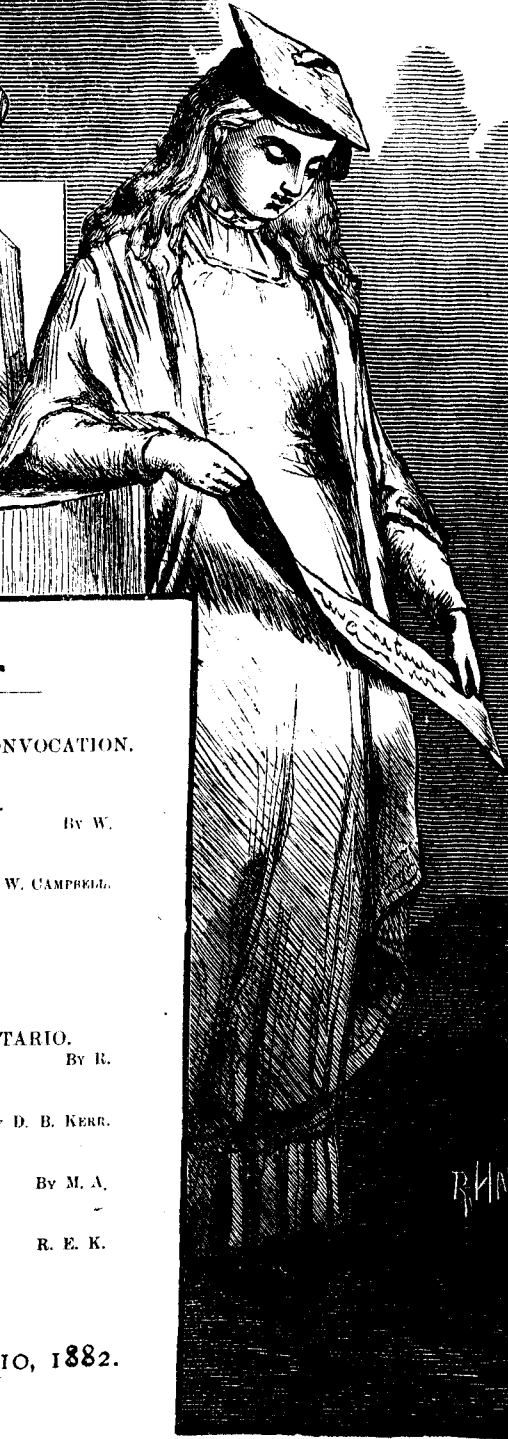
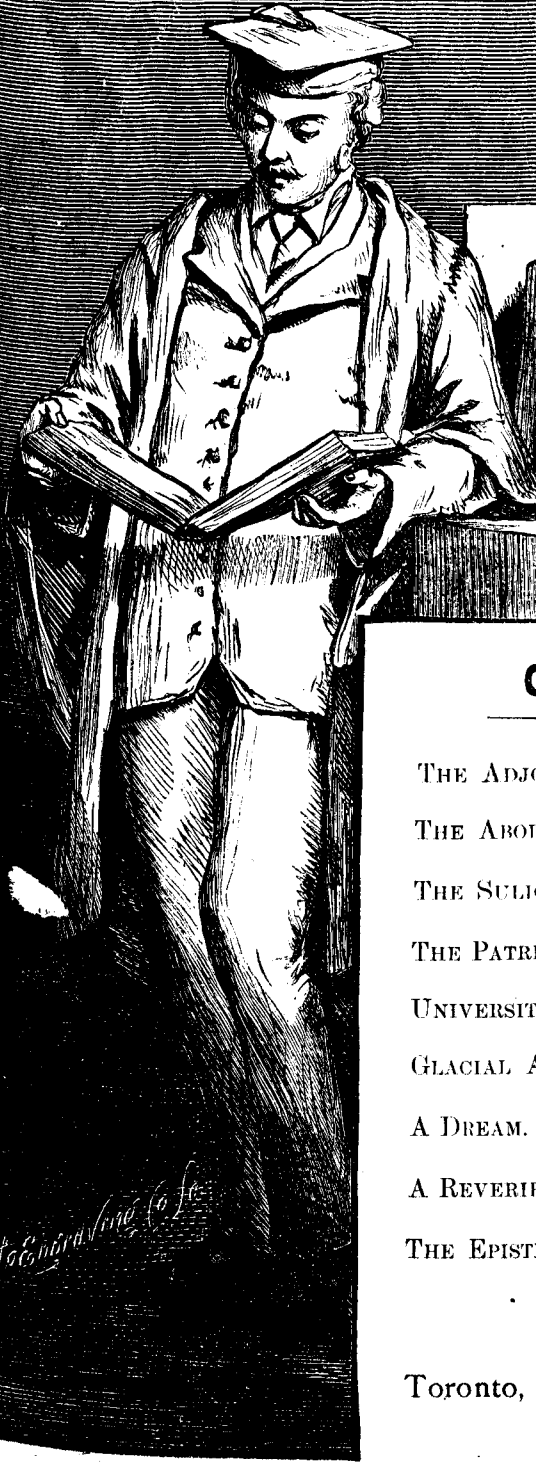
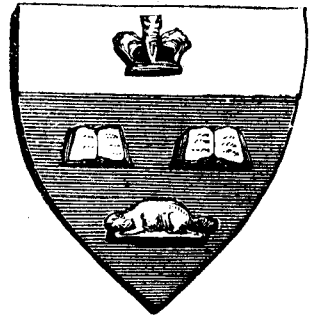


THE WARSIETY



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A WEEKLY REVIEW OF

EDUCATION, UNIVERSITY POLITICS AND EVENTS.

