miss E. Balmer has received the appointment of teacher of Modern Languages at the Ladies' College, Brantford.
- Mr. T. M. Logie has been appointed Fellow in Metaphysics. His lectures are said to be popular and largely attended.
- Mr. J. M. Baldwin is once more a freshman, this time in Wycliffe. Report says he has been hazed already, but this is untrue.
- Mr. A. F. Chamberlain is still in town. He has been studying hard during the summer, and to his B.A. now adds the title M. P. I. R. R. S. (Member of the Park Irrational Radical Ranting Society.)
- Rumour states that our G. O. M. (Professor Young) is writing a book on some recent discoveries of his own in Mathematics. There is some disappointment among his students that the subject is not Metaphysics.
- Mr. J. P. Hatton, while returning home after Commencement last June, broke his leg in an attempt to save a child who was falling from the platform of the last car. Jim has recuperated, however, and is now at the Training School, Guelph.

Gibbard is now chief of the library *aides-de-camp*, and presides with ability and affability over a staff composed of himself and J. N. Dales. Business will be carried on at the old stand with a largely increased stock.

A meeting of the Historical and Political Society will be held in McMillan's Hall, cor. Yonge and Gerrard, on Tuesday, 26th, at 4 o'clock p.m. Wm. Houston, M.A., President of the Society, will deliver an address on "The Place of Political Science in a Liberal Education."

Sunday evening services have commenced in Wycliffe College. Students of University College are cordially invited.—The Rev. Dr. Sheraton has begun his Greek Testament class for University students on Sunday at 3 p.m.—The Alumni Association held its annual meeting on the 13th and 14th. Papers were read on different phases of Church work and life by the Revs. S. Weston Jones, A. C. Miles, B.A., C. J. James, B.A., and F. H. DuVernet. The annual dinner was held on Wednesday evening, and on Thursday evening a well-attended conversazione formally opened the College.—Eight K. Co. men in Wycliffe, including two non-coms. Five novitiates were admitted to the family circle of the C. U., with customary formalities, on Thursday, 14th, early, nearly filling the gap made by the three secessionists of the past year.

Captain Delamere, K. Co. '66, having resigned the adjutancy, has been posted to K. Of course the captain considers it a promotion.—Sergt. Levesconte takes the colours lately worn by Sergt. Cronyn and Corps. Crooks and Hamilton each don an extra stripe. Ptes. Mustard, Patterson and Acheson for regular attendance decorate as corporals the ranks of the Q. O. R. non-coms.—Three Smiths in the recruit class, to the unlimited confusion of Lieut. Gunther. Mathematical men differentiate them as Smith, Smith dash, Smith double dash. Room for more.—K. Co. came well to the fore in the battalion rifle match, on Saturday, the 9th. Sergt. Crooks topped the list in both aggregate and general with scores of 79 and 59. Corp. Mustard and Pte. Redden carried off prizes in the nursery, general and aggregate matches. Captain Delamere, Ptes. Duff, McLaren, Elliott and Bugler Swift all got in, a total of 15 prizes.—Lieut. Mercer is at present taking a short course at the Military School in the New Fort.

The sixth annual meeting of THE VARSITY Publishing Company was held on Monday last, the 18th of October, in Moss Hall, Mr. Creelman, the President, in the chair. The financial statement was read and explained by Mr. Jones, the Treasurer, and Mr. Irving, the Business Manager. The statement, being satisfactory, was unanimously adopted. The election of officers and Directors was then proceeded with and resulted in the selection of the following gentlemen:—President, W. F. W. Creelman, B.A., LL.B.; Vice-President, W. H. Blake, B.A.; Editor-in-chief, F. B. Hodgins; Associate Editors, T. B. Phillips-Stewart, J. O. Miller, W. J. Healy, and W. H. Hunter; Secretary, John S. MacLean; Treasurer, T. A. Gibson; Business Manager, John A. Garvin; Directors, F. A. C. Redden, T. Nattress, J. E. Jones, B. M. Aikins, J. H. Moss, A. T. Hunter, A. A. Macdonald, and H. E. T. Haultain. A vote of thanks to the retiring editor, and to the contributors, was very heartily passed by the meeting. About 25 shareholders were present. The meeting adjourned at 10 p.m.

The first meeting of the Literary Society was held in Moss Hall last Friday evening. The attendance was very good, between sixty and seventy. The President, Mr. T. C. Milligan, B.A., occupied the chair. A new feature in the programme was the introduction of music, the Society having engaged a piano for the year. Mr. R. L. Johnston opened the evening's entertainment with a song, after which Mr. F. H. Moss contributed a reading from Bret Harte. The debate on Home Rule was very much above the average, and gave good promise for the year. Messrs. McMillan and Acheson specially distinguished themselves, though the speeches were too long to allow of any further discussion of the question before putting it to the meeting. The amendment moved by Mr. Acheson, and seconded by Mr. Gibson, in favour of Home Rule, was carried by a large majority. It is hoped that every student will render all the assistance in his power, both by his presence and willingness to participate in the proceedings of the Society, to make the meetings successful and profitable.

