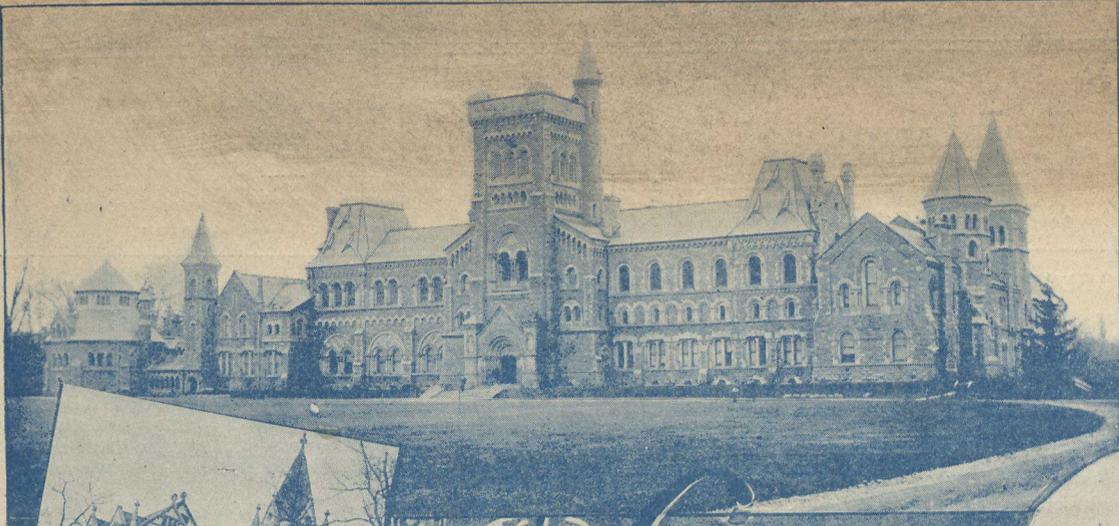
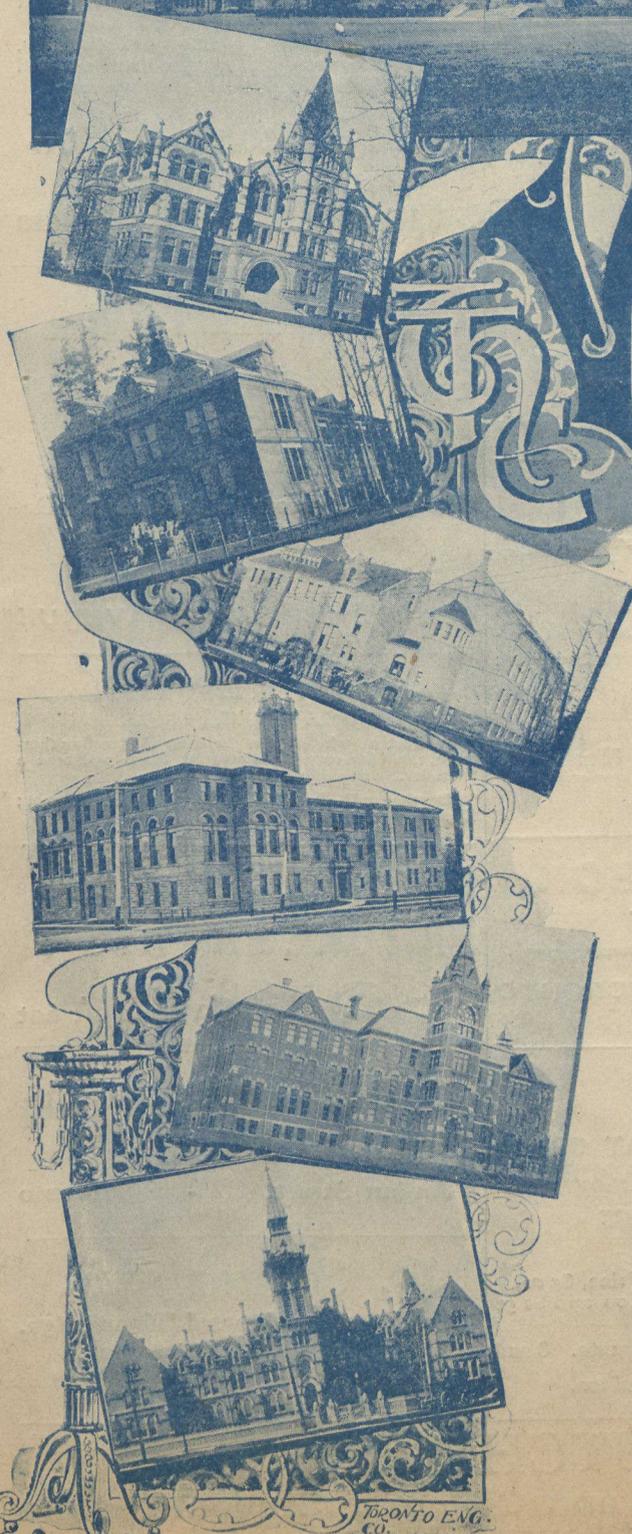


McNair W H



THE VARSITY



VOL XVI. No. 20.

University of Toronto.

TORONTO, MARCH 18TH, 1897.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Varsity in the Later Sixties	233
Education vs. Learning.....	236
S.P.S. Notes	237
The Assault-at-Arms	237
Valedictory (editorial)	238
Books and Other Matters	239
Two Stars (poem)	240
A Distinguished Career.....	241
Lacrosse	241
Mathematical and Physical Society	242
The Hockey Championship.....	242
The Literary Society	244
Corridor Cullings	246

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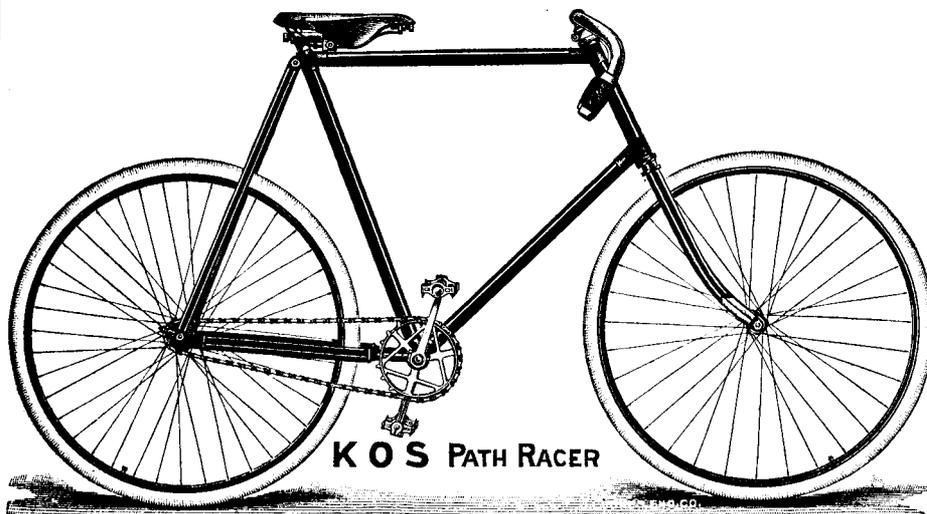
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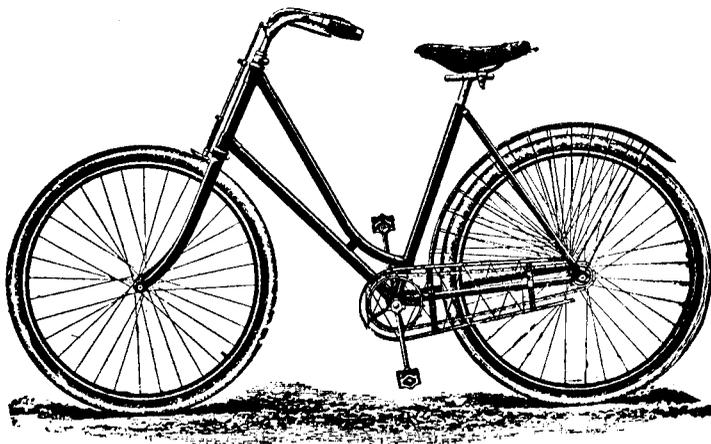
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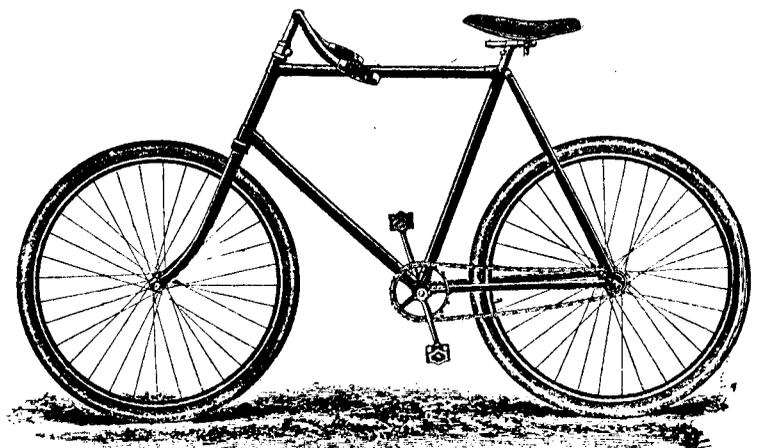
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THE VARSITY.

