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THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

Vol. XII.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, OCTOBER 26, 1892.

No. 3.

Editorial Comments.



THE number of students enrolled in Toronto University is now larger than ever before. This means that at no previous time in our history have we been in such a favorable position to wield a mighty influence, be it good or bad, upon our native land. Innumerable are the references made to the effect we may have judged from an educational point of view. We are constantly submerged with figures poured in from every side to demonstrate beyond the shadow of a doubt that we have in our hands the educational destiny of our country. Our detractors deny even this, our sober admirers unfortunately seldom pass beyond the narrow sense of "educational," and the most enthusiastic themselves are not as sanguine as we believe our possibilities might justify.

Are we to rest contented with things as they are? Is our position to be one of self-satisfied mediocrity? Or is there something higher and better within our grasp, for which it behooves us to struggle to the end? We believe firmly that there is, and now mayhap, in the time of our vigorous growth, when our faculties are receptive, it were most meet to touch upon a subject which though old, perchance is never trite.

There is light to reach and truth to win. Whether ought else be true or not, it is assuredly true that lofty aspirations conscientiously fostered must have a tendency to help us onward and upward. If it be true that a man's reach should exceed his grasp, it is surely more true that his reach should not be lower than his grasp. Whate'er betide, let us escape this latter error. Whither then should our aspirations tend? Surely no one, however iconoclastic, will carp at our answer. Let us exalt our University into something greater than an imperial school with numerous dependents, at present training the mind, be it granted, but not in the broadest sense. Let us make it the centre of educational feeling and of the development of culture; the stimulus of Canadian intellect and hope; the most attractive type of democratic patriotism, combined with full liberty of individual taste and aspiration. We must not merely retain the adherence of our friends and supporters, but attract the admiration and spontaneous deference of all who come in contact with us; procuring a moral ascendancy far beyond our direct power. And though full many a time and oft our achievements will seem to fall discouragingly short of our aspirations, let us falter not nor faint, but struggle on knowing nor languor, nor weakness, nor weariness, hopefully confident that some generation of Canadians will feel with gratitude the beneficent results of the impetus we have given all towards the realization of the loftiest of ideals.

Does Canada need such efforts? Surely the thoughtful man will not ponder long ere he answers; for the signs of

the times will not escape him. Despite the barren optimistic sophistries of comfortable moles—fortunately, however, few in number—no doubt can linger in our minds. These visionaries will point ostentatiously to the young giant as a model of health and vigor. He may feel a few occasional pangs, but they are only those of growth. His cheeks are smooth and rosy. All, all is well. But we cannot forget the terrible sentence, "*le géant futur meurt petit.*" The flush of his cheeks may be perchance the sign, not of health, but of heart-gnawing canker. All is not well. The necessity of aid was never more pressing than it is to-day. The tide of corruption in public life and self-seeking in private life bear down upon us with a pressure that is fast becoming irresistible. Its effects are seen not only in the great waters that dash upon the shore of the broad barren sea, but also in the little streams that run far back into the midst of our Canadian life, carrying bane unto one and all. Again, as it were beneath some deadly upas tree we are losing our sense of national and political honor. One truly great statesman at least has found the atmosphere of politics too polluted for a healthy life. This, if we will but consider, must convey to us a meaning that almost dismays our hearts. Perhaps, however, one of the most hopeful indications we have to console us is the fact that his name is fast becoming almost sacred; that it is even now revered by all the students of this our University. It is for us then to apply healing medications to this youthful giant, to stem this tide, to extirpate this noxious tree, strengthening ourselves with the belief that what will come and must come shall come well.

To face this struggle we must be not less than souls tempered with fire and fervent friends of mankind. We must, in our belief, arrive at a hitherto unattained combination of culture with strength of character. The tendency is to magnify the latter to the consequent disparagement of the former. One of Oxford's greatest sons has pointed out the invalidity of this theory, showing that strength of character is in itself dangerous, powerful for infinite good if united with culture, but no less powerful for infinite evil if left to its own waywardness. The realization then of such a combination must be the object of our training.

Probably the first thing we have to remember in this connection is that literally and figuratively we are members of one body; and that if one member perform not its function the welfare of the whole body must suffer in consequence. In other words, we have a duty to perform the neglect of which will injure our fellows and ourselves. Whether we are really doing our duty or not lies only in our respective powers to decide, if we will only decide honestly. We have no right to judge our neighbor, but if we are to achieve anything we must be the sternest of and most incorruptible judges of ourselves. Surely, moreover, there is nothing more attractive than duty, even as there is nothing more sacred. If you alone do your duty we believe that

in the highest sense you are raising the dark world of ours appreciably nearer the throne of God.

Let us turn now to what is perhaps a little more practical view of the case. In our student life the truism holds no less than elsewhere that the mean is safest and best. The one extreme is the recluse, living entirely unto himself, brooding upon the empty eggs of thought. The other is the hedonist, likewise living unto himself, feeding upon the husks of pleasure. If we could introduce a third it would be the man who, avoiding the first extreme as well as the second, devotes himself exclusively to activity with a view to obtaining strength of character. All three must be shunned. But more good than could be done by pages from our feeble pen will be accomplished if you will pause but for a moment and listening to the song, wonderfully pregnant with truth and meaning, of the dark-eyed Nautch girl and echo back her immortal words:—

The string o'erstretched breaks, and the music flies;
The string o'erslack is dumb, and the music dies.

Tune us the sitâr neither high nor low.

THE RECONCILIATION.

