

Pages Missing

THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

VOL. XII.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, MARCH 22, 1893.

No. 19.

Editorial Comments.



THE residence question—i. e., the extension of residence—has been much discussed in the past ten years, and steps are now being taken to provide a residence for the women students. The authorities, however, do not intend an immediate extension of the quarters of the male students as the funds of the university are not in the condition to stand a drain so serious, as the erection of a suitable building would entail.

The present residence is so small that it cannot be considered as representing anything more than the germ of the residence idea in either advantages to the students or profits to the management.

There are at present on the pages of the university calendar the names of twenty-seven hundred undergraduates. It is not too liberal a guess to say that out of that number five hundred men could be induced to live in a residence if well equipped and run on business principles.

The idea of such a large boarding-house may be regarded as chimerical, but the possibilities are proportional only to the size of the scheme.

The average student pays one dollar a week for room rent but at this rate a residence building which would accommodate five hundred men would yield an income of fifteen thousand dollars per term of thirty weeks.

Money can be borrowed on the credit of the Ontario Government (as the university are now doing to the extent of a quarter of a million). The income from such a building would be ample to pay the interest on half a million for which a most comfortable and thoroughly equipped building can be erected.

The steward's department, when on so large a scale could be conducted so as to pay the running expenses of the building, and at the same time give meals at a rate as low as any boarding-house in the city.

It is to be remembered in connection with this scheme that a great corporation such as the university, having the government to endorse its credit, can negotiate if desired, a perpetual loan at a low rate of interest by issuing bonds, which, while negotiable, are not redeemable; that the university will have to pay nothing for land on which to build the residence, that much of the management would be in the hands of resident fellows as at Oxford and Cambridge, who, as they are already employed by the university, would probably undertake the additional duties of partial supervision at a merely nominal salary.

It is true that the large dormitories in connection with many of the universities in the United States have been built by private benefactors, but it is also true that they are the source of large income to the university authorities. The plan is therefore one not beyond the pale of practical politics, and we hope to see it discussed.

Our remarks in last issue *re* faculty appointments, appear to have aroused some interest as we are informed the majority of that august body are going round with the offending shoe in their hand inquiring whom it can possibly fit. Do not, we beg of you gentlemen, display this unaccustomed diffidence over an *appropriation*. Try it on and if the shoe fits, wear it.

CORRIDOR SKETCHES.

A haggard face, marked by lines that might be only care and sorrow, that might be sin and shame as well; dishevelled grey hair thrust into a sort of hasty order, as if some thought of better days had suggested a regard for appearances; eyes fathomless in their despair and longing, that seemed to yearn for something from the bright joys of other days:—such was old Mary Malone as she stumbled up the steps into Isaacstine's pawn shop, clasping in her shrivelled fingers a faded velvet case, such as we find stowed away in the attic drawers and quiet home corners, where lie faces of toddling children now men grown, and of grown men now long passed behind life's pictured scene. The trembling fingers pressed the clasp revealing a fair young face, a form glistening in bridal robes, ripe rosy lips that smiled back life's cheery morning greeting. The old woman's lips trembled, and into those worn eyes there crept a flash of hope, the last trace of that bright glance which had looked out from those eyes on her wedding morning. Slowly she approached the counter and laid her picture on it; then resting her toilworn hands on the shabby case, she spoke in a voice of earnest pleading, whose trembling tones struck now and again a chord of that tender music which had filled the world for her when life, so long ago, had seemed one endless song.

Straightening her bent figure and lifting her eyes, now shining with the divine light of hope, she exclaimed: "Could yez give me the price of a drink on the picture, Mr. Isaacstine?"

"Not on your tin-type, Mary," said the Jew.

S. J. R.

One hundred and two members of the House of Representatives are college graduates.

FROM HUGO.

O Sun, O face divine,
 Wild flowers, that valleys line,
 Grottoes where voices sound,
 Grass-hidden odors we divine,
 O woods, where thorns abound ;
 O sacred mountains, high as fame,
 White as marble temple's frame,
 Aged rocks, time-conquering oak,
 Whose scattered soul, I wish your name,
 To enter in my heart invoke,
 O virgin forest, purest courses,
 Limpid lake with shadow'd sources,
 Waters that mirrored heaven's cave,
 Conscious of all nature's forces,
 What think you of this bold knave?

F. M. L.

A FRENCH-CANADIAN VILLAGE.

To every one there comes at times the feeling that after all the routine, the regularity of city life is not life in reality. It is a sham. It cannot be the ideal existence. It must be a mere transition stage of our lives, which having been endured for a time, will be succeeded by some brighter and more wholesome existence. To any such, if there are any, and I imagine there are not a few, no better tonic could be recommended than a short stay of two or three months in some French-Canadian village. There he will not find the busy-ness, the exclusiveness, the everybody-mind-himself-ness which so hurts him in city life.

A year ago, after a rather hard session of University work, it was my lot to spend vacation in this manner. The object I had before me was not merely recreation but education (in speaking French); but nevertheless the feeling of relief, of ease, and of relaxation, which intercourse with the gay, light-hearted French conduces, was not unwelcome after the monotony of a grind.

The most marked feature of French-Canadian life is its primitiveness, for they are unprogressive to a degree almost painful to a methodical, stolid Anglo-Saxon. The village will not be laid out in regular squares, but its site having been chosen for some natural advantage, as a stream, its streets follow every bend of the creek, and give the village a very picturesque appearance.

Advancing along the main street, which usually bears the name of some saint, a ramshackle sort of building with a sign in front, "Voiturier," first gains our attention. The owner of the shop fills the same place in the village economy that is filled by our village blacksmith, but his office is not held in the same high esteem among the French that it is with us. Above his shop lives his family, sure to be a large one, who descend to the lower level by means of a ladder-like stairway running up the outside of the house. An elevated balcony, which with the roof serves as a drying-ground for the family washing, is the only other remarkable feature of the establishment.