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

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UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, MARCH 18, 1897.

No. 20.

VARSAITY IN THE LATER SIXTIES.

I.

Although I matriculated in 1864, it was not until January, 1867, that I became a student of University College. My academic life belongs, therefore, rather to the class of 1870, with whom I graduated.

Amongst my fellow-matriculants were Alan Cassells, Purdy, Crozier, Atkinson, Bruce, Dr. Alex. Hamilton, Deroche, Wm. Macdonald, Edgar Paul, Croly, George Goodwillie, Dr. Lachlan Macfarlane, and others whose names are familiar to the "old boys" of a generation ago, possibly even to the *fin de siècle* freshmen of '96.

The impression produced by the first sight of old Varsity, as I threaded the Park, then in its pristine loveliness, on a charming September day in 1864, is still fresh in my memory. Even yet, as again I visit

"The reverend walls
In which of old I wore the gown,"

there comes back some reminiscence of the boyish awe with which I first passed under the beautiful arch of the Norman portal, across the noble entrance hall, and down the eastern corridors to the splendid room where Convocation was wont to be held, and where nearly four-score youths like myself were to undergo the ordeal of a matriculation examination.

A generation ago! "As is the race of leaves, such is that of men." The Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor—their Registrar and Bursar—the Professors with their President—where are they? Hear the roll call: McCaul, Cherriman, Buckland, Croft, Hincks, Wilson, Chapman, Forneri, Hirschfelder—these composed the College Council. Mr. Justice Morrison was Chancellor; Adam Crooks, Vice-Chancellor; Thomas Moss, Registrar of the University. Mr. Buchan was Bursar, I think, then, as in later years. Mr. Lorimer was Librarian. Of all those named, but two—or three at most—survive. And Convocation Hall itself has passed away—like Hans Breitman's "barty," "away in die Ewigkeit." And McKim, the "esquire bedel," who kept a vigilant eye upon us in the Hall, and mended our pens and replenished our stock of paper and ink, and who told us tales of the "Noble Six Hundred"—and old "Rex," our Cerberus, who kept the gate so well, and was replete with wise saws and ancient instances—and others, old servants of the University whom we conversed with in the old days—they too have become shadows and memories floating in the mist of long ago.

II.

SOME "OLD MASTERS."

We had in my time nine professors to minister to the intellectual wants of some two hundred or two hundred and fifty students in Arts. As yet the days of "fellows" were not; nor had "associate professors" appeared upon the earth. There were "lecturers," however, even as now, Goodwillie, and afterwards in succession, Stuart Foster, VanderSmussen and Pearman, in Classics; Loudon in Mathematics; VanderSmussen in German; Pernet in French; Oldright in Italian and Spanish. Goodwillie and afterwards VanderSmussen acted as College Registrar. The present President of the University, in addition to

his lectureship in Mathematics, occupied the perhaps more difficult and onerous position of Dean of Residence. It is not my purpose to dwell upon the names of those who are still among us. But some reference to two or three of the "Old Masters" who are gone may be appropriate. Their name and fame are treasured by many a grizzled graduate, whose fiery youth dates back to the days when Plancus was consul.

"Head of them all
And top of the tree
Is Johnny McCaul,
The LL.D."

If the words of the old song be regarded as irreverently familiar, they were at least in exact accordance with the facts, from the student's standpoint. Behind the seeming disrespect is apparent the singers' hearty admiration for the strong personality of the distinguished head of University College.

Tall, stately, dignified in appearance and gesture, his powerful physique satisfied the eye. His handsome Celtic face showed intellect, culture and decision of character. Rarely does one see a more imposing presence than that of Dr. McCaul in his prime.

His scholarship was of the old school. An honored *alumnus* of Trinity College, Dublin, editor of one of the best editions of Horace as well as other standard works on classical subjects, he was a recognized authority on Greek and Latin inscriptions, and his opinion was sought on disputed questions by eminent European epigraphists. He was Professor of Classics, Logic Rhetoric, and Belles Lettres. We were expected to learn by heart the Latin and English texts of Murray's Logic. Of course, his expectation was sometimes disappointed. In Classics he was strong on the old learning—textual criticism, various readings, conjectural emendations, besides the thorough mastery of the subject matter. His lectures in Rhetoric and Belles Lettres consisted mainly of extempore translations, into splendid sonorous English, of long passages from the Greek and Roman orators—perhaps from Æschines "On the Crown," a Philippic or Olynthiac of Demosthenes, or some fierce invective of Cicero against Mark Antony.

From the great masters of antiquity,

"Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democracy,"

he derived his own unrivalled oratorical style.

His Convocation speeches were works of art. He delighted in well balanced sentences, long rolling periods, and apt quotations from his favorite classics. How familiar we became with such sentences as:

"Macte, puer, virtute."

"Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit."

"Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos"

"Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito."

"αἰέν ἀριστεύειν καὶ ἐπιείροχον ἔμμεναι ἄλλον,"

and others equally intended to inspire us with the manly qualities included in the old *ἀρετή* and *virtus*.

In the later sixties Convocation was a statelier function than in these degenerate days. The Chancellor, of course,

presided. The President's address was the *pièce de résistance*. By the unwritten law, the length of all speeches was regulated by the undergraduates' feet. Other orators, even of the highest eminence, were ruthlessly stamped down, when instinct told us they had said enough. But there was no hostile shuffling when Dr. McCaul was up. His carefully prepared oration was duly rounded off to the final quotation, and responded to by a climax of deafening applause.

We knew well his oratorical devices. At regular intervals we received and heeded the hint to encourage him. A stately gesture, a hesitancy before the apt word was caught, an interrogative "hem," gave us warning. Then at the proper moment came the expected burst of eloquence, and the hall resounded with the stamping of feet and clapping of hands.

He belonged to the now extinct race of snuff-takers. Nothing could exceed his dignity and majesty of port, as he sailed down like some great galleon from the President's apartment to his lecture-room, with robe swelling in stately fashion behind him. Carrying a snuff-box and red silk handkerchief in his left hand, and the thumb of the other held out horizontally before him to save its load of precious dust from spilling, he seated himself on the dais with the deliberation of a king opening parliament. Then slowly, and with the solemnity of a religious act, he raised his right thumb to each nostril in succession. Nature, they say, abhors a vacuum. In a moment the snuff had filled two vacuums created for the purpose. Then the handkerchief was creased diagonally. A corner held in each hand, it was slowly drawn two or three times across the lower half of his face, until there remained no trace of the dust. The class gazed with awe, not unmingled with irreverent amusement of scapegraces and blasphemers. Then the silk, carefully crushed together in an artistically careless manner, disappeared in the recesses of his tail-pocket, and the right index finger pointed to the student who was that day singled out for honor. "Gibson, you go on." Forthwith Gibson rose with justifiable elation to read and construe his Horace or Homer, and receive with due modesty the doctor's exposition of the beauties and difficulties of the text. Such was the preliminary ceremonial of a classical lecture in the olden time.

Dr. McCaul kept in close touch with student life. He would occasionally invite an undergraduate to his room, ask his opinion as to the methods of instruction, and request him to suggest improvements. He took great interest in College sports, the *Conversazione*, the Literary Society, and other undertakings, and kept himself well informed of all details. He would himself undertake to arrange for the bands of music or with musical *artistes*, who were to assist in entertainments. His long experience and knowledge of men were always of value to the students who consulted him.