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February 10, 1882.

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THE ADJOURNED MEETING OF CONVOCATION.

The adjourned meeting of Convocation has been held. A resolution has been passed approving of the proposed scheme of fellowships and lectureships—and thereby pledging Convocation to a support of an increased expenditure to carry out this view; as it appeared from the Financial Report that the income from the endowment and fees was insufficient to carry out the proposed changes, it became necessary to suggest some mode of meeting the deficiency. How was this deficiency to be met? The Senate says, "Increase the fees; put the funds of the University of Toronto and University College, thus increased, into a common purse, and pay the lecturers and fellows." Convocation, when the matter is thus presented, says: "No! increase the fees," and "also reduce your scholarships." Such was the second motion carried in Convocation, and such is the result of the solemn deliberation of the Senate in the first place, and of Convocation in the second place.

To our mind, a great opportunity has been lost. There was a chance of putting on record some opinion, either of the Senate or Convocation, that a new line of policy should be adopted; no mere cutting or tinkering, but a line on which to appeal to the people of this Province. "Our institution is in need of funds—will you help us?" No such appeal is suggested by either body. No attempt is made to see whether the Legislature will not help us; nothing ventured upon except a little paring here and a little snipping there. Have we no men among us who can propound some original, wide-viewed, bold conception to bring before the public our just claims? There was an attempt at the meeting to bring about such a result. A motion was made urging the appointment of a committee of the Senate to make investigation as to a plan of general affiliation with the view of thereby securing legislative aid. The motion called forth some discussion, but was withdrawn in deference to the feeling of the meeting that the subject was too wide a matter to be dealt with in that shape. We regard it as unfortunate that neither the Senate nor Convocation should have the courage to grapple with the question before them. Both bodies say the reforms are urgently necessary, and yet all they can do between them is to recommend two courses of action, the effect of one of which is to render the entrance of men into University College more difficult, and of the other to take away from them what was acknowledged by prominent speakers in Convocation to have been a most material assistance to them. If there were objections to a general affiliation, surely there might be other grounds on which to appeal to the Legislature. We cannot help feeling that both the Senate and Convocation have failed in their duty in this respect, and we can only point out to them the fact that if the sacred cause of education is to be properly fought out here it is by no timid, small line of action, but by a bold, large-hearted policy—one capable of enlisting the sympathy of the people at large. We are afraid that to the present attempt the Virgilian line too well applies—*non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis.*

THE ABOLITION OF SCHOLARSHIPS.

A meeting to consider the advisability of petitioning the Senate of the University of Toronto, to abolish scholarships, medals and prizes, will be held at Moss Hall, on Saturday afternoon.

I have long waited for some concerted action to be taken in this matter by undergraduates, and trust that this meeting will be but the beginning of a determined effort to abolish scholarships and medals. The fact that the meeting is called by some dozen men, all of whom have taken scholarships, is significant. The objections to the system now in vogue are many. One of the strongest is that while the prize is held dangling before the eyes of students, they will throw themselves eagerly into the struggle, and neglect outside College matters of every kind. The obtaining of first-class honors should be a sufficient stimulus to ensure zealous work. Scholarship men as a rule, take no active part in the various College Societies, and really know very few of their fellow undergraduates. I would like to get students to believe that one of the chief advantages of a College life, is the broadening and elevating influence, that can be effected by social intercourse at the College Literary and other societies. Students have no opportunity of knowing each other at any other place, at lectures they meet, and after lectures they are too busy with their studies to occupy their time with anything else. What are the facts at University College? The Literary Society is attended each week by from thirty to fifty students, and there are not more than thirty members who are really regular attendants. The majority of men who graduate have had no experience in public speaking, and if suddenly called upon to say a dozen words in public, would be literally speechless.

A prospective medalist said in my hearing a few days ago, "If all first-class honor men were ranked equally, I would cut off two hours a day from studying and devote it to general reading." The fact is, that with the present keen competition for first place, men are obliged to devote their whole energies to the work of their course alone without doing any other reading. The result is men of one idea. The tendency of our curriculum is in this direction anyway, and this evil tendency is encouraged by the present system. Men who are real students will put in most of their time at standard reading, and if the getting of a first-class does not require every moment, they will spend it in reading that which will enlarge and broaden their views.

I believe, too, that the present system is unjust. To give the man who stands first a scholarship, while the next man, perhaps, only a few marks behind, gets nothing, though he may be as good a man, is manifestly unjust, and the system prohibits a division of the scholarship.

But even though no objections could be urged against scholarships in themselves, the money spent upon them is urgently required in another direction. Chairs in Political Economy and Jurisprudence are crying needs in University College. True, the Senate proposes to remedy this by appoint-

ing lecturers, and to pay their salaries by raising the college fees. I believe that these departments are the most important practical ones in the college, and instead of lecturers we should have professors in each of them. To pay the salaries of the lecturers by raising the fees, indirectly means that each student will be taxed ten dollars to pay for the scholarships given. It can very fairly be questioned whether this is just to the majority of students. If scholarships must be given, it should be done by private individuals. If the Senate wishes to get scholarship endowments, the quickest way to effect the purpose will be to let the public understand that any scholarships given must come from them.

I hope that the result of Saturday's meeting will be a unanimous appeal to the Senate for the abolition of the present system.

W.

THE SULIOTE.

A POEM OF THE RUSSO-TURKISH WAR.

The din of the battle was hushed on the plain
As the even stole out through its portals of flame,
And night wandered down in her garments of gray,
And threw her dark veil o'er the dusk of the day.