HORACE CARM. III. 9.

Horace:

While as yet I pleased thy heart,
While no rival plied his art,
No youth, endowed with stronger charms,
Round thy fair neck to twine his arms,
Happier than the Persian King,
I flourished in thy love's warm spring.

Lydia:

While thy heart's most sacred shrine
Owned no holier fire than mine,—
Why to Chloe didst thou turn?
Why far-famed Lydia coldly spurn?—
Lived I under brighter stars
Than Roman Ildia, loved of Mars.

Horace:

Now I'm thrilled with music sweet,
Now I kneel at Chloe's feet,
Accomplished Chloe, born in Thrace,
Rich in arch Euterpe's grace.
For her sake my life I'd give,
If, by dying, she could live.

Lydia:

Ornytus' son with answering kiss
Claims me, Thurian Calais.
For his sake I'd gladly die,
If grim Death would pass him by.

Horace:

What if Venus, known of old,
Renewed on us her yoke of gold!
And Chloe with her sunny hair
Another victim must ensnare!
What if there's welcome at the door
That frowned on thee in days of yore!

Lydia:

Though his beauty beams more bright
Than any planet's radiant light,
Though inconstant is thy mind,
The sport of every fickle wind;
While even Hadria's angry sea
Is gentle in his wrath to thee,
Oh! I long upon thy breast
To live and die! I love thee best.

W. P. REEVE.

AS WE LIST: AND YE LIST.

As well the force as ornament of verse
Consists in choosing a fit time for things,
And knowing when a muse may be indulg'd
In her full flight, and when she should be curb'd.

He that would have spectators share his grief
Must write not only well, but movingly.

Some things admit of mediocrity;
A counsellor, or pleader at the bar
May want Messala's powerful eloquence,
Or be less read than deep Cascellius;
Yet this indifferent lawyer is esteem'd;
But no authority of gods nor men
Allow of any mean in poesy.

—Roscommon: Horace's "Art of Poetry."

This paraphrase of Horace's "Art of Poetry," published in England in the seventeenth century, contains much that some of us might profitably learn. We have all felt this very keenly and very frequently when glancing over dailies and periodicals (which contained no attempts of our own). There are certain times and events which seem to rouse to effort both the inspired and the *uninspired*, and the latter are as eager to express themselves as the former are worthy to be heard. Of all events there is none more stimulating to the energies of these latter than the death of a master poet. If we can judge by the date of their verses, some of them resound their requiems ere death has claimed his victim, others begin soon after, and few refrain from loud lament. One writer pens, on Oct. 6th, in fourteen or fifteen stanzas, his farewell to the great English poet, concluding with these lines:—

Peace to the knight who kept his vow
While others slept like sand;
But who shall sing to mortals now
Of that lost fairyland?

Another sings:—

Immortal bard! Alfred the Great
Greater than he of kingly birth—
Thine empire covers all the earth
And higher far thy regal state.

Thou king of poets! Thine alone
The mastery of great harmony!
To sound a pæan worthy thee
Requires a genius like thine own.

It will be observed, however, that the unworthy pæan is sounded.

A third poet cries:—

Rest, Laureate, rest! Thy work is done!
Rest, Laureate, rest! Thy nation weeps—
Rest, Laureate, rest! The lion keeps
Eternal watch about the throne!
That which God wills is surely best;
Rest, Laureate, rest!

Thank God another English son
The nobler race of life has run
The throne of fame through faith has won
Our Alfred Tennyson!

Now, how much better it would have been for these and other kindred spirits to give us their sentiments or opinions in simple, proper prose. We would have entertained more respect for them had they done so than we are able to feel now as we watch them following the poet with their poems, like skyrockets seeking the stars and falling back as emptily.

Oliver Wendell Holmes makes us laugh at "Gifted Hopkins," but it is a question whether we should not fear him—fear him enough, at least, to make us desire to suppress him. He is an unsightly, if not a dangerous growth, and the sharp knife of criticism should uproot him. Were the instrument *self-criticism* it would be much pleasanter for every one, but unfortunately *self-criticism* is one of those higher faculties which are always lacking in "Gifted Hopkins." He has a robust constitution, he can live in any

climate, and he seems to thrive in Canada. Indeed, many of us cherish him, and when he produces a little volume of verse full of words that rhyme, and words that do not, we proceed to "puff" him; and, in so doing, are we not the enemies of our country and the destroyers of its literature? For, although one of his kind may appear harmless and insignificant, many of his kind must necessarily vitiate the public taste. It is our evident duty to slay him wherever we may meet him, even if it be in a friend, even if it be in ourselves. The difficulty of that last encounter is the slowness of our recognition. Few men can see themselves until long after they begin to wear spectacles.

It is certain that all who are sincere and—brave will welcome and not decry criticism, let it be directed against whom it may.

Apropos of poetasters, does anyone recall Goldsmith's "New Simile, in the Manner of Swift"? He is enumerating some striking points of resemblance between the "modern scribbling kind" and God Mercurius as pictured "In book the second, page the tenth" of "Tooke's Pantheon." After describing the appearance of the god he continues in this cheerful vein:—

His wand's a modern author's pen;
The serpents round about it twin'd,
Denote him of the reptile kind;
Denote the rage with which he writes,
His frothy slaver, venom'd bites;
An equal semblance still to keep,
Alike, too, both conduce to sleep.
This difference only, as the god
Drove souls to Tart'rus with his rod,
With his goose-quill, the scribbling elf,
Instead of others, damns himself.