The Rugby Club has had a most successful season so far. The first team has played and won three matches. On the 9th of October it defeated Upper Canada College team by 52 points to 0. A. G. Smith, G. B. McClean and H. J. Senkler dropped goals from the field. On the same day the second team defeated the second Torontos by 23 points to 0. On October 16th the first team went to Guelph and defeated the Agricultural College team by 55 points to 1. In this match J. H. Senkler and A. G. Smith dropped goals from the field. On October 20th the following team defeated Trinity College by 66 points to 0—Back, W. P. Mustard; Half-Back, L. Boyd and J. H. Senkler; Quarter-Back, E. C. Senkler and G. B. McClean; Forwards, W. B. Nesbitt, E. G. Rykert, E. Bayly, G. H. Richardson, D. Ferguson, R. McDowell, J. E. Mill, J. S.

MacLean, A. G. Smith and W. Cross. In this match Smith got 4 touch-downs and D. Ferguson dropped a goal. The forwards played a fast game, keeping constantly on the ball. The quarters—Senkler, E., and McClean, the latter an Inter-Provincial man and a decided acquisition—played an unselfish game, and, along with the backs, passed beautifully. They also managed to play some tricks on the Trinity men in throwing out from touch. In all, the first team has made 173 points to 1 in the three matches played, and will probably score another win against Upper Canada College on the 22nd. The tug-of-war comes on the 30th, when it plays Ottawa College—the champions of Ontario—on the lawn. It suffered its only defeat last year at the hands of Ottawa College, but hopes this year to turn the tables. The second fifteen plays the second Hamiltons on the lawn on the 23rd. As there are some very promising players on the second team a good game may be expected.

Last April a meeting of the students was held, at which it was decided to hold athletic sports after the commencement of the Michaelmas Term. The meeting chose a large and representative committee to carry out its wishes, and charged them to endeavour to re-establish an annual athletic meeting—for the first time in five years—which would develop the general athletic spirit of the students and give an impetus to sport in general around University College. The committee is, with one or two exceptions, the same as that appointed by the meeting of April last, viz.:—President, J. N. McKendrick; Secretary, F. B. Hodgins; Treasurer, F. H. Moss; J. S. MacLean, J. A. Garvin, J. T. Jackson, H. McLaren, H. B. Fraser, E. C. Senkler, D. Ferguson, J. S. Johnston, J. H. Senkler, J. H. Moss, A. A. Macdonald and L. Boyd. Ever since the opening of College this committee has been hard at work perfecting the details of the meeting, which passed off with such success last Thursday, the 21st instant. The following is the list of prize winners:—

Putting the Shot (16 lbs)—1st, A. N. Garrett, 34 ft. 4 in.; 2nd, A. McNally, 33 ft.

Running Long Jump—1st, A. N. Garrett, 18ft. 3 in.; 2nd, G. McClean, 18 ft. 2½ in.

220 Yards Race—1st, E. O. Sliter; 2nd, J. H. Senkler.

Half-mile Race—1st, A. A. Macdonald; 2nd, G. McClean.

100 Yards Race—1st, J. H. Senkler; 2nd, J. N. McKendrick.

Sack Race (75 yards)—1st, W. A. Lampert; 2nd, W. P. Thomson.

High Jump—1st, J. H. Senkler, 5 ft. 6 in.; 2nd, A. N. Garrett, 5 ft. 5 in.

Quarter-mile Race (Undergraduates)—1st, E. O. Sliter; 2nd, L. Campbell.

Final Tug of War—Freshman Team, G. McClean, A. Campbell, A. McNally and G. H. Watt.

One Mile Race—1st, A. A. Macdonald; 2nd, W. A. Lampert.

Quarter-mile Race (Graduates)—1st, W. P. Mustard; 2nd, A. M. Macdonell.

Hurdle Race (120 yards)—1st, E. O. Sliter; 2nd, J. H. Senkler.

Quarter-mile Race (open)—1st, H. E. Sewell, Toronto Lacrosse Club; 2nd, R. B. Coulson, T. L. C.

Heavy Marching Order Race (half mile, "K." Co.)—H. B. Bruce.

The championship medal was awarded to J. H. Senkler, who scored 17 points to E. O. Sliter's 16. Firsts counted 5 points, seconds 3 and thirds 1.