Not the clatter of steed or the rattle of drum,
Not the word of command from the lips that were dumb,
Not the flare of time's trumpet could wake in their pride
The bosoms all hushed by the rivulet's side.

Alone on the plateau the tremble of trees,
The dream of a murmur that stole from the seas,
And the low sobbing night-wind that moaned over head
As it breathed in the ears of the dying and dead.

For the blossoms might mingle on mountain and lea,
The harvest moon kiss the sweet lips of the sea,
But the echoes that wake the soft hush of the glen
Had fled to the silent valhalla of men.

But a dreamer to-night slept alone on the vale,
And he passed at the hush when the even turned pale ;
His gift to his land wandered red from his breast,
But the war-drums were hushed when he passed into rest.

No more he will see, as in boyhood's young dream,
The cottage smoke curl by the mountain gorge stream ;
No more he will hear in the bright misty morn
The mountain crag echo the goat herder's horn.

The soft eye that dimmed when she bade him farewell,
Must wait all in vain his return to the dell ;
The trees and the streams when the suns were so glad,
The sweet home of childhood when he was a lad.

So must change all our mem'ries, the scenes are the same,
But the loves and the voices are only a name,
As a soft wind at noontide steals over the heath,
Through the sun and the shadow we move on to death.

No one there at even came over the grass,
No gentle foot woke the soft rest of the pass,
No one in the dreamy dusk knelt by his side,
Or sobbed out a prayer as the suliote died.

But out there alone where the soul in its flight,
With the rivulet wandered out into the night,
He stretched him alone on his cold earthy bier,
Ungrieved by a mourner, unwept by a tear.

And the leaves may be green on the mountain glen tree,
The soft breath of midsummer come from the sea,
The long years may pass over Vardara's vale,
As stealth at even the flight of the quail.

But the suliotes passed to that dim distant shore,
Where the home on the mountain shall see him no more,
Where never the night winds may rustle a tree,
Or waken from sleep as they pass to the sea.

HURON.

OBSERVATIONS BY THE PATRIARCH STUDENT.

How we always loathed that instructor of our youth who told us, in the face of our better judgment, that a pound of feathers weighed as heavy as a pound of lead! How we always longed to get his bald head under a fourth-story window and experiment thereon with both.

* * *

Or the "preachy" fellows I've any acquaintance with, the biggest is the 'Exchange' man of the Williams *Athenaeum*. His last sermon is on the management of college papers, and is full of pulpit twang. Here is an example of what he wants to teach :

A first-class college paper should not be carried away by every wave of popular prejudice that may move through its college ; its position is above and in advance of the general tone of the students as a whole ; it represents the better element always, and not necessarily the average. From its very position, it should be able to discover much of what is unreasonable and hasty in these feelings of antagonism towards professors and college officers, which are apt to exist among students.

This is quite prodigious. What a comfort it must be to be now unwashed by waves of popular prejudice, especially if those prejudiced happen to be the subscribers on whom the existence of the paper depends. I would like to see the superior beings who are above the general tone and think the average very small potatoes. It is a pity too that we have not one of these mortals to tell all about our hasty antagonism to the College Council *in re* Co-eds. I do wish I could believe that Spot, the imp, and others of the Firm belonged to the 'better element' of which the *Athenaeum* editors are members. Then at last the *Varsity* might please a shadowy minority by giving up the ghost within six weeks. Good-day to you, little deities of Williams !

* * *

"Who was the greatest Athenian poet?" asked the schoolmaster. "Periklès," replied the slow boy in the farther seat ; "he was versed in war, versed in peace, and ver——" But the pedagogue interrupted him to say that was the verst he'd ever heard ; and just then lightning struck the antique tower of the village school, and, without coming to a vote, the house adjourned.

* * *

A tale of woe and valorous deeds comes from a western town. The scene opens with the maiden and youth skating. The intelligent family dog Carlo is also present. "If you want to see a comical sight just watch Carlo after this stick," and accordingly the youth (who has never been seen at the College without that stick) sends it whizzing over the ice. Off rushes the dog at top speed, slides over in attempting to stop, and—crashes through.

The melodrama now begins, for the poor brute's attempts to get out are ineffectual. "Oh," exclaims the maiden in accents piteous, "what is to be done? We can never return to your aunt's without dear old Carlo" The youth, in mental review, passes rapidly over the points of the situation ; he sees it is a critical one ; he feels the chance has at last turned up to distinguish himself before Miss —— ; and he knows what everybody else in his Year knows, that he is a powerful swimmer. With a look of stern decision, the reply is returned to his companion's exclamation, "He *shall* be saved." Within seven twinklings of an eye he grasps a rail and plunges.

I now come to tragedy. The Arctic water numbs the muscles of the intrepid swimmer, and the weight of the animal is too much for him to push up on the ice. The youth just managed to crawl out. Carlo sinks.

* * *

In the *Chronicle* (Michigan University) of January 21, there is a letter by 'Quills' to his chum. The theme is a description of a girl he meets at a dance in the "delightful hug," where he is stopping. Taking advantage of the abundant supply of expressions from *Patience*, an ingeniously-prolonged account is given of "Æsthetica's" attractions.