Although he preferred to drive with a loose rein, we always knew he held the ribbons. He insisted upon a reasonable discipline and allowed a reasonable liberty. Complaints were listened to patiently, but not encouraged, unless there was substantial foundation for them. When a deputation of Residence men waited on him to complain of what was called the "grub," he heard us to the end, took snuff, chuckled, and answered, "Is that all? Not half so bad as we used to have at Trinity!" Then with his characteristic interrogative "hem! hem!" he rose, and we bowed ourselves out, angry but laughing. That ended our deputations, but we noticed a marked improvement in the meals.

The chief impression one retains of Dr. McCaul is of intellectual strength, eloquence, and dignity. These qualities, however, must be supplemented by others to make up a character which people could like as well as respect; and "Old Johnny" was undoubtedly a popular

president. When he unbent, as he sometimes did, his geniality and bonhomie at once put him on our own level—only we never forgot that he was "head of them all, and top of the tree." But, after all, it was his foibles that endeared him to us—his redeeming weaknesses. How familiar we became with his well-worn anecdotes and bon-mots, classical and modern, repeated with stereotyped phrase to each successive generation of students. How we gloated over his thorough appreciation of his own abilities and position, and his undisguised love of approbation, which was accordingly, whether deserved or not in the particular case, showered upon him by the complaisant collegians.

It was from himself that each successive class learned how Lord Elgin, when Governor-General, had addressed a University audience in Latin, but not until after he had rehearsed the speech to Dr. McCaul, lest some solecism in pronunciation or syntax should betray him to the Philistines. For, was it not the fact that some budding House of Commons orator of the last century had seen his parliamentary career checked for years by a solitary mispronunciation? He said *vectigal*, when he should have said *vectigal*!

Ay me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron!

We knew too the names of distinguished men, former students of the Doctor when he was at old Trinity, or familiarized by McCaul's Horace with the brilliant thoughts and artistic finish of the Augustan poet. Dr. Russell, the famous *Times* correspondent, came up to pay him homage whenever he visited Toronto. An eminent Roman Catholic Bishop from the States had crossed the line specially to visit the classical scholar, whose books he had studied. Incidents of this kind were always interesting to us, for our own egotism was magnified by the tribute paid to our President; but we smiled as he repeated the stories year after year.

In our brief interviews with him, we dwelt with malicious complaisance upon the impression produced by his last Convocation address, the applause of the audience, the newspaper comments. How the old lion purred as he stroked him, and his talons disappeared into the velvet paws! After all, the great world may remember him for his greatness, but we, who sat under him with admiration and somewhat of awe, perhaps like him best for his amiable weaknesses, which showed that he was in some things, at least, human like ourselves.

Of the other professors, Dr. Wilson—he was not then Sir Daniel—was kindly and always approachable, and his home on Bloor St east often opened its hospitable doors to the students. Professor Chapman was versatile in his many-sided cleverness. We laughed at his funny stories, admired his verses, esteemed the Professor and liked the man. His well-known mannerisms were mimicked admiringly. He used to dictate his lectures *verbatim*. Luckless was the freshman who got a sentence behind, and verily asked him to repeat the last. The words rolled mellifluously from his lips, as he courteously but firmly declined—usually spending more time on the refusal, however, than the desired sentence would have occupied: "I cawn't repeat, you know; really, I cawn't repeat. I always select only the most salient points, you know, and really, I cawn't repeat."

Professor Hincks, like the others, was a man of genial and kindly nature. His specialty, I remember, was Gasteropodous and Lamellibranchiate Mollusks. I am not sure what they are; but he was an authority on them. The learned professor was possessed of more than his due share of adipose tissue, and it was a moot point with the irreverent into what class of Mollusks his environment had evolved him. He had been appointed over the heads of

other applicants, who afterwards became distinguished. It is perhaps not generally known that Tyndall and Huxley were unsuccessful applicants for the chair in Toronto University to which Mr. Hincks was appointed. Of course the influence of his brother, the late Sir Francis Hincks, was all powerful in his favor. Owing to his advanced age, perhaps, there was not the best of discipline at his lectures; but the students had only the warmest feelings of respect and kindness towards this learned representative of a distinguished family of brothers.

Of Dr. Beaven's peculiarities the older graduates have much to tell. As a preacher he was learned and strictly orthodox, according to the perhaps narrow measure of the time. In the chair of Metaphysics and Ethics he was out of his element. His lectures were dry-as-dust and perfunctory. He read from a yellow MS., which appeared to date back to his Oxford days half a century before. Woe to the unfledged student who raised any question in class for the Doctor to solve. I remember a student from Goderich timidly interrupting the Doctor with a query, what was meant by a certain statement in Locke. The learned Professor turned on him with a severity that was pathetic, and with his voice quivering with age and emotion asked him sternly: "Did I ask you to ask that question?" We were formally notified that no questions were to be asked by any person in class, but if a difficulty presented itself, we were to call at the Professor's room off the western stair-landing and propound it there. It is needless to state that these calls were not numerous, nor when made were they satisfactory to either party. The dissatisfaction proceeded so far that meetings of students were held from time to time and deputations appointed to request him in justice to them to resign his chair. Great were the rejoicings when he was superseded by Dr. Young, "one of the simple, great ones gone, forever and ever by." But Professor Young came in after my time, and we must in this paper "only look and pass."

Dr. Beaven possessed some sterling qualities which commanded our respect for his character. One admirable retort of his is still no doubt floating about the corridors. During my time his lectures were "cut" whenever it was safe to do so, and the attendance was always meagre. One morning he was agreeably surprised to find the room well filled with an expectant audience. He smiled his satisfaction, spoke courteously to the class, and passed round the opened door to the professorial chair, which occupied the corner behind it. Then he discovered the real cause of the large audience. Some students—I think I know their names, but mum's the word—had during the previous night abstracted from the museum a large ape or baboon, and continuing their burglarious operations into Professor Chapman's room, had clad the stuffed specimen in the professor's cap and robes, and then placed it "en grande tenue" in the chair sacred to Dr. Beaven in the latter's lecture room. The Professor winced and showed his "amazement and surprise." Immediately recollecting himself, he turned to the class and remarked in his quavering tones, with studied politeness: "I am delighted that *at last*, gentlemen, you have a professor that is—ah—*suited to your capacities*." It was a "palpable hit," and our opinion of the old professor rose enormously at a bound. I well remember peeping through the doorway with other students an hour later and seeing the doctor, with Professors Hincks and Chapman, whom he had asked in, standing near the *new* professor of Metaphysics and all laughing heartily over the latest freak of the students.

Professors Croft and Cherriman were well known to all the students, not merely from their great ability as professors, but as enthusiastic and popular officers of the famous No. 9 Company, University Rifles, afterwards called Company "K," in the Queen's Own. Buckland, as professor of Agriculture, and Hirschfelder, as professor of

Oriental, did not come into contact with so many students. Occasionally the latter would preside at a public meeting of the Literary Society, to the delight of the students.

As to Prof. Forneri, I am not in a position to say much. He was professor of Modern Languages. *Vidi tantum*. But he was my examiner in French in 1864. I remember my boyish elation as he remarked "farra goot," when I had successfully run the gauntlet of an "oral" before him. He had had a strange and adventurous career in Europe—had I believe been a soldier of the great Napoleon. His professorship died with him.

Each of these distinguished scholars and teachers deserves a separate chapter, but I have singled out one or two for special notice for the present, in the hope that some other "old grad." may supplement the deficiencies of my paper, correct it wherein my memory or judgment may be at fault, and complete the inadequate and ill-defined outline I have given.

III.

COLLEGE AMENITIES.

The story was an old one when I entered college, of the ghostly ringing of the great bell in the main tower one winter midnight. Officials were aroused, the doors opened with the "regular" keys and an investigation had. The ghostly sexton was discovered to be a harmless cow, fastened firmly to the bell rope at a proper distance from a bundle of hay. In her efforts to reach the fodder, the mysterious noises were produced which had startled the sleeping city.

In my own time the activity of the joker was worthy of all admiration. In one aspect, the energy consumed might have been better devoted to the regular work of the curriculum, but then the students at large would have been deprived of a good deal of fun which helped to make their work easier for them.

On one occasion for a day or two we missed the familiar and welcome sound of the Dining Hall bell. The clapper had been carried off in the night. It was restored after a public notice from the Dean that if it were not replaced within a specified time the expense of providing another would be charged against the entire body of Resident students.

