



THE Varsity

VOL XV. No. 7.

University of Toronto.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 20th, 1895.

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A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

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BURNS.

More than a hundred years ago, in the western Lowlands of Scotland, there lived a poor, hard-working farmer, struggling to make a living from his small and impoverished farm. His life was one unbroken strife with destiny. Toil as he might at the plough or in the harvest, plan and manage as best he could, he found himself growing deeper and deeper in debt, becoming year by year more wretched. The day of his life seems to us gloomy with almost unbroken clouds, amid whose folds the sun sank down while yet it seemed but noon;—a simple, toilworn, unsuccessful ploughman, whose life-story might be contained in these words: "He lived, sorrowed, died." That is all! But within the heart of this rude peasant, untutored as it might be, burned all the fire of genius, throbbled all the harmonies of song! Poesy reached out her snowy fingers and clasped his horny hand, and art and science owned themselves captives before he sought their overthrow. But thirty-six short years of life, and yet before his death the learned and great acknowledged his power, and learned from him lessons of truth and beauty. A simple, toil-worn peasant—king of immortal song—Robert Burns!

Can we, in treating of the life work of such a man, view it calmly and impartially? It seems almost a cold-blooded thing to do, to reason out the *why* of his life; to say that such a man must have lived under the circumstances of his time. So intensely human is his life that it seems rather an examination of one's own individual being.

The history of the poetry of a race or nation, like that of the whole universe, is a history of fluctuations. Nature presents to us nothing immutable. Everything lives through a world of opposites. The ocean tides that ebb and flow, sun and shade, winter and summer, are but the more visible symbols of a universal truth, universal because it applies not only to the world of matter, but also to the realm of mind. Not only does peace follow war because it has to, but war of necessity follows peace; and so reform is the result of conservatism, and conservatism again the result of reform. Looking over the past of our country, *i.e.*, England, the whole panorama of history seems to us now like one great checker-board—alternate periods of virtue and vice, agitation and contentment, poverty and opulence, learning and ignorance. Now apply this to poetry.

After the time of Spencer and Shakespeare, it is some fifty years before we have any great addition to the British muse, then comes the second brilliant era of Milton and Dryden. Another fifty years elapse before the silent harp of England is again awakened by Pope, Young and Thomson. After an interval of half a century more came Burns and Cowper. Then Wordsworth, Shelley, Tennyson. This is the summary of our poetical history. Burns, we see, came in on the fourth great flood of song. Now, as to where the highest water-mark has been reached, it is almost impossible to judge; for, to use the same metaphor, the shores over which these different tides have poured have been those of different lands. No two have ever

washed the same reefs; each one beat out its music on a different and unlike shore. Some are sombre with the weight of thought, others glitter with sunlit fancy. What need then to fathom their depths, since those the most profound often but swell along a rocky shore, while those more shallow fill wider-spreading and more pleasant strands.

After Dryden had passed away, his rich, sparkling verse had been finding a slow-fading reflection in Prior and Parnell. Of the next group, by far the most noteworthy in accomplishment and influence is Pope, whose combination of Dryden's showiness with the philosophy that was drifting deeply into the mind of the day was a triumph of skilful workmanship. His success for the moment was marvellous. But life itself is its own great central interest; and although the world applauded, it grew sick at heart; and for the man who was to rise in stern rebellion to the artificial in poetry there was sure to be waiting a wreath of unfading laurel. It was not an easy thing to do, for the ideas of poetic art as then understood had impregnated every line of thought, and had the homage of men like Johnson and Goldsmith. But two men undertook the task and won—these were William Cowper and Robert Burns; and according as they accomplished the task, let their laurels be given.

Then is Cowper to be classed with Burns? Only in this particular, that it was through them Pope was dethroned. Their methods were different; their lives, and, therefore, their whole lives' works, were at variance. Cowper took up, to a degree, the same subjects, the same ideals, and only changed the colouring; painted what before was unreal in natural hues, and bound the real and the ideal with firm and unyielding bands. Burns, while all the brazen harmonies were sounding, took up his simple, rustic lute; and down beside his native glens he tuned it with the songs of love and beauty, until not only did the vale and woodland thrill with the delicious music, but it stole into the universal heart, till life was not a joy without his accompanying song. The symphonies of stately Pope were forgotten, and again the world rejoiced in its sincerity and freedom.

But was it through the mere mechanical result of circumstances that Burns arose? Was the passion and peculiar strength of the Scottish life of his time a sort of volcanic force, which sent out through Burns its manifestation in the white heat of song? There is no need here of elaborating on this theory as to the reason of a poet's being. It is hard to believe that poets are, that Burns was, the mere result of circumstances. Rather is it not the *life within* that goes out with a vivifying touch, and finds in things always existing the theme of poetry; and, as the beauty of the world is eternal, so the theme for song is always at the same arm's length of any generation or time, or any individual. And the reason Burns was and is the wonder of the world to-day, is that he perceived it lay in his power to see into the heart of things and the centre of truth, although with a vision unbroadened by knowledge of the experience of a classic past. He knew that, if he could not see through the mist at either side, he could see clear to the far-off object. And so, with a mind

undeveloped by the expansion of classic study, he realized the great truth of the Eternal Harmony.

In assigning to Burns his proper place among the great of our race, let us apply another principle, which may be heterodox or not, but which we believe to be true. A man's genius is in proportion to his influence on mankind, and by the effect of his life-work on his brother-men only, may we judge of his worth. It is true that critics tell us Rossetti has caught the great idea of omnipresent beauty, that Ben Jonson is a model in poetic style, that Jane Austen is a better novelist than Dickens. But who would now compare Rossetti or Ben Jonson with Coleridge or Sir Walter Scott, or where is there one in fifty who has ever heard of Jane Austen? A poet is a poet only, or a novelist a novelist in the truest sense, where he strikes some chord of universal feeling; and whenever that touch is felt can we not cry out and own our masters? If genius is but an idle name or but an empty title, who would be a genius?

Is there any need of asking what influence Burns has had on mankind? His work comes down the ages, not by the narrow pathway of scholastic thought, but on the unmeasured breadth of the common daily life. He is not so much in the halls of learning as in the village shop and cottage home. We may admire the creations of imperial Milton with more abject amazement, or dream with Tennyson in richer valleys,—but Burns! Above our cradles were his ditties sung! How many a childhood's stream has been a "bonnie Doon" or "winding Nith"! How often the mouldering ruin has been a haunted kirk! In later years, perhaps, it was only a broken blossom, nourished on Canadian hills, that recalled the mountain daisy of Scotland, and the ploughshare of a farmer that gave it immortality!