Miss Wilson presented the prizes to the successful competitors, in Convocation Hall, addressing a pleasant word of congratulation to each. No official record of time was taken, as the track was rather rough and in some places decidedly heavy, owing to the recent wet weather. The open quarter-mile brought out some "flyers" from the Toronto Lacrosse Club and from University College. The race was hotly contested, and was won by H. E. Sewell, of the Toronto Lacrosse Club, with R. B. Coulson, of the same club, second. The meeting was managed with great success and afforded an afternoon's splendid sport. It brought out several "dark horses" amongst the students, and has, we believe, given the start to a movement which we certainly expect, and most sincerely hope, will result in the formation of a general athletic association at University College. But of this, more anon. The prizes presented, consisting of medals and others of the usual sort, were handsome and appropriate.

## 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. In the next issue will appear the first instalment of a Novel, the scene of which is laid in College. The news columns will be full and accurate, containing reports of all meetings of interest to its readers.

## A CURIOUS HARVARD WILL.

There was long in the possession of the writer's grandfather, the late John Bulfinch, Esq., (Harvard, 1813), the following humorous farewell to college life at Cambridge. The lines were written by William Biglow, of Natick, a member of the class of 1794, and probably have never been published. As their age, wit, and lively description of life at Harvard almost one hundred years ago will interest many, I send them to the Drawer for publication.

Yours,  
JOHN H. LOWELL.

A WILL.

Being the last words of Charles Chatterbox, Esq., worthy and much lamented member of the Laughing Club of Harvard College, who departed college life June 4, 1794.

I, Charley Chater, sound of mind,  
To making fun am much inclin'd,  
So, having cause to apprehend  
My college life is near an end,  
All future quarrels to prevent,  
I make this will and testament.  
My soul and body, while together,  
I send the storms of life to weather,  
To steer as safely as they can,  
To honor God and profit man.  
*Imprimis*, then, my bed and bedding,  
My only chattels worth the sledding—  
Consisting of a maple stead,  
A counterpane and coverlet,  
Two cases with the pillows in,  
A blanket, cord, a winch and pin,  
Two sheets, a feather-bed and hay-tick—  
I order sledded up to Natick,  
And that with care the sledder save them  
For those kind parents first who gave them.  
*Item*.—The Laughing Club so blest,  
Who think life what it is—a jest—  
Collect its flowers from every spray,  
And laugh its nigg'd thorns away,  
From whom to-morrow I dis sever,  
Take one sweet grin, and leave forever,  
My chest and all that in it is  
I give and bequeath them, viz :  
Westminster grammar, old and poor ;  
Another compiled by Moore ;  
A bunch of pamphlets *pro* and *con*  
The doctrine of . . . salvation ;  
The college laws I'm free from minding ;  
A Hebrew Psalter stript from binding ;  
A Hebrew Bible too lies nigh it,  
Unsold because no one would buy it ;  
My manuscript in prose and verse  
They take for better and for worse—  
Their minds enlighten with the best,  
Their pipes and candles with the rest—  
Provided that from them they cull  
My college exercises dull,  
On threadbare themes with minds unwilling,  
Strain'd out through fear t' avoid a shilling,  
To teachers paid t' avert an evil,  
Like Indian worship to the devil—  
The above-named manuscripts, I say,  
To club aforesaid I convey,  
Provided that said themes so given,  
Full proof that genius won't be driven,  
To our physician be presented  
As the best opiates yet invented.

*Item*.—A gown much greased in commons,  
A hat between a man's and woman's,  
A tattered coat of college blue,  
A fustian waistcoat torn in two,  
With all my rust through college carried,  
I give to classmate O——, who's married.

*Item*.—C—— P—— has my knife  
During his nat'ral college life,  
That knife that ugliness inherits,  
And due to his superior merits,  
The said C—— P——, humor's son,  
Who long shall stay when I am gone, }  
The muse's most successful suitor,  
I constitute my executor :  
Myself on life's broad sea I throw,  
Sail with its joys or stem its woe ;  
No other friend to take my part  
But careless head and honest heart.  
My purse is drained ; my debts are paid ;  
My glass is run ; my will is made.  
To beauteous Cam I bid adieu,  
And with the world begin anew.

WILLIAM BIGLOW, L.S., of NATICK.  
—Harper's for November.

**MAMMOTH BOOK EMPORIUM.**  
**CHEAPEST**  
**NEW AND SECOND-HAND BOOKS**  
**IN CANADA.**

A FEW SAMPLES

Macaulay's History of England,  
 5 vols., clo. .... \$2 00  
 published at \$5.00  
 Dickens' Complete Works, 15 vols.  
 clo. .... 12 00  
 published at \$18.75.  
 Scott's Waverley Novels, 12 vols. 10 00  
 published at \$18.75.  
 New and Second-hand College Books, Art  
 Books, Ancient and Rare Works, etc.

