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THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

VOL. XII.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, MARCH 15, 1893.

No. 18.

Editorial Comments.



THE establishment of an honor course in History is on the *tapis*. Whether the time has or has not arrived when acknowledgment of the ever-increasing importance of historical research demands the institution of a separate course for this branch of study, we do not intend to discuss, but it is most unfortunate for the prospect of fair consideration that the scheme should appear under such conditions of time and circumstance as to give basis for the presumption that, contrary to the principle which should govern such matters, the course is proposed, not to meet a necessity, but to create a position for some fortunate man to fill.

Parturiunt montes nascetur ridiculus mus.

Stirred to action doubtless by the numerous representations, through petitions and in the *Varsity*, the Library Committee have framed a regulation permitting the taking of books from the library.

Though not in the same terms, a fair statement of the case is that books which a student does *not* want, he may have at *any time*, while those he *does*, are available on *Sundays only*. Truly the mountain has labored and the rodental offspring is of the most diminutive and distorted proportions.

That the committee with malice prepense contemplated a semi-coercive disregard of the Fourth Commandment, can hardly be held when one considers the grave and reverend seigniors who constitute that body and we can only suppose that circumstances which outsiders are ignorant of, have prevented the adoption of a system which might serve a better purpose than to provoke amazement and laughter.

With the departure of Prof. Baldwin, we lose a man who has done honor to our University, and whose decision to accept the offer of Princeton, occasions expression only of regret that we are not in a position to offer inducements equal to those of wealthier universities.

As successor to Professor Young, Mr. Baldwin came to Toronto under circumstances specially unfavorable to his hearty reception, and four years ago dissatisfaction with his methods was rife in the upper years, but this has changed so completely, that we have perhaps, in our University, no man more deservedly popular, than the Professor of Moral Philosophy. If anything can weaken our staff more than the removal of some of its able men to wider fields, it is the fact that no such means exists for the removal of the weakest. It could not be expected but that in so numerous a body of men as constitutes the Faculty of

Toronto University, some men unfitted for their position should find a place, and the facts we think are in accord with this expectation.

If unreserved condemnation by students, charges of inefficiency, superficiality, want of scientific arrangement form any criterion of merit or demerit, then we have men here, whose continued tenure of office can hardly be in the interests of the University.

To prevent such a condition of affairs should be the care of those who have the appointment, and, though the proof of the pudding is undoubtedly in the eating, it is not necessary that one should make a full meal of an unsavory mess to find out that it is unwholesome as well. A very moderate slice will often suffice, and a three years probation would probably serve a similar purpose in university affairs. When no system of temporary appointment exists it is practically impossible to rectify admitted errors in selection of men, and the permanent establishment of the man who loves an easy, comfortable existence is assured.

The compulsory attendance of men at lectures may have been designed to serve useful ends, but it has this disadvantage, that an excellent opportunity of judging the estimation in which he is held, is lost to the lecturer.

It must be remembered, that the men of whom one hears such criticism are very few in number.

If limited finances prevent our retention or securing of men who acquire international reputation, they have not prevented our maintaining a staff of zealous, hard-working, able men, at whose head is one whose sound practical sense and untiring industry is making itself felt in the administration of university affairs.

We regret the necessity, but duty forbids our ignoring the manner of conducting the Football Annual Elections.

With regard to the selections made in the Rugby meeting, we say nothing whatever; they may be the best or the worst that could possibly be made, the election proceedings would give an outsider equal reason for holding either view, but that there should have been admitted to the meeting and given the franchise, men who had no more claim to be considered members in good standing than has the writer, who never was present at a Rugby meeting, never paid a Rugby fee, or attended a Rugby practice, is evidence of such extraordinary spinal flexibility on the part of the chairman (if with him the decision rested) as to warrant the belief that any spare time he could devote to development of contortionist powers, would ultimately prove highly remunerative.

A chairman who finds that a meeting over which he presides, can not be conducted in accordance with admitted principles of fair-play and common-sense, has the alternative of leaving the chair to some one less scrupulous.

As to the Association officers, there is no question but that the right men have been elected, but the distribution of offices is such as to threaten seriously the effective working of the team during the approaching season.

If, as we have been informed, and as the proceedings at the meeting indicate, this was the unavoidable outcome of preconcerted action on the part of a few men to secure such distribution of offices as would suit them in every particular, the whole proceeding can not be too strongly condemned; and members who have the interests of the club at heart, might well consider whether they would not be justified in having another meeting called to re-consider the matter.

Mr. De Lury retires from the presidency of the Literary Society after a year of unremitting labor in the interests of that body and with the assurance that he has performed his duties in such a manner as to elicit universal approbation. We bespeak for the society the same industry, tact and fairness from his successor.

CANADA'S NATIONAL POET.

The idea of the scope and purpose of the works of an author who has done so much to create a national spirit and a national literature, can best be had from the title page of his first edition, which reads, "Mornings on the banks of the Candian Thames, including Poems on Local Canadian and British Subjects and lines on the great Poets of England, Ireland, Scotland and America with a glance at the wars in Victoria's reign, by James McIntyre," and from the prologue to his third edition,

Fair Canada is our theme,
Land of rich cheese, milk and cream.

The poet keeps his word and does sing of all these themes. Only a very few selections can be given. He plunges into biography in this way,

We have scarcely time to tell thee
Of the strange and gifted Shelley,
Kind-hearted man, but ill-fated,
So youthful, drowned and cremated.