Further on is the centre of the village, the market on one corner with an hotel and the grocery shop for vis-a-vis. Turning to the right, towards the "Pont Rouge," over the little creek, on one side is the house of the "membre," and across the road the offices of the "avocat" and the "notaire," where the village lads and young men meet every night to talk politics and gossip.

But you have not seen all the village yet. Do you hear those bells? Well, that's the church; and grouped around it you will find the boy's college and the convent and the hospital, showing that the duties of the church are not limited to spiritual matters. Beyond that still, on the very outskirts of the village, you will find the Palais de Jus-

tice. It is almost in the country. All around are farm houses of a plain, substantial type, and stretching away from these are the long, narrow farms, sometimes no wider than an "arpent et demi" and nearly a mile long, which are so common and so fruitful in Quebec. Often a pious, tithe-paying farmer, will feel very like not praying for the release of his ancestors from purgatory, when he reflects on the weary pilgrimages he has made to the other end of his farm after some frisky colt that has broken loose. In front of almost every door may be seen the tobacco plant, destined to afford the hard-working Canuck enjoyment during the long winter nights, whilst the less vigorous or perhaps more refined taste of his English brethren can only be gratified by more expensive foreign brands.

A taste for the picturesque, the most marked feature of the French race in no matter what country or clime, is here apparent. Plants in every window, pretty flower beds are common; whilst young trees endeavor to assert themselves in all possible corners. But this refinement does not extend below the surface in the majority of cases, for although I had great good fortune in falling in with a family much above the ordinary level, nevertheless the French are not fastidious as to their cleanliness. Everywhere groups of dirty, barefooted children are to be seen playing by the side of the road or by the stream. "Cleanliness is next to godliness" is an Anglo-Saxon maxim, I think.

The church, as might be expected, is all-pervasive, nowhere is the parishioner free from the supervision of the curé. The curé is bound up with the life of the people; with the men he is friendly and is liked for his bonhomie and liberality and is looked up to with not a little respect as a being of a superior order to themselves; while as to the women, he is their spiritual father, their confidant in all things. In religion, as in every day matters, the love of the French for beauty is manifest; in fact, it is because the clergy recognise this national passion, as it were, that it is hopeless to expect any great overthrow of the doctrine of the Roman Catholic church in Quebec. All the appointments of the church are attractive to eye and ear. Large spacious churches, graceful spires, painted windows, pictures and images combined with a solemn, ritual and brilliant music, all render the church peculiarly congenial to the French habitant. In truth, to an outsider it is attractive; I do not think I ever saw anything more impressive than the solemn procession of the whole village, old men and young, mothers of families, girls and little children, through the green arches and avenues of little birches, headed by the clergy bearing the sacred wafer, on the feast of Corpus Christi.

Their simplicity of manner and habits is striking after the city. A freedom of speech which we would term license pervades their conversation and allows them to discuss topics, strictly beyond the pale in our more refined society. But the truth of the matter is, that being educated in this manner they find nothing strange in it and where no harm is thought surely there can be no harm. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* Nor does it lead to undue freedom of action. Rousseau himself might here have met the ideal which, sick of the venalities of the society of his day, he was seeking; and if there be any modern Rousseau among us, I cannot do better than to tell him to spend a vacation alone in a French-Canadian village.

W. M. B., '94.

The Lehigh Glee Club will take an Eastern trip through the State of Pennsylvania.

President Eliot is in favor of bestowing degrees on Annex graduates, and it is hoped Harvard will soon open its graduate school to women, as Yale has already done.

The South is woefully lacking in libraries, there being only one library south of Washington of 50,000 volumes. The average number of volumes of fifty-seven libraries in North Carolina is 300.

AS WE LIST: AND YE LIST.

Religion, politics and literature, these three, and the greatest of these is literature, inasmuch as it includes the other two. The religion and politics of a people reveal what they are thinking and doing, and thoughts and actions form the subject matter of literature. The truest index of a nation is found in those productions which, as distinguished from scientific and historical writings, are purely artistic. It is impossible for men to misrepresent themselves in literature, and their nearest approach to falsehood lies in their tendency to display themselves at best, at worst, or indifferent.

We can instance no literature which portrays the highest and most ideal qualities of a nation more purely and persistently than that of the American people. From the "Bay Psalm Book," compiled by those stern old ministers of Massachusetts bay, versed in Scripture and ignorant of art, to the last outpouring of Walt Whitman, we can hardly find a story or a poem that does not in strong or feeble manner reflect that fine desire of freedom and righteousness and love which makes life glorious and man a son of God.

Truly is it said that America has produced no Shakespeare, no Milton, no Dante, no Goethe, no Scott; but she has her own names, and they are great and distinctive and imperishable. No Anglo-Saxon on the eastern side of the Atlantic could have been a Hawthorne, an Emerson, a Whittier. These, and kindred writers, are her peculiar pride, her first-born, who differ, and she thinks happily, from all the other children of the world, and who, when they have become men, shall prove themselves masters not to be excelled.

To assert that this high standard has already been reached, and to pretend to see in Whitman, as some of his more rabid admirers do, the companion of Shakespeare and Æschylus is to be as absurd as untrue. No one who had studied that volume which forms his life work, "Leaves of Grass," with any calmness of judgment could give him that rank. To rank him at all seems impossible. The ordinary reader, if we may interpret such an one, approaches Whitman with a preconceived scorn. Upon entering him he is impressed by a disorderly vastness; he feels as if he were standing on the shore, with the sea stretching far to the right and the land spreading far to the left—with the air full of the sound of the waves, and the chirpings of birds, and the voices of men, and the perfume of flowers, all mingled together, all audible and perceived, none articulate or distinct. He passes from one thing to another, through songs of woods and wars, and trees and waters, and cities and farms, and loves and sorrows, and men with their friends, wives, children, flesh and bones; he catches in the poet, here a note of blatant democracy, there a flare of American boastfulness; he is dashed from beauty to impropriety, from the sublime to the verge of the ridiculous, from a rhapsody on the "eternal hills" to a dissertation on the *femur*; and, notwithstanding, he emerges with a glow in his vein, a wholesome enthusiasm, a desire for life, and, most remarkable of all, a liking for, and an admiration of, Whitman. This we suggest to be the experience of the ordinary reader. We will take no responsibility by saying anything of the extraordinary reader.