R. W. DOUGLAS & CO.  
 250 YONGE STREET.  
 (Successors to A. Piddington.)

**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.

**ELLIS & MOORE,**  
**Printers**  
 and  
**Publishers**

89 : & : 41 : MELINDA : STREET  
 TORONTO.

**Church Notices**

**REV. DR. WILD**  
 BOND STREET CHURCH  
 Hours of service—11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

**UNITARIAN CHURCH,** Jarvis Street.  
 REV. HILARY BYGRAVE, Pastor  
 Hours of service—11 a.m. and 7 p.m.  
 Subjects for Sunday, March 28th.  
 Strangers welcome at both services.

**CENTRAL METHODIST CHURCH**  
 Bloor Street.  
 REV. MANLY BENSON, Pastor.  
 Service at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.  
 March 28th—  
 Full choir. Cornet and organ accompaniment.

**DI-VARSITIES.**

TO MY BEARD.

Wee, timid, struggling phantom shade  
 Like some weird spirit, half afraid  
 To expose thyself to mortal gaze,  
 Or like some tinted mist or haze  
 That seems to be—but yet is not—  
 And gathers round some favored spot  
 Upon my phiz, a thing of hope,  
 To meet sometime my shaving soap—  
 Oh, haste! pray haste, I beg, and grow,  
 Dost feel no pride to be so slow?  
 I long to know what is thy hue,  
 And run my happy fingers thro'  
 Thy meshes thick, and grip them fast—  
 Then I could be a man at last?

Fortnight.

Marginal note in Prof's note book: "Use my joke No. 4 in connection with this paragraph.—*Polytechnic.*"

Lecture in Mor. Philosophy:  
 Prof.—"Yes, sir, I see it, and I thought I made it clear to you."

*Professor* (who has told the young men to bring in an essay on an original subject): Well, Mr. Dumley, what have you got to-day?  
*Collegian* (who has spent the summer as a waiter at one of the mountain hotels): Er.—roast beef, roast pork, fish, and corn-beef hash.

"Aurella, darling."  
 "Yes, Arthur."  
 "You know we are soon to be married."  
 "Yes."  
 "And we should learn to be economical in small things."  
 "Yes."  
 "Hadn't you better turn down the gas?"

This is from *Our Dumb Animals*: A Vassar graduate, out in the country, went into the stable of a farm house. "Dear me, how close the poor cows are crowded together," she remarked.

"Yes, mum, but we have to do it."  
 "Why so?"  
 "To get condensed milk."

What God of the Ancients presided over betting? Back-us.—*Courant.*

SMITH, (at the club). Has Major Snaffles been in this evening, steward?

STEWARD. No, sir, he's not been in here for a month, sir.

SMITH. Is his absence owing to illness?

STEWARD. No, sir, but his bills is owing to the treasurer; which I think it's the reason, sir.

Two dogs one day went lion hunting, one of them being a smart dog with a classical education and the other being very ignorant and unsophisticated. Pretty soon they struck the track of a lion and the educated dog started off in the direction of the royal beast, while his ignorant companion, making an absurd mistake, took the back track and started off in the opposite direction. In a few minutes the educated dog was serving as an inanimate free lunch for an enormous lion, while the ignorant dog escaped unhurt.

Moral: This fable teaches that classical lore should be plentifully sprinkled with practical knowledge.—*Life.*

At a house in Ohio, where a minister was boarding, the servant girl was anxious to anticipate everything in her work that any one wished her to do. She had always "just done it," or was "just doing it," when any



A SHIPMENT JUST IN FROM

—\$ CHRISTYS', LONDON. \$—

WRIGHT & CO.,

55 King St. East.

L. & J. SIEVERT,  
 TOBACCONISTS,

Mail Building, 54 King Street West  
 TORONTO.

Fine Imported and Domestic Cigars

STUDENTS' NOTE BOOKS AND  
 other requisites.  
 Stationery and Fancy Goods at  
 ALEX. BROWN'S, 445 Yonge street, 2nd door  
 north of Carlton street.  
 Discount to students. Branch office of G.  
 N. W. Telegraph Co.

**COX & CO.,**

Stock Brokers,

26 TORONTO ST.

Continuous market quotations by direct wire.

**JAMES ALISON,**  
**MERCHANT TAILOR**

AND IMPORTER OF WOOLLENS, &C.,  
 264 YONGE STREET, TORONTO  
 (A liberal discount to students.)

**Professional Cards.**

**Legal**

**BLAKE, LASH, CASSELS & HOLMAN**, Barristers, &c., Dominion Chambers, over Dominion Bank, cor. King and Yonge Streets, Toronto.

Edward Blake, Q.C.,	S. H. Blake, Q.C.
Z. A. Lash, Q.C.,	Walter Cassels, Q.C.
C. J. Holman,	H. Cassels,
R. S. Cassels,	Alex. Mackenzie,
H. W. Mickle,	W. H. Blake

**KINGSFORD & WICKHAM**, Barristers, Solicitors, &c. Office—Freehold Buildings, cor. Church and Court Streets, Toronto. Entrance on Court street.