So,—many a little song of his has inwoven, as it were, a ray of light into the fringing gloom of the darkening years—, perhaps to shine some day, when the last "Lang Syne" is sung, out to the unutterable deep!

Yet does it not seem almost unaccountable that he did write poetry at all? No one before had ever seen anything poetical in connection with the life he lived. As Carlyle says:—"The metal he worked in lay hid under the desert moor, where no eye but his had guessed his existence; and we may almost say, that with his own hand he had to construct the tools for fashioning it. For he found himself in deepest obscurity, without help, without instruction, without models, or with models only of the meanest sort." He could not wander among the ruins of old castles and abbeys; nor lie upon the heathy ledges of the southern hills, to dream of fairy forms and pastoral enjoyment. The sleeping rivers of valleys haunted by the muse were here wild, turbid streams, like that of his own life.

Who could suspect that there was poetry in a muddy, rain-swept landscape, that beauty lurked in a barren upland or hazy valley! But these were full of beauty, full of song for him; and, between the stormy seasons he caught glimpses, unseen by others, of the full great splendor of the cosmos. The breezes as they drifted in the twilight hours from beyond the twilit seas; the streamlet rippling through the glen, mosses dipping into its swirling current, clouds wandering like pilgrims across the illimitable blue, stars that twinkled out beyond the sunset tinge, and the storms that dripped across the brown fields, or whirled the autumn leaves along the bare forest-paths. All these, yes, all the world of nature, all the life and beauty, the simple or the glorious in nature or humanity, and in humanity by nature, was to him a single melody, which, thrilling his very heart, would not be prisoned in him alone, but, reaching forth upon the winds, swept like a heavenly voice the great blue vault of human-kind.

And looking from the present to the future ages, while his lute-like songs of love and elegies of ended hopes repeat the same life-story of other generations, and so continue to steal into the inner heart of the world, I venture to say that the battle-song of the last war to fight will not be that of a

classical Tennyson (great and powerful as he may be), nor of a meditative Wordsworth, nor philosophic Browning; but it will be that inspiring psalm, with whose rhythm our hearts have so often throbbed, and with the sentiments of which the whole age is instinct:

"That man's a man for a' that."

It has been said by some that the dialectic verse and limited range of subjects from which Burns had to draw must always keep him in a narrow field of the literature of the world. Indeed such a statement seems almost an axiom; but truth is stranger than fiction once more, and we find among the first to translate, and the warmest of foreign peoples in appreciation, is a nation of philosophers. Shakespeare and Burns are to the German nation two of the greatest and best known types of English literature. The claim of a universal constituency for our poet is, perhaps, more than the warmest admirer of his work would make; but the fact remains that somehow—by that mysterious power we cannot analyze—Burns has become cosmopolitan. Perhaps it may be that the idylls of the peasant life between the Clyde and Solway may be little different from what would be the natural product of the peasant by the Rhine.

But over this aspect of his work it will scarcely pay us to say any more; for, as the centuries pass, the one great thing to notice, along with the progress of the science and arts, is the progress of the Anglo-Saxon tongue. Slowly but surely it is rising over the scattered nations, some day, we believe, to be the universal language, and as it grows and carries with it its rich heritage of song, at no sound will the blood throb quicker than at the full-hearted rhymes of Robert Burns. And we venture to predict that far on in future centuries, when even our classics are no more remembered, some simple song of a then perhaps forgotten poet may carry down the ages the stream of manly life that welled up amidst the barrenness of a Scottish peasant's farm.

JAMES T. SHOTWELL.

PAGES FROM A POET'S DIARY.

(ABSTRACTED BY FELIX OF '98.)

I.

Our sojourn here is only for a day,
Whose threatening night doth mar its silver morn,
Yet I have solaced been and cheered away
By dear delights of sweetest Poesy born;
So will I dedicate my little hour
To increase of her beauty's dower,
In hope to add some modest gift of mine
That may, in years to be,
Rejoice the worshipper at this fair shrine
Which hath so sheltered me.

II.

I as a lover am of maidens twain,
Of whom the one, of sweet and placid mien,
Constant and gentle, has beloved been
Since first my heart could feel that pleasant pain;
The other dark, and various, and vain,
Now beams upon me, smiling and serene,
Now storms again like Egypt's wrangling queen
Whom Shakespeare crowned to an unending reign—
The quiet woods, the changing waters, these
With diverse charms divide my doubtful breast,
For still amid the glory of the seas
My thoughts return to where the squirrels nest,
And, lying happy on a wooded steep,
My wayward spirit, still, doth seek th' uncovered deep.

STUDENT SONG.

Comrades, brothers in the battle
Of an arduous strife and long,
Join we heart and hand while here we
Laud our college life in song.

—*Sir Daniel Wilson.*

In almost every lot in life, in which a man may be placed, however much of drudgery there be in his daily toil, there must always be something to which he clings with a feeling of endearment. Yet this is of course more truly so in some fields of activity than in others. The soldier treasures the memory of his past conflicts and weary marches, and extols their stern joys. The sailor bears witness to his love of "the boundless, the endless, the sublime," however often it has been to him the source of grave discomfort. To both of these, and to many others, the surest means of retaining these pleasurable feelings longest in recollection, or of appreciating them best while they are still with them, is to celebrate them in the songs peculiar to the class. So a student's life in its many lights and its few shadows should, in a healthy state, be rendered the dearer to him by his song. In stirring his emotions, and thus influencing his life, these student productions should constitute no unimportant division of this department of literature. So we have considered that possibly it might be of interest or profit to some, if some information, however slight, were given as to the development of the art of song-writing, in the different educational centres of the world.

The song of the student is, in a marked degree, restricted in its influence to the class for which it is written. That of the soldier may with ease arouse the military spirit in the ordinary civilian; that of the sailor may be of inspiration to any lover of the sea's beauty and vastness; but seldom can one, with no experience of academic life, partake of the collegian's peculiar feelings as he hears his own peculiar song. Strictly speaking, it should have as its subject some feature of college life; but along with those of this description may be included such as, though in their matter they refer to something outside the college walls, are so strongly associated with the life within that they may be considered college songs. They, too, serve their purpose in calling before the mind's eye happy days and well-known faces still present or vanished into the past.