It is hardly probably that any real genius was ever permanently hurt by criticism. There are many instances of the subsidence of writers of lesser merit. Most notable among them, perhaps, in the history of English literature, are Shadwell and Montgomery. Dryden first pulled Shadwell down from a reputable position and then set him up for all time, in a kind of a literary pillory. Had it not been for this unenviable distinction he would have sunken long ago into obscurity. Of Montgomery was made another terrible example, and, as a matter of fact, he suffered deeply, almost needlessly, under Lord Macaulay's hands. It is said that he implored him not to republish the fatal essay, but to no avail.

One begins to feel more human and more tender in thinking of the refined torture such men must have undergone, and wonder if it might not be possible to be cruel to the fault yet merciful to the man.

But here is something that we have just declared above to be hardly probable: Shelley, in his preface to "Adonais," says: "The savage criticism on his (Keats') 'Endymion,' which appeared in the *Quarterly Review*, produced the most violent effect on his susceptible mind. The agitation thus originated ended in the rupture of a blood vessel in the lungs; a rapid consumption ensued, and the succeeding acknowledgements from more candid critics of the true greatness of his powers were ineffectual to heal the wound thus wantonly inflicted."

This is a very sad and deplorable thing, and it has no doubt happened more than once.

In asking for a critic, we must also demand that he be fair and just, and generous—as quick to discern the good as the ill—a surgeon, careful, skillful and well equipped.

Having given you so many poor verses, let us repeat for you some that are wonderfully, gloriously beautiful.

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep!
He hath awakened from the dream of life.
'Tis we who, lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance strike with our spirit's knife

Invulnerable nothings. We decay
Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief
Convulse us and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night,
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again.
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure; and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain—
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he;
Mourn not for Adonais. Thou young Dawn
Turn all thy dew to splendor, for from thee
The spirit thou lamentest is not gone!
Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan!
Cease, ye faint flowers and fountains! and, thou air
Which like a mourning-veil thy scarf hadst thrown
O'er the abandoned earth, now leave it bare
Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair!

He is made one with nature. There is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird.
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone—
Spreading itself where'er that power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own,
Which wields the world with never wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

—Shelley.

EXCHANGES.

Among the pleasures which a position on the staff of a college paper affords, that of reading the work of our newspaper brethren all over the continent is the greatest. Journalism has reached its highest development in America, as we learn from an article in a recent *Lippincott's*. College journalism is no unworthy child of such a parent, and it is the aim of this column to give our readers, in as small a space as possible, some idea of what is going on in the world of collegiate journalism.

The brightest star in the college firmament is the *Harvard Monthly*, a purely literary magazine of high class. In a number issued during vacation there is a very timely article on "Certain Tendencies in Literary Studies." After tracing the growth of literary studies for the past five hundred years, during which time the tendency has been towards study for study's sake alone, the argument concludes: "Furthermore, the whole Renaissance classical theory of literary studies is beginning to be suspected. It is asked whether over-minute investigation of masterpieces leaves the student more inclined himself to creation, freer, less oppressed by his own incapacities,—whether, in brief, it gives him self-confidence and self-mastery. Are the periods of admiration for and painful study of unapproachably excellent works on the whole largely productive? Our main affair is production, creation; that is life; and it is better to create a small and poor thing than merely to admire the greatest and finest work of another. There is a suspicion that those most versed in the beauties of the more splendid works of the human spirit cannot themselves produce. It is as if they had forgotten their true function in the world, and supposed that creation can be done by proxy; can be done in other words, by one age for another, provided only the one have the secret of certain qualities not understood by the other."

The *Red and Blue* from University of Pennsylvania announces in its first number the construction of a number of new buildings. They have under way at present a Biological Institute, a Central Heat and Light Station, both of which we possess, but also another institution which we, in the midst of our Park Hospital complication, have never thought of, viz., a Day Hospital in connection with the veterinary college.

The Varsity

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BY

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The office of THE VARSITY is at the corner of Spadina Avenue and College Street, Rooms 2 and 3, in the third storey, where the EDITOR and the BUSINESS MANAGER will be found every evening from 7 to 8 p.m.

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OCTOBER 26, 1892.

LITERARY SOCIETY.



THE meeting of the Literary Society last Friday night was one of the largest it has been our misfortune to attend for some time. A considerable number of new men were to be seen, attracted thither probably by the prospect of seeing an election for first year councillor; but their hopes were doomed to disappointment. We were glad to observe that the old tradition of opening the meeting "punctually fifteen minutes after time" was adhered to.

After the Recording Secretary had read the minutes in his usually happy style, and business had been despatched, the literary part of the programme was entered upon. The first item was an essay by Mr. V. Marani, of the School of Science, on "Sea Waves." He opened his essay with a disquisition on the difficulty of sounding to any great depth, partly owing to currents, and partly to the well-known fact that

There's a hole in the bottom of the sea,

into which the plummet is apt to drop. After this learned preface the essayist proceeded to "spin" a few "yarns" as to his own experience of waves; and his "jovial" style of combining information with amusement several times brought down the house.

Mr. K. D. McMillan, '94's curly-headed little boy, followed with a reading—a selection from Artemus Ward. Mr. McMillan's readings are too well known among the boys to require any eulogy from our feeble pen. We certainly think, however, that great praise should be A-Ward-ed him for the present selection.