Walt Whitman has made use of that rhymeless, metreless, but not unrhythmical verse which is employed in the authorized version of the translations of Hebrew poetry and also in the poems of Ossian. His lines sometimes read like prose, but on the whole they are musical, and occasionally carry us away, as in those powerful songs of Lincoln, "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed," and "O Captain, my Captain!" One of the strains which Whitman pours forth ceaselessly, and not always wisely, is that in celebration of human association—friendship. And yet we often feel in him a delicate perception of the need and longing of man, such as he expresses in the few

lines of the poem "I Saw in Louisiana a Live-Oak Growing," that arouses in us intense sympathy.

To attempt to rank Whitman among his own countrymen or among foreigners is, at present, hazardous. He himself declared that his admirers injured him much more seriously than his decriers, and asked the world to postpone its judgment of him for a hundred years. We had no intention either of judging him or of remarking upon him, and, to prove our innocence, we honestly assure you that we commenced these observations in the firm belief that we were going to discuss Thomas Bailey Aldrich and Edgar Allen Poe. We can give no reason for not having done so, except that we seldom do what we were going to.

THE SECOND PART OF FAUST.

The second edition of the Faust "Fragment," published in 1808, contained the Prologue in Heaven, the Dedication and the Prologue in the Theatre. It is in the first of these, however, that most interest lies, for it embodies the fundamental idea of the new poem. Faust is to be saved, and this is seen in the words of the Lord to Mephistopheles:

Him, canst thou seize, thy power exist
And lead him on thy downward course,
Then stand abashed, when thou perforce must own
A good man in the direful grasp of ill
His consciousness of right retaineth still.

The Mephistopheles in the Prologue in Heaven is again different from him who, as a servant to Faust, fulfills the commission of the Earth Spirit. The latter is egotistical, and is indeed sceptical of the aspirations of the human soul, while the former is doomed to defeat because he cannot properly comprehend mankind.

The second part of Faust was finished in 1831. Some parts had been written as early as the period of his arrival at Weimar, and the rest at various intervals between that time and its publication. The allegory and mysticism of this part of the play have rendered it more difficult than the poetical symbolism of Part I. It is, however, perfectly in harmony with the second edition of the first part, and the two must be taken together. Faust has seen in the former part, only the little world, but now he is to see the great world, and upon a broader and more elevated scale. This part is a history of humanity rather than the history of a human being.

When the misery of Gretchen and the awful consciousness of sin have fallen unheeded upon Faust he gradually becomes callous to all sensual desires. By degrees there arises in him the feeling for something higher, nobler and more enduring, and this culminates in his wish to live for the welfare of others. The first four acts are devoted to his strivings for himself, but in the last act all his endeavors are altruistic. Recognizing at length that by his exertions homes have been made happy and hearts more glad, Faust exclaims!

Thus here, by dangers girt, shall glide away,
Of childhood, manhood, age, the vigorous day:
And such a throng I fain would see—
Stand on free soil among a people free!
Then dared I hail the moment fleeing:
"Ah, still delay—thou art so fair!"
The traces cannot, of mine earthly being,
In æons perish,—they are there:—
In proud fore-feeling of such lofty bliss
I now enjoy the highest moment—this!

Thus there is a distinction between the contrast of the legend and that of Goethe's play. In the legend the allotted time has been decided upon, and until that time arrives Faust is free. In the poem of Goethe, however, the period is not fixed, and Faust's doom appears uncertain to the last, although the words of the Lord in the Prologue lead us to conclude that Faust will never subjugate his higher nature to his lower.

As this was the last lecture of the series, there was a large attendance, and Prof. Vander Smissen was listened to with great interest.

The Varsity

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING DURING THE ACADEMIC YEAR, IN THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO,

BY

THE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

The Annual Subscription is \$1.00 a year, payable strictly in advance.

All literary contributions and items of College news should be addressed to THE EDITOR, University College, Toronto.

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

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.

The Editorial Staff.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF - - - - - R. S. STRATH, '93.
 BUSINESS MANAGER AND TREASURER, G. R. ANDERSON, '93.
 ASS'T BUSINESS MANAGER - - - K. D. McMILLAN, '94.

The Directorate.

N. McDougall, '93, Chairman.
 H. A. Moore, '93.
 S. Silcox, '93.
 W. J. Knox, '94.
 E. M. Lawson, '96.
 G. M. Ferris, B.A.,
 Toronto Medical School.

W. E. Lingelbach, '94, Secretary.
 A. R. Gregory, '94.
 F. Boyce, '95.
 J. A. McArthur, '95.
 A. R. Goldie,
 School of Science.

Associate Editors.

S. J. Robertson, '93.
 R. S. Jenkins, '93.
 Miss E. Durand, '94.
 B. A. C. Craig, '94.
 J. H. Brown, '94.
 R. W. Thomson,
 School of Science.

D. M. Duncan, '94.
 N. M. Duncan, '95.
 J. L. Murray, '95.
 E. E. Harvey,
 Medical School.
 G. S. Young, B.A.,
 Medical School.

MARCH 22, 1893.

LITERARY SOCIETY ELECTIONS.