Yes, time must have been just a trifle scarce. The average poet would have required at any rate six lines to dispose of Shelley. But why linger in needless repetition with so many subjects untouched? His muse is urging him on to a "Harvest Home Festival."

To dinner table all do march,
Thro' evergreen triumphal arch,
On top the Union Jack it floats,
On each side sheaves of wheat and oats.

Great pumpkins and big ears of corn
They do this rural arch adorn,
We are reminded now 'tis fall,
And boys enjoy game of football.

And more of the same.

It speaks volumes for a poet who is able to sing so enthusiastically of big ears of corn, footballs, and great pumpkins with no stronger stimulant than the tea of a Church social.

Mr. McIntyre no doubt intended to allow our minor and obscure poets, a monopoly of such a subject as the Spring. After a severe wrestle however, his muse overcame this considerate feeling, and we have as a result, "The Lay of the Spring," :—

Let others sing their favorite lay
From early morn till close of day,
More useful themes engage our pen,
We sing the lay of our good hen.

For she doth lay each morn an egg,
And it is full and large and big;
Abroad she doth never travel,
Happy she when scratching gravel.

And she cackles songs of praise
Every morn whenc'er she lays,
Proud she is when she finds pickings
For to feed her brood of chickens.

It greatly puzzled her one day,
When she found white nest egg of clay,
She knew someone did trick play her,
For she was no brick layer.

Vain and stately male bird stalks,
Leading his hens along the walks,
Proudly last feather in his tail
Makes rival roosters for to quail.

With two more stanzas of the same.
And yet the poet is not through with the hen. Listen to this :—

And in Ontario, the hen
Is worthy of the poet's pen,
For well she doth deserve the praise
Bestowed on her for her good lays.

However much at ease the Bard felt among roosters, hens, and nest eggs, he is completely lost, compared with his sense of power, immediatly he touches upon his favorite subject, Cheese. Then his muse fairly howls in its ecstasy of feeling.

Among the many good ones upon this subject, here is the best.

THE QUEEN OF CHEESE, WEIGHT OVER 7,000 LBS.

We have seen thee, queen of cheese,
Lying quietly at your ease,
Gently fanned by evening breeze,
Thy fair form no flies dare seize.

All gaily dressed soon you'll go
To the great Provincial Show,
To be admired by many a beau
In the city of Toronto."

Cows, numerous as a swarm of bees,
Or as leaves upon the trees,
It did require to make thee please,
And stand unrivalled, Queen of Cheese.

May you not receive a star, as
We have heard that Mr. Harris
Intends to send you off as far as
The great World's Show at Paris.

Of the youth beware of these,
For some of them might rudely squeeze
And bite your cheek, then songs or glees
We could not sing, oh Queen of Cheese!

Wert thou suspended from balloon,
You'd cast a shade even at noon;
Folks would think it was the moon,
About to fall and crush them soon.

The last line of the first stanza formerly read, "Thy fair form no fleas dare seize." By the happy change the poet has added still more to his fame in becoming the author of the expression, "There are no flies on you."

The poet had long tussled to restrain his tuneful lyre, and had almost succeeded as he puts in it these lines:

Almost broken was the lyre
In the hands of Bard McIntyre,
Who long had mused beside the stream,
Till rudely wakened from his dream.

But the lyre was not broken, and the muse was not subdued. To what do we owe this good fortune? We owe it not to another Church Social, not to another Mammoth Cheese, not even to a second Shelley. We owe it to "the flood on the Creek, April 1891."

AS WE LIST : AND YE LIST.

Here is a touch of human passion : The scene was the Public Library. At one of the tables in the reference department, a lady had just seated herself, apparently of rather mature age. She was still beautiful ; her hair was drawn softly back from her face to disappear under a luxurious hat. She was richly clothed in gray and black, and relieved upon this latter colour, at the neck glittered a plain silver cross. She was artistic, dainty, feminine. Her dress abounded in little conveniences. She drew her handkerchief from some mysterious recess in her sleeve. She removed the fur bands about her wrists and discovered spotless cuffs secured with silver fastenings which by means of small chains held the cuffs in proper manner, and in proper place. She took her gold glasses from the small bejeweled hook on which they were suspended, and after adjusting them to her delicate features, and making sundry other arrangements, she produced a note-book in vellum, with a finely sharpened drawing pencil, and became absorbed in the large art folio before her.

Presently a man entered. He was six feet in height, broad in shoulder, black in skin. A thick fuzz covered his head, and a like material was worn upon his cheeks. Melancholy eyes looked from beneath the dark, hollow brows, and testified to something intellectual which prevented him from being repulsive.

Large and absent-minded he placed himself beside the lady. She was copying a design, and accidentally he had touched her elbow. She lifted her head, looked at her neighbor, and shrank back in disgust. Then moving herself and her pretty possessions further from him she became again intent upon her drawing.

The hurt expression of the negro's face grew suddenly fierce and contemptuous. He drew from his pocket a ragged piece of paper, and thereon, by glancing easily across her shoulder, and commenced to copy the beautiful and elaborate pattern. In what seemed not more than six or seven strokes, he had done it in perfection. He sat still gazing down at his work. The lady with her feeble reproduction not yet finished, closed the folio sharply, delivered it to the attendant, and with supercilious fatigue moved from the room without glancing at her rival.