Next came the debate, the subject of the evening being generalization as against specialization in University studies. The affirmative was supported by Messrs. Bigelow and Silcox, the former presenting the argument from authority and experience, the latter the argument from psychology, in favor of a general course. The champions of the negative were Messrs. McArthur and Murison, who contended that a general education sufficiently extensive had been acquired by a student of this University before matriculation, and that in conformity with altered social conditions educational ideas should be altered also, and therefore the authority of other lands was not valid for us. The eloquence and force with which both sides presented their arguments was creditable to themselves and worthy of the Society. If it is any index as to the debating ability which the Society may expect throughout the year, then we can safely say that the men of to-day will maintain the reputation of the Literary as an arena for the exhibition of oratorical gladiators. The President, in an admirable review of the arguments that had been advanced, suggested some further considerations, and gave decision for the affirmative.

After this soaring in the region of theories of mental development, our attention was turned in the direction of Constitutional Law, and the exact position of the freshmen in regard to the Society was gone into at some length. The expositions of Messrs. Horne and Woods showed that a freshman had to be nominated and elected before he became a member of the Society. As a result the nominations of last meeting for first year councillor were ruled out of order and expunged from the minutes. The legal acumen with which this question was discussed showed that we may yet hope for constitutional lawyers worthy of the mantle of the great A. M. Stewart, now graduated.

Mr. G. E. McCraney, B.A., '92, addressed the meeting briefly, and his remarks were as wise as they were brief. He was heartily received by the members, and spoke on the advantages to be derived from the Society, and suggested reforms in certain directions.

After this the meeting adjourned, and the last thing we saw was a certain junior struggling homewards with a huge stick of timber, which he had brought to the meeting under the impression that it was a cane. We left him to his difficult task and retired to our secret abode to meditate on the vanities of life and the advantages of being a member of the Literary.

A UNIFORM HEADGEAR.

MR. EDITOR,—Anyone can notice that, of late years the wearing of the "mortar boards" around College is more honored in the breach than in the observance; the chief occasions chosen for wearing them being state occasions. On the other hand it can be noticed that there is a large increase in the number of "Varsity" caps worn, said cap being a very handy head covering for knocking around in. Such being the case, would it not be a possibility to have a cap devised of some especial shape, and combining in its texture the Varsity colors of blue and white? The crest of the College might also be woven in, in some unobtrusive way.

Nearly everyone wears the "Varsity" cap, why not then have a distinctively Varsity cap? I hope by this letter to elicit the opinions of the undergraduates on the question. If the idea is conformable to the wishes of the majority, a committee can readily be appointed to discuss the pros and cons of the scheme.

CHAPEAU BLEU ET BLANC.

VICTORIA NOTES.

The Class of '96 met last Tuesday afternoon and organized for the year, with the following officers: President, Mr. L. Burwash; Vice-President, Miss B. Badgley; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. A. M. Scott; Football Captain, Mr. H. J. Hough; Alley Captain, Mr. J. W. Shier. Mr. S. W. Fallis was chosen as class representative for the alumni dinner.

In place of the illustrious "bob" party of former days, the sophs of Victoria this year began their initiation of the verdant freshmen in a new and pleasant way. About 8.30 on Thursday evening last the Classes of '95 and '96 assembled in the halls of new Victoria, whence the festive throng wended their way to Williams' restaurant on King Street. Here ample justice was done to the oyster supper provided in honor of the freshies; after which Mr. G. N. Hazen, chairman of the evening, in a rousing speech, proposed a toast to "Our Queen." Next came "Our Country," followed by "Victoria," which elicited a perfect storm of applause from an already enthusiastic gathering. Others followed in quick succession, while "The Ladies" and "The Faculty" closed the list of toasts, at the same time bringing to an end this most enjoyable evening. All agreed in thinking an example had been set well worthy of imitation, and the class of '96 are loud in their praises of '95.

The officers of Jackson Society of Victoria are as follows: President, A. B. Ousterhout; Vice-President, M. W. Leigh; Recording Secretary, G. N. Hazen; Corresponding Secretary, M. H. Loblan; Critic, S. E. Marshall; Treasurer, J. W. Baird; Leaders of Division, E. C. Laker, R. B. Beavis.

The Victoria Literary Society met on Saturday evening but owing to the unfinished state of its room we had to take to the halls. The meeting resolved itself into a mock parliament and debated the question whether "Civilization increased the Happiness of a People" or not. Messrs. Hales, Sexsmith, Lewis, Young, Hermiston, Burwash and others took part in the discussion. Two recitations were admirably rendered by Mr. Sargeant and Mr. Foucar, after which Mr. Shore gave a splendid criticism of the evening's proceedings. The meeting closed with a general song, which was a brave attempt in testing the echoing powers of the new corridors.

One important feature of the evening must not pass unnoticed, viz: a shadowy visit from the fair and winsome McDougal, the indefatigable treasurer of the sports, and his stalwart chaperon, Mr. McLean, and we hope they did not "go away empty."

SCHOOL OF PEDAGOGY.

Great preparations are being made by the committee for the successful carrying out of a drama which will be presented at the next open meeting. The scene is taken from "As You Like It," with Miss Phillips as *Rosalind* and Mr. Stallward, B.A., as *Orlando*, other characters being taken by Mr. R. E. Hooper, B.A., and Miss Calnan. The presentation is under the direction of Mr. Sykes, B.A., and Agnes Knox. The dramatic committee, consisting of Miss Hillock, B.A., Miss McTavish and Mr. Doxsee, deserves great credit for the successful carrying out of the scheme proposed.

Programmes are now arranged for two meetings, one, informal, on Thursday, Oct. 27th, at 4 p.m., and one, open, on Friday, Nov. 4, at 7.30 p.m. The chief attraction at the latter will be an address from Dr. McLellan.