CONTRARY to general expectations, the election of the Literary Society was a very hotly-contested one, though only two officers were fought for (Mr. Coutts, having resigned, and thus left Mr. Biggar elected by acclamation to the office of Historical Secretary), yet feeling ran almost as high and party spirit was almost as rampant, as though a whole ticket were at stake. The result of the voting was the election of Mr. G. H. Levy as first Vice-President, and of Mr. C. C. Stuart as Curator, the vote standing as follows:

1st Vice-President.....	G. H. Levy.....173.....	Maj. 62.
	S. J. McLean.....111	
Curator.....	C. C. Stuart.....173.....	Maj. 42
	W. E. McPherson 131	

We wended our way to Richmond Hall about 8 p.m., expecting to see great things, and we saw them in abundance. The scrap continued from a purely scientific point of view, was a beautiful one, "a gentlemanly scrap," as one of the devotees of the noble art of scrapping enthusiastically called it; not a one-sided affair, as was last year's, but quite evenly balanced. To tell of all the deeds of valor that stout heroes wrought, would far surpass the limits of our column, and the abilities of our pen, and the patience of our readers. On this side Myers and on that side McMillan wrought deeds of deathless glory, were only a bard, such as "the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle," on hand to commemorate them. But just as there were scraps before that of Troy and scrappers before Agamemnon, whose names have sunk into oblivion for want of the sacred bard, so too alas! there have been such since as well. We are fain to exclaim with the poet:—

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour,
 Varsity hath need of thee.

for truly only such an one as he could fitly celebrate the feats of the combatants. Our modesty alone deters us from entering on the task.

And what need to enlarge on the lesser lights that shone around these greater luminaries? Deeds were done all worthy to be enshrined in song; and we would seriously think of writing an epic on the subject but for the fact that such a theme were endless, unless we make our poem a mere honor roll of names, leaving their achievements to be conjured up by the imagination of the readers. We could thus indeed produce an array of names that would sound sonorous in the listeners ear.

Glaucomque Medontaque Thersilochumque, but which would, as one of Virgil's critics complains of such lines as this, become rather monotonous if long continued. We are therefore reduced to the painful dilemma of mentioning all or none, and are constrained by circumstances to seize the latter horn. If any man who scrapped is disappointed at not finding his name preserved by us for the admiration of future ages, we will feel deeply grieved; but we bow to inevitable necessity, which confines this report within the limits of our weekly journal.

Such was the scrap; but meanwhile at the other end of the hall, a somewhat different scene was being enacted, for here the heroes of comic song and stage dance, were disporting themselves before the eyes of an admiring crowd. Whether the introduction of such side-shows at our elections is altogether to our credit as a student body, we will leave each gentle reader to determine for himself; our own opinion is, that we would do well to refuse such side attractions, and stick closely to the main point at issue—the election itself.

All the time enthusiastic politicians were bustling to and fro, now seeing that the moral suasion committee did its duty, now visiting the lunch rooms and partaking generously of coffee and sandwich, now inspecting the list of voters, and sending cabs in hot haste to bring in dilatory members, now watching with anxious eye the steady diminution of the boodle fund. Others again beheld with rapturous gaze the shirtless heroes of the scrap, and carried away remnants of clothing to treasure up as relics of the eventful night.

At last it was all over. About 5 a.m. the polls were closed, and the few who still lingered in the hall, waited to hear the issue of the fray; and then fared homewards in the early dawn. As for ourselves, we betook ourselves to rest tired and worn with the toils and anxieties of the night, but devoutly thankful that we were still alive, and revolving in our mind, hopes of the wonder and admiration we would excite in our friends, as we related to them the wondrous doings of the scrap, and our own deeds most wonderful of all.

A. B. LOCKHEAD.

HERODOTUS, BOOK XV.

(TRANSLATION OF A RECENTLY DISCOVERED FRAGMENT.)

Now there is also a custom in that land in the second week of the third month in each successive year, on the sixth day of the week, to hold a great festival, which others indeed call the Feast of Trumpets, because that many of the votaries are wont on that occasion to blow on fish-horns and other and marvellous instruments, but which my informant claimed ought to be called the Feast of Burnt-Offerings, because that each boldest man of the worshippers, putting forth smoke in the most marvellous fashion from his mouth, is wont so to lade the air with the incense of this offering as that the less spirited can scarcely breathe but are forced to raise the windows, whereby indeed the deity is greatly angered because that part of the incense offered to him is thus lost.

As for the customs and usages at this festival I cannot give a general account of them, for my informant said

that it was not allowed to him to divulge these most sacred mysteries to the uninitiated: but certain stray facts he escaped his own notice telling me: and by diligent putting of these together I was enabled to obtain a general outline of this great festival, how it is wont to be observed.

The worshippers assemble in a large hall in many and various costumes: but the chief priest is wont to wear a long robe reaching even to his heels. Now when the worshippers have come to order the assistant priest reads from a certain book of mystic formulæ in so solemn and holy a tone as that none can understand him. Thereupon, on this great annual Feast-Day, it is customary for the chief man among the worshippers coming forward to say all manner of kind and agreeable things about the chief priest, how that he has attended most diligently to all the duties of his office and has failed not in the most assiduous performance of the rites and ceremonies that he is called on to execute. And, all the while, each man that will among the rest of the worshippers offers his burnt-offering, many doing so simultaneously, but others again making no offering at all. When the chief priest has thus been lauded he is wont to address the worshippers, and to tell them he has tried to be faithful in his duties, whereat the worshippers applaud most wondrously, each most enthusiastic man standing on his feet and swinging his hat above his head, some also carrying clubs wherewith they beat the floor most vigorously.*