R. E. Kingsford, H. J. Wickham.

**MOSS, FALCONBRIDGE & BARWICK**, Barristers, &c. **MOSS, HOYLES & AYLESWORTH**, Barristers, &c. North of Scotland Chambers, 18 and 20 King Street west, Toronto.

Charles Moss, Q.C.	W. G. Falconbridge, Q.C.
N. W. Hoyles	Walter Barwick,
B. Aylesworth	W. J. Franks,
	Douglas Armour.

**MOWAT, MACLENNAN, DOWNEY & BIGGAR**, Barristers, &c. **MOWAT, MACLENNAN, DOWNEY & LANGTON**, Barristers, Solicitors, &c., York Chambers Toronto Street, Toronto.

Oliver Mowat, Q.C.,	James Maclellan, Q.C.,
John Downey,	C. H. W. Biggar,
Thomas Langton,	C. W. Thompson.

**MCCARTHY, OSLER, HOSKIN & CREELMAN**, Barristers, Solicitors, &c., Temple Chambers Toronto Street, Toronto.

Dalton McCarthy, Q.C.,	B. B. Osler, Q.C.,
John Hoskin, Q.C.,	Adam R. Creelman,
W. Harcourt,	W. H. P. Glen nt.
	Wallace Nesbitt.

**MULOCK, TILT, MILLER & CROWTHER**, Barristers, Solicitors in Chancery, Proctors in the Maritime Court, Conveyancers, &c. Office—South-west corner of King and Church Streets, Toronto, Ontario.

W. Mulock,	J. Tilt, Q.C.,	W. N. Miller, Q.C.
	J. Crowther, Jr	

**COYNE & MANN**, Barristers, Solicitors, &c. Office, Talbot Street, Risdon Block, opposite the Market, St. Thomas, Ont.

Jehiel Mann, James H. Coyne.

**DELAWARE, BLACK, REESOR & ENGLISH**, Barristers, Solicitors, etc. Offices, No. 17 Toronto Street, Consumer's Gas Company's Buildings,

T. D. Delamero,	Davidson Black,	H. A. Reesor.
	E. Tavlour English.	

**R. W. WILSON, LL.B., BARRISTER**, Solicitor Conveyancer, &c.

Money to Loan.

**WILLIAM F. W. CREELMAN**, BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC. 17 York Chambers, Toronto street, Toronto.

**HALL, DEWART & CO.**, BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC. First door east of "Globe" Office, Toronto, Ont. Offices—30 and 32 King St. east, up-stairs.

order was given. This amused the young divine greatly, and on one occasion he thought to nonplus the girl by a ruse. "I don't think Eliza has washed my Bible since I have been here," he said to the mistress in a low tone, but designed to be overheard by the girl. A few minutes later the mistress said to her in the presence of the clergyman: "Eliza, have you washed Mr. Blank's Bible?" "No, ma'am, but I've got it asoak."

One of the darky waiters at an Alabama college is a noted hypocrite. He was taken to task lately by the students for some shortcoming, and in the course of the examination one of them asked, "Why, Sam, what are you going to do when you die and go to hades?" "What I does now, sah. Wait on the students," he replied, naively.

Nice young man (lecturing to a Sunday-school):—"Now, is there any little boy or girl who would like to ask any question? Well, little boy, I see your hand; you needn't snap your fingers. What question would you like to ask?"

Small boy—"How much longer is this jawin going to last?"—*Madisonensis*.

In a Toronto college a certain classical student, learning that his Professor had a translation of a difficult Greek author, went to borrow it from him. "Ah—um," said the Professor, "this is a practical illustration of the old and well-worn saying, 'The ass seeketh his master's crib.'"

Tailor—"Married or unmarried?"  
Customer—"Married."  
Tailor (to cutter)—"One pocket concealed in lining of vest."  
Customer—"Eh! What!"  
Tailor (explaining)—"To hide your change you know, at night. I'm married myself."—*Queen's Col. Journal*.

The scene is a young ladies' seminary. "Ah," said one young pupil to another in triumph, "my mamma gives me a penny every morning for taking a spoonful of cod-liver oil!" "And what do you buy with the penny?" eagerly returned the second girl in a tone not devoid of envy. "Oh," returned the former speaker, "I do not spend it at all; my mamma puts it away for me every day to buy more cod-liver oil with!"

**LEAVE** your measure and secure a sample of Treble's perfect fitting French yoke shirts at Treble's Great Shirt House, 53 King Street West, corner of Bay. Card for measurement free.