The Pedagogy boys have subscribed liberally towards the Varsity sports. There will be a holiday that day, and no doubt all will be there and enjoy the afternoon's entertainment which will be beyond the ordinary run of sports on account of the presence of such men as Orton, Porter, and Agnew—the stalwart med. It must be remembered that we had in our midst during the first part of the session one of the best "all-round" athletes the University of

Toronto has turned out, in the person of Mr. D. P. McColl, B.A., who was president of the sports last year. We are given to understand by the committee that all the ladies of the School are cordially invited to attend.

MEDICAL NOTES.

McLaughlin, of the second year, was teaching in Manitoba when last heard from. His fellow students hope to see him in the class again before the snow flies.

The first and second years were addressed last Friday afternoon by Mr. Martin from the old school. His expatiation on the advantages of joining the Medical Society was so convincing that there will doubtless be a large increase in membership.

The report of the second year officers of the Medical Society was heralded with great satisfaction by the first and second years. It seems that the Society is willing to furnish a piano for the Biological Department reading room, and add several new periodicals to the present supply. This to the first two years is a move in the right direction, and will prevent any steps toward forming a new and distinct society. They of the Biological Department are hoping to have the meetings of the Medical Society held in the east and the west alternately.

A Union Missionary Meeting of our Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. of the Women's Medical College will be held next Saturday evening in Trinity Medical College. Addresses are expected from Mr. Frank A. Keller, Travelling Secretary of the I. C. M. Alliance; Rev. Eber Hamilton, missionary from Japan, and others. As the ladies of the Medical Y. W. C. A. have charge of the musical part of the programme, a rich treat is anticipated. It is hoped that the medical students of all three schools will be present.

The change introduced into clinical work this year is proving a decided success. We think that the continuous alternative of medical and surgical clinics has a tendency to assist each student in keeping both subjects abreast. Before, the one was likely to be neglected before Xmas, the other after. Then we also have the benefit of all the cases in the hospital, in both branches, during the full college year.

UNIVERSITY CALENDAR.

NOTE.—Notices under this head must be in the hands of the Editor by Monday night.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27TH.

Y.M.C.A.—Y.M.C.A. Hall, 4 p.m.
Class of '94 Prayer Meeting.—Y.M.C.A. Hall, 5 p.m.
Class of '93.—Social Evening. Election of Officers.
Programme.—General Hilarity. Y. M. C. A. Hall, 7 p.m.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 28TH.

Literary Society.—Y.M.C.A. Hall, 8 p.m.
Varsity Athletic Sports.—Rosedale Grounds, 2.30 p.m.
Ladies' Glee Club.—Y.M.C.A. Parlors, 1 p.m.

SATURDAY, OCT. 29TH.

Victoria Literary Society.—Literary Society Hall, Victoria College, 8 p.m.
Jackson Literary Society.—Jackson Hall, Victoria College, 8 p.m.
Rugby Football.—Varsity vs. Hamilton. Probably on the Lawn.
Association.—Victoria will probably default to Varsity.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 30TH.

Bible Class.—Rev. J. P. Sheraton, D.D. Subject: The Wise Builders: 1 Cor. iii. 10, iv. 5. Wycliffe College, 3 p.m.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 31ST.

Modern Language Club.—French meeting. Curriculum work. Room 12, College Building, 4 p.m.
S.P.S. Prayer Meeting.—Y.M.C.A. Hall, 5 p.m.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 1ST.

Y.W.C.A.—Y.M.C.A. Hall, 4 p.m.
Classical Association.—Room 3, Main Building, 4.30 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 2ND.

Bible Class.—Rev. Dr. McTavish's class for Bible training. Y.M.C.A. Hall, 5 p.m.

Class of '95 Prayer Meeting.—Y.M.C.A. Hall, 8.30 a.m.

The Varsity Glee Club will not hold its practice on Friday on account of the games. See Board.

The meeting of the Mathematical and Physical Society will also be postponed for a week. Further notice will be given.

SCHOOL OF SCIENCE.

The first meeting of the Engineering Society was held Tuesday afternoon week. A large number were present and a very interesting meeting was held. Messrs. W. A. Lea and H. H. Gibson were elected to the offices of President and Treasurer of the Society. These offices were vacant owing to Messrs. Hinde and Black having resigned because of absence from the School. Mr. E. B. Merrill, B.A., was elected Graduates' Representative.

Mr. E. W. Hinde has dropped his course in Civil Engineering, and has directed his attention towards teaching "the young idea how to shoot." He has accepted the headmastership of one of our city public schools. While sorry that his genial face will no more be seen amongst us, we are still glad to know that success is attending him, and we wish him every good fortune in his new undertaking.

The School of Science Rugby Football Club is hard at work. Practice is held every morning at 6.30 and on Saturdays at 9 a.m. The results so far are encouraging, and Manager Shields thinks he has sufficient material for a good team. F. M. Dayle has been elected Captain, as N. Lash has resigned that office.

Lectures and practical work were suspended for a time on Thursday, in order to give the students an opportunity of observing the solar eclipse. A number of transits, fitted with colored glass lenses, were set up on the lawn, and were patronized by both Arts and School of Science men, while students armed with pieces of smoked glass were too numerous to mention. As the day was clear and almost cloudless an excellent view was obtained. The shadow was discernible for a period of nearly three hours, and was at its maximum at about half-past one. While the observations were going on a two-boy orchestra, armed with a violin and a harp, discoursed sounds of sweetest harmony, being impelled to their utmost efforts by a supply of coppers and nickels. A number of the fellows availed themselves of the opportunity to "trip the light fantastic," much to the amusement of a large and appreciative audience.