We naturally turn first to England. To one impressed with the venerableness of its great institutions of learning, who has spent many delightful hours in the reading of the books which so admirably describe the every-day life of their students, there must be some painful surprises when looking into this subject of their songs. The English public schools have given us some of the very best; but the same cannot be said of the great universities. We are told that if at Oxford or Cambridge a man should appear in public, singing and shouting, as do American and German students, he would be considered either a madman or uproariously drunk. It is only at the wine-suppers, which are of quite frequent occurrence, that a student becomes at all musically inclined. Here many original compositions have been sung, which, in their own part of the world, have attained some prominence. They are mostly of a humorous character, but hardly anything more. A familiar Cambridge ditty runs thus in its refrain:

Then here's to my oak, my brave old oak;
There's no heels, sticks, or pokers can mar.
And still may he last, as in days long past,
All duns and intruders to bar.

With a few lines from the well-known Oxonian song of "Silly Sally," we may leave the English university:

Oh dear! dear! dear! what can the matter be?
I'm growing unsartin' about Billy Martin.
For love is a casualty desper't'n unsartin';
Law, yonder's the gipsy as tells folks' fortin';
I'm half in a mind for to try.

The English public schools might well take up more of our attention than an article such as this permits. When Tom Brown entered Rugby, some person, one night, mentioned singing "Who sings?" said Tom. "Why, everybody, of course!" replied East. So not only in Rugby, but in all of these schools, singing has become one of the most prominent sides of the boys' lives. Harrow has attained the greatest development in this regard. It has some very fine songs, the best known of which is that of "Harrow-upon-the-Hill." Eton is especially distinguished. In its famous "Boating Song," it has produced what many consider the most perfect college song in the world. It is so well known as to hardly need repeating here, but we give the chorus:

Others may have our places,
Dressed in the well-known hue;
We'll recollect our races,
Well to the flag be true;
And youth shall be still in our faces
As we cheer for the well-known crew.

Another is from the pen of the Marquis Wellesley, with its closing lines:

If on my later life some glory shine,
Some honours grace my name, the meed is thine.
My boyhood's nurse, my aged dust receive;
And one last tear of kind remembrance give.

Those of the famous old school of Uppingham are worthy of special attention. In them, as truly as in any others, is combined that expression of reverence for a noble past, and of delight in all the live liners of present every-day life. Throughout them all runs an intense devotion to the school. As an example we may quote the following lines, the workmanship of Dr. Thring, one of the best-remembered of English schoolmasters:

Honour lent us as a loan
Fields of thought by others sown,
Walls of greatness not our own,
Where old Time,
In his belfry, sits and rings
News of far-off holy things,
Memories of old, old days;
Sacred melodies of praise
Swell triumphant as we raise
Watchword, true in peace and war,
Uppingham, hurrah! hurrah!

The only other English school to which we would desire to draw attention is Charterhouse. For none of the others do past pupils manifest a greater love. Year after year, an annual festival of old Carthusians is held, in which some of the most prominent Englishmen of the day participate. Thackeray's last public address, urging his old school-mates ever to remain true in their allegiance to the old school, was delivered on one of these occasions, the night before his death. Over and over again they sing their most distinctive song, of which the refrain is:

Then blessed be the memory
Of good old Thomas Sutton.
He gave us lodging, learning,
And he gave us beef and mutton.

Thomas Sutton being the founder of Charterhouse. Then they drink a silent libation to the old Carthusians who have fallen in battle. This sad task finished, they relieve their depressed spirits by such lively choruses as the "Song of the Circles" and "Rowdie Chowdie had a Cow."

Passing on to Germany, we find many altered conditions of college life. A man seldom enters a university till he has reached his twentieth year, so that he is much older, if not always wiser, than is his brother of England or America. His preliminary education is obtained at the national gymnasia. Of so complete a nature is this, that his further course is usually taken up with some special branch. The professors in these different departments do not lecture all in the same building; but in different places scattered about the city. The German university is thus said to be all soul and no body. Thus, with no partic

pot on which to look as a common centre, there is not a great deal of union among the students. The constant moving from one university to another further breaks up the feeling of a student brotherhood.

All this has its effect upon social life. There are few student gatherings, except at grand suppers, which bear the name of *Kneipe*. It is at these that the musical and poetical talent of the German student appears. A collection of the songs of the *Kneipe* has been made in what is known as the *Commersbuch*. On it generation after generation has laboured, until it is now undoubtedly the most perfect song-book in the world. It is hardly identified with any particular university. In it are mingled art, humour, pathos, beautiful imagery, and the absurdest of slang. It has been contributed to by Gœthe, Kömer, Bürger, Uhland, Arndt and many others. One of its numbers, *Was kommt denn von Höhe*, has been translated by Longfellow. At these *Kneipe*, it has been noticed that the voices are very gruff, made so by excessive quantities of beer. There is a great lack of tenors, yet all is hearty and correct in time.

We need hardly go farther. The different American college-songs are too familiar to need treatment. In our own song-book we have many, quite our own, of which we have no reason to be ashamed. We have had the services of one of the best of college song writers in our late president, one of whose verses has been placed at the head of this paper. The great trouble is, that though we have so much that is good, so little of it is known by our students generally. If the person who is always complaining of our hackneyed college-songs would examine carefully our own book, he would find there, almost neglected, some of the very best of their kind.

A nation is said to decline with its poets, and in a measure the same may be true of a university. For there is poetry in college life. As they decline, there is always a falling-off in the students' love and devotion to his *alma mater*. There ensues a waning in that academic virtue, so hard exactly to comprehend or describe, and still harder to preserve in all its power, namely, "college-spirit." We do not say that college-song will produce it; but that, as a sure test of whether it is growing or the reverse, there is nothing better. If this fact has been at all impressed by showing where we stand in relation to other universities, or even if we have only in the slightest degree aroused interest in our subject, then, indeed, our task has not been altogether in vain.

A. B. W., '97.

RUGBY DINNER AND RECEPTION.

A most enjoyable dinner was tendered to the University Rugby Team, Champions of Ontario, and champions-elect of Canada, by President and Mrs. Loudon at their residence, St. George St., on Friday night last. Several gentlemen who take a very keen interest in the Rugby Club were invited to meet the team. Messrs. McLennan and Wright of the faculty, Mr. D. B. Macdonald, President of the Rugby Club, Mr. J. G. Merrick, President of the Athletic Association, and Mr. W. R. Hobbes, Secretary of the Rugby Club. The following members of the Team were present: Captain Macdougall, Messrs. Mackenzie, Kingstone, Burwash, Moss, Hargraft, Hobbes, Caldwell, Elliott, Counsell, Mullin and Norris.