Foot-ball Jerseys, Caps and Hose. Warm Underwear, all sizes and qualities, at Treble's Great Shirt House, 53 King Street West, corner of Bay Street. Gents' Kid Gloves, all sizes.

**Professional Cards.**

**Medical.**

**D. R. BURNS**,  
7 COLLEGE AVENUE, TORONTO.  
Office Hours—9 to 10.30 a.m.; 1.30 to 3, and 6.30 to 8 p.m.

**D. R. MACDONALD** has removed to  
180 SIMCOE STREET  
Office Hours—9 to 10 a.m., 2 o'clock, and 7 to 9.

**W. NATTRESS, M.D., C.M., M.R.C.S., 'Eng.**  
COR. YONGE AND MCGILL STREETS.

**D. R. PETER H. BRYCE, M.A.**,  
(L.R.C.P. & S., Edin., &c., &c.)  
Office and residence, N. W. Corner College and Spadina Avenue.

**D. R. D. J. GIBB WISHART, B.A.**  
(L.R.C.P. London, Eng., Etc., Etc.)  
CORNER YONGE AND ANNE STREETS,  
Office hours—9 to 11 a.m., 1 to 2 p.m., 5 to 8 p.m.  
Telephone No. 1454.

**Dental**

**R. HASLITT**,  
DENTIST.  
Honor Graduate of the R.C.D.S., Ont.  
No. 51 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO, ONT.

**T. HENDERSON, L.D.S.**  
SURGEON DENTIST,  
Gold Medallist and Graduate with Honors in R. C. D. S. Office—761 Yonge Street (over Central Bank) Toronto.

**G. S. CAESAR**,  
DENTAL SURGEON.  
Office—34 Grosvenor Street, Toronto.  
Telephone communication

**C. P. LENNOX**,  
DENTAL SURGEON,  
Arcade Buildings, Yonge Street, Toronto.

**F. FRANKLIN J. ANDREWS**,  
DENTAL SURGEON,  
31 King Street East, between Murray's and Walker's formerly 2 King St. West, Toronto.

**CHAMBERS' ENCYCLOPEDIA**—A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge—last Revised Edition—27,900 Articles—3,850 Wood Engravings—39 Maps—10 vols. Royal 8vo., Cloth, \$20.

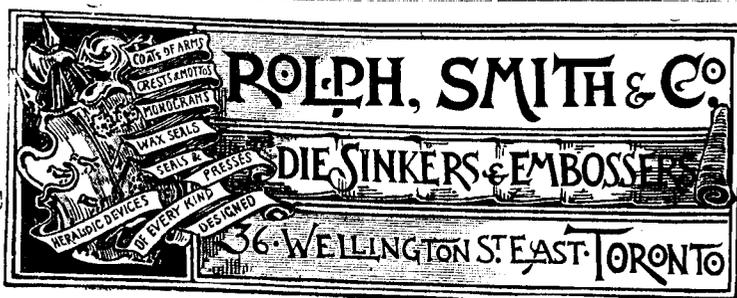
**RUSKIN'S COMPLETE WORKS**—30 vols. in 12—with all the Wood Engravings and Text—\$12. Also an edition with a the Coloured Illustrations, \$18.

**PARKMAN'S COMPLETE WORKS**—Popular edition—10 vols, 12mo., cloth, in a box, \$15.

**IMPERIAL DICTIONARY OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE**—4 vols. large 8vo. cloth, \$20; Calf bound, \$25.  
Stock in all Departments well assorted

WILLIAMSON & CO., Publishers, Booksellers and Stationers, TORONTO.

Copper Plate  
Engravers  
WOOD ENGRAVERS,  
LITHOGRAPHIC  
PRINTERS.



Visiting  
Cards  
Illuminated Addresses,  
Wedding Stationer  
Ball Programmes



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 Straight 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.

ALLEN & GINTER,  
Richmond, Va.

**S**TUDENTS, ATTENTION!  
Shaving and Hair-Cutting Parlours,  
353 SPADINA AVENUE,  
(just below College).  
RANNEY BROS.

**J. L. JONES**  
Mechanical & General  
**WOOD ENGRAVING**  
\*10 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

PO TTS,  
402 Yonge St., Toronto.

—: PICTURE FRAMER:—

Holiday Presents, Christmas Cards, etc., the choicest assortment of Fancy Articles in the city. Don't fail to give us a call.

**J. BRUCE,**  
118 King St. West.  
**ART PHOTOGRAPHER.**

Guarantees the finest and most artistic work that can be produced, and allows a liberal discount to Professors and Students connected with Toronto University and other colleges.

**HARRY WEBB,**  
447 Yonge Street,  
Opposite the College Avenue, Toronto.

Caterer and Confectioner—The Ontario  
Wedding Cake Manufactory.

Jellies, Creams, Ices.  
Dinners, Weddings, Evening Parties.