Her Oscar Wilde sentimentality is awfully (*sic*). Her appearance is just quite. Her dancing is extremely utter. And her conversation is really too too. Never before had I realized the full capabilities of our vernacular (*sic*). To judge from a half column more of such desperate verbiage, the capabilities of the vernacular are alarming. Another column is devoted to showing how the damsel's æsthetic diet would be an economical boon to a man of small means ; the same distressing effort after humorous effect being kept up throughout. But the acme of the writer's repulsive style is reached in the concluding paragraph, part of which I quote :

As she took my arm with a nestle-close-to-me air, I felt thrills of delight traverse my spinal column. A young man more sentimental than I am (you know I am a plain, matter of fact, romantic sort of creature) would have said

that his heart thrilled with rapture; but then his sentimentality would prevent his being calm and observant enough exactly to locate the origin and path of those sensations; but I was collected, I analyzed my sensations, and knew those thrills, which are vulgarly supposed to agitate the heart, ran up and down my back. We had a very pleasant little talk. It is unnecessary to relate our conversation while in this twilight seclusion. She detained me till her partner for the next dance ferreted her out. To make a long story short, I led her out to water eight times that evening. Inasmuch as I enjoyed the society of another more, you can imagine that these frequent imbibings became, to say the least, monotonous.

I owe an apology to my readers for bringing before their notice such coarse and indelicate language. When, however, a public and flagrant breach of good taste occurs, it is admittedly proper to protest in a like public way. The University of Michigan is No. 1 among the innumerable universities in the Western States, and, to a certain extent, the *Chronicle* is No. 1 among the Western college prints. In virtue of this position, the paper has been looked upon as reflecting undergraduate tone and life not only in Michigan but in other institutions in the West. Did the elective board of editors believe that the offensive vulgarity of the above extract would be displeasing to those whom the *Chronicle* represents? If *yes*, the inference is that they are not influenced by the decorous sense of the students; if *no*, then the assertion by some Eastern college papers as to a lack of culture and refinement in Western undergraduates is strongly confirmed.

UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE NEWS.

PRINCETON. The Freshman class at Princeton this year have been making themselves obnoxious. The removal of sign-boards, mutilation of trees, lamp-posts and other landmarks constituted their innocent amusements. A more ambitious band, however, repaired to the railroad track and killed time in the harmless diversion of "Greasing the Rails." The officials of the road, strange to say, did not appreciate their considerate attentions, and a legal process in the civil courts has left the young gentlemen (!) considerably out of pocket, and considerably cooled their infantile ardor.

CORNELL. The Freshmen of Cornell decided to hold a supper on Friday, Feb. 3rd, and the Sophomors were equally determined that they shouldn't. The college authorities, it was rumored, would interfere, but this report proved groundless. The action of the Sophomors towards the Freshmen hitherto has already been reported, and to retaliate the latter retained 84's prophet from attending his supper. About two o'clock on the morning of Feb. 3rd about forty Sophomors abducted the president and vice-president of the Freshman class, and started with them *en route* to Rochester. On the way there the Freshies succeeded in wiring their friends at Ithica of their whereabouts, and a hot pursuit was started by students and detectives. While in Cortland and on the road, the Freshmen persisted in singing college songs so as to leave a good trail for their pursuers. The party was overtaken at Syracuse by a detective and two Freshies, while dining in a restaurant, and conveyed safely to Ithica in time for the banquet. During the day of the supper another capture was made, but the victim reached home in time for the banquet. While the supper was progressing a crowd of Sophomors collected on an adjoining roof and hurled bottles of odorous liquid at the windows of the banquet hall, only one of which however reached its desired destination. Several other attempts were made to interrupt the exercises. A large body of Sophomors waited for the Freshmen to come down the front stairs to supper, expecting to break thin bottles of odorous chemicals among the crowd; but as the Freshmen went down the back stairs this little scheme was also frustrated. An attempt was also made to blow out the gas, but the "blower" was discovered and dragged out before he could make it work. During the progress of the supper a grand rush was made by the Sophs. for the dining-room doors, but they were too strongly braced from within to yield, and before the Sophs. could do anything the hotel men had succeeded in driving them off. At length the Sophs. gave up in disgust and left the scene.

Sophokles' *Edipus Tyrannus* has been holding the boards lately at the Globe Theatre, Boston. Mr. George Riddle, a Harvard graduate, assumes the leading rôle, speaking in the original Greek while the other characters spoke in English. This arrangement was found anything but satisfactory, and though the setting of the play was faultless, yet for this and other reasons the new departure was not a success.

There are only three Colleges on the continent possessing departments of Political Science: Columbia College, New York; Cornell College; and the University of Michigan. We hope before long to add a fourth name to the list.

About seventy Harvard students attended in æsthetic costume Oscar Wilde's lecture in Boston and behaved very well, but the students of Rochester University while at his lecture in their city behaved in a most disreputable way and had to be taken in hand by the police.

MCGILL COLLEGE. Three theses have been sent in to the Dean of the Faculty of Arts from candidates for M.A. They were all, we believe, on theological subjects.

At the last meeting of the corporation Associate Professor Moyses was raised to the Chair of English Literature; Dr. Leach having been superannuated. The retirement of Dr. Leach makes it necessary to elect a new dean, and it is generally supposed that the vice-dean will take his place. Who may succeed the vice-dean we cannot say.

There is no snow-shoe club at McGill this year. Men seem to have very little time for that kind of thing, but it is rather a pity to let the club die, and we think efforts ought to be made next year to revive it.

Another institution which seems to have become defunct, is the College Y.M.C.A. Probably the attendance did not justify the president, Mr. H. Hague, in continuing the meetings.

Speaking of things decaying, we would suggest to the Professor of Natural Philosophy that he have his electric battery renovated not later than next year. It has now, we believe, been in use for over thirty years.

Dr. Robinson in seconding the address in the Local House, claimed that the curriculum in our colleges and universities was far from being well adapted to advocate the cause of science.