It is a law of that worship that no man shall be chief priest for more than a year, and, therefore, at this festival a new chief priest is appointed; and he also is cheered in this vigorous fashion and requested to sit beside the presiding chief priest that so he may be more conspicuous to the worshippers. And sometimes, my informant told me, there is a contest as to who shall be chief priest and also as to the minor offices of the sanctuary already mentioned, who shall fill them; and then it is wont for the worshippers to hold another feast on the eighth day after the first one, and to proceed to choose the chief priest and the others from among those that are seeking office. Howbeit, at the festival my informant described there was no second feast, and, therefore, I cannot tell in what manner it is wont to be observed, though he spoke in a very cautious way about Moral Suasion and other such dread mysteries which it was not holy to reveal to strangers, and how that the worshippers consecrate their other garments and especially their shirts to the God of Confusion and of Tatters as he is called in that language, which deity is wont to be worshipped whenever this second feast occurs. But when I questioned my informant as to the nature of this god and the manner of his worship he refused to tell me, for this, he said, was the most sacred mystery of all and could only be mentioned after sacrificing a white elephant; and the penalty of death was proclaimed upon such as should reveal it to the uninitiated, so that of these things I cannot speak. And yet. . . . [MS here ends].

To the Editor of VARSITY:

The University public greeted with enthusiasm the blaze of fireworks by whose light a correspondent in last issue rang the knell of partyism (he claimed) in the Literary Society. In that baleful glare we perceived in a moment how ghastly the skeleton we have clasped to our breast for years, how of the earth, earthy was the idol at whose shrine our fathers bowed. While we waded awe-stricken through the turgid sea of rhetoric in which his letter threatened to engulf us, our eyes dazzled by the starry rockets of his eloquence, we were suddenly recalled to the dry land of common sense by stubbing our toe against a rock of facts. The fact that the writer of the letter was a man thoroughly qualified to speak on the subject of politics in the Literary Society, as it is a subject

which he has studied *from every side*. We glean, from a careful perusal of the letter, that the writer has "had his mind turned to distracting and unnatural excitement when it should have been most strictly bent on study." We had hitherto been of the belief that the chief claim of the party system and its attendant excitement to consideration was the pleasing breaks it made in the final rush and worry of our year's work. To treat the closing paragraph as anything but a pleasantry would be to seriously asperse the sanity or veracity of the writer, as if even a very small part of it were true, our graduates would, most of them, instead of filling the highest posts in the church, the state and the bar, be undergoing confinement with hard labor in the penitentiary. It is generally conceded that parties and elections are a practical joke. Whatever of reality they possess is a benefit in drawing more closely together the members of the different parties. If, as Mr. Reeve declares, parties are dead, we have lost the last of our University traditions and have taken one more step towards that happy state in which the student and the school-boy is indistinguishable.

CONSERVATIVE.

THE TRUE STORY OF JOSH HOODLUM AND AMANDA JONES.

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

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Meeting of political jobbers of all parties. Time February 1892.*

1st Politician: My trusty fellow boodlers, you must know

Our Literary funds have fallen low,
Last year one side was bad, t'other good;
So true men took their stand where virtue stood.
O friends! I say it was a holy sight
To see those party saints uphold the right.
Then fools grew wise and cried, "Let folly sink,"
Then bums left beer and shouted, "Down with drink,"
Then even pluggers pawned their precious books
To help destroy the hated Federal crooks.
Nay more! so bright shone Virtue's robes upon her
That even party leaders talked of *Honor*;
And so reformed, dear friends, were you and I
That one whole hour we forgot to lie!
The Progress captains then advance and speak,
"Oh, never let the strong oppress the weak,
Bulwarks of Liberty! be this your word,
For this in Freedom's cause now draw the sword
And though opposing thousands crowd the field,
Resist, and fighting die, but never yield."
With trembling hearts, but arms prepared for fray,
The gallant band pursued its dangerous way.
It numbered few—four million men—no more!
While of the foe they found at least a *score*.
Such awful odds dismayed the Progress men.
'Twas bloody work to fight with even ten,
But when the Federal host swelled up to twenty,
Freedom's bulwarks found it more than plenty.
But tender mercy moved the Federal lords
And truest pity shone in all their words.
"Ye Progress men, you see what fearful odds
Against you stand! how fight for us the Gods;
But cease to quake; the victors spare your lives,
If but through you the Literary thrives.
Then unto you for one whole year she goes;
See that her chest with money overflows."
They spoke, the mighty Federal host withdrew
And then at last their foemen safety knew,
But Oh! alas, for virtue's guiding light!
Her sons could do all things except the right.
For her their lives they'd give, their liberties;

*A break in the MS. here.—Translator.

One only thing they would not give—their fees.
So now you see that, though the year's far spent,
The public chest holds not a blessed cent.

2nd Pol.: Ills so great require great corrections,
Our only chance is this : to hold elections,
Principle and morals and such like trash,
May do for fools and babes, but we want *Cash*.
And does not long experience surely prove
There's but one way a student's purse to move,
Uncultured clowns may fall in Honor's trap,
But Varsity men pay up to see a *scrap*!

3rd Pol.: I grant, old chap, that what you say is true,
Wise men will pay a lusty fight to view ;
But still—and 'tis a very deep disgrace
To see such prejudice in such a place—
Some freshmen fools—to hear the joke won't hurt you—
Madly believe there's such a thing as *Virtue*.
Now you and I and all our pious lot,
Have found by proof that *Virtue's utter rot*,
And we could see without the least remorse
The freshmen run its blind pernicious course ;
But you must know, that though he be a noodle,
The freshman has a vote, nay more ! *has boodle*.
So I propose we seek a lower level
And call upon our patron saint the Devil,
Some lofty moral truths he'll bring to light
To catch the freshmen in the coming fight.
And when we've got for each a noble side,
We, also must be noble and divide.
Nobility at first may seem hard work,
For 'tis a job all good men try to shirk,
But you well know that our nobility
Won't do us harm, for 'tis hypocrisy.
Console yourselves with this, and now away !
Ere long we'll meet each other in the fray,
And when the cash is safely gathered in,
We'll meet as friends again and have some gin.