After ample justice had been done to a most tempting menu, President Loudon said that he had two toasts to propose. The first was to the Rugby Champions of Ontario, of whom the University was justly proud. He said that while he admired their ability and the determination to bring back to Varsity the coveted trophy, he admired still more the manner in which the deed was done. No suspicion of unfairness or unsportsmanlike conduct had been heard concerning the Varsity Team. Everyone

spoke in the highest terms of their conduct as sportsmen and as gentlemen. He hoped that this always would be true of the representatives of the University. Much had been said by various Presidents against football, but this was generally the case when victory had gone to some other college. When, however, his college possessed the winning team the causes of complaint were forgotten, and the President was eager to claim the club as worthy children of the University. He hoped that the University of Toronto would always appreciate the efforts of her children.

The second toast, he said, was that in honour of Captain Barr, who had so ably and untiringly trained the Team. He was extremely sorry to hear of his accident, and had at first thought of postponing the dinner until a more favourable opportunity; but Captain Barr had requested him not to do so, and he had acted in accordance with this wish. The University was always ready to do honour to her distinguished sons and to claim them for her own; and he hoped that it would be a very long time before the University would cease to remember the services of Captain Barr. He also hoped that those traits of character which had made him so successful in football, as well as in his studies, would not fail to afford him a prominent place in the profession toward which he aspired. (Applause).

Mr. Macdonald, in a few well-chosen words, thanked the President on behalf of the Rugby Club, and Captain Barr, for the good will he had displayed towards the Club, not only in its prosperity, but when adverse fortune had made it necessary to make appeals not only to the fullness of the heart but also to that of the purse; and also for the general interest he displayed towards athletics in general.

The President said that he came of an athletic stock, and in his younger days had taken an active interest in football, cricket and rowing. He was a member of the first University football team. He had also, when dean of residence, some thirty years ago, established the first gymnasium near the residence; but it gradually disappeared, plank by plank, until it was razed to the ground. Another attempt was made ten years later when a gymnasium was fitted up in old Moss Hall, which lasted until some five years ago, when Moss Hall was removed to make place for the present Biological buildings. The history of the present splendid building is too well known to need description, and he hoped that the students would show their appreciation of the efforts of the authorities on their behalf by patronizing this healthful institution. (Applause).

After the dinner, a reception to the members of the Athletic Association and the Rugby and Association Football Clubs was held, which was largely attended.

Several members of the faculty were present; and a number of the wives of the professors graced the occasion. The evening passed away most enjoyably and those who had the privilege of attending will not soon forget the kindness and courtesy of President and Mrs. Loudon.

'99 SOCIAL AFTERNOON.

The Freshmen were first to act on the new regulation regarding "Social Afternoons," and their first reception, held in the Y.M.C.A. Building on Saturday, proved that the forbidding of evening receptions need not prevent social intercourse among the members of class societies. Though their plan of entertainment was not entirely a novel idea, it was a decided success, and all present have reason to thank the President and energetic committee for their efforts to make this first reception of the year a pleasant one. During the evening the President, Mr. Anderson, delivered his inaugural address, and a very pleasing literary and musical programme was rendered.

A SONG FOR NITA.

Nita, I'm here in the noon-tide still,
 Never a sound to mar,
 Following dreams at my own sweet will,
 Following dreams afar;
 Dreaming of Love and dreaming of you,
 Not one shadow across the blue.

Nita, they say that the time to dream
 Comes when the night-shades fall,
 When the silken sails from Twilight's stream
 Shadow the world and all;
 But Twilight lingers for me and you,
 With its love-lit islands, the whole day thro'.

Like silver bells on a distant strand
 Ripples the river away,
 While the sunlight dances over the sand
 Out to the snow-white spray;
 And the wild-flowers hide in the banks above,
 And the wild-bird whistles his song of love.

And thus the river of Time flows on
 Down to the twilit sea,
 Where our dream-raised isles shall merge in one,
 In the years that are yet to be;
 And Love brood over its eons far
 With the calm, clear light of an evening star.

But the failing breath of a day in June
 Dies in the noontide still,
 And the golden orb of the sun will soon
 Sink over the western hill;
 Then, Nita, come ere the day depart;
 Nita, Juanita, my own true heart!

IBRAHIM.

OPEN LETTER.

E. Bristol, B.A., President of the University College Literary and Scientific Society,

DEAR SIR,—In your capacity as President of the Literary Society of University College, you ruled Friday night week on the relation borne by the payment of the annual fee of this Society to its franchise. From this ruling, as well as more particularly from the remarks accompanying it, and from such as were made subsequently by you at the same meeting, I desire to express my dissent through the medium of this letter. You outlined at that meeting the point of view from which, as President of this Society, you viewed the Constitution, and your conception of the duties devolving upon you as occupant of the presidential chair. Accordingly I do not think, sir, that you can well object to a short discussion of these matters under your initiative.

The third clause of the first article of the Society's Constitution defines, I think, its functions with sufficient accuracy. The second part of this clause follows as a natural corollary from the extent of its membership as described in the first clause of the article; and the objects here described are, I think, at least as important as its literary aims. For, while the University boasts of a large number of societies that are more or less literary in their character, it has no other that adequately represents the student body in matters of general interest. Anything, then, tending to narrow the sphere of the Society's action within these bounds cannot but have a very detrimental effect upon it.

The collection of a fee from the members of this Society, or from the major part of them, is from self-evident

reasons a necessity. But if the obligation to pay this fee be placed upon the honour of each undergraduate using the privileges of the Society, not enforced by refusing to extend its privileges (the right of a vote at the spring election alone excepted) to such as may occasionally frequent it without paying their dues, it is, I think, placed on no unstable footing, and the great danger of restricting the Society in matters of general interest is avoided. Such, I think, has been the view under which the Society has been conducted at least during the last few years. It seems to me that it was under this view that the Constitution was, in March, 1893, so amended as to provide for the payment of the Society's fee either in the fall or the spring term. It seems hardly reasonable to suppose that when a member is expected to pay a fee half as large again if he delays payment until the spring term, he is in addition to be deprived of his franchise in the Society during the Michaelmas term. Since the passing of this amendment, unless I mistake greatly, there has never been any distinction made in the ruling privileges of the members of this Society, with the exception of the spring elections. For it has generally been held that it were more expedient that the Literary Society should be fully representative and have but one grade of membership, than that, with the possible loss of a few fees, the scope of the Society should be limited *pari passu* with its membership.