The edict has gone forth that all fees have to be paid by Friday night, and a large number are wishing they had not "blown themselves" so freely, and speculation is rife as to where the money all goes, anyhow.

 WAS IT WASTED?

Soft, hazy, August weather, with clear mornings and glorious sunsets! dream days! days when the thought is released from the tension of severe mental effort and lightly bounds o'er land and sea to visit strange scenes and mingle with strange peoples. The spirit is calm, and all nature is tinged with a soft rose tint which lends a charm to the commonest objects, and transforms the harsher features into stern picturesqueness. We surrender ourselves to the witching influences of the season, letting each feeling and motion take its course, prompted by outward circumstances; the will is dormant, and all our intellectual powers are given the fullest license to commit any depredations whatever. I lie on the bank of the Little Lake, in the shadow of the old windmill, and listen to the water as it softly laps the rocks at the foot of the cliffs before me. I am in the cemetery with my portfolio spread out by my side, listlessly contemplating the river-drivers on the opposite bank, as with their sounding, "Yo-ho," they swing the tardy logs from the shallows and set them once more afloat down the stream. How would I like to be a river-driver? Don't know—pretty hard work, I imagine. They do, indeed, look picturesque when they sail down the river in their big flat-bottomed punts and the shores re-echo from side to side with their boisterous song. But theirs is a rough, hard life—a life in which there is but little poetry or beauty if they only knew it. But I respect them; they are men of stern industry, who live by their muscles and

are doing excellent work for their country. But here Flora interrupts me—"Come, you provoking fellow, I've spoken, now three times, I want you to bait this hook for me. Look there! You almost stepped into the lunch basket. What a careless fellow you are! Now, leave your stupid note-book for half an hour, if you can, I want to talk to you." I meekly seat myself beside her and take up the line; then we while away the happy hours in converse listless, but enjoyable.

And, now, the day is drawing to a close. We embark for the Ashburnham side of the lake, where we may obtain a finer view of the sunset. Flora and I are together. For some time we paddle on in silence, the witchery of time and place deeply affecting both of us. Then she speaks, "Well, John, if we could go on just like this forever, without any care, any sorrow, would not life be beautiful?"

"Perhaps so, Flora, but to no purpose. To-day we dream, but to-morrow we must awake to reality, if we are to accomplish anything in the world."

"See, Flora, the sun is setting." And now the heavens are full of glory. The clouds above are masses of golden splendor, the lake below is a sheet of wavy flame. Filling the horizon, the white-washed cottages on the opposite shore, and the distant hills with their woody summits, complete a picture that is almost too beautiful. For some minutes we watch, and then the rich tints gradually fade away and are replaced by the dull grey of the deepening twilight. The monarch of day has gone to his rest.

Silently we paddle back across the lake, up the river, then under bridges and past wharves until we reach our landing place. Another day has passed into eternity, and nothing done? Was it wasted? I leave it to my fellow-students to answer for themselves, remembering the days of summers gone and happy hours that were spent like mine with Flora.

NEWEL.

 THE FRIENDS OF THE DEAD.

So said they o'er his grave: In memory!

Dead with him were his vices: dead the clasp—
The slimy hand-clasp; dead the sinuous smile
That sought to hide—and hid not!—the foul heart
Set on its selfish purpose, scorning not
To prostitute fair friendship's holiest form
To the base end it fixed on.

Did they mean

In memory?—in memory of him
Whom, while he lived, they loathed? In memory!

Unclean ambition, by a path unclean
To reach an end that, reached, were death in life!
Unholy purpose: basest means—deceit,
Dishonour, falsehood! all the reeking train
His customed aids, that, masked with fair pretence,
Smooth speech and ready smile, seemed but the fouler.

Yet young—and young the worse! The poisonous root
So soon had sprung; so soon had branched and spread
Its blight about it, sapping that young heart
Of truth meanwhile, and, with truth, happiness,
Youth, love and all that, present, makes life sweet,—
Gone, leaves it worse than waste. In memory!

In memory? Say, *in oblivion*, rather:
We would forget,—God help us!—would forget.
The things we knew, we know no longer now:
Passed like a dream, or like the life that flourished,
Drooped in a moment and was done! We hear
Not now the voice that vexed us; not the beat
Of that false footfall; but the eternal sea
Sounding forever on the unknown shore.
We would forget!—forget, and only know
We too—we all—have sinned, and, sinning, suffered!
Toronto. UBIQUE.

ASSOCIATION.

—
 VARSITY DRAWS WITH OSGOODE.

On the lawn on Saturday afternoon a crowd of about one thousand spectators, composed largely of students both male and female, saw Osgoode and Varsity play a draw, each side securing one goal. The result of the match was a great surprise to the supporters of both clubs. Varsity, although not over confident, yet felt that their chances of winning were good, while Osgoode, stronger though they were than when they met Victoria a week previous, were still weak in many points.