Exeunt omnes.

SCENE 2.—*Enter Josh.*

Josh.: Thunder and turf ! I'm in a desperate state,
For three whole months I've sought to make me great,
I've plugged, and bummed, and tried the middle plan ;
But all in vain ! I'm not a famous man.
I paid my fees, I howled at convocation ;
I ran for judge at my own nomination,
I studied Latin hard as far as *amo* ;
To buy the first year French I sold my hay-mow,
For Euclid's work I purchased double glasses
And made my way up to the Bridge of Asses.
Not being great, I thought I would be merry,
And drank ten beers and half a quart of sherry ;
But cops took me up and locked me in the gaol,
At this very hour I'm only out on bail,
What shall I do to merit fame eternal ?
Oh, now I know ! *I'll read the College Journal*,
Such lofty spirits write those classic pages,
'Tis plain immortal genius in them rages.
Perhaps 'll see some joke, some verse, some story,
To spur my jaded footsteps on to glory.

[He reads a poem entitled "The Poet."

Hooray ! I've greatness after all ! now, I know it !
This poem proves I'm meant to be a Poet,
My mind's dissolved in pure imagination ;
My brains expand with mighty inspiration.
I feel the spirit come ! my soul's on fire !
I throb ! I burn ! I burst with hot desire !
Come forth my poem ! your author's heart relieve !
What fame sublime will your grand lines achieve !

Josh's Ode to Amanda Jones.

I love thee ; Oh, I love thee ! fair Amanda Jones !
Let all the trees around announce in muffled groans,
I love thee ; Oh, I love thee ! fair Amanda Jones !
Let all the winds around unite with all the stones,
And in a gentle whisper proclaim in thunder tones,
I love thee ; OH, I love thee ! fair Amanda Jones !

[Enter University Union Leader in time to hear concluding lines.

U. U. L.: I've read much verse by Poets of high name ;
I tell you, Josh, you put them all to shame,
Lazy Milton refused to hunt for rhyme,
So his weak verse is *blank*, but yours—sublime.
'Tis plain to see what humble Shakespeare meant,
To man's small wit he made a low descent ;
But 'tis *your* glory, *your* renown immense,
That *your* fine lines transcend all human sense,
Shakespeare and Milton thus beneath your feet,
You see what future greatness you would meet.
But hear the *truth* : poems are shabby tricks ;
The *noblest* art, my friend, is *'Politics* !

'Tis there the truest martyrs all have died,
'Tis there great moral principles are *tried* ;
Just thing of *Union* ; how divine a thought !
All things by *union* are together brought.
And but for *union*, I swear by thunder
Swift again all things would go asunder,
'Tis *union* keeps in place the mountain boulders ;
'Tis *union* keeps your head upon your shoulders.
By *union* of their stones cathedrals stand,
Your boots stay on your feet by *union's* band ;
And hark ! if there's no *union* in your lives,
Unless by *union* love forever thrives,
If there's no *union*—mark my solemn tones—
How can you ever wed Amanda Jones ?

Josh.: Long life to union ! ay, long and hearty !

U. U. L.: Then join at once, *dear* friend, the Union Party.
Some fools maintain that union's very bad ;
We'll prove by voting that such men are mad,
Others would beat them hard with club and mallet,
But you and I prefer to use the ballot.

[Exit. U. U. L.]

Josh.: I'll vote, you bet ; I'll fight with sword or stones,
For Union's honor, and Amanda Jones !

[Enter Alma Mater Leader in time to hear this.]

A. M. L.: Dost mean to say that thou hast joined his *side*,
Thou stupid mass of stale rhinoceros hide ?
Thou fool ! if truth from falsehood thou discernest,
Couldst't not tell he lied, *since he was so earnest* ?
To make of union such a senseless bother !
What could you do without your *kindly mother* ?
Now mark my words ! hear well for 'tis no lie,
Your name is on the brute-force list ; *You'll die.*

[Exit.]

Josh.: Thank heaven for this lucky stroke of fate !
I'll die, 'tis true ; but, dying, *I'll be great.*

[Exit.]

SCENE 3—*Literary Society Meeting.*

U. U. L. speaks: Mr. Chairman, I do assure you well,
I rise to speak on general principle.
I am not moved—'tis below *my* station—
By any *party* consideration,
These hands are clean, I play no scurvy tricks,
Conviction sways my tongue, not politics.
I feel, sir, that the time at length has come
To sheath the falchion and to break the drum,
I therefore move, and move without remorse,
That we strike out from Varsity's cultured course,
The now disgraced committee of brute-force.
As long as honest men and true possessed it,
I knew its merit well, and knowing, blessed it,
But since it now has sunk so low,
The cursed thing I say must go.
Remove it then in reason's cause !
Remove it then for honor's laws !
Justice demands that it should die !
Culture contends that it should fly !
Virtue hates it and so do I !

A. M. L.: Mr. Chairman, I do assure you well,
I rise to speak on general principle.
I am not moved—'tis below *my* station--
By any party consideration,
These hands are clean ! I play no scurvy tricks,
Conviction sways my tongue, not politics.

I feel sir that the hour has *not* come,
 To sheath the falchion and to break the drum,
 I therefore move and move without remorse,
 That we *retain* on Varsity's cultured course,
 The now *reformed* committee of brute force,
 As long as knavish men and false, possessed it,
 I knew its *evil* well, and knowing, cursed it,
 But since its now no longer low,
 The *blessed* thing I say shant go,
 Retain it then in reason's cause!
 Retain it then for honor's laws!
 Justice demands it should not die!
 Culture contends it should not fly!
 Virtue loves it, and so do I!