The observer nodded to him from across the table in sign of victory, but the man only looked ashamed then.

To the Editor of VARSITY :

The demon of party politics, so long and furiously rampant in the under-graduate body, has at length it appears, been cast out. The time at last has come when the organization of the College by the confession of its greatest staunchest friends must stand or fall upon the merits of its own usefulness and the unaided exertions of its own members. The spectacle of an institution so undeniably beneficial in its action, so plainly noble in its aims, depending for its support upon a hot and hollow system of party politics, seemingly justifying objects and conduct diametrically opposed to its salutary influence and its lofty ideals, shall no longer, it is to be hoped, disgrace the field of under-graduate life. By a process of political evolution that noxious system has perished and those who so long lived and schemed under its influence have been awakened to a sense of the high possibilities which its existence concealed.

Party, however, died hard. So long as any excuse for division appeared, so long as any chance for an even conflict existed, the political octopus shot forth its vampire arms and seized its prey. Up to 1890 the men from the united residences not unfairly balanced the men who lived outside. It was possible, moreover, to canvass a majority among the medicals, and so the fight went on. The outside party, however, naturally and inevitably grew ; the in-

side party naturally and inevitably declined ; the medical members were disfranchised, and from that moment the party system was doomed. Its true foundation had been destroyed, and all further attempts to preserve it were based, not on really existing differences, but on vague and visionary schemes, such as a Students' Union or an Alma Mater Society. Recent events have clearly proved the futility of creating imaginary platforms, and the last survivors of the old regime, the war-scarred veterans of the Old Guard, not more than ten days ago came boldly out with the death warrant of politics and corruption. They declared for an election on the merits of the men ; they deprecated all attempts to drag politics into other spheres ; they denounced all iniquitous practices ; in a word they united a great majority of the students in a solid phalanx against the party system and all the vices it had produced. At the same time the soundness of the argument by which the old fights had been defended was keenly assailed. "No election, no fees" had been the cry. And the danger of an empty treasury, in those days a *real* one, was enough to fire the most moderate men with party zeal. Within the past two weeks, however, a different state of affairs has been inaugurated. The usefulness of the society has come home to all, a spirit of loyalty has leapt to birth, and a determination to support the institution in a really consistent and able manner has clearly been formed in the under-graduate mind. Class caucuses have passed patriotic resolutions, party leaders have made patriotic speeches, rank and file are ready with patriotic cash. At the same time an economical policy has been promulgated, high fees have been lowered, and henceforth the banjo twanger will support himself when the literary member pays only one dollar. Under these great principles of economy and loyalty it seems altogether likely that the Literary Society will no longer depend, for its existence upon the vicious political system. Its members are to be congratulated on the new position of affairs, and the student body in general on the decay of their greatest curse. For years party politics have been responsible here for numerous evil things. At the very time when the mind should have been most strictly bent on study they have turned it to distracting and unnatural excitement ; they are responsible for the pernicious belief that the very society which should most strongly and successfully appeal to the students' legitimate financial support could be maintained only by distorted political methods ; they have arbitrarily divided by keen and barren rivalries men of kindred minds ; they have arbitrarily united in false and barren friendships men of alien tempers ; they have aroused cruel suspicions ; they have circulated slanders ; they have ruined reputations ; they have rendered selfish and bitter spirits morbidly acrimonious ; they have rendered open and generous natures prematurely callous ; and they have not prepared their devotee for the world in one essential or lofty particular, since they have taught him the principles only of the partisan or the cynic. Either to support petty creeds with bigotry and passion or to suspect that no great cause has its strength in truth and no great man his ambition in the love of her. Fitly, fitly, therefore has their knell been rung :

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife ;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

W. P. REEVE.

Harvard has graduated 18,000 students in 225 years of its existence. The present enrolment is 2,613, which is the largest in the United States.

The report of the Treasurer of the University of Pennsylvania Athletic Association shows a balance of \$3,000. Of this sum \$1,000 has been appropriated for the building of a base ball cage on the new athletic grounds.

The Varsity

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

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MARCH 15, 1893.

LITERARY SOCIETY.



ON Friday evening we wended our way to the regular meeting of the Literary Society with feelings of unwonted perturbation. The air had been full, during the few days previous, of election talk, and we had eagerly swallowed every item of news. The appearance of the various manifestoes had worked our feelings, and they were finally brought to fever-heat by the publication of the Third Party platform. Here, we felt, was a party that we could support. The principle of noble independence expressed in its first plank—"We don't give a hang for any other party"—has especially appealed to our spirits. It was with the resolute intention of standing by its principles even unto death that we entered the hall.

The memories of last years stirring times revived as we entered the meeting, and filled us with a presageful feeling of coming squabbles. We thought of the poet's words—

Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
 Fight in their sulphurous canopy ;

—and the war spirit within us began to snort and paw in anticipation of a big election scrap next week.

But we were doomed to disappointment. The "sulphurous canopy" was there in full swing—for many of the members think it their special privilege on nomination night to fill the air of the place of meeting with smoke—but the "furious Frank and fiery Hun" part of the business was not in it. Even the upholders of our own platform, the Third Party, seemed to have vanished, and despite our devotion to its principles we didn't get a decent chance to die on their behalf, and, therefore, refrained from so doing.