We were in the habit of leaving our boots outside the door to be blackened. This was a temptation not to be resisted. Once the entire collection disappeared for two days. Then they were discovered under the bed of a new student—much to his mystification. Two weeks later there was a like disappearance, and the same student surprised me by "discovering" them under my bed. He had quickly learned to follow a bad precedent. Little wonder may be felt that in his downward path he finally pulled up as a member of the late Dominion Cabinet.

The present Rev. Dean O'Meara was in our year, and the now Surveyor-General of British Columbia, Tom Kains, was his fellow member of the Literary Society. O'Meara read "Locksley Hall" at a private meeting of the Society, and Kains happened to hear of it shortly before the event. The result was that when the reader had finished in the best elocutionary style the very first stanza, with the request,

"When you want me, sound upon the bugle horn," such a Roncesvalles blast came through the open door from an immense tin horn, a couple of yards in length, at the small end of which was Kains' much distended mouth, that the meeting was thrown into fits of uncontrollable laughter, and the further reading of Tennyson was postponed *sine die*.

One of the mysteries in our time was the disappearance of a coverlet from Kew's bed. After two weeks it was discovered that the Varsity was hanging out its banners from the outward walls, and the bed cover was floating

proudly and defiantly from the topmost windows in one of the eastern towers.

A somewhat dangerous mode of startling a new Residence man was by boring augur holes in his door, and introducing large gunpowder "squibs," which were then lighted by a fuse. The explosion was terrifying, and the room would be filled with the sulphurous odor and blinding smoke.

A comparatively harmless variation of this practice was to introduce a syringe through the aperture, and give the sleeper a cold water douche.

The "real evidence" of these squibbings is, I imagine, still manifest, even to the present generation of residents, in the form of carefully-fitted "plugs" in the old apertures of the doors.

Key-holes were occasionally plugged so carefully that when a student returned to his room at a late hour in the evening it would be with the greatest difficulty and delay that he could secure an entrance.

I mention these mischievous tricks, of course, in order that the present generation may avoid them. Some involved appreciable damage to college property, or were otherwise of a serious nature, and were properly visited with condign punishment. But, as a rule, they were the result of good-natured fun and bubbling animal spirits, and were wisely overlooked.

I wonder if the "ragged gown procession" is still a feature of undergraduate life? In our time, we always wound up the college year by organizing the owners of the raggedest gowns, including, of course, the entire graduating class, and marching in procession down Yonge to King, and up and down King (which was then the fashionable afternoon promenade). Of course, the procession was the great event of the day for the city, and especially for the Ladies' Schools, whom we sometimes met in these parades.

EDUCATION *vs.* LEARNING.

I am glad to see that the article, "Education *vs.* Learning," in VARSITY of February 10th, has aroused considerable interest. The opponents of the positions therein advanced have made out a good case, but their arguments do not seem to be wholly unanswerable. It is my purpose here to combat, as briefly as may be, some of their principal contentions. Limitations of space will make it impossible to go fully into the matter, or even to touch upon every point suggested by my critics, so that this need not be the last word on the subject.

In VARSITY of February 24th Mr. Munro asks: "What is the function [of a university]? Is it not to afford facilities for the ardent, independent, disinterested pursuit of truth?" As to the proper function of a university, Mr. Munro and I can, I fear, never agree, since our ideals are wholly different. Mr. Herbert Bates, in the *Outlook* of Feb. 27th, hits off the position exactly. He says: "Education, we all know, is dividing men into two parties: the party of those who seek fact, and the party of those who seek inspiration through fact; the party of mere science, and the party of those who demand not only science, but also beauty. Germany stands mainly on the side of mere fact; England and France mainly on the side of culture; America hangs in the balance." My first paper was an attempt to show that Toronto University was no longer hanging in the balance, but definitely had taken sides with Germany, and that this was much to be regretted. Mr. Munro defends and praises the German system. On which side Toronto University may finally range herself will be determined by the Faculty and Senate, backed by public opinion, which will be moulded by the graduates and undergraduates. For the sake of Canadian culture, it

is to be hoped that she will follow the lead of the Mother Country.

It was said in "Education *vs.* Learning" that the curriculum prescribed too much work, a statement to which two of my critics have taken exception. Mr. O'Higgins ironically asks: "What do the authorities know about drawing up a curriculum at any rate?" and Mr. Munro makes much the same objection. I think it can be shown that not only is this statement true but also the other one, namely, that "In some courses enough work is set down for eight months to occupy profitably two years of study." To do this it is not necessary to search through the curriculum for some particularly hard course. I shall use as an example my own course in my own year.

In third year Political Science there are seven honor subjects, for which seven months are allowed, that is thirty weeks, or when we subtract two for Christmas, twenty-eight, leaving exactly four weeks for each subject. Now it would strike one as ludicrous to expect a man to master Modern History from 1250 to 1763 (the history of the world for five centuries) in four weeks, each containing about forty-eight working hours. Yet third year Political Science students are expected not only to do this, but to master seven subjects (of which History is by no means the most difficult) in seven successive periods of four weeks, and then to take an examination on the whole *mélange*.

Knowledge thus obtained is necessarily superficial and evanescent. The student's brain resembles a gun, loaded to the muzzle with an ill-arranged, dimly comprehended mass of facts. In May the gun is fired, its contents are scattered about the different examination papers, and the piece requires little cleaning out to make it ready for a new charge.

In justification of the want of interest on the part of the teachers in the taught, Mr. Munro mentions the large number of undergraduates and the great amount of work thrown upon each professor. As an excuse, this is doubtless valid. But then, either the amount of work should be diminished or the number of professors increased. For surely the duty of a university professor or lecturer is not merely to prepare and read a *resume* of the books on his particular subject or simply to expound his own ideas. His mission must be something higher and better than that. Broad-minded, cultured men, as are the majority of our professors, could and should exercise a personal influence on the undergraduates, and this, even according to the defender of the present system, is impossible.

Mr. Munro says: "The wearing of gowns is a relic of past days, a superstition from which we are not yet quite free. But we need never hope to enforce a university spirit by demanding a distinctive dress." In reply, let me ask Mr. Munro: "Have not the uniform of the soldier, the gown of the barrister, the distinctive dress of the clergyman been adopted and retained because of their effect in producing and maintaining *esprit de corps*?" Why then need we "never hope" that university spirit would be fostered by a recognized academic dress?

Every article which has appeared in reference to "Education *vs.* Learning" has contained a criticism of my objection to co education. Any expression of opinion on the subject was perhaps ill-advised, for two reasons. First, because the system has come to Toronto University to stay, and nothing is gained by challenging the inevitable. In the second place, any discussion of the subject can only widen the gulf which must of necessity exist between the two great divisions of the student body.

At the end of his carefully considered article Mr. Munro makes some remarks to the effect that in criticizing the university and its system, the undergraduate should state his case with perfect fairness and an absolute adherence to truth. This is, I think, the only part of the paper with which I can entirely agree. As the Rev. Dr.

McCosh, of Princeton University, once said, "We are none of us infallible, not even the youngest of us." Let me, therefore, ask the undergraduates and the Faculty to treat as leniently as possible any lapses from perfect fairness and absolute truth which may occur in Mr. Munro's article or in either of mine. Such lapses on my part were quite unintentional, and judging from the remarks cited, the same is true of Mr. Munro. O MOWAT BIGGAR.

S.P.S. NOTES.

A letter appeared in last Saturday's issue of *The Mail and Empire* dealing with the mining policy of Ontario, and signed "Arthur N. McMillan." Is this our "Mac?" It is the same name, so we may conclude that it is. Well, we hope that all the S.P.S. students will take as much interest in their country and in their province. Mr. McMillan gives figures to show that we are shamefully backward in our mining industry, and all on account of the present mining policy of the Government, which is bad enough to discourage the most hopeful prospector.

The prohibitionists should give Mr. Hardy a rest, and let him turn his attention to mining for a little while. The critical season is approaching, and many of us will want to go gold-hunting after the first of May. We may expect to run across S.P.S. men in all parts of the Rainy River district next summer—at least—that part of it that has not been sold to "South African Syndicates"

* *

When the millennium comes:—Smellie will have his hair cut; John Shaw will be President of the Engineering Society; Stacey will get Mark Hanna's job; Andrewes will buy some ink; Piper will have his story published in *Varsity*; Isaac Morphy will graduate from the school; Haight will be able to grow a moustache; and Prof. Graham will be Principal.