With the kick-off Varsity pressed their opponents closely, and it was only the ever-present, cool-headed Sims in goal that saved the legalites from immediate defeat. With the exception of a few dangerous rushes by Buckingham and Meldrum on the right, Varsity had the best of the game throughout. At first the play was rather loose, Varsity feeling perhaps a little too confident. It was not until Osgoode scored shortly after half-time that the game became really interesting. From this to the call of time the play was fast and furious, Varsity striving to avoid defeat, and Osgoode to maintain or if possible to increase their lead. When at last the ball was forced through the Osgoode goal the air was filled with the hats, canes and shouts of the enthusiastic students thronging the touch lines. From this out the game was in Varsity's hands, but unfortunately they were unable to score the winning goal. The very eagerness of the Varsity forwards destroyed the combination which usually characterizes their play.

It was 3.30 when the teams lined up as follows:—
 Varsity—Goal, Porter; backs, Breckenridge, Stuart; halves, Forrester, Goldie, McArthur; right wing, Duncan, Lingelbach; centre, Murray; left wing, Sampson, Govenlock.

Osgoode—Goal, Sims; backs, Graham, Dallas; halves, H. F. Hunter, Norman, Cohoe; right wing, Buckingham, Meldrum; centre, A. T. Hunter; left wing, Lamport, Thompson.

Referee, D. A. Dickson; umpires, H. McHardy, Hugh Brown.

To follow the play throughout the game, and especially the first half, would be tedious and uninteresting to our readers. The game, while lacking in combination, was very fast, and interspersed with very hard checking. Early in the game the Varsity forwards exerted themselves to get a goal, but Sims was always at his post. Meantime Buckingham and Meldrum, upon whom the Osgoode men relied for the greater part of the forward work, were continually making dangerous runs which usually ended in a centre. On two occasions especially the Varsity stronghold would have fallen, had it not been for the timely intervention of Breckenridge. The Varsity forwards seemed to have no difficulty in getting the ball down into the neighborhood of the Osgoode goal, but their shooting was weak. Govenlock and Murray, however, succeeded in getting in several dangerous shots, which Sims barely punted out.

About ten minutes after half time Thompson scored for Osgoode on a centre by Buckingham. The goal was neatly taken, and was due to no fault on the part of the Varsity defence. This was the turning point of the game. Hitherto play had been progressing quietly, but now the change began. Varsity to a man played as they never played before. Forrester, who during the first half had been forced on account of a lame leg to take things easy, now forgot his wounds and put an end to the usefulness of the Osgoode right wing. With Buckingham provided for, the ball remained in the neighborhood of the Osgoode goal. About fifteen minutes before call of time Forrester dropped the ball over to the right wing, and Duncan put it through, but the goal was disallowed on the plea of off side. Three minutes later Varsity secured their only goal. A drop on goal by Goldie resulted in a scrum under the bar.

The ball wavered back and forwards for some seconds, when it was finally bunted through by Lingelbach. For the remaining ten minutes Varsity forwards worked hard to win, but the whistle blew with the score still one goal each.

For Osgoode, Buckingham and Meldrum were the hope of the forward line. Dallas and Graham at back played a very effective game. The half back line were certainly obstructive.

None of the Varsity forwards played as he should and could play. Breckenridge at back played a very judicious game. Forrester, despite his "game" leg, played a marvellous game. Goldie stopped everything and kicked with judgment.

—
 RUGBY.

—
 VARSITY II. vs. TRINITY II.

On Friday afternoon last the Trinity Campus was the scene of the decisive match between the second fifteens of the Universities of Toronto and Trinity in the Ontario Rugby Football junior series. Varsity won easily by a score of 29 to 0, which, together with their win a week previous by 14 to 8, places them 35 points in the lead. Trinity was completely outplayed from start to finish.

During the first half tries were secured for Varsity by Smith, Eby, Moore and McLean, and also two rouges and two placed goals by Moore. Thus at half-time Varsity was in the lead by 22 points. In the second half Eby scored a try and Moore kicked the goal. The seventh point, the last secured in the second half, came from a touch-in-goal.

The teams were as follows:—

Varsity II.: Back, Crane; halves, McLean, C. Moss, Moore; quarter, Bond; scrumage, Cronyn, MacKenzie, Macdonald; wings, Biggar, Eby, Boyd, Robinson, Smith, McRae, Hobbas.

Trinity II.: Back, Sanders; halves, De La Fosse, Southam, Osborne; quarter, McMurrich; wings, Hedley, Pottinger, Carlton, Vernon, Robertson, Boddy, Osler; scrumage, Gwyn, Tuch, Tremayne.

Referee, Nichol, Queen's; umpire, McLaughlin, Osgoode Hall.

Varsity II. have discovered in "Harry" Moore a rough diamond, and their only regret is that they did not unearth him three years ago.

Smith plays a fast game and tackles well. McLean bids fair to rival his brother so well known in Rugby circles. He is a very cool player and a strong kick.

Victoria will in all probability default to Varsity; and if not the match will be played on the lawn next Thursday afternoon.

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 Y.M.C.A. NOTES.

Quite a large number of students attended the last meeting of the Y.M.C.A. to hear the reports of the president, Mr. C. R. Williams, and Mr. Lea, delegates to the convention held at Northfield last summer. Judging from the glowing reports of these gentlemen this convention is becoming a great factor in the spread and deepening of Y.M.C.A. interests throughout the continent. They made especial mention of Mr. Spier, whose presence went far towards making the convention what it was.

The students are requested to keep in mind the Bible-class conducted by Rev. Dr. McTavish every Wednesday afternoon. Those who attended last Wednesday speak very highly of the reverend gentleman's methods and capabilities.

The annual reception of the Association will be held this, Wednesday, evening in their building. All Y.M.C.A. men are urgently requested to be present, as well as the students of the first year, to whom special invitations are issued. The ladies' auxiliary have cheerfully given their assistance, and a very enjoyable evening may be expected.