After the meeting had been called to order, and the Secretary had read the minutes in his usual sepulchral tone, several matters of business came up and were hastily despatched; and at last the all-absorbing part of the proceedings, the nomination, was reached. We present here with a list of the candidates:

Office.	Candidate.	Nominator.
President.....	C. A. Stuart, B.A.....	R. S. Strath.
1st Vice-President....	S. J. McLean.....	F. B. R. Hellem.
	G. H. Levy.....	R. C. Dunbar.
2nd Vice-President....	L. Brown.....	J. H. Brown.
3rd Vice-President....	R. W. Allin.....	A. T. Boles
Recording-Secretary...	F. D. Fry.....	W. E. Lingelbach.
Treasurer.....	W. A. Kirkwood.....	W. L. M. King.
Curator.....	C. C. Stewart.....	J. T. Blythe.
	W. E. McPherson.....	J. H. Brown.
Cor.-Secretary.....	J. D. Chalmers.....	A. T. Laing.
Historical-Secretary...	R. D. Coutts.....	J. D. Phillips.
	H. P. Biggar.....	B. A. C. Craig.
Sec. Com.....	T. G. Bragg.....	E. A. Henry.
4th Year Councillor....	J. J. Brown.....	G. B. Wilson.
3rd Year Councillor....	J. Montgomery.....	J. D. Webster.
2nd Year Councillor...	E. J. Patterson.....	R. H. Walks.
S.P.S. Coun., 3rd Yr...	A. E. Bergey.....	E. J. Laschinger.
S.P.S. Coun., 2nd Yr..	W. A. Blackford.....	E. J. Laschinger.

From this list it will be seen that there are only three offices contested, those, viz., of First Vice-President, Curator and Historical Secretary. The proposition of Mr. Stuart's name for that of President was seconded by Mr. N. McDougall.

When nominations were called for the office of President Mr. W. R. P. Parker, after referring to the indefatigable interest which the retiring President, Mr. DeLury, had shown, presented his name to the meeting as a candidate for the office for the ensuing year. He was seconded by F. B. R. Hellem. The President on rising to reply was greeted in a way which showed how thoroughly he enjoyed the esteem and respect of the members of the Society. After speaking feelingly of the kindness he had experienced at the hands of the Society during his tenure of office, he begged to decline. Mr. Strath thereupon rose and presented the name of Mr. C. A. Stuart, and amidst great acclamations he was declared President for the ensuing year.

These were peaceable matters. But all men felt that the time for blood had come when the President declared the meeting open to receive nominations for the office of First Vice-President. "The boldest held his breath for a time," until F. B. R. Hellem was seen making tracks for the platform. Arriving there Mr. Hellem told a *hen* story, the details of which we cannot here *hen*-ter upon, and presented the name of Mr. S. J. McLean. We were expecting to see some representative of our own Third Party rise and do likewise. But, alas! no, our beloved Third Party evidently was not in it. Our grief so blinded our eyes that it was with difficulty we could discern what followed. We saw, however, R. C. Dunbar come to the fore. Mr. Dunbar presented the name of Mr. G. H. Levy for the office. But the mild and peaceable way in which it was done warned us that there was to be very little bloodshed this campaign. The correctness of this premonition was soon shown, for in only two other offices was any double nomination allowed to stand. Several other gentlemen were nominated, indeed, but withdrew.

At last the list was gone through to the end. We could hardly realize that the fateful business of nomination was actually over, so tame had the whole proceeding been. We thought of the big time we had had last year, and could only shed bitter regret that it was not to be so now. Our careful training for the moral suasion committee had been of no avail, then? So, alas! it proved.

The next item of business which followed was a discussion in regard to the VARSITY. Mr. W. R. P. Parker wanted to know what the Business-Manager thought of the "tri-weekly" scheme. The Business-Manager said he thought it feasible provided the members paid their fees—otherwise not. The Assistant Business-Manager, being called upon, said he had not heard what his chief had said

but had no doubt it was correct; he had implicit confidence in his chief. The chief seemed greatly touched at this. We did not see his eyes at the time, but have no doubt that tears of joy welled up in them at this expression of devotion on the part of his assistant. Finally it was decided to leave the matter to the Directorate.

This finished the business of the meeting. With the rest of the members we wended our homeward way, thinking about things in general and Varsity politics in particular. What makes us maddest of all was to think of the eloquence we had spent trying to persuade members to vote for the Third Party; and then to have it all wasted in this way, utterly wasted; it was sad to think upon. We have made a solemn resolution never to join a Third Party again—any man who comes canvassing us next year along that line will find us waiting to receive him with a club. Let all prospective canvassers beware.

A. B. LOCKHED.

THE NIEBELUNGENLIED.

In beginning his lecture on this subject on Saturday, Dr. Needler pointed out that the study of early German poetry was introduced into England by Sir Walter Scott and Thomas Carlyle. In England its trend has not been the same as in Germany. In the latter country it has followed a scholastic channel, while in England it has taken a literary turn and has been marked throughout by its relation to the *belles-lettres*. Of the modern representatives of these schools, we have Tennyson on the one hand and Gustave Freitag on the other.

The story of the *Nibelungenlied* or song of the children of Darkness, is not the production of one man, but is the growth of years. It had been handed down orally, from generation to generation, until we find on its canvas a group of distinguished historical men of different periods. Attila the Hun and Theodoric the Visigoth appear as contemporaries and this can only be accounted for by the fact that the epic was not committed to verse until about the thirteenth century.