* *

The School was, as usual, much in evidence at the athletic exhibition. Both faculty and students were well represented, the former, Mr. J. A. Keele, President of the Fencing Club, whose bout with Mr. Cartwright of the T.A.C., was a most skilled exhibition of the fine art of fencing. Five members of the gymnastic class wore the yellow, blue and white, while it is said that we can lay claim to the two only original "mirth provokers," who provided the fun of the evening. The features of one of them at least had a touch of familiarity about them. In the musical ride, indeed, we were forcibly reminded of the old rhyme:

"The Duke of Wellington had a great nose,
So big that it frightened all his foes."

The event was voted a success by all, and the Athletic Association are to be congratulated.

* *

A meeting of the Engineering Society was held on Wednesday, the 10th inst. It has been found necessary to hold several of these special meetings in order to get in all the papers which have been prepared. The members listened with great interest to a paper on "Pneumatic Foundations," prepared by T. Kennard Thompson, '86. Mr. Thompson was the first Secretary of the Society, and has always taken a great interest in its welfare. The paper described the work of laying the foundations for the Commercial Cable Building in New York City. It was read by Mr. A. T. Laing, B.A.Sc., who was also engaged upon this work during a part of the time. Quite a number of difficulties had to be overcome in laying these foundations. The building is twenty-one storeys high, which made it necessary that the foundations should be of the best. There is a cellar and a sub-cellar under the building, which required an excavation twenty feet below the level of the ground water in that part of the city, and the

contractors were under heavy bonds to make the cellars water-tight. During the progress of the work it was found necessary to repair the foundations of three adjoining buildings. The description of the methods employed in overcoming these difficulties was of great interest to the members.

R. W. Angus, '94, then read a paper on "The Gas Engine," giving an outline of its history, the theory of its action, and a description of the details of the modern types.

These two papers will prove valuable additions to Pamphlet No. 10, which is to be printed next month.

THE ASSAULT-AT-ARMS.

The crowning event in the annual career of the Athletic Association is the Assault-at-Arms. The abundant success attendant upon this term's exhibition affords ample proof for the statement. As usual, it was held in the Gymnasium, and was attended by an exceedingly large audience, composed of undergraduates, graduates, professors and friends of the University. President Gibson welcomed the spectators in a brief speech, explaining the import of the exhibition, and in a manner, apologizing for the unusual imposition of an entrance fee.

A neat programme was in the hands of all. The first event was the tug-of-war semi-finals; after much strenuous exertion on the part of the tuggers, and vociferous vocalization by their friends, '00 were defeated by the graduating class, while Knox pulled the Meds over the line with comparative ease. The gymnastic class then gave a spirited exhibition, using as the basis of operation the vaulting-horse. Every man did his part with all the ease and agility of an accomplished gymnast. A funny feature of the evening's performance was the queer antics of the two clowns who now first made their appearance upon a wooden tandem, with which they produced no end of amusement. The fencing finals were close and interesting, but Cupid chased his opponent out by a score of 5 to 4. In the semi-final pick-a-back wrestling contest the Meds beat the S. P. S., owing to Stevens' superior horse, while Jackson dethroned Thom hands down. Keith and Dickson were the bright particular stars of the gymnastic class in the exercises on the parallel bars. The bayonet contest came McMordie's way by a score of 5 to 3. In the finals of the wrestling contest Stevens, clad in a flaring red jersey, overcame Jackson. In the language of one of the boys, the musical ride of the clowns upon their doll horses, "was all right." Later in the evening it was repeated by special request for the amusement of a coterie of M.L.A.'s. The fencing class showed careful training in its exhibition lesson. Jackson and Stevens had a lively set to in the sword contest; Stevens won by the narrow score of 5 to 4. In the tug-of-war finals, Knox and '97 were pitted against one another; they were well matched in strength, though Knox was more massive. Still '97 won in two straight pulls. The exhibition of skilful and scientific fencing by Captain Cartwright and Mr. Keele was greatly appreciated. The handsome captain carried off the honors. McMordie won the quarter-staff fight, and the performance was brought to a close by a brilliant exhibition on the horizontal bar, led by Prof. Williams, who was ably assisted by Bertram and Dickson. To our mind, the best event was the one preceding the quarter-staff contest—the formation of pyramids by the gymnastic class. This is a pet scheme of the Professor's, and merited the rounds of applause that it received. The majority of undergraduates do not appreciate Mr. Williams at his proper worth. He is undoubtedly one of the most accomplished gymnasts on the continent, and as a teacher has marked ability. His own personal performance and the evidenced results of his teaching were revelations to the average collegian. Truly, the work of the Athletic Executive for the term '96-'97 is fittingly crowned by this successful event.

AEBT

The Varsity

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VALEDICTORY.

WITH this week's edition THE VARSITY appears for the last time under the present management. This farewell to college journalism of the members of the outgoing senior class is one of the events which go to mark the beginning of the end of the academic year. One by one the regular lectures are ceasing, to enable the undergraduate to give himself up more completely to the task of arming himself for the final struggle with the examination fiend. Within the last week the Literary Society has ceased from its labours, with the selection of those who, next fall, will assume the guidance of its fortunes. Everything seems to indicate that the college career of the class of '97, so far as it is concerned with other than its own immediate interests, has practically closed. A few more weeks in which to "scorn delights and live laborious days," and there will be attached to their names the simple letters which mark their divorce-ment from the joys of undergraduate life. Then will they be compelled to shake the dust of college from off their feet, and go to join that already large band of university men, who are fulfilling their duties as citizens in the great outside world.

Their course, as members of our student body, has covered a period than which perhaps none is more important in university history. They arrived at a time when the disorder, which followed the great fire of seven years ago, had been for the most part overcome. Many influences were at work to send a spirit of unrest abroad. They saw an unhappy state of affairs grow more so, until it ended in an estrangement, which ever will be a cause for regret on the part of true friends of the University. But, though it was their misfortune to pass through these gloomy times, it has also been given them to witness, and in a very large measure direct and aid, a genuine process of recovery. Comparing university life, as they saw it in their freshman days, with that which they now leave, who can

augur for it anything but a future of real and great prosperity.

Yet we believe that there is still much room for improvement, and during the past year we have not hesitated to say so from time to time. In our columns, during the past few weeks, a most interesting discussion has been going on over some of the aspects of our work as a great university. It has had at least the merit of giving a clearer understanding of the position in which we stand in relation to other seats of learning, and cannot help but suggest some ideas for the bettering of our present condition. There is undoubtedly the need of a fuller and a more extended university spirit. But this can be obtained, not by any ready-made scheme of student organization, though by such means it may be aided. It is rather by each and every undergraduate taking an interest in his fellows as university men. Let there be a community of interests; let them be brought together more frequently and made to feel the great advantages which flow to each individually from a greater personal contact of man with man. Only then will an *esprit de corps*, worthy of the name, be found. In certain quarters to-day, we believe that we do find it. Its influence has been felt in past generations. We have seen in the graduates of this University a love of Alma Mater which, in its intensity, we do not think can be surpassed in the case of any other. But it is an undoubted fact that at present our students, as a whole, have too little in common. We live too much apart. Let but each feel the need of a closer bond, and our life here will come nearer to attaining that ideal of student brotherhood, that dream, ever present in the minds of our best men, but always so far from a complete realization.

When a class of graduates leaves the University we think that the strength of the college tie can best be tested by noticing the interest which they continue to manifest in the life which they leave behind. If it has had its right effect upon their characters and their lives, that interest need never lag. Let them not cut themselves off entirely from its influence. It is on the union of all Varsity men, with a single aim to the institution's good, that her future usefulness depends. So let no new-fledged bachelor of arts of next June think that with the obtaining of degree cease his privileges and his duties as a university man: nor let those who remain forget that in him they still see one of themselves, nor seek to exclude him from the circle of their interests.

With this long drawn-out homily, addressed to the coming graduate and his more fortunate fellows in the junior years, we bring to a close the editorial work for the term. We may say, for ourselves, that in its course we have become more and more impressed with the field of usefulness which lies open to a college journal. To those who have been to us the most stalwart of aids, we desire to render our sincerest thanks. To all those, with ability for that work, which we direct from week to week, we appeal for aid to our successors in office in keeping up the high standard which this paper has always maintained. As for our successors, if, at the end of their term of office, they can say that so has been marked by its course many lights and so few shadows as ours has been, that so many

We have been in business JUST FOUR MONTHS in Toronto, and it has come to this:—Ask any student where

pleasant memories strew its path as are now fresh to those who are giving up control, then, indeed, will they be loth to relinquish their connection with THE VARSITY.