**G**ENTLEMEN appreciating perfection in Fashion, Fit and Finish, Should patronise the Students' Favorite Tailoring Establishment.

Full stock of first-class goods at Lowest Prices consistent with unexcelled workmanship.

**J. Hunter Brown,** 283 Yonge St.,  
Cor. Wilton Avenue, (Mathson's old st 11)

**CASSELL'S NATIONAL LIBRARY.**

Edited by Henry Morley, LL.D.

TEN CENTS PER VOL.

**McAINSH & ELLIS,**  
Opposite Post Office. TORO

**T**HE FINEST IN THE LAND

THE  
**ARCADE POOL & BILLIARD HALL**

Yonge St. Opp. Temperance.

14 Pool and Billiard Tables with all the latest improvements.

THE HANDSOMEST PARLORS IN CANADA

Choice lines in Temperance drinks.  
Johnston's Fluid Beef on dra u

**TURNBULL SMITH,** Proprietor

**ROWSSELL & HUTCHISON**

Importers of Books and Stationery,  Publishers, Printers, and Bookbinders

Have constantly in Stock the Books required for the Universities, Public and Private Schools.

CATALOGUES SENT FREE TO ANY ADDRESS.

76 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO

**R**ODD WESTCOTT,  
489 Yonge St., opp. Fire Hall  
*The Leading Barber of Yonge St.*

**E**LDRIDGE STANTON,  
134 Yonge Street,  
PHOTOGRAPHER

Sunbeams, \$1.00 per doz. Cabinets \$3 per dozen.  
*Old Pictures Copied, Enlarged and finished in colors, Ink or Crayon. Orders filled from any Negatives made by the firm of Stanton & Vicars.*

**A**BREAST OF THE TIMES!  
Co-education Barber Shop  
Gentlemen's Hair-cutting and Shaving Department. Ladies' Hair-dressing department  
**ROBERT P. WATKINS,**  
492 Yonge St., just above Grosvenor

**G**E.O. HARCOURT & SON,  
Established 1842.  
Merchant Tailors and Robe Makers  
48 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO

**B**OOT'S, BOOTS, BOOTS.  
**R. KINCADE,**  
Manufacturer of and Dealer in Fine Boots and Shoes. All orders promptly attended to. Please remember the number,  
444 Yonge Street,  
3rd door south of College Avenue.

CHOICE WINES, LIQUORS & CIGARS

**CAER HOWELL HOTEL,**  
College Avenue, Toronto.

**HENRY ANETT LAYTON,** PROPRIETOR.

**J**OHN MACDONALD & CO.,  
Importers,  
21, 23, 25 27 Front, 28, 30 32, 34 Wellington St. TORONTO.  
And 21 Major Street, Manchester, Eng.

**J**AFFRAY & RYAN,  
244 Yonge Street,  
IMPORTERS OF GROCERIES, WINES AND LIQUORS,  
*Labatt's and other Ales.*  
Old Rye, 5 & 7 years, Port & Sherry Wines, 30yrs. old

**G**UNS RIFLES AND REVOLVERS.  
ALL LATEST MODELS.  
Full stock of Bullard, Colt and Winchester Rifles at Rock Bottom Cash Price. English Breech-loading Double Guns for \$13. Sole Canadian agent for best gun makers in England.

**W. M. COOPER,** 69 Bay St., Toronto  
Large illustrated catalogue full of information

**MEN'S TWEED SUIT DEPARTMENT**

We are offering some great bargains in Men's Tweed Suits

For the balance of the month, as we must make room for Spring Goods. The following are the prices for all-wool Tweed Suits: \$5, \$5.50, \$6, \$6.50, \$7, \$7.50, \$8, \$8.50, \$9, \$9.50, and \$10. These prices are away below the regular figures for these goods. Inspection Invited.

OAK HALL, 115 TO 121 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

**ROGERS'**  
GENTS' FURNISHING STORE  
AND  
GENTS' LAUNDRY.

 Gentlemen's Shirts, Collars and Cuffs done up equal to new.

Discount off all purchases to Students.

346 YONGE STREET (corner Elm)

**THE STUDENTS' HOUSE.**

WHITE DRESS, FRENCH CAMBRIC AND FLANNEL

TO ORDER. **SHIRTS** A PERFECT FIT.

New Goods in Scarfs, Ties, Gloves, Collars, Fine Underwear, Umbrellas, &c. Latest Styles, Lowest Prices. Football, Tennis, Boating and Cricket Shirts, Jerseys and Hose.

Special College Discounts.

**I. J. COOPER,**  
109 Yonge St. ∴ Toronto.

**A VENUE HOUSE.**

Billiard Parlour in Connection  
48 YONGE STREET - TORONTO

**WM. J. HOWELL,** Proprietor.

**MADILL & HOAR,**

(Successors to G. B. Smith & Co.)