Siegfried the beautiful and valiant son of Sigismund, having heard of the beauty of Kriemhild, sister of Gunter King of Burgundy, comes to Worms the seat of the king in order to pay court to this fair maiden. Kriemhild is promised to Siegfried if he will aid Gunter in wooing Brunhilda, a species of Amazon, living in her castle at Eisenstein, who will only wed the man who can overcome her in throwing the stone and the spear. Siegfried agrees to accompany Gunter and they set out. Siegfried is possessed of a cap which he had taken from the Nibelungen, the mystical guardians of a precious hoard when he conquered them and took their treasure. By the aid of this cap which rendered the wearer invisible, he was able to throw the stone and the spear for Gunter, while the latter simply went through the motions but thereby became possessed of the hand of Brunhilda.

On their return to Worms, the double wedding is celebrated and all predict a happy future. The jealousy of Kriemhild and Brunhilda, however, is the first cloud which darkens the future. Siegfried had told Brunhilda at Eisenstein that he was the vassal of Gunter, and Brunhilda, therefore demands that Kriemhild shall give way to her on public occasions and shall cease to boast of Siegfried's exploits. Kriemhild refuses and tells Brunhilda that it was Siegfried who really overcame her in the contest. Brunhilda resolves to avenge herself on Siegfried and finds a ready accomplice in Hagan, one of Gunter's most powerful warriors, but a man who is most jealous of Siegfried. This latter is invulnerable except in one spot on his shoulder, for when he was washing in the blood of a dragon which he had slain, a leaf fell on his shoulder and rendered this his only weak point. As Siegfried is drinking at a stream after a hunt, shortly after this, Hagan stabs

him in the shoulder and he dies. Kriemhild in her turn now resolves upon revenge.

Some months after the death of Siegfried, there comes to the court a brave knight called Rudiger, who desires the hand of Kriemhild for his King Etzel (Attila). Kriemhild, thinking that through the instrumentality of the Huns she may be able to revenge the murder of her former husband, accepts Etzel's offer and departs for his capital of Vienna. After seven years of peaceful wedded life, she desires that her relatives shall visit her and her invitation is accepted. Hagan though informed of the approaching catastrophe by the Nibelungen whose treasure he had taken from Kriemhild and had then sunk in the Rhine, nevertheless resolves to accept the invitation also and all set out. They are graciously received by the Huns and everything goes well until the servants of Attila fall out with those of Gunter, when all those of the latter are killed. The next day the fight becomes general until the whole of the Burgundians are slain except Gunter and Hagan, which latter warrior still refuses to acknowledge the murder of Siegfried. Remaining silent even when Gunter's head is shewn to him, Kriemhild becomes exasperated and picking up Siegfried's sword herself smites off his head but is herself slain by Hildebrand. Thus ends the great *Lied*.

The character of Siegfried is indeed a beautiful one and is in every way typical of the perfect knight. Hagan on the other hand represents the grim warrior suspicious of everyone and yet above all careful of the safety and honour of his master Gunter. Brunhilda is a strong upholder of woman's rights and the scene in which she binds her forward husband and hangs him to a peg on the wall, is indeed carrying those rights to a considerable height. The lecturer brought his interesting address to a close by drawing attention to the fact that while the Greeks had ascended the mountains and endeavoured to soar aloft the Germans had done the opposite and in descending into the valleys had sought for themes both natural and human.

THE TRUE STORY OF JOSH HOODLUM AND AMANDA JONES.

DEDICATED AS A LAST PROOF OF ESTEEM TO THE CLASS OF NINETY FOUR.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Village of Weybach. The orchard of Amanda's home. Time, October, 1891, '95 then being fresh. Enter Josh and Amanda.*

Josh: Five summers, love, now rest in Time's old bin
Since first thy tender heart I gathered in;
And from that hour I've done my level best
To make for thee a warm and cosy nest.
I've tilled the farm with never-ceasing care,
I've won five prizes at the county fair,
Humbly I've ever knelt at father's feet,
And I have threshed near fifty tons of wheat.
In short, both Heaven and earth I've tried to please,
Not only making love but making cheese;
Till now my parent, anxious for my joy,
At last convinced I've ceased to be a boy,
Desires me to lead you to the altar,
And to put on the matrimonial halter;
And, when our lives are hitched, it is his will
We have the little house upon the hill.

Amanda: Now, Josh—don't put your arm around my waist.

You really mustn't show such horrid haste—
I know you're strong and good, and loving, too,
And that, perhaps, may seem enough to you;
But have you never heard the old, old story?
Besides all that, a woman looks for glory.
I'm firm—ere you have me you must have fame;
You must reverse the meaning of your name.

I'll never wed a mere uncultured clown,
Who thinks the world's no larger than his town,
So hear my will, and do it while there's time,
For thus to highest greatness may you climb;
Seek out the one, the only 'Varsity,
From that great field bring back renown to me.
And, when you've been a hero in the strife,
Then, Josh, and not till then, I'll be your wife.

[Exit hurriedly in concealed agitation.]