In so far as small things are like great, the Constitution of this Society has been held, I think, at least during the last few years, like the Constitution of our country, in that it has both a law and a custom. And the customs of this Society have been held as essential to its proper working as its written law. The Society has in some respects grown beyond its Constitution as written. To strictly bind it to those rules which form its printed Constitution, without the use of discretionary power and judgment, would at least produce continual discord if not greater evils. And, indeed, it seems to me that the part played by custom in this Constitution gives it a certain elasticity and adaptability to changed conditions that is one of its chief merits.

I cannot well understand, sir, in what light the members of the Literary Society interpret a remark that fell from the chair Friday night week. You remarked, if I mistake not: "You might in the nature of things have expected to have one day, as President of this Society, a man with sufficient backbone to stand by your Constitution." It has never, sir, to my knowledge been hitherto advanced that your predecessors in this office have lacked either strength of will or administrative ability, or indeed—and perhaps this is equally pertinent—a knowledge of the rules under which a society such as this should be governed.

I am not aware, sir, that it is the intent of any member of this Society to convert it into a "bear-garden," as you expressed it Friday night week. But whether an interpretation of the Constitution such as you outlined at that meeting will bring about a state of chaos in this Society, the unpleasantness at that meeting may suggest, and the future will decide.

In conclusion, sir, I am not aware that any one of your predecessors in this honourable office has considered it his duty to enforce an interpretation of its Constitution upon this Society, that is clearly opposed by its members.

These matters are brought before your notice, sir, in the shape of an open letter, from the force of circumstance. It was my intention to address you on these matters last evening, when the revision of the Constitution being under discussion, I conceived I would be in order to do so. Your unavoidable absence from last night's meeting has caused me to throw my remarks in the shape of a letter. They are expected to carry neither greater nor less force in this form than in that first contemplated.

FRANK B. PROCTOR.

University College, Nov. 9th

The Varsity

TORONTO, Nov. 20th, 1895.

Published weekly by the Students of the University of Toronto. Annual subscription, \$1. For Advertising rates apply to the Business Manager. Address all communications for publication to the Editor-in-Chief, University College.

CHARLES G. PATERSON, Editor-in-Chief.

A. J. MACKENZIE, Business Manager.

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THE CONVERSAZIONE.

MANY are the anxious inquirers outside of the strictly university circle, who want to know every day or so whether or not there is to be a *Conversazione* this year at the University; and the only reply the undergraduate can give to the seeker after information is that he doesn't know, he cannot say. Surely it is about time now that we could say, and could speak with assurance about this important question, for the days and the weeks are creeping on apace. In about four weeks we will be leaving for home to spend the holidays, and the Michaelmas term will be a thing of the past. Before then, however, the committees which will have charge and supervision over the various departments of preparation and work in connection with this great event should be appointed by the Literary Society. The more time these committees have at their disposal, the more complete can be their preparations, and the more thoroughly can their work be accomplished. Those who have the arrangements to make for all the different features, both old and new, need to have ample time to consider and discuss the different suggestions that will be offered, and not be obliged to decide in haste, with the probable result of having their decision animadverted upon. But the main and very important purpose to be served by having the committees appointed in the near future is, that the public will then know definitely that the University intends giving again this year a repetition of the delightfully enjoyable function of a year ago. That not only those directly connected with the University, but also the people of the city not directly connected, look forward with expectant pleasure to this event, is evidenced by the crowds that attended last year, and by the constant queries ever since as to whether there will be another one next year. That such a feature as a *Conversazione* brings the University prominently before the public, and is considered one of the great social

events of the year, goes without saying. It would be of particular benefit, and especially timely this academic year, for the faculty to encourage the students and the students to aid the faculty in giving another grand reception to the public of the city and the province, throwing open wide the doors of Alma Mater, and inviting all who will to partake of her hospitality, and learn for themselves that peace and good-will have resumed their reign within her borders.

That the consent of the authorities will be obtained without difficulty is generally believed; for it was distinctly understood by the undergraduates in the fall that one of the reasons for dispensing with the time-honoured Convocation exercises was because there was to be the formal opening of the Biological Museum and *also* a *Conversazione*. It was decided, therefore, that this would be enough excitement for one year, and consequently the work of the term was commenced without the usual important introductory ceremonies. We sincerely hope that the governing bodies will extend every aid and give every encouragement to the students this winter to continue and push ahead with all preliminary preparations, and that all will unite in working harmoniously together for the common aim of making the *Conversazione* of the year 1896 one of the brightest jewels among the treasures of graduate memories, shining out the more brilliantly for its sombre background. For the present, it rests with the Literary Society to take some definite step; and it is to be hoped that the energetic executive will lose no time in coming to some decision upon the matter, but will proceed as soon as possible with the usual preliminaries, whatever they may be.

THE QUARTERLY.

It is with much pleasure that we note the appearance this week of the first number in the second volume of *The Quarterly*, which is very late in publishing though well worth the awaiting. In looking over the 86 pages contained between the modestly handsome covers, the reader is struck with the variety of topics discussed in this little magazine, embracing articles on such subjects as: *The Scottish Philosophy*, by Dr. Tracy, dealing in a brief manner with this important school of thought, with special reference to the doctrine of perception as developed in the works of Reid, Stewart, Brown and Hamilton; *Astrée*, by Prof. Squair, calling attention to that charming little seventeenth-century pastoral of 6,000 pages, which was one of the first-fruits in France of the great wave of conceited euphemistic style that invaded all the literary countries of Europe at the beginning of that century; *Some Phases of Altruria*, by R. H. Coats, being the first part of what promises to prove a most interesting review of the different attempts made from the time of Plato to the time of Bellamy to sketch the ideal state—Altruria, and, by means of this review, an indication of the evolution of men's ideals on some of the various subjects that have at all times engaged their attention; *The Development of the Science of Mineralogy*, by W. A. Parks, B.A., which is an account of the knowledge and development of this science

among the Egyptians and Hebrews, the Greeks and Romans—of the disappearance of mineralogical investigation during the decline and after the fall of the Roman Empire, being subordinated to the researches in the black art and the superstitions of alchemy—of the study of the science during the dark ages, and of its development through succeeding centuries, with special reference to the rapid advances of the past few years; *Celestial Mechanics*, by J. C. Glashan, one of the most eminent mathematicians in Canada, containing the first part of a most instructive treatment of the systems of celestial mechanics put forth by Ptolemy, Copernicus and Newton respectively; *The Fall of the English Monasteries*, by G. B. Wilson, dealing in a lengthy article with the nature and manner of monastic life, the development of monasticism in Britain, and the overthrow of the monasteries under the supervision of Cromwell in the reign of Henry VIII., with some of the important results which followed.