PICKERING COLLEGE. Amongst the educational institutions of Ontario that are commanding public favor, we must give a prominent place to Pickering College. This college has been established by the Society of Friends for the purpose of educating young people of both sexes irrespective of their religious denomination, and it is conducted under the control of a committee of the Canada Yearly Meeting. The college buildings are situated in the brisk little village of Pickering, on an eminence commanding a magnificent view of Lake Ontario and the surrounding country. While candidates are prepared for the intermediate and teachers' examinations, and for the University examinations of Junior and Senior Matriculation and First Year, very much after the manner of high schools and collegiate institutes, there is ample opportunity afforded young men to obtain that most useful acquisition, a sound business education, and for young ladies to become accomplished in the fine arts—music, drawing, and painting. In this college students are taken in hand and prepared for any examination they may wish to pass, either professional or otherwise, and are free to devote themselves to the work required without having subjects forced upon them not required by the examination in view, although they may at their discretion take up any subject taught in the college.

Another feature is the commercial class, where, besides the regular business education, a student may acquire a knowledge of phonography at no extra expense, whereby he may at any time command a respectable livelihood. The departments of painting and drawing are well presided over by Mr. E. S. Shrapnel, A.R.A., some of whose pupils have already won repute. The reading room and gymnasium are liberally supported; they also boast of a literary society, while prominent men from a distance are secured to deliver courses of lectures at stated times.

We hear that the society is securing additional accommodation for the increased number of resident students, and we are pleased to see that the work turned out commands the respect it deserves.

TORONTO SCHOOL OF MEDICINE.—The regular meeting of the T. S. M. Medical Society, which should have been held on Friday evening, has been postponed for a week, owing to the *Conversazione* in University College.

At a meeting of the medical students, held in Trinity Medical School, on the evening of Saturday, January 28th, the Medical Students' Christian Association, which had been allowed to lapse, owing to the absence of its chief executive officer, was re-organized for the present session with the following officers: President, J. Johnstor, B.A. (Lond.), Trinity Medical School; Vice-President, S. Stewart, B.A., Toronto School of Medicine; Secretary-Treasurer, F. D. Meikle, Trinity Medical School; Councillors, J. W. Patterson, M.A., Toronto School of Medicine, and W. McIntyre, Trinity Medical School. The meetings are held in the two schools alternately every Saturday from 8 to 9 p.m.

The *Presbyterian College Journal* was by mistake omitted from the list of Canadian college publications last week.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE. The usual Annual Dinner of the University Rifles, took place on Friday evening last at the National Club, and as usual with K. Co., the parade on the occasion was full. Among the guests were, on Capt. Baker's right, Vice-Chancellor Mulloch, Lt. Col. Arthurs, and Mons. Pernet; and on the left of the chair, Col. Otter, and Capt. Manley, Adjutant of the "Grenadiers." The Vice-chairs were filled by Col. Sergt. Blake, and Sergt. Wishart. After a toothsome spread had been fully discussed, and the customary toasts duly honored, along with the toast to Armory Sergt. McKim, received with great applause, the tables were abandoned for the billiard room and parlor, where the rest of the evening soon passed, thoroughly enjoyed by all. In replying to the toast, "Regiment and Regimental Officers," Col. Otter, highly complimented the Company on the greatly increased efficiency it

had showed, and the fine physical appearance it had presented, during last season's parade, and gave also some wholesome advice as to the keeping up and improving of the standard already attained. The influence exerted by such reunions on the *esprit-de-corps* of the Company was fully exemplified, and the evening voted the most pleasant spent by the Company since it was gazetted by Capt. Croft, in 1862.

The Modern Language Club, which was organized last fall, is growing in numbers and influence, and bids fair to more than realize the expectations of those who organized it. This is largely due to the practical character of its meetings, special opportunities being afforded for acquiring a facility in speaking and understanding the modern languages. The meetings are held in Moss Hall every Saturday afternoon, English, French and German being taken up in turn. Besides readings, recitations, essays, and debates, there are interesting conversational discussions of authors and topics connected with the course of study, and critical examinations of works on the curriculum. These meetings tend to bring the students in this department closer together, and greatly help to promote a mutual feeling of goodwill among them. The kindly interest in the success of the Club shown by the various professors in the department of Modern Languages, as evinced by their presence and assistance at the meetings, has done much to further the prosperity and usefulness of the Club. Mr. VanderSmitten entertained the members at his residence on Saturday, 28th ult., and greatly added to the interest of the meeting by participating in the programme. Monsieur Pernet is to preside at the French meeting this week. An interesting programme has been provided and a good meeting is expected.

The weekly prayer-meeting of the University College Y.M.C.A. was held in Moss Hall on Saturday, 11.30 a.m. The subject chosen for the day was, "the Power of Prayer." The leader, Mr. J. T. Fotheringham, gave a short address, and was followed with a few remarks by two of the other members present. The meeting was well attended, and the interest well sustained throughout. A business meeting of the Association immediately followed. Two gentlemen were elected members, and the names of six others were proposed for membership. Treasurer's report showed a surplus on hand after paying all current expenses. The report of the Hymn-book Committee recommended the purchase of new hymn-books—some with words and music, the remainder with words only. After a short and lively discussion the report was adopted. It is hoped the result will be a marked improvement in the singing at the meetings. The Association would earnestly ask its members to consider it their duty to give a fair proportion of their time to this part of their college work, and to allow no other work to crowd the Y.M.C.A. out of its proper place.

'VARSITY MEN.—Mr. F. F. Manley, M.A., took the leading *role* very successfully in "Ours," as produced by the Grenadier Regiment at the Grand Opera House last Monday.

Since M. Pernet's return from Europe, there has been a marked increase in the attendance at the French classes. The interest that M. Pernet evinces in his work, kindles a like enthusiasm in the French students, and has made him deservedly popular among them.

THE DREAM.