Josh: Now by our mother earth and by the stars,
By Venus, Saturn, Jupiter and Mars,
What means this sudden fit? So may I thrive.
I know! She has a friend in ninety-five;
A lady friend! and to my simple maid
Her fresh and burning fancy has portrayed
In glowing colors, faithful, bold and clear,
The verdant glories of that blooming year.
Amanda's spirit burns with envy's fire;
To highest heights her soaring aims aspire;
She wildly dreams that I may join that class;
She even madly hopes that I may pass;
And oh! what bad ambition! what disgrace!
What clearest proof that Eve's in all the race!
She throws house, farm and happiness away,
That I, her lover, may become B.A.
What shall I do? I feel a strange alarm.
I love my sweetheart, but I love my farm;
'Tis true a freshman class I've never seen;
But what boots that? the landscape here is green,
And, oh! 'tis true, 'tis true without exception,
I'd ne'er survive a single Class-Reception.
But come! I'll go, and instantly depart,
I've got no greatness, but I've got a heart.

[Exit to prepare for the journey.]

SCENE 2.—Room in Rossin House, Toronto; Josh lying quietly in bed.
Enter Servant and Justice of the Peace.

Servant (pointing to Josh): He came last night with a
stable lantern,
And he asked if this was Rossin's Tavern.
Then he took a room and he settled down
To write to the principal men in town.
He wrote for the Senate's information:
"Hoodlum was after an education."
The President, also, received a shock,
For "Hoodlum could see him at eight o'clock."
He warned haughty Langton to show no cheek.
The Professors, he said, might call next week.
Then he blew out the gas, and he went to bed,
Just give 'im a shake and see if he's dead.

[Exit.]

J. P.: Brace up, old chap; the law makes no abate-
ment;

I'm here to take your *ante mortem* statement;
But when you've told how thus you came to lie,
You've got the clearest legal right to die.

Josh, (faintly): Last night, great sir, I went to bed
up here,

And that is why in bed I now appear.

J. P.: 'Tis wrong, you fool, to try such jokes on me
When on the threshold of eternity.

Look up; how did it come to pass,
My rustic friend, that you blew out the gas?

Josh, (rousing himself and sniffing round): Great
Cæsar's ghost! I thought the place was queer.

Do tell me, sir; is this Toronto air?

J.P.: 'Tis gas, you wooden-headed lout!
So speak; how did you come to blow it out?

Josh: 'Tis gas, you say; and likely does it seem
'Twas that which caused my late mysterious dream,
For scarcely had I laid my weary head
Upon this downy couch, ere some one said:
"Dear Josh, I know this place is strange to you;
Learn from me then what things you ought to do."

I started up to see the speaker's face—
'Twas white and firm, yet touched with pensive grace.
He blushed, and so I said with kindly zest:
"Go on, my buzzom friend; let's have the rest."
He smiled a loving smile, and straightway cried:
"No one can ever tell who has not tried,
How hard it is to drive a mule against his will;
And so with fame, for I've been through the mill.
Three courses can you take at Varsity,
So either be a plug, a sport or follow me.
By some sure signs the plugger can you find;
He cramps his members to expand his mind,
And, heeding not his tortured body's pains,
Serves up his strength to gorge his pampered brains.
For wisdom's sake all wisdom in him dies,
Thus in her cause the Plug destroys his eyes.
He never mingles with the human throng,
But drags alone his ghastly self along.
On nature's works the recluse never looks,
Whate'er he thinks and feels is found in books;
And if his heart some puny love e'er knew
He'd study from a text-book how to woo.
One only book he never tries to scan,
The noblest of them all, the book of man.
For four short years of academic strife
The Plug resigns his hopes in future life,
And, laden with honors, prizes and degree,
Sinks down forever in oblivion's sea.

The sport's existence passes gaily by,
In swift joys hiding that he has to die.
Why should he toil! to pleasure why be loth?
Does not the plugger plug enough for both?
And does not History besides report
The greatest heroes have been great at sport?
The farmer's trade all thorough sports deride,
But they sow wild oats on every side.
Time teaches bummers temp'rance in their cups,
All drink hard in term; in May all take sups.
What will be the sport's eventual fate
Not even our prophet could surely state;
But his own fond dream of eternity
Would render it merely one grand long spree.
The middle man takes of course the plum,
For he doesn't plug and he doesn't bum.
He trains his mind but he trains his body;
And, though he drinks, he drinks no toddy.
Thus, prepared for life in every way
He leaves the College for the real fray
And he enters, if his hopes are lofty,
The immortal School of Pedagogy.
Now Josh be wise and take the middle course,
To save your coming life from deep remorse,
And since the pale East gives friendly warning
There's but one hour ere dawn of morning.
I'll go to the tavern at once I think,
And a gallon of lager try to drink,
Then hasten homewards and procure a light
To plug at Greek for the rest of the night.

J. P.: 'Tis plain from the vision that you relate,
Your life in future, Josh, must sure be great.
Take my advice, howe'er, don't be an ass,
And never waste your breath upon the gas.
And this I swear for love to do always:
If from the sober path your greatness strays,
Only to give you costs and sixty days.

[Josh having recovered, J. P. Exit.]

[END OF ACT I.]

The College of the City of New York will soon move to
another building which is to cost \$750,000.

Since the opening of the college year, three new publi-
cations by the students have made their appearance at the
University of Pennsylvania: the *Courier*, the *University
Daily News*, and the *Wharton School Bulletin*.

SCISSORS AND PASTE.

TRIAL.

Much would I rather be
A great, grand failure, past redress,
Than still to wait and see
My toil grow to a small success,
Time and eternity
Soul-bound in self-pleased littleness.