The reader can spend a very enjoyable evening with this student publication, which he closes with a sense of satisfaction and pride. It is highly creditable to all connected with its management, being perfectly edited in every respect but one, which will no doubt be remedied in succeeding issues by the proof-readers: *viz.*, the typographical errors, which are painfully frequent, there being two in the names of the editorial board, and several inexcusable ones scattered throughout the different articles. All who have the pleasure of reading this first number will await with interest number two, which will appear next month.

The future of *The Quarterly* will be watched with interest by all who have a desire to see our literary attempts blossom out and develop, till their excellence will arrest the attention and elicit the admiration of the reading public, which has hitherto been left in total ignorance as to the capabilities of the provincial university undergraduates in this respect. One thing is certain: the magazine will not long remain *in statu quo*. It is destined either to advance and improve, or to retrograde, which would mean collapse. With energy and determination on the part of those in charge, this bi-monthly of ours will ere long become a monthly with added pages and new features of interest, and the range of its circulation will broaden and extend, till it finds its way into the homes not only of undergraduates and graduates, but of the people of this province at large, who have but very hazy notions and crude ideas of what is taught and learned at a centre of scholastical life and thought such as the University of Toronto.

Y. W. C. A.

A regular meeting of the Society was held as usual on Wednesday afternoon. After the customary opening exercises, several new members were received. The resignation of Miss Northway, as one of the representatives of '98 on the Membership Committee, was then read, and Miss Nicholson was appointed to take her place. Interesting and exhaustive papers on the subject for the day, "Paul the Preacher," were read by Miss Bonis, '96, and Miss White, '96, after which the meeting closed with singing and prayer.

F. ETHEL KIRKWOOD, *Cor.-Sec.*

CAÏSSA.

Hail to thee, goddess of the checquered field,
Caïssa! Thou whose calm and gentle sway
Subdues dull grief and drives all care away,
To thee I'll always grateful homage yield.
Full oft my tortured brain had madly reeled
Beneath the burden of a strenuous day,
Or I had perished with the dread of May,
Were't not for thee;—forever dost thou wield
Thy placid sceptre over troubled hearts,
Or when the will is proud with passion set,
Soothe dark ambition with a soft caress
There's no such pastime fashioned by men's arts:
Should e'en my love prove false, I'd soon forget
My fickle charmer o'er a game of chess.

H. H. NARRAWAY, '97.

LITERARY SOCIETY.

Despite the "At Home" given by the President to the members of the Rugby and Association Football Clubs, and notwithstanding the opening of the museum, a large crowd, having the interests of the "Lit." at heart, attended its regular meeting on Friday night. They must have had the welfare of the Society at heart, as several were present who make this about their annual visit, although various were the attractions, tending to keep them away.

But why should they not, as it was the most important meeting of the Society. It was the meeting at which the "Lit." was to provide for the upholding of the honor of the University in oratory and debate; to prove its capacity for doing justice to the festive boards of sister institutions, and to form a conspicuous place among their élite at the annual conversazioni. Each man was put in the place peculiarly adapted for him, as the results of the election will show.

As I mounted the stairs, at the customary hour, the stentorian voice of a man, with a marked Drumtochy accent, fell upon my ear. I stopped, listened, and recognized the voice. He was trying to sell punch. Wondering where the authorities were, and why he was *selling* it, I rushed in anxious to bid. But, to my bitter disappointment, found out it was the periodical he was selling.

Shortly afterwards, the Students' Union Hall was filled with members of the Society, each one affecting an oratorical, post-prandial or society air, according to the appointment for which he considered himself especially adapted. Vice-Pres. Stanbury occupied the chair. He said it was the first time he had acted in that capacity. He did it well. Messrs. Meighen, Proctor and Sinclair, fired at him constitutional arrows and points of order, but they "never touched him." I think he dodged them.

The minutes were confirmed, then Mr. H. M. Little moved that the University Council be memorialized and requested to place lockers in the cloak-room, with a view to the adoption of gowns by the Student body. He called to his support interviews with some of the faculty, who said clothes to a certain extent made the man. He thought, on account of too much democratic spirit, our college in this respect was approaching too nearly the basis of American colleges, and getting too far from the staid dignity of those in Scotland. The Society thought so too, for it was carried. May the time soon come when the man, without his gown, will be as scarce as the man with one is now.

Mr. Spotton announced the fact that Mr. Grenville Kleiser had reserved free, the entire gallery of Association Hall for the Varsity students for Nov. 22nd, when he appears in "Our American Cousin."

Mr. Love then gave a much appreciated piano solo, and elections for 2nd Vice-President, 3rd Vice-President,

and Treasurer, was proceeded with. Mr. Wright arose on a constitutional point and asked if printed ballots had been provided, but Mr. Stanbury said he would find out when he went into the booth. They voted alphabetically, and Mr. Wright found out when too late. When the results were announced, Messrs. Narraway, Robertson and Little were found to be elected.

Then we settled down for a long night's work, many nominations were received, and the following were elected:—

DEBATERS.

McGill debate—	Messrs. Paterson and Stanbury.
Osgoode “	—Messrs. Clute and McWilliams.
Public “	—Messrs. Gould, Wright, Clegg and Shotwell.
Representative to McGill Conversat.—	Mr. Towers.
“ “	Queen's “ —Mr. Garrow.
“ “	Victoria “ —Mr. Burwash.
“ “	Trinity “ —Mr. Carder.
“ “	S.P.S. Dinner —Mr. McKenzie.
“ “	Dental “ —Mr. Dewar.
Leaders of the Mock Parliament—	Messrs. Spotton and Wallace.
Essayist at McGill Debate—	Mr. McVicar.
“ Public “	—Mr. Coats.
Reader at McGill “	—Mr. Sellery.
“ Public “	—Mr. Sandwell.

During the counting of the ballots, the time was made interesting by many songs and piano solos. Mr. W. H. Moore, '94, was present and made a neat speech. Mr. Proctor read an appreciative essay on Shakespeare's Contemporary Dramatists. Mr. Sellery gave a reading. It must have been funny, for it was read after twelve o'clock and the Society had been yawning previously, but now they all laughed heartily. We all went home feeling that a jolly time had been spent at the "Lit.," and that the offices were properly filled.