BOOKS AND OTHER MATTERS.

Certainly the book-worm is the most comfortable of all prigs. Montaigne said he knew of few troubles which half an hour's reading in a good book would not banish. The book-worm adds to that that there are few delights which half an hour's reading will not purchase. Let us be a book-worm for the time and justify our being so. And that we may arouse the suspicion of talking cant—for suspicion means interest—let us take Shakespeare for our book. But here we must make digression and confession. We find in any good commentator that Lear and Macbeth and Othello are the greatest of the plays—and they are, too, for those who have lived, and known the tragedies of life; but since no unkind fate has made us sadly precocious, they are not so for us. Indeed, living the average life of natural development, every period should mark itself by preference for some particular play or group of plays. More than that it seems almost reasonable that we should prefer the plays in the order in which they were written—a chronological test which we yield up to such German investigators as have time for the experiment. All this is but an apology for the fact that we prefer the Boar's Head Tavern, Eastcheap, to the Castle at Elsinore, and would rather wander in the Forest of Arden than in any Scottish Heath.

Now, if in your inmost soul you confess that you think Shakespeare stupid, you must have read him as scholars direct, which is a deadly error. Let us repair to the Boar's Head, let us take our ease in our inn. Falstaff shall down his sack and brag and lie, and talk better than any man talks in these empty days. Pistol shall swagger and quote blustering gasconade in King Cambyses's vein from every play then running. And when the prince comes in "playing on his truncheon like a fife," we shall make the welkin dance indeed. Or if the hour be late why not draw up our chairs to the warmth of the sea-coal fire in the Dolphin chamber, and while Dame Quickly binds up fat Jack's broken head, listen to him talking hiccupish sentiment? Then in summer's heat we can take the book with us to the woods, and stretched out on the pine needles read ourselves into the company of Rosalind and Touchstone, and that merry company, ghosts of the sunshine, returning from the radiant warmth of their own bright times. And so we may live with those who loved light and color, not heeding Charbon, the Puritan, "and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world." Shall we be blamed then if we love Falstaff and his roystering crew better than the polite people—Heaven bless them—who abound in 'evenings out;' if it is more to our taste to jest with the shockingly unchaperoned Rosalind and affect a philosophic and melancholious gloom with Jaques, than to join in the picnics and excursions—plethoric lunch-baskets and shrieking games of girl's ball—which are our modern substitutes for the pastoral?

How plausible is all this! Yet it is all pure priggishness in its self-contained conceit—all a sneering philosophy of cobwebs in its disregard of real things. Let those love books who can—and such are blessed—but if they make us despise our own life, and think less of the people we meet every day, they are only a curse to us. Those who take their mental gospel from Shakespeare would do well to mark that there is no teaching in him to tally with the sonnets Wordsworth wrote to books. And all our research into the life of the greatest of Teutons shows us that his

reading was but little. But how marvellous was the breadth of his intercourse with men and things!

Now from this there may be light thrown upon the vexed question of our university education. It is a sour truth that the majority of people sneer at the "book-learned," the college-bred man. Have they better countenance than they know? Is their opinion founded on "divine common sense?" Our first movement is to hotly resent the sneer, for it comes oftenest from mere ignorant envy or demagogic slander; but there is much justice in it. We bring it upon ourselves by our silly prattle about our separation from the world. We talk loftily of our "four years sequestration in a peaceful *Academe*"—as if we had withdrawn into a tightly-closed clam shell, and for so doing were much to be commended. We are fond of talking about "the rarified atmosphere of the arts and sciences;" let us beware lest, like some eminent balloonists, we descend from this rarified atmosphere so puffed up as to be no longer a living part of mundane things, past all vulgar eating and breathing. We talk about "the outside world," as if our life of shadows could be compared to the great reality.

There are wise men directing the universities of this continent, and what is very much more, our college life is beginning to be powerfully moved by the great currents of external action. Let us cease running after foreign and old-fashioned models. Oxford sends her Fellows into her tremendous library, and they glean among the manuscripts. Chicago has her great foreign colonies, her anarchists and socialists, her trusts and trades-unions; among these do her Fellows go for their higher instruction. Which is the better way? Shall our tutor be a book or the world? Is it not just this new education which will deliver us from the stigma of being learned stock-fish, of being stuffed with useless knowledge and wrapt in a conceit which holds us childishly aloof from life? The simpler people are our superiors in this. What arts' man has not blushed under the eyes of the "uneducated," when with all his learning he betrays his ignorance of how people live and think? What student of the School of Science has not reddened under the criticism of the artisan who mixes his knowledge of machinery with untheorizing mother-wit?

To what end is all this? To the greatest of ends. Our world is full of change and revolution. I do not allude to the crisis in Europe—where it is yet to be seen if unlearned people, guided by the golden rule, will not show more wise than those who apply the doctrine of heartless theory to the *rapport* of nations—but I speak of what is passing in our own continent. A month ago a ball was given in the city of New York which cost a quarter of a million dollars. At the same time a snow-fall in that city offered a few hours' work to some lucky ones of the scores of thousands of half-starved unemployed. Those men fought each other for the snow-shovels, fought like animals for the chance of honestly getting a few cents. Some of them were taken to the hospitals. The others did the work—and then? Those men read. They knew of the cruel magnificence of that ball, and they cursed it from a depth of hatred which is yet to sow anarchy and chaos throughout the land. If you doubt this, talk to the unemployed in our own city—there are hundreds of them, rapidly becoming criminal. Speak to the women who show faces like death's heads in doorways not half a mile from our own University.

They tell us that that ball founded an American aristocracy. With what words shall we greet the new nobility? O, thou Dives, whose uncounted hoards come from the

open hands of kind-eyed Mother Nature, thou rich man for whom the Almighty has put the lightning into harness, and made the boiling of water to move mountains, why dost thou dam up the streams of plenty, and hatefully grudge in giving what was so freely given thee? Dost thou jeer at thy fellows, and lie to them, deceiving them with a jugglery of words? Dost thou wring them till they sweat blood in thy service, and yet fear no justice? Thou usest them as brutes, and guard thyself, for brutes are they becoming. What thinks the father whom thou wilt not even let work, when he sits with a stony face, and sees, sick at heart, the pinched faces of his starving little ones? What thinks he of them who pour untold gold down the gutters? Of such stuff as this came the Reign of Terror. Hast thou no fear that he, too, will sometime rage, a man of blood?

Thou proud matron in silk and furs, wilt thou ever give over out-glittering the tinsel of others? How long wilt thou slander and fawn for an empty place? Dost thou hold thy head high? Thou art the farther from the joys of heaven as thou takest thy eyes from the pangs of earth. Dost thou ever think upon thy sister who sits in squalid misery? The tiny hands of her skinny babe beat upon the parched and shrunken breast, and the hunger of the mother is a double pang. Not otherwise than she were the white-lipped woman who knitted shrouds beneath the guillotine. They were not always furries who bore the flaming oil in the time of the Commune.

Ye gilded youths, would ye make loathsome vileness a thing to laugh at? Would ye turn all to lightness? Are ye content to be thought the froth of your generation? Nay, ye are the scum, the green slime poisoning the sweet springs of truth and purity.

Ye soft-handed daughters of the house, shall we forever make ye pretty verses? Shall we any longer watch ye purr under the titillation of a delicate flattery? Get ye to your knees, and rise Sisters of Mercy, angels such as ye might long have been.

Well have ye all been called barbarians; for while your brothers have frozen and starved, and almost hated God, ye have laughed and piped and danced. "Ye never thought?" Ye never think, ye brainless, heartless crew! Had ye but willed to see and know, those cruel lines which told of men who fought for work would have been to your unhallowed feast a handwriting on the wall. How many million loaves did ye fling away in that one accursed night? Better had ye defiled the bread of the eucharist, the body of Christ Himself. Oh, might a Jeremiah arise, and scourge ye with words of flame!