Much would I rather know
That I had dared all things and failed,
Than feared the overthrow,
Acted a small part and prevailed—
Had sold true life, and so
Had earth's sad task once more entailed.

For think, it cannot be,
That God put work here to our hand,
Gave choice to you and me,
With soul and mind to understand,
Unless He set us free
To strive till we strived as He planned.

Red and Blue.

EBB TIDE.

Since now the tide is out,
Though sunset plumes the sky with rosy cloud,
Upon the bar the running breakers crowd
No more in merry rout,
Along the beach are pools with opal glow,
And sands that rival pearl-lined ocean shell;
From out her silent heavens Peace bends low
And whispers, "All is well;
The tide is out."

Left by the ebbing tide
My stranded boat lies high upon the sands;
There is no strength within my weary hands
To drag it o'er this wide,
Smooth beach, nor in my heart aught of desire
To battle with the waves. We do not feel
How of vain rowing eager arms can tire,
Until alone beside our boat we kneel,
Left by the ebbing tide.

Vassar Miscellany.

Amherst is building a \$100,000 Y. M. C. A. Hall.

Bethany College, West Virginia, has the peculiar custom of observing April 1 All Fools' Day, as a holiday.

The "co-eds" of the University of Michigan have adopted the Jenness-Miller racing-day costume—short skirts.

The University of Michigan offers a six years' course which, when completed, gives degrees in both science and medicine.

The *Cosmopolitan* offers to pay the expenses of one thousand students at the various colleges and universities of this country and Europe, in return for work securing subscribers for that magazine.

S. P. S.

And so certain very exclusive but withal very well-intentioned young men have taken objection to the space occupied in the VARSITY columns by the S. P. S. and similar notes. We cannot altogether sympathize with these ideas, for the reason no doubt that we have not yet reached that altitude of literary attainment necessary to make us

appreciate all that is written—and would be written were these advocated ideas carried out—in the VARSITY of a supposed purely literary character. We can understand how persons of such undoubted literary talent and so saturated with literary taste have no sympathy with outside subjects, but we cannot reconcile this ability to such a lack of generosity as their ideas manifest. They are certainly not in favor of mental reciprocity. We S. P. S. students put up cheerfully with all that is written in the VARSITY outside of our own work and what is often uninteresting to practical science men. Are these gentlemen unwilling to exhibit a like toleration towards a small space occupied with matter they cannot descend to understand?

FOOTBALL.

The annual meeting was held on Friday afternoon with the President, Mr. Barker in the chair. Extraordinary interest was taken in the meeting by the Medical and School of Science students and the total number present was estimated at 150. The reports of the Secretary and Treasurer were read and showed that, though there was a rather large deficit, yet the condition of the club was very satisfactory. It was decided that the office of Manager should be abolished and that a coach should be obtained for the coming season. The election of officers resulted as follows:—President, T. MacCrae, B.A.; Secretary, A. L. McAllister; Treasurer, K. D. W. McMillan; Captain, Geo. A. Clayes; Councillors, W. Laidlaw and W. A. Gilmour, '94; C. W. Cross, and D. McDonald '95; J. Gilmour and W. A. White '96.

UNIVERSITY CALENDAR.

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

THURSDAY, MARCH 16TH.

Y.M.C.A.—Business Meeting, Nominations. Discussion of Constitution, Y.M.C.A. Hall, 5 p.m.

FRIDAY, MARCH 17TH.

Literary Society.—Election of Officers, See board.
Ladies' Glee Club.—Practice in Room 3, College Building, 1 p.m.
Jackson Society.—Jackson Hall, Victoria College, 8 p.m.
Mathematical and Physical Society.—Room 16, College building, 3.30.

SATURDAY, MARCH 18TH.

Victoria Literary Society.—Literary Society Hall, Victoria College, 8 p.m.
Public Lecture by Prof. Vander Smissen.—"Goethe's Faust." Continuation of the Lecture of the 4th inst, University Hall, 3 p.m.

SUNDAY, MARCH 19TH.

Bible Class.—"The Slave and his Master." Philemon. Rev. J. P. Sheraton, D. D., Wycliffe College, 3 p.m.
Gospel Service.—Y.M.C.A. Hall, 4:15 p.m.

MONDAY, MARCH 20TH.

S.P.S. Prayer Meeting.—Y.M.C.A. Hall, 5 p.m.

TUESDAY, MARCH 21ST.

Class of '95 Prayer Meeting.—Y.M.C.A. Parlor, 8.30 a.m.
Class of '96 Prayer Meeting.—Y.M.C.A. Reading Room, 8:30 a.m.
Y.W.C.A.—Y.M.C.A. Hall, 4 p.m.
Natural Science Association.—Biological Building, 4 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22ND.

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

MIDST THE MORTAR BOARDS.

ASSOCIATION FOOT-BALL.—The adjourned annual meeting of the Association Foot-ball Club was held on Thursday, the 11th, Mr. Breckenridge, the President, being in the chair. The report of Mr. Goldie, the Treasurer, was first received, and showed that the receipts had been \$70.70, while the expenditures amounted to \$70.90; this leaves a deficit of 20c. The result of the elections was:—Hon. President, W. P. Thompson; Pres., D. M. Duncan; Vice-Pres., N. J. McArthur; Sec'y., W. E. Burns; Treas., W. H. Pease; Curator, S. M. Brown; Councillors, Messrs. Sissons and Fry, '94; Kirkwood and Laidlaw, '95; Murray and McKinnon, '96; Representative to the Western Union, Alex. Goldie; Captain, W. E. Linglebach. During the election "Watty" Thompson came in and was loudly cheered. He traced briefly the career of the Club during the past season, and declared it was the most successful the Club had had for several years.