Y. M. C. A.

"The highest, holiest *manhood* Thou."—Tennyson.

From his home in the north of Ireland, young Stuart joined the army and entered the Peninsular war. At the Coa bridge, looking with contempt upon his comrades who were retreating, he threw himself upon his foes and died, spurning the quarter they seemed desirous of giving him.

During the same war, Sergeant McQuade saw the muskets of two sharpshooters levelled at a breach, toward which duty called a young man of sixteen. Seizing him, McQuade drew him under cover, and died himself in the breach, pierced by two bullets.

Out on the ocean, the crew of the *Birkenhead*, in calm repose, stood at attention while the ship sank, preferring death rather than endanger the lives of the women and children who had been placed in the boats.

Is there any difference in these three examples? All exhibit animal courage—that persistency in having one's own way, holding even death in contempt rather than be thwarted, that quality we have in common with certain animals. But the second seems to contain something more admirable than the first, the difference being that, while the first exhibits the highest form of *self-assertion*, the other points out the quality of *self-sacrifice*, in which lies manliness.

But Napier, no mean authority, declares, in speaking of the third, that the records of history furnish no parallel to this heroic *self-devotion*. Does this not point to the further fact that the highest temper of manliness is found not in action but in repose.

We may never have the opportunity of being manly on battle field or in wreck, but the daily life of each one of us is filled with test that will try the temper of our courage just as searchingly, though not as terribly, as these ex-

amples just cited. The voice within calls us to take our stand in the ceaseless battle against disease and falsehood and misery that is lying all around us, and faithfulness to this voice makes the man.

Tried by this test, how stands the life of Christ? From first to last it presents no flaw. Search it from beginning to end, let the imagination enter its silent years, let the keenest intellect recorded act, and this one fact stands out ever—fidelity to truth, perfect obedience to the will of God. Daily the sacrifice went on. Now it is His home that He has to give up. Then a man of influence, again a disciple. Then the popular favor, *crucial test* (Behold the world has gone after him),—lastly His life.

And, if the highest temper of manliness is found in repose, surely we have it in this last act. Not amid the battle's din, in the face of an admiring multitude of companions or friends, knowing that on the morrow the world will thrill with the record, but in the quiet night-time, beneath the leafy garden on a hushed mountain side—alone—alone.

NOTES.

We are glad to be able to announce that Mr. J. L. Murray, B.A., our General Secretary, has recovered sufficiently from his recent illness to go home. We expect to see him back at his old post in about two weeks, where he will be cordially received by his many friends.

Next Thursday being Thanksgiving Day, the building will be closed and the usual meeting will not be held.

Last Thursday we were disappointed a second time in not being able to hear Prof. Clark, of Trinity, who was detained by illness. The Professor, however, sent us an able substitute in the person of Canon Sweeny, who gave us a stirring practical address. We hope to hear Canon Sweeny again. We have also the promise of Prof. Clark to come to us next term.

ASSOCIATION FOOT-BALL.

VARSITY 4; KNOX 1.

Varsity lawn was the scene of a struggle between Knox and Varsity foot-ball teams for the championship of Section A. Much of the old-time enthusiasm was shown by the large crowds who turned out to cheer their respective teams on to victory. Varsity, however, proved the stronger team, and after a hard-fought game resulted in their favor by a score of 4 to 1.

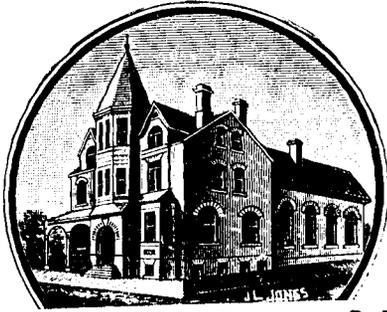
VARSITY.—Goal, Crish; backs, McKinley, Munroe; half-backs, Jackson, French, Gibson; right wing, Sinclair, Wrenn; centre, McLeod; left wing, Dickson, Cooper.

KNOX.—Goal, Findley; backs, Reid, Taylor; half-backs, Scott, Abraham, Wilson; right wing, Sinclair, McIntosh; centre, McArthur; left wing, Rutherford, Roxborough. Referee, Mr. W. S. McLay, B.A.

CHESS TOURNAMENT.

The Committee of the University Chess Club take pleasure in announcing that a tournament will be opened on Tuesday, Nov. 26th, in room 2, Students' Union Building, at which a prize cup will be competed for. This cup is to be the property of the University of Toronto Chess Club, and will be competed for each year. This competition is open only to members of the club. All who desire to engage in the contest must send in their names to the undersigned not later than Monday, November 25th. A nominal entrance-fee will be charged. The length of the tournament will depend on the number of entries. In case any member fails to play his full number of scheduled games, the games he has already played will be ignored. Fuller information will be given later. For further particulars, apply to

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THE MODERN LANGUAGE CLUB.

A splendid meeting of this large and progressive society was held last Monday afternoon, the subject under discussion being "Scotch Poets." There were about 200 present, the majority being ladies, and the programme was listened to attentively from beginning to end. There is sometimes a tendency towards tediousness in the meetings of the club, owing to the fact that there are too many papers read, and that most of them are of too great length. There is a possibility of having too much of a good thing. On this occasion, however, no such complaint could be made; the President opened the meeting sharp on time, and in an hour and a quarter all was over. Those present were treated to three essays which were carefully prepared, original in treatment of the subject, and instructive throughout. Miss Evelyn Durand's paper on "Robert Burns" was a sympathetic analysis of some phases of this much-loved poet's character, and of the influence of his surroundings upon the spirit of his writings. Mr. W. A. McKinnon dealt in an interesting and general manner with Sir Walter Scott, giving a sketch of his life and selections from different criticisms of his works, both favorable and otherwise, together with a few passages from the poetry of the author. Allan Ramsay was then resurrected from the sepulchre of oblivion by Mr. B. K. Sandwell and introduced to the audience as *vox clamantis in deserto* of the eighteenth century, whose chief title to recognition lies in his being the one who made straight the path for Robert Burns, that led him to immortality in the literary world. The reader also treated those present with some very carefully selected passages from his chosen author. The essays were interspersed with the singing of Scotch songs by Miss Riddell and a lady student from the Conservatory of Music.