A TALE.

Once on a hot summer afternoon a little girl, tired with play, lay down to rest under the shade of a great oak tree that stood on the outskirts of a mighty forest. The wind made a rustling above her in the boughs so pleasant and delightful that at last she fell asleep, and then there came to her a beautiful dream. A little fairy sprite, she thought, flew down to her from the overhanging branches. The tiny being had on a dress of the softest blue, and wore in her hair a bunch of blossoms of many sorts. The sweetest odors accompanied her wherever she went, and her voice, when she spoke, was exceedingly musical.

"Pray, who are you?" murmured the little girl in her dream; for the vision smiled pleasantly at her, and she was not at all afraid.

"I am the Spirit of the Wind, little girl," said the radiant apparition, in a voice that sounded strangely like the song of the breeze in the tree-tops, "and I have slid down from my green bower to have an hour's chat with you; so lie a little towards me here in the shade, and I will tell you what I do to pass my time."

"You never work, I am sure," said the little girl. "See! I am very much larger than you, and yet I never do anything but play."

"You shall hear," replied the spirit. "I am a great traveller. There is not a spot of earth over which I have not passed. I fly round the earth for my pastime, night and day, year in, year out; and I hear and see all that is said and done among men. I have ever been a tricky and sportive creature, of a variable temper, loving dearly to have my

own way. At times when I am in a happy frame of mind I carry myself gaily as I go along. I frisk over the summer waters and green fields of the sea, where many a strange and wild shape comes up to taste the joy of my presence. And I shed balm over the earth, and rock the trees to rest with a weird enchanting song.

"Moreover, I take joy in playing pranks upon mortals, being ever ready to steal away their secret thoughts and fancies, and to make them common as the air; and for this I have always had a bad name; for through this means lovers and traitors, and all manner of men, I have in my time utterly scouted and put to shame.

"But such pleasures are tame compared with those I enjoy when I am in a really sportive mood. Then I draw a veil of obscurity over the face of the earth, and intercept her nightly communion with the moon. I jar the steeples of great cathedrals, and set the bells a-ringing at dead of night; and I sweep past towns and away over wide plains, where the lonely peasant wakes in a fright as I pass, thinking that the whole frame of nature is crashing about his head in a final uproar, and from thence I stalk over the trackless snows of lofty mountains, and go raging across the sea, where I make great ships my toys. Small as you see me now, I am mighty then.

"But I tire soon of putting forth my strength; I don't often indulge in such moods. As a general thing, my greatest crime is to keep tossing flurries of snow in the faces of wayfarers in winter time, and that is no very serious offence.

"And then I am often very kind to mortals, as in these hot summer days, when I bring coolness and country odors to invalids, who bless me as a beneficent spirit. To others, too, I am generous, for I turn wheels for them, which keep vast machines in motion, and they are thus enabled to earn their living. Men have indeed cause to love me; for from immemorial ages I have wafted their vessels and rich argosies, laden with the necessaries and luxuries of life, from land to land, across the intervening deep: and, besides, I drive in from the ocean flocks of massy clouds in spring and summer time; and thus I am the true fertilizer of the earth, when the seed is sown, and the restorer of the ripening harvest when thirsty for lack of rain.

"No doubt, you think me very young to talk in this strain; but know that I was born when the world first had its beginning, and my father is the sun, whom you see day after day riding in the heavens.

"But though I am so old, I am still youthful to look at; and my soul is like that of a young maiden, to the full as fresh and tender, so long as it is spring and summer; only I grow cold and harsh in autumn and winter, until the re-juvenation of the year.

"And now I must bid you adieu, for my father has commanded me to breathe over the earth and cool the air, heated with his fiery glances."

As she spoke her little body swelled to a vastness that reached the clouds; a fierce frown wrinkled her brow, and her unbound hair floated out behind her; and spreading her mighty wings, she flew away, casting a deep shadow upon the world.

"Jane, Jane," said a voice just at that moment, "get up. I have been looking for you. A terrible storm is coming on."

The little girl awoke upon hearing her name. "O, father!" she cried, "I have seen the Spirit of the Wind."

"Well, my child," said her father with a smile, "we shall all, I think, before morning see quite enough of the wind; but come, we must get within doors at once."

So saying, he took her hand and led her home, while the battle-mented tempest threw a gloomy scowl, which at every moment grew deeper, over the face, so lately calm, of the summer evening.

D. B. KERR.

GLACIAL ACTION IN WESTERN ONTARIO.

The writer attempts in the following article to set forth, in a bird's-eye view, the changes which Western Ontario has undergone since the time when, Venus-like, she emerged from the waves of a silurian sea; dealing with the subject in such a manner that it may appear at least intelligible if not interesting to the general reader. The attainment of this end necessitates some preliminary remarks concerning the geological character of the country, which the youngest student in geology may well be supposed to know; yet I have to bear in mind that some of the readers of the 'Varsity may not even have entered the portals of this science. *In limine*, therefore, the reader must understand that all rock formations, having reference to their origin only, may be divided into three main divisions: Eruptive, Sedimentary and Metamorphic. Eruptive rocks have had an igneous origin, and, as the name indicates, originally forced their way to the surface from the interior of the earth, in a molten state. This class includes crystalline varieties, as granites, syenites, etc.; and uncrystalline, as trap, trachytes, etc. The sedimentary rocks have been formed under the agency of water. They are nothing more than the sediments deposited at the bottom of lakes and seas, consolidated by heat and pressure. These rocks are always strati-