What is all this to us? It is everything. It is the cry for reform to those who alone can reform. It is the awful need which seeks help of men and women who have learned to think and feel, who have drawn knowledge from books, and wisdom from a life lived in the light of truth. It is a warning telling us to prepare ourselves for a great duty and the most tremendous of responsibilities. Who shall judge between these men, if it be not those who are of neither party, yet who know the thoughts of both? Who can make laws that will reform, if it be not those whom a broad and liberal education has left neutral and untrammelled? And if the worst comes, it will be for the men of the universities to build up order and government out of the bloody ruins and smoking chaos of the most awful of all revolutions. It was the "humanities" which gave their power to Erasmus and Melancthon and Luther; and holding in mind the deeper meaning of the word, we can turn all our studies into "humanities." Let us learn wisdom in the school of real things. If we are to have simple truth, and faith in the world, and noble aims, let us draw them from thinking on the minds and hearts of of men. Then there shall be no more scoffing at what will truly be a higher education.

FESTE.

TWO STARS.

Oh! poor lone star, that gleams above so bright,
And casts thy beams of love across the night,
I pray thee linger long upon my sight—
Sweet star!

Thus thought a poet, wandering alone,
This night that Heav'n a single gem had shown;
And then he murmured in a blissful tone—
"Sweet star!"

* * * * *

Oh! twinkling *, that down my future gleams,
I pray thee do not shed on me thy beams,
Nor haunt me ever in my sweetest dreams—
Cruel *!

Thus thought the poor, "hard-plugging" undergrad.,
And no consoling word could make him glad:
And from his soul he cried in accents sad—
"Cruel *!"

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A DISTINGUISHED CAREER.

Mr. W. B. Hendry, B A., '95, now senior Mathematical Master of Ridley College, St. Catharines, was one of the most prominent and successful men in his year, both as a student and as an athlete. After taking a double honor course in Mathematics and Moderns for three years, he graduated with honors in Mathematics (Physics option), and received from the School of Pedagogy specialist's certificates in Mathematics, French and German.

"Billy" Hendry played throughout his course on the '95 football team, was a member of the original Gymnasium Committee, and of the succeeding Athletic Directorate, of which he was Secretary in '94-5. For his signal services he received one of the four honorary life-memberships that the Association has issued, and is also a member of the recently appointed permanent Advisory Board. For three years the star centre-fielder of Varsity's crack lacrosse twelve, he also played on the senior tennis team; and was, in his final year, President of the latter club, and Vice-President of the Lacrosse organization. Mr. Hendry served the Literary Society as Secretary of Committees in '92-3, and The VARSITY as Secretary of its Directorate in '94, and as an Associate Editor in '95. Altogether his was a career of tireless activity and well-deserved success and popularity, of which his fellow students and The VARSITY wish him an unlimited continuance.

LACROSSE.

The prospects for lacrosse this year are brighter than ever, which is saying a great deal. Managers Fitzgibbons, of Varsity, and Burns, of Osgoode Hall, have arranged for a combined tour to several American cities, including Washington and Baltimore, where exhibition games will be played between Varsity and the Hall. In addition to this, Mr. Fitzgibbons will carry out the usual tour, taking

his team to New York, Boston and Lehigh. The success of last year's trips, the best Varsity ever had, together with the excellent outlook for this season, has led a great many new men to decide on coming out to practice for positions on the team. Home games will assume a new prominence this year, as Varsity will have a formidable opponent in Osgoode Hall, and a series of three matches will likely be played for the inter-collegiate championship of Canada. In these games the "aspirants" will be given a trial, and from the good ones the American team will be picked.

Captain MacKinnon will have his men begin regular practice as soon as the campus is dry, for this season's work will be by no means light if the blue and white are to hold their places at the front.

It is understood that '97, elated by their success in hockey and tug-of-war, are after the inter-year lacrosse championship, and to that end will put a team in the field to meet all comers; now Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen, on to glory; and may the best win.

Lovers of cycling will doubtless have noticed the '97 "Comet" wooden-frame wheel, which has been on exhibition at the Gymnasium for the past few days. Wooden frame bicycles, although of but recent invention, are rapidly displacing those made of steel in public favor; their chief superiority being that in riding them little or no vibration is felt by the rider, no matter how rough the road. The wheel on exhibition is made of the best second growth hickory, and is guaranteed to be stronger than any steel frame wheel of the same weight. It is also supplied with patent oilers, which obviate the necessity of the rider carrying an oil can. VARSITY readers who have not already seen this wheel should do so at once. Any further information may be obtained from Mr. E. Gillis, personally, or by letter left with the janitor.

On Saturday morning, in the semi-finals of the Inter-Collegiate League, '97 Arts, beat S.P.S., 10-8.

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MATHEMATICAL AND PHYSICAL SOCIETY.

The final meeting of the Mathematical and Physical Society for the reading and discussion of papers was held Friday, in Room 16.

C. P. Muckle, '97, read an essay on "Conic Sections before the Christian Era." As he covered considerable new ground his paper was most interesting and instructive. After dealing with the works of Euclid and Archimedes, he passed on to those of Appolonius, a mathematician highly esteemed by his contemporaries, yet now almost unknown.

Miss J. Dawson, '98, read a paper on "Recent Science," which was a fitting finale to this brilliant series of papers, contributed by the class of '98. After a short review of the preceding papers, came an enthusiastic description of laboratory and experimental work. After referring to some late scientific papers and researches, the paper closed with a description of the preparations for the coming meeting of the British Association in Toronto.

After some experiments by C. E. Race, '97, and G. W. Keith, '97, the officers for the ensuing year were nominated. The elections for these offices will take place Friday, March 19th.

The manufacture of a bicycle is a subject which is little understood by the great majority of those who ride a wheel. A visit to a well equipped factory would amply repay anyone, especially if he be of a mechanical turn of mind. In the matter of equipment none could be more complete than that of the Lozier Company, at Toronto Junction, where the Cleveland bicycle is manufactured. This factory is as complete as possible, containing every necessary appliance for the production of a perfect bicycle. Its machinery has been purchased regardless of expense, and the materials used are all thoroughly tested by competent mechanical experts. Every part of the wheel is tested, both during manufacture and upon completion, and as a result is thoroughly capable of performing its

special function. The materials used, moreover, are all of Canadian manufacture, with the one exception of the tubing, there being no tubing manufactured as yet in Canada.

The factory employs between 350 and 400 men, all Canadians except about a half-dozen experts, who could not at first be obtained in Canada. These men are all earning from \$1.50 to \$2.50 per day, being paid on the piece-work plan. A body of expert tool-makers, 35 in number, are employed in making tools for the factory. These men obtain a fixed wage of \$2.50 per day. Altogether, a visit to the establishment in Toronto Junction would well repay all students interested in Canada's economic development.

THE HOCKEY CHAMPIONSHIP.

It is '97's Championship: that fact was decided most emphatically on Saturday and Monday.

Three teams were in the semi-finals; Victoria (with a bye), '97 and S. P. S. S. P. S. agreed to play '97 for a "little practice before playing Victoria." They got the "practice," also a little experience, for in spite of strategy and hard words on the part of Mr. McArthur of T.A.C. fame, the score was 10 to 8, S.P.S. second best.

The final between '97 and Victoria was played on Monday. Victoria were not favorites till half way through the game. Play was fast and exciting; Scott (W.B.) scoring for Varsity, and Freeman doing the same for Victoria made the score a tie in the first half.

Both teams came into the game in the next half with "blood in their eye," but after some good, fast combination play, Little scored for '97 and the game was no longer in doubt. Jackson and Bradley each scored in this half, making the final score 4-1 for '97.

Teams were: '97—Counsell, Bradley, Scott, T. H., Wilson, Jackson, Scott, W. B., Little.

Victoria—Fisher, Parry, Treble, O'Flynn, Winters, Freeman and Burwash.



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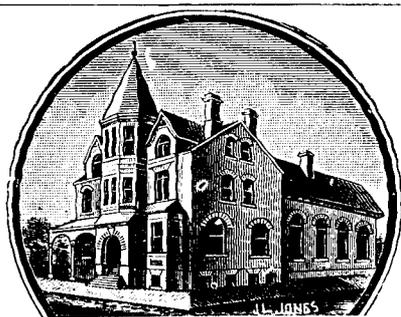
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LITERARY SOCIETY.

Compared with the rousing nomination meeting of last year, the meeting of the Literary Society, which was held last Friday night, was rather uninteresting. The fact that there was only one recognized party in the field for election, doubtless contributed largely in making the meeting so one-sided. The Loyalist party had no opponents whatever, with the possible exception of Mr. Keith, who certainly did his best to make up for the absence of his following.