[Amid tremendous enthusiasm it is decided to retain this ancient and noble institution; the students depart to rub themselves with resin, and to put on their brand-new fifty dollar suits.
 (End of Act II.)

ANNUAL MEETING OF VARSITY GLEE CLUB.

The 14th annual meeting of the University of Toronto Glee Club was held on Monday, 13th. The Hon. President, Mr. R. K. Barker, B.A., occupied the chair.

Several amendments to the constitution were adopted. Several members present seemed rather pleased that at least one of the many institutions in connection with the college, could boast such an apparently needful article as a constitution; and especially of one of fourteen years standing. The Secretary then read the annual report showing a total membership of 109, which did not include that of 17 graduates who attended on special occasions. The average attendance was 59. The remainder of the report dealt with the good position of the club and the various entertainments taken part in, including the tour in December, and the concert in February. The Treasurer's report showed a substantial balance; the total receipts being in the neighborhood of \$1300; the expenditure somewhat less.

The elections were proceeded with and resulted as follows:

- W. R. P. Parker, '93; Hon. President, by acclamation.
- A. L. McAllister, '93; President, by acclamation.
- J. T. Blythe, '94; Treasurer and Pianist.
- A. S. Mackay, '95; Secretary.
- A. M. White, '96; Curator.
- K. D. McMillan, '94; } 4th year Councillors.
- F. W. Bigelow, '94; }
- F. W. E. Wilson, '95; } 3rd " "
- J. H. Fielding, '95; }
- C. C. Campbell, '96; } 2nd " "
- W. P. Eby, '96; }

Dr. Wishart, one of the founders, a past president, and an active member of the club from '79 to '92, Prof. Hutton and Mr. H. R. Fairclough addressed the meeting re the production of the Greek play, Antigone of Sophocles, to be produced in the fall. The discussion on this subject was carried on until nearly 7 o'clock, and resulted in the decision of the club not to give any assistance as an organization. Many cogent reasons were advanced, both for and against such a step, the majority apparently thinking that the club would lose its identity in throwing itself into such an undertaking, to say nothing of the minor claims of the annual tour, concert, and outside enjoyments which would necessarily have to be abandoned.

AN ELECTION IDYL.

We were sitting in the parlor,
 We'd been watching the parade,
 And as I gently kissed her,
 A little cry she made.
 "Are you crying for protection?"
 I asked, tho' still she stayed;
 "Oh no," she gently murmured,
 "In this I'm for free trade."

Y. M. C. A.

The Annual Business Meeting of the Association was held on Thursday evening last. Changes in the Constitution previously announced were discussed, with the following result: 1. Moved by A. Pearson, that Art. 1, Sec. 2 of the Constitution be amended to the form adopted by the revised constitution of the International Committee.—Carried. 2. Moved by Mr. McNannell, that the Social Purity Committee be abolished.—Lost. 3. Moved by Mr. McNichol, that the regular meetings of the Association be held on Thursday at 5 p.m., and on Sunday at 4 p.m. Mr. Brown's amendment, that the Sunday meetings be held at 4.15 p.m., carried. 4. Moved by Mr. Griffith, that the General Secretary for '93-'94, at a salary of \$400, be permitted to devote a part of his time (not to exceed one-seventh) to the services of the Provincial Committee.—Carried.

Officers for the next year were then nominated as follows: President, J. H. Brown, elected by acclamation. 1st Vice-President, Messrs. Arnold, Campbell, Lamb, Chrysler. 2nd Vice-President, Messrs. Pearson, Wilson, Robinson, Griffith. The names of Mr. Pearson and Mr. Wilson were withdrawn. Treasurer, J. H. Murray, elected by acclamation. Rec. Secretary, Messrs. Dodds, Little, Clark. S. P. S. Councillor, A. F. Tye, elected by acclamation. 2nd year Councillor, Messrs. Tovell, Thompson, Robinson.

The elections will be held next Thursday evening in Y.M.C.A. Hall. Gospel service as usual on Sunday afternoon, at 4.15, in the Hall.

The committee appointed to nominate the General Secretary met on Saturday for that purpose. As the name of the past president, Mr. C. R. Williamson, was the only one proposed, he was elected by acclamation.

Since the organization of Yale 15,350 students have graduated, of whom 7800 are at present living. The total of Harvard's graduates since its organization amount to 18,300, of whom 9500 are living; and of Princeton's 7500, of whom 3980 are living.

UNIVERSITY CALENDAR.

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

THURSDAY, MARCH 23RD.

Y.M.C.A.—Reports of Committees, Election of Officers. Y.M.C.A. Hall, 5 p.m.

FRIDAY, MARCH 24TH.

Ladies' Glee Club.—Practice in Room 3, College Building, 1 p.m.
 Jackson Society.—Jackson Hall, Victoria College, 8 p.m.
 Natural Science Association.—Annual Meeting, Chemical Lecture Room, 4 p.m.

SATURDAY, MARCH 25TH.

Victoria Literary Society.—Literary Society Hall, Victoria College 8 p.m.

SUNDAY, MARCH 26TH.

Bible Class.—"The Mind of Christ," Phil. 2: 1-16. Rev. J. P. Sheraton, D.D., Wycliffe College, 3 p.m.

Gospel Service.—Y.M.C.A. Hall, 4:15 p.m.

MONDAY, MARCH 27TH.

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

TUESDAY, MARCH 28TH.

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.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 29TH.

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

MIDST THE MORTAR BOARDS.

Mr. S. J. Robertson has charge of this issue of Varsity.

We were glad to see that Mr. D. D. James, '94, is able to be around again. He has almost entirely recovered from his recent illness.

Mr. Reggie Brock, '95, one of last year's Hockey team, who had to leave the city on account of ill-health, has returned much improved in health. He is at present reporting on the Star, but hopes to return to Varsity next year.