fed, and bear intrinsic evidence of their origin. The commonest varieties are sandstones and limestones. The origin of the third class is not very well understood, but it seems clear they are the combined result of both igneous and aqueous action. These rocks are crystalline like the granites and syenites, and are stratified like the sedimentary class. Metamorphic rocks, under the name of the Laurentides, occupy almost the entire country north of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Rivers and Lake Superior, and occupy in Ontario a triangular area, of which lines connecting Kingston with Nottawasaga Bay and Brockville with Pembroke, form the sides, and of which the St. Lawrence, between Kingston and Brockville, is the truncated apex. Between these last mentioned towns this formation crosses the St. Lawrence and extends through Eastern New York, under the name of the Adirondaes. All of Ontario, west of this area, is composed of sedimentary strata, which have been classified with reference to their lithological and palaeontological characters. These strata form a series of roughly parallel belts, running north-west and south-east; the earliest member being the Trenton limestone, abutting on the Laurentian series to the east, and the latest member, the Hamilton shales, in the counties of Lambton, Essex and Kent. All these strata were formed very early in the earth's history; in fact, at the very dawn of vertebrate life.

From the time when the waves of a silurian sea were driven back by the gradual elevation of the land down to the close of the Pleiocene period, the western part of Ontario has remained high above the reach of submarine agencies, and has been a spectator of the wonderful evolutions going on throughout the other parts of the globe. It seems probable that during these numberless aeons of time the topography of the country changed but little, and its general aspect was very much the same as we find it at present. Some important differences, however, there were; the mantle of clay, sand, gravel and boulders, which now envelopes its surface, were then absent, as also were the extensive sheets of fresh water which form the most characteristic feature of the Province.

A number of discoveries made during the American Geological Survey have given rise to a theory ably advanced by Prof. Claypole, of Antioch College, Ohio, and supported by Dr. Dawson, of Montreal. He states that the basins of the great lakes were formerly occupied by the channels of two or three great rivers. One of these, called by him the preglacial Mohawk, taking its rise in the neighborhood of Manitoulin Island, traversed the valleys of Lake Huron, the St. Clair and Detroit rivers, and Lake Erie, thence flowed into Lake Ontario through a buried channel lying somewhere along the course of the Welland Canal, but instead of reaching the Atlantic by way of the St. Lawrence, passed south at Oswego to Lake Onondaga, and thence along the Mohawk and Hudson River valleys to the ocean. We cannot pretend to enter into all the evidence which has been adduced in support of this view. It consists mainly, however, in this: deep artesian well borings have shown that the beds of the Detroit, Cuyahoga, and Maumee Rivers at Detroit, Cleveland and Toledo respectively, are formed by deposits of clay, gravel and sand, some 200 feet deep, filling up the ancient channels of these rivers, which had been originally chiselled out of the subjacent rocks. The conclusion drawn from this is thus expressed by Claypole: "Now, a river cannot excavate its bed below the bottom of the valley or lake into which it flows; and as Lake Erie does not much exceed 200 feet in depth, it follows of necessity that the bottom of the channel of the Cuyahoga and the bottom of the lake are nearly in the same level. It is impossible, therefore, to doubt that at the time when this older Cuyahoga flowed along its now buried channel, the Erie valley had been excavated to its full depth, and that whatever was the agent we cannot attribute the erosion to the ice of the glacial era, since both valley and river equally belong to preglacial times."

"There is no reason to believe that the river at Cleveland was much larger than now, while it is absolutely certain that it flowed at least 200 feet below its present level, or nearly in the bottom of the present lake. We may hence safely conclude that the lake had no existence, and that the bed of the Cuyahoga continued into the wide, open vale of Erie, without meeting any such inland sea as that in which it now falls, and emptied itself into some larger stream then flowing east, and through the valley." Corresponding buried channels have been discovered near Port Colborne, at the southern entrance of the Welland Canal, at Oswego and Syracuse, in New York State. It seems extremely probable that, contemporaneous with this preglacial Mohawk, the region about Lake Superior was drained by a branch of the Mississippi rising somewhere in the neighborhood of Nepigon Bay, and that the course of this river was not south-east along the present valley of the St. Mary's River, and thus into Lake Huron; but winding its way in a generally south-westerly direction, its course carried it a little west of the present city of Marquette on the south shore of Lake Superior, along the depression at present occupied by Green Bay, Lakes Horicon and Winnebago, and from thence it followed an almost direct line to the Mississippi, 400 miles distant, joining that river where the city of Rock

Island now stands. A similar depression passes south westerly through the State of Illinois, connecting Chicago with the Mississippi, which probably represents the buried channel of a preglacial Michigan, and there appear to be good grounds for presuming that the waters of Georgian Bay emptied into the valley of the preglacial Mohawk by way of Lake Simcoe, Rice Lake and the Trent valley. The fact that the bed of the St. Lawrence at the Thousand Islands is 400 feet above the floor of Lake Ontario clearly establishes the impossibility of the preglacial Mohawk finding its outlet to the ocean by that passage.