CRICKET.—The annual meeting of the University Cricket Club was held on Thursday last with Mr. McKenzie in the chair. The following are the officers elected for the coming season:—Hon. President, G. M. Wrong, B. A.; President, P. E. McKenzie; Vice-President, M. Lash; Secretary, A. A. Bond; Captain, T. H. Allison, Curator, W. R. White; Councillors, Messrs. Moore and White, '93; Bain and Kingston, '94; McDonald and Sims, '95; Kingston and Perry, '96.

Mr. D. W. McGee, the popular fellow in Orientals, intends to spend the summer in Heidelberg, where he will pursue his favorite studies. He expects to leave as soon as lectures stop.

Y. M. C. A.—The Association held its last devotional meeting for this session on Thursday last. A very large number of students were present to hear Messrs. Crossley and Hunter, who had kindly consented to conduct the meeting. Mr. Crossley first addressed the students. He explained that every individual was a trinity, being composed of three distinct parts—body, mind and spirit. He exhorted all present to care for the interests of each of these divisions, and especially for those of the last. Mr. Hunter then spoke very earnestly on the question of "What are you doing?" Not a few were affected by the warm, stirring remarks made by Mr. Hunter. During the course of the meeting Mr. Crossley sang two solos which were heartily appreciated. The Society wishes to express its thanks to Mr. Crossley and Mr. Hunter for their kindness, and the interest they manifested in the Society by spending an hour or two of

their precious time with the Varsity students. . . . As there will be no further devotional meetings of the Society on Thursday evenings, it is earnestly desired that every one who can make it convenient, will turn out to the Sunday afternoon meeting at 4.15 p.m. . . . The meeting on Thursday evening will be the annual business meeting. Nominations for office will be received, and the constitution will be discussed. Every member should be present.

Messrs. Barr and Sheppard, of the Varsity Hockey Club, were two of the players chosen to make up the picked Toronto team which played in Ottawa on Saturday evening.

Mr. Charles Dill, '91, of the School of Science, has obtained the position of mechanical draughtsman in the Edison Electric Works at Peterboro. He left on Saturday.

The annual meeting of the Women's Literary Society, was held in Room 3, on Friday evening, the President, Miss Lye, in the chair. The minutes of the last annual meeting were read and signed and also the reports of the Treasurer of the General Committee and of the Glee Club. A communication was then read asking that the Society recommend a member for the "Varsity" Directorate in addition to an associate editor. Miss M. L. Robertson, seconded by Miss Telfer, moved that a committee be formed to find boarding houses suitable for the women students; the following six volunteered to form this committee, Misses Robertson, Cowan, Jeffrey, Lye, Dowd and MacGregor. The question of an open meeting was then discussed and the new executive committee given to understand that the Society is most desirous of holding such a meeting. Several motions of change in the constitution were read and carried, the principal perhaps being that by Miss Cowan, seconded by Miss Skinner, which will allow Canadian politics to be discussed. The election of officers resulted as follows:—President, Miss Weir; Vice-President, Miss Hamilton; 4th year Councillor, Miss Lawson; 3rd year Councillor, Miss Fraser; 2nd year Councillor, Miss Tucker; Rec. Secretary, Miss Street; Cor. Secretary, Miss King; "Varsity" Editorial staff, Miss Durand (acclamation); "Varsity" Directorate, Miss J. S. Cowan; Residence Committee, Miss M. L. Robertson, Miss Skinner, Miss Withrow; M. O. RORKE, Cor. Sec'y,

It was proposed to have another game of basket ball at the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium, between the Centrals and the Varsity team, but it is scarcely likely that the Varsity men will be able to play. Several of our athletes, however, will figure prominently in the "Assault at arms."

On account of defective eye-sight, W. P. Reeve has dropped out of '94.

BANJO AND GUITAR CLUB.—The annual meeting of the Club was held in the residence dining hall on Thursday, the 9th inst. The Secretary read the annual report which showed that the Club had received invitations from London, St. Thomas, Brantford, Woodstock, Berlin, Windsor, Warton, Richmond Hill, Weston, Owen Sound and Bowmanville, all of which, however, could not be accepted. The report also contained an account of the various social functions in which the Club had participated, including many dances, suppers and entertainments of various kinds. In adopting the report the members formed themselves into a committee on the whole and unanimously concurred that the Banjo and Guitar Club had put in as gay and festive a time as was possible for poor, over-worked students to do in six months, and it was suggested that a dispensation from lectures for the entire Club be applied for to enable the Club next year to accept the urgent invitations from distant parts of the Province, some of which have already been received. The following officers were elected: Honorary-President, L. Aubrey Moore; President, Gilbert Royce; Secretary-Treasurer, J. S. Dobie; Committee, W. S. Carroll, J. D. Roxburgh, A. L. McAllister.

THEATRICAL LOCALS.

Remember James Whitcomb Riley, appears at the Pavilion on Thursday Evening. He will be assisted by the celebrated Mezzo-Soprano, Miss Lillie Kleiser, with Mrs. H. M. Blight as Accompanist. A thoroughly enjoyable entertainment is assured.



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