At the next meeting, on November 25th, Prof. Fraser will read a paper on "German Proverbs, and Dr. Needler will give a comparative treatment of Goethe and Burns. This will be one of the most interesting and instructive meetings of the year, and all students and lovers of literature should be sure to hear these two scholarly papers. Kindly try to arrive in time, for there is nothing more trying to the reader or more irritating to the hearer, than the constant rattling of doors and squeaking of boots when the programme has once commenced.

S. P. S. NOTES.

The Engineering Society held its third meeting for the season on Wednesday, 13th inst. The resignation of Mr. H. R. Pousette, third year representative on the Executive Committee, was received with much regret. Mr. W. C. Gurney, '96, read a paper, which, under the innocent title of "Illustrative Casualties of the Workshop," proved to be replete with blood-curdling incidents, the "casualties" referred to being such as men being drawn bodily into gear-wheels, or cut in two on circular saws, and so on. A second paper, "Brief History of Astronomy," Part II, by W. L. Innes, '90, was also read. The president in his concluding remarks announced that Dr. Bryce, of the Provincial Board of Health, had consented to give a paper at the next meeting, dealing with the sanitary and other respects of the Chicago drainage canal. Accounts of the two previous meetings were not sent to THE VARSITY through an oversight. They were both well attended and the papers read of more than average interest. The president's address at the opening meeting was a very able one, and contained, along with other matter, some valuable suggestions, which, if carried out, would doubtless increase the efficiency of the Society as an educational factor among the undergraduates.

The project of a conversat is being seriously considered in the school. The students are still divided on the question, but a decision will be reached shortly.

One item is unavoidably left out of this issue.

'97 DINNER.

The second annual dinner of the class of '97 was held at McConkey's last Thursday evening. The event proved to be, as every one expected, a perfect success, in the hands and under the controlling management of Chairman T. Gibson and his energetic assistants, Messrs. Graham, Counsell, Shotwell, Jackson, Stewart and Bray. The company sat down to dinner shortly after 8 o'clock, about 75 being present. After due justice had been done the various courses which appeared on the elegant little *ménus*, the chairs were pushed back and all prepared to enjoy the choice programme of speech, story and music, which whiled away the hours till two o'clock chimed out on the night. During the progress of the programme, the following toasts were responded to in some of the best speeches that have yet been given at an event of this kind: The Queen, Canada, Alma Mater, Our Guests, Class of '97, Athletics, The Press, The Ladies. Successful as was the evening throughout, the committee fairly excelled in the kind, attentive and generous treatment extended to the guests of the evening, who will never forget the night of Nov. 14th.

THE POLITICAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

The Political Science Association has been late in reorganizing this year, but if all its programmes maintain the standard of excellence set at its initial meeting last Thursday, we may prophesy a most successful season for the balance of the year. Prof. Goldwin Smith had generously consented to preside, and in a brief introductory speech referred to the condition of Oxford in the 18th century, and the reason why such men as Adam Smith, Gibbon and Bentham were unable to derive any benefit from study within her walls.

Prof. Mavor's address on "Adam Smith and His Friends" was listened to with the keenest interest and delight by all present. His sketches of Adam Smith and some of his more illustrious contemporaries were both charming and instructive. The lecture was rendered still more entertaining through being illustrated by lime-light views.

The chairman congratulated the society on its excellent programme and promised to be present at several of its meetings. All ordinary meetings of the Association are open for discussion after the regular programme, and all who come will be heartily welcomed unless notice is given to the contrary. The Association will meet hereafter in Room 9, University College.

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The man who never votes is very often the man who complains the loudest about the poor quality of the men who are elected to offices.

The Athletic Association has laid a proposition before the College Council, regarding the advisability of giving an At Home in the Gymnasium.

"Biddy" Barr left for his home in Lindsay on Saturday. It is probable that his injuries will necessitate his remaining at home for at least seven weeks.

The class of '99 has appointed a committee to arrange for a class dinner; while '98 are taking a plebiscite on the liquor question preparatory to doing the same.

MARRIED.—McARTHUR—MOULTON.—At St. Paul, Minn., U.S., on Oct. 12, 1895, by Rev. S. Lang, N. J. McArthur to Addie L. Moulton, daughter of H. Moulton of Orono.

Let the different societies send in bright, interesting accounts of their meetings to THE VARSITY. It will pay to do so, for it will give publicity, and is the most effective means of advertising the merits of the society.

An outsider, well acquainted with what is going on around Varsity, strolled into the meeting at the "Gym." on Friday night, wanted to know was it the regular meeting of the "Lit." or an

open meeting of the Political Science Club.

The Rugby team under Captain-elect McDougall will leave for Montreal on Wednesday morning. It was at first intended to play McGill in Montreal, but as several of the team must leave for home Thursday night, this may fall through.

The presence of several of the members of the Lit. on Friday night, in evening dress, gave a decided air of *bon ton* to the proceedings. It is to be hoped the boys will continue this praiseworthy idea and that many others will follow their example.

It is very unsatisfactory to those, who find from the Notice Board that there are letters awaiting them, or who desire to use the telephone, to find the janitor's door so often locked. Verily in the days of McKim and Durance such things were not so.

Mr. W. B. Willoughby, B.A., '83, a prominent down town-lawyer, is one of the candidates in the bye-election for the representation of Cardwell in the Dominion House. VARSITY wishes Mr. Willoughby all possible success, as, when an undergraduate, he was an enthusiastic worker both for our paper and the Literary Society.

The following is from a speech delivered by a delegate to a convention lately held in New Haven, Conn.:—"I would as soon send a son of mine to hell as to Yale College. I make this

statement before the newspaper representatives, and I would make it to President Dwight himself." She said she had seen many Christian young men ruined at Yale. The first year they were good, the second they had pipes in their mouths, and the third they had disappeared." *Next!*

There will be no meeting of the Literary Society this week, owing to the fact that many will be away for the holidays. The regular meeting will be held on Monday night, and on Friday night will be the Public Debate. At the regular meeting the first and second years will meet in the inter-year debate to see who will enter the finals with the third year. A good literary and musical programme will also be provided, and a highly enjoyable evening can be spent by all who are so minded.

A meeting of the Committee that has charge of the Rugby dinner was held Friday evening last to discuss preparations for this important event. There will be representatives on this Committee from the Faculty, Arts, Meds., School of Science, Pharmacy and Athletic Association. Mr. R. I. Towers has been chosen chairman, and Mr. Chas. Garrow, Sec'y-Treas. Prospects in general were discussed, and two members were appointed to see what rates could be obtained and what accommodation provided. Another meeting was held on Tuesday night. Full particulars will appear in VARSITY next week.



* * *
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