MIDST THE MORTAR BOARDS.

Mandolin players and first tenors wanted for Glee Club.

The sun and the Barrie Lacrosse Club were eclipsed last Thursday.

H. W. Brown, ex-president of the Modern Language Club, is in Waterford.

J. S. Carstairs, B.A., of Class '92, has gone into journalism in Iroquois, Ont. He will make a mark.

The arrangements made for the entertainment of the 1st year men on Friday were rather defective.

The Gothic Seminary will not be opened till Easter term to the regret of the students of that language.

B. A. C. Craig, '94, summered in Algoma, and still wears a moccasin as a souvenir of a Gladstonian exploit.

W. P. Bull, '93, put in his summer on and around Hudson Bay. He tells no hunter yarns, and looks hearty, for which he is to be congratulated.

Mr. J. L. Scott, '91, who spent last session at Princeton Seminary, has been appointed to a position in the department of Philosophy, Winnipeg College.

We have been grieved to notice bicycles lying locked around the front of the College. Now, boys, this should not be. It is a reflection on the honesty of the institution—and, besides, it keeps the fellows from using them.

There seems to be at present an effort among the men of '95 to make general, or at least common, the wearing of academics to lectures. Why do not all the men come out in gowns, as a proposed in '95 did last year?

This eclipse (of the sun) was a bonanza for the S. P. S. men. All turned out with instruments, from the 3rd year man with his polygon to the freshman with his ruler, to examine the phenomenon from a scientific point of view.

We humbly request our contributors to sign their articles with their names as well as their *noms-de-plume*. No one need have the least fear of the authorship of any communication whatever. The average clam is garrulous compared with our absolute silence.

At the mass meeting of students held in S. P. S. last week, Prof. Galbraith, in the course of his remarks concerning the gym., stated it to be his conviction that students should pay for what they get. One hapless infelix who has lost his year exclaimed: Yes, stars for instance.

The number of registered students in the Arts faculty, according to the official lists kindly placed at our disposal by Mr. Brebner, is seven hundred and forty-nine. This total is divided as follows: 4th year, 113; 3rd year, 147; 2nd year, 195; 1st year, 163; Non-matriculants, 131.

Miss Wilson, daughter of the late President, goes to England to enter the Mother Home for the preparatory training of Deaconesses. The whole sum (\$100,000) bequeathed to her by her father has been generously devoted to the purpose of establishing an order of Deaconesses in the city of Toronto.

We have always had a very high opinion of Methodism, but it has now reached an unprecedented elevation. We left the dear old editorial umbrella at the Victoria Literary Association meeting last Saturday night, and it was promptly returned to us with its ribs all sound. Great is the name of Victoria!

The Modern Language men of '95 are circulating a petition to have the Logic of the second year removed from their pass work. This matter has been agitated before, but thus far the Senate has not seen fit to alter the course laid down in the curriculum. But the Modern Language class is earnestly endeavoring to have the matter considered again, and hopes for a favorable result.

CLASSICAL ASSOCIATION.—The devotees of the Classics held their opening meeting on Tuesday week. Prof. Dale occupied the chair. The essayist was Mr. J. H. Brown, who read a very creditable and acceptable paper on "A comparison of Teutonic and Roman institutions in their inception." The chairman added some instructive historical criticism from his invaluable store. The Association bids fair to have a brilliant year under the new presidency of Mr. D. A. Glassey.

The Modern Language Club held a successful German meeting on Monday evening, in Room No. 12, University College. The following new officers were elected: 2nd Vice-President, Miss Johnston; Secretary, Miss Jeffrey; Treasurer, J. Montgomery. Instructive essays were read by Messrs. J. Hyland and R. S. Jenkins. Mr. W. A. Brown gave a short and amusing reading in German. At the close of the programme the members of the Club discoursed in their choicest German.

The Varsity Banjo and Guitar Club met recently to organize for the ensuing season. It was decided to restrict the instruments to banjos, guitars and mandolins, the mouth-organs being excluded. The officers elected were the following: Honorary President, Mr. H. R. Fairclough, M.A.; President, Mr. W. R. P. Parker; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. L. A. Moore. Committee: University College, Mr. W. S. Carroll; School of Practical Science, Mr. N. Lash; Medical School, Mr. A. F. Rolls.

The Class of '93 met on Friday afternoon in University College. After the constitutional lawyers of the class had succeeded in untying some knotty points in the constitution, the election

of officers for the coming year was proceeded with; the result of the voting was as follows: President, J. D. Phillips; 1st Vice-President, H. S. McKellar; 2nd Vice-President, Miss M. Johnston; Secretary, R. H. Walks; Historian, Miss A. H. Young; Poet, O. J. Stevenson; Athletic Director, T. E. Shore; Councillor, Miss R. Patterson. The remaining officers will be elected at the social evening which the class intends to hold shortly. A feature of the meeting was the rich harvest our friend Mac reaped for the Varsity games. In the course of the meeting the chairman gave an important ruling, to the effect that the '93 men of Victoria were members of the class. His decision was heartily received.

DIVARSITIES.

When the Psalmist said "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till the change come," he was evidently shopping for his wife in a big dry goods store.

Corkscrew (indignantly): Did you hear what Young Conservy said about our Y. M. Lib. Club's meeting the other evening?

Trump Card: No, what was it?

Corkscrew: I told him we had a rousing meeting, and he said he supposed we enjoyed ourselves to the full.



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