After the minutes had been considered, read and approved, Mr. Black, secretary of the Conversazione Committee, presented his report. It recommended that in future, to prevent overcrowding, the number of tickets be limited to about 750, and also that the price be raised as the reduction made this year had hardly fulfilled the expectation of the committee.

The next report, presented by Mr. Scarfe, created considerable discussion and amusement for a time. It gave the attendance of the officers at the meetings during the past year, and in one or two instances showed that the interest taken in the society by them was scarcely perceptible. The fact that one prominent member had been at only one meeting roused the ire of Messrs. Keith and Sandwell to such an extent that the latter moved that a vote of censure be passed on all the members of the Executive who had offended against the Constitution in this particular. Mr. Little moved in amendment that the Committee be censured, that the members who had been absent from three consecutive meetings be dismissed from office, and that Messrs. Sandwell, Shotwell and Keith be elected to fill the position thus made vacant, for the remaining meetings of the society. This comprehensive proposal was so satisfactory to all that discussion ceased, and the report, as read by Mr. Scarfe, was adopted.

The report from Mr. Hancock, treasurer of the Conversazione Committee, showed that about twelve hundred had accepted the Literary Society's hospitality on Feb. 14th, and that, after paying all expenses, a surplus of sixty dollars remained. Mr. Ross gave the House Committee's report as well as a statement of the financial standing of the society, which, to say the least, was not encouraging. The president appealed to the members to pay their fees and make up the eighty dollars deficit, in order that the new officers might start their year with a clean sheet.

The next business was the nomination of officers for the coming year. Mr. Hancock, the vice-president, in an eloquent, but rather lengthy, speech, nominated Mr. McLennan, who, after thanking the officers and members of the society for the support they had given him during the

past year, declined the nomination and bid them all good-bye. Mr. Greenwood proposed the name of Mr. Young, a down-town lawyer and a lecturer at Osgoode Hall. As there were no other nominations Mr. Young was declared elected by acclamation.

Mr. C. M. Carson, '98, was nominated for the 1st vice-presidency by Mr. Watt, who pointed out and elaborated the principles for which the Loyalist party was prepared to fight and conquer. No opposition was expected, and consequently it was a surprise to all when the redoubtable "Jimmie" McCrae took the platform. Jimmie's popularity was evinced by the rousing and continued cheers with which he was received and which interrupted him repeatedly throughout his speech. He regretted that some of the prominent men had not organized those opposed to the Loyalist party; indeed, it was only his supreme modesty which prevented him from doing it himself. He concluded by nominating Mr. Hugh Munroe for the vice-presidency. Mr. Pritchard, in nominating Mr. Russel, '99, for 2nd vice in opposition to Mr. McEntee, '99, the Loyalist party nominee, tried to make the election a personal rather than a party one. This was opposed strongly, however, by several gentlemen who pointed out the many obvious objections to a personal election.

The nominations for the other offices were as follows:

Third Vice President.—R. A. Armstrong, '00; Frank Brown, '00.

Recording Secretary.—G. L. Wager, '98.

Corresponding Secretary.—C. D. Collins, S.P.S.

Curator.—F. C. Harper, '98

Treasurer.—W. F. McKay, '99

Secretary of Committees.—W. A. Smith, '00

Historical Secretary.—J. R. Howitt, '98; G. C. F. Pringle, '98.

Fourth Year Representative.—R. J. M. Perkins, '98; J. M. Gunn, '98; John Inkster, '98; J. T. Shotwell, '98; F. A. Cleland, '98

Third Year Representative.—A. H. Birmingham, '99; W. H. Alexander, '99

Second Year Representative.—E. P. Flintoft, '00.

S. P. S. Representatives.—Third year, W. P. Roper; second year, Lorne Allen.

Messrs. Russel, Gunn, Inkster, Cleland and Alexander withdrew at once, thus leaving but four offices to be contested for. Mr. Shotwell, although not desiring an office, philanthropically consented to stand, if by so doing an election could be caused which would bring more fees into the treasury. As this ended the business for the night the meeting adjourned.

NOTE.—Since the above meeting, Messrs. Munro, Brown, Pringle and Shotwell have declined to stand for office.



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Readers will please note our new ads. in this issue—Carnall below, and the Regal Shoe Company on another page.

We regret that lack of space prevents the publication of a most interesting account of the inauguration ceremonies at Washington, by Miss E. M. Graham, '96.

On Thursday afternoon the Hon. David Mills delivered a most interesting lecture, under the auspices of the Political Science Club, upon "The Niger Country." Prof. Mavor occupied the chair, and a fair audience was in attendance. The lecturer gave a general description of this interesting part

of the African continent, and then proceeded to narrate the various efforts which England, France and Germany were making to gain control of the region. France's policy was condemned, and its ultimate failure predicted, through the efforts made in the same field by England. The latter's power was altogether gained by the genius and the energy of her explorers.

One of the most popular of the series of Saturday afternoon lectures was that delivered by Mr. J. C. McLennan, in the Chemical Building; on March 13th, having an ever popular subject, that of the X rays. So great an interest was taken that many were turned away from the doors. Many most interesting experiments were performed, and the importance of the

discovery in every field of scientific research made clearly manifest.

The Assault-at-Arms in the Gymnasium on Thursday night was honored by the presence of a number of prominent members of the Provincial Parliament, under the charge of that genial friend of the University's, Mr. T. L. Church.

Subscribers in arrears are notified that they will be waited upon during the next two weeks for their subscriptions, at the end of which time a list will be posted up with the paid names marked. It will save much inconvenience to the management if subscribers, instead of waiting to be called upon, would hand their subscriptions to the janitor, who will give receipts for the same.

Shorthand Class

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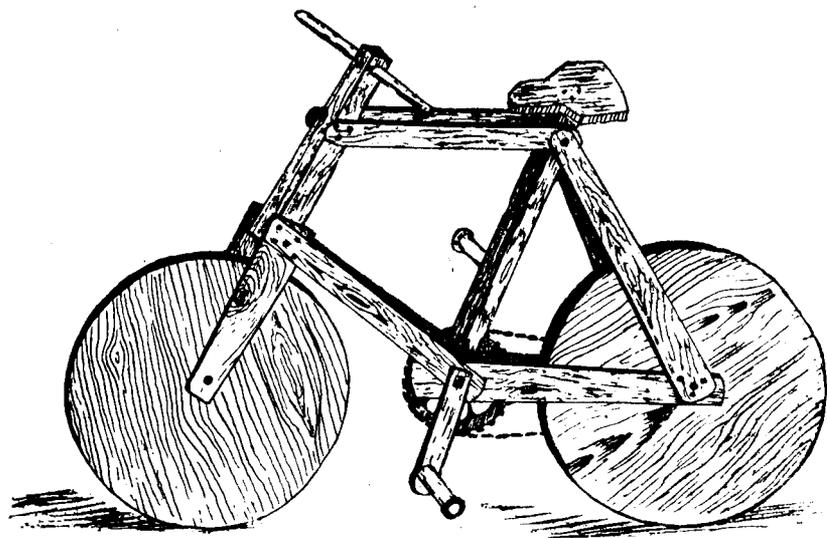
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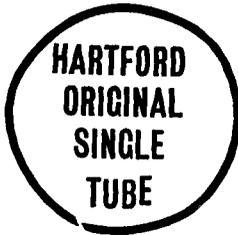
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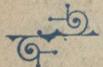
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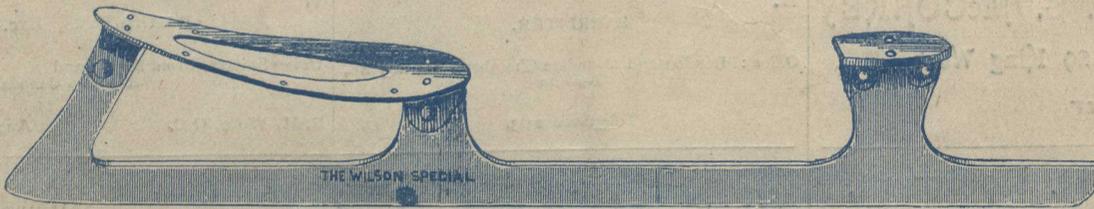
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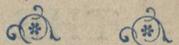
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