DISPENSING CHEMISTS, 356 YONGE ST.  
Have a large assortment of Hair Brushes, Combs, Sponges, Fancy Soaps, &c.  
 A special Discount to Students.

**ROBERT M. WILLIAMS,**  
*Law Stationer,*  
Engrosser, Lithographer, and Illuminator,  
Designer of Addresses, Resolutions  
of Condolence, &c.  
4 Toronto-street, Toronto.

**THE DOMINION BOOK STORE.**

**SUTHERLAND'S,**  
286 & 288 Yonge Street, Toronto.  
Is the place to buy, sell, or exchange your books of all kinds.

*The Great Second Hand Book Store.*

Students' Books a Specialty.

**COLLEGE BOOKS, COLLEGE BOOKS.**

The well known College Book Store, established by Mr. James Vannevar, in 1866. Especial attention given to  
Toronto University Books,  
Toronto School of Science Books,  
Toronto School of Medicine Books.

Books both new and second hand. Students will make a great mistake who fail to give us a call.

**VANNEVAR & CO.,** Booksellers and Stationers,  
440 Yonge St., opp. Carlton St., a few doors below College Avenue, Toronto.

**WM. WEST & CO.,**  
206 YONGE ST.  
9 doors above Queen, and 246 Yonge St.  
Sign of Golden Boot.

A large stock of Boots and Shoes always on hand. Splendid Lace Boots, our own make, good and cheap.

**S. B. WINDRUM,**  
THE JEWELLER.

FALL STOCK.

Watches, Jewelry, Diamonds, Electro-Plated Ware, Cutlery, Marble Clocks,

And large assortment of other Goods, purchased for Cash and sold for Wholesale Prices.

Rodgers' Table Cutlery, A 1 Spoons and Forks, New Stock Footballs and Boxing Gloves, Tennis Goods. Repairing Watches and Jewelry, and Manufacturing leading lines.

The Public are Invited

To inspect my New Show Room UPSTAIRS.

No. 31 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

**DOES YOUR WATCH STOP?**

Take it to **T. H. ROBINSON,**  
510 Yonge Street,  
(corner Broadbalt-street.)

 Repairing a Specialty.

Call Telephone No. 3091.

**FISHER'S EXPRESS LINE,**  
539 Yonge Street,  
Baggage Collected and Delivered  
At Railway Stations and in all parts of the City.  
Checks given for baggage to stations. Telephone communication with all parts of city.

**ORDER YOUR BOOKS,** new or second-hand, from—  
**DAVID BOYLE,**  
353 Yonge Street, - - Toronto.

**JOHN MELLON,** SIGN of THE BIG BOOT.  
Ten per Cent Discount to Students in  
**BOOTS AND SHOES.**  
Gents' Boots made in latest styles and at lowest prices.

 Repairing neatly and promptly done

**JOHN MELLON - 308 SPADINA AVENUE**  
Corner of Clyde Street.  
Only ten minutes' walk from University.

**HARRY A. COLLINS,**

Importer and Dealer in

General House Furnishings,

Pen, Pocket and Table Cutlery,  
Electro-Plated Ware,  
Students' Lamps, &c.

90 YONGE STREET.

**W HEATON & CO.,**  
17 King St., cor. Jordan  
**STEAM LAUNDRY**

All Work done by Steam. The only Complete Steam Laundry in the city.

Our Wagons call for and deliver work promptly

Terms Cash. Leave your orders at store.

**A. MACDONALD,**  
355 Yonge St., opp. Elm.  
Is showing one of the finest selected stocks in the city of Worst Coatings, and Beaver Over-Coatings, in all shades.  
Scotch, English, Irish & Canadian Tweeds, in the latest patterns.  
Pants a Specialty. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

**STUDENTS**

BEFORE leaving College should place their orders for Spring and Summer Clothing and Furnishings, with us. We are now showing a magnificent range of

 NEW GOODS, 

and will give them the same liberal discount as heretofore.

**R. J. HUNTER,**  
MERCHANT TAILOR  
COR. KING AND CHURCH, - - TORONTO

The Students' Corner.

**A. ANDREW JEFFREY,**  
Dispensing Chemist,  
Corner Yonge and Carlton Streets.  
A full assortment of Toilet Requisites, Soaps, Sponges, Combs, Hair, Tooth and Nail Brushes, Perfumery, etc.  
 A Liberal Discount to Students.

**CLUB HOTEL,**  
416 Yonge St.  
**V. T. BERO, PROPRIETOR.**  
Choice Brands Wines, Liquors and Cigars,  
Latest Improved Billiard & Pool Tables

**JOHN BRIMER,**  
**MERCHANT TAILOR**  
210 YONGE STREET, TORONTO