Mr. J. W. Wheaton, '91, was in town last week visiting his old college friends. As will be remembered, he was Recording Secretary of the Literary Society in his fourth year, and it would seem that he has a peculiar liking for such work, as he is now the Secretary of the Dairymen's Association. Mr. Wheaton's headquarters are in London, but most of his time is spent in lecturing to the farmers throughout the western parts of the Province.

Several reputable students of the senior years assert that, while they were waiting in the Janitor's room, a freshman came in to use the telephone and that they overheard the following: "Hello! Give me 370. Hello! Is that T. Eaton's? Well would you send up a five cent scribbling-book to number —, Brunswick Avenue? Send it up as soon as possible, please." If this story proves true, surely the authorities will no longer attempt to discourage hustling.

The *Annual Meeting* of the Modern Language Club was held Monday afternoon, Feb. 27, Mr. R. S. Jenkins in the chair. The programme was as follows. Nathander Weise—by Mr. W. A. Braun; German Reading, Mr. Lingelbach; Short Essay in German, Miss Rowsom. The election of officers for the ensuing year was then proceeded with.

The following are the officers returned: Hon. Pres., Prof. Fraser; Pres., W. E. Lingelbach; 1st. Vice-Pres., J. Lovell Murray; 2nd. Vice-Pres., Miss Jeffrey; Rec. Secretary, W. A. Braun; Treas. W. McKinnon; Corr. Secy., E. Langley; Assist. Treas., Miss Fraser; 2nd year Repres., Miss Neelands. An open meeting of the Club was announced for the following Wednesday when Mr. Bremner has kindly consented to give a lecture on *Diderot*. The meeting then adjourned.

The gymnasium is almost completed and yesterday afternoon Mr. G. W. Orton tested the running track before quite a number of students by running a mile in 5 min. 4 sec. Everything considered, this may be called very fast time, and Mr. Orton declared himself well pleased with the wide

turnings, though he thought they might be somewhat improved were they given a greater slant. It is proposed, if possible, to open the gymnasium in a couple of weeks by a game of basket-ball between a varsity team and the West-end Y. M. C. A. Mr. Orton has also promised to run 15 minutes against any other three students, running 5 minutes each.

Mr. W. Clark, '93, better known as "The Pater", is teaching in the Arnprior High School. He was recently presented with a complete set of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* which was offered by the local paper to the most popular teacher in the County, and has won the hearts of all the neighboring Scotchmen, by his ability to play football and throw the heavy hammer.

The University of Pennsylvania's Dramatic Club, *The Mask and Wig*, will produce, during Easter week, in Philadelphia, a new comedy—*The Yankee League*. One of the main features of the first act will be a college song ballet, into which will be introduced many of the well-known and familiar college airs. The subject will be illustrated by dances of a picturesque order, and among them a dance of four "Beau Brummels," and four "Crinolines." There will also be a Ballet of Twenty-four Hours, in which will be introduced the special dancing features of the performance. This ballet will be sub-divided into four scenes, as it were,—Sunrise, Mid-day, Sunset and Mid-night,—and will be carried out by four choruses of eight each. There will be two *pas de deux*, by Messrs. Simmons and Mohr, and Messrs. S. M. Kendrick and Steele. At the conclusion of this ballet G. W. Kendrick will appear as the *premiere danseuse* of the show. There will also be introduced in this act a Ballet of the Streets. The second act will present a ferry-boat scene as its special attraction, and for this an entirely new and expensive set of scenery has been painted to order. Kelley has written a new song in German dialect which he will sing to music written especially for it by F. B. Neilson. Over three thousand patronesses' tickets have been issued and the usual rush is expected on the morning of the sale.

THEATRICAL LOCALS.

The new melodrama "The Span of Life," which ran for the past three weeks in New York, is one of the successes of the season. H. S. Taylor and Wm. Calder the English manager have both had a number of successful productions, but "The Span of Life" with its wonderful bridge of human bodies eclipses them all. The scenery is novel and handsome while the play itself has decided merit and sustained

interest. The "Span of Life" will be seen at "The Academy of Music" all week, beginning March 20th.

Madame Laura Schirmer Mapleson during her last visit to Russia committed a serious breach of court etiquette by leaving before Royalty. The fact that she was re-installed in favour at court and again sang before the Empress proves that she has merits of the highest order. She will appear in Toronto shortly, wait for her.

EVOLUTION.

On Sunday morning he wore a simple knot,
Because his shirt had neither crease nor spot;
On Monday morn he wore a four-in-hand,
For reasons you will shortly understand;
On Wednesday morn he wore a monstrous puff,
For reasons we may fancy good enough;
Thereafter in a sweater he was clad,
For he had just one shirt a week—how sad.

The west Point Cadets will encamp two or three weeks on the exposition grounds at Chicago next summer.



SOUVENIR OF OLD VARSITY.

University Arm and made of metal from the old Bell

SOUVENIR TEA SPOONS

With cut of old University Building represented.

The J. E. ELLIS CO. Ltd., - Silversmiths
WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELLERY
CORNER KING AND YONGE STREETS, TORONTO

J. A. MILLS
DENTAL SURGEON

GRADUATE AND MEDALLIST IN PRACTICAL DENTISTRY OF R. C. D. S.

Office: Stewart's Block, South-West Corner Spadina Avenue and College Street, Toronto.
Special Discount to Students.

FOR

Boxing Gloves, Fencing Goods,
Indian Clubs, Dumb Bells

And every description of Athletic and Gymnasium Goods, go to

P. C. ALLAN'S

35 King St. West, - Toronto

Agent for the Narragansett Home Exerciser.

THE
CITY ART GALLERY

By J. H. FORD,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Picture Frames.

Special Rates to Students.

290 QUEEN ST. WEST, - TORONTO