This region of primeval forest, one endless sea of waving green, save where a silvery thread marked some tributary of the Mohawk, and over which an eternal silence brooded, was soon to witness a most tremendous display of Nature's power and the forces at her command. The true interpretation of the hieroglyphics which Nature has left to mark the wonderful occurrence which now took place, is, and probably ever will remain, a matter of controversy among geologists. There seems to be a consensus of opinion, however, in favor of the view that a mantle of solid ice, at least 6,000 feet thick over Ontario, covered the eastern side of our continent as far south as southern Pennsylvania. This passed away; animal and vegetable life re-occupied the desolated country, but again was destroyed by the returning ice sheet. Dr. Dawson, of Montreal, believes that all the phenomena can be explained by assuming the northern portion of the continent to have been depressed beneath sea level, and an Arctic current freighted with icebergs to have passed over the country in a south-westerly direction into the basin of the Mississippi. The best feature of this latter theory is, that it explains how the St. Lawrence valley has been cut out of the Laurentide Mts., which the former fails to do, and is supported by the general direction of the striae or abrasions made by the ice upon the surface of the rock throughout that district. An elevation of land to the line of perpetual frost would, perhaps, be sufficient to give this thickness of ice, and alteration of level certainly did take place; but in addition, Mr. Croll has pointed out that the earth's orbit is becoming more circular every year, and will continue doing so for 23,980 years after A. D. 1881, after which it will become eccentric at the same slow ratio, and points out that, at the maximum of eccentricity, one hemisphere of the globe will have a lengthened winter over which the heat of summer can have no effect, while the other hemisphere will have a perpetual spring. Calculations made by Mr. Stone show that the last maxima of eccentricity were reached 200,000 and 800,000 years ago. The latter may represent the first ice period and the former the last. Although it may forever remain uncertain how far these views are correct, there can be no doubt that this epoch was one of exceeding cold. The moisture of the atmosphere became congealed in such enormous quantities during the year, that the solar heat had practically no effect upon it, and for such a long period did this process continue, that, as calculated by Prof. Dana, the ice attained a thickness of 12,000 feet over the Laurentide Mountains, 6,500 feet over New England, 4,000 over Long Island, and extended out into the ocean a distance of from 50 to 90 miles, forming a line of sea coast having perpendicular cliffs of ice fully 500 feet high. The southern limit of the ice may be represented by a line starting at the point of intersection of the 40° of latitude and the Atlantic coast; thence it proceeds westward through southern Ohio, where it turns north-west, and passing south of Chicago, strikes the Mississippi at Rock Island, and ranging between the meridians 90° and 120°, continues north into Manitoba. R.

(To be continued.)

A REVERIE.

LINES WRITTEN AFTER READING CARLYLE'S ESSAY ON BURNS.

We stand beside the fire and see
The purging of the noble soul
Within the cauldron's seething roll,
With awe and strange expectancy.

Will it the scathing strong endure
This burning out of false and dead
With flames of hope and healing fed;
Will it the triumph issue pure?

Will not the stern refining flame
That quick-consumed Burns' ardent life,
With jarring wars and noisy strife
'Twixt lofty hopes and greed of fame,

Prove fatal to a lesser soul?
No; not if in humility,
And nerved with Christ's ability,
It struggle ever towards the goal!

THE EPISTLES OF PLINY.

IV.

The discussion which was entered into some weeks ago in the English papers concerning ghosts and spiritual visitations, was an instance of how the human mind, dissatisfied with its meagre knowledge of the Great Hereafter, grasps eagerly at any clue which may possibly lead to some satisfactory solution of the problem of the unknown future. The letter which we now translate shows that the world does not possess much more information about the question in our time than it did in the days of Pliny. Just as we have eminent scientific men nowadays discussing spiritualism, so we find grave philosophers in Pliny's time arguing about the existence of ghosts. It is perfectly plain from the tone of the letter that Pliny believed in them devoutly. How many men in our acquaintance will back him up in the belief.

After describing the apparition of a prophetic female to one Curtius Rufus, an event which was not unusual in the lives of Roman worthies—as witness Numa and Egeria, Tarquin and the Sibyl, the Elder Drusus and the German Wala who stopped him from crossing the Elbe, Marius and his Jewish prophetess—he proceeds, amid every circumstance of horror, as follows (vii. 27):

"There was at Athens a house spacious and convenient, but with a bad reputation and haunted. In the silence of the night sounds could be heard, and if you listened more carefully, a noise of chains was heard at first some little distance off, then approaching nearer. Soon a ghost would appear; an old man worn away with leanness and emaciate, with uncut beard, with dishevelled hair. He bore chains on his feet and hands, and shook them as he walked. Wretched nights were passed in watching by the inhabitants of the house; sickness and death from increasing fright ensued; for sometimes, even although the spectre was absent, the recollection of the vision remained in the mind, and the very fact that the cause of the fear was not present induced fear. The house then became deserted, and remained lonely and untenanted, being left entirely to that monster. But it was advertised as being 'For Sale' or 'To Let,' as somebody might take it in ignorance of the trouble. There came to Athens a philosopher named Athenodorus, and read the notice. He heard the price asked, and having suspected from the cheapness of the offer that there was something wrong, he made inquiries and learned the whole matter, but nevertheless rented the house. When it begins to grow dusk, he orders his bed to be made up in the front part of the house; has brought to him his tablets, his pen and a light. He sends all his servants and family into the back part of the house, and applies his mind, eyes and hand to writing, so that his thoughts might not by being idle invent for themselves uncanny sounds or vain fears. At first, as everywhere, the silence of the night, then iron began to be struck, chains to be shaken. He never raised his eyes or stopped his pen; but did his best to fix his mind and not pay attention with his ears. Then the noise began to get louder, and even to come quite close, and now to be heard on the threshold, now within it. He looks; he sees, he recognizes the spectre as described to him. It stood and pointed with its fingers like a person calling. He indicates with his hand that it must wait a little, and again applies himself to his tablets and pen. It commenced to shake its chains over the head of the writer; he sees it again, as before, motioning to him. He delays no longer, takes the lamp and follows. It went with a slow pace, as if loaded with chains. After it turned into the yard of the house, suddenly vanishing, it deserts its companion. He places grass and heaped up leaves on the spot as a mark. On the next day he goes to the magistrates and asks them to order the place to be dug up. There are found, held by chains and mixed up, bones which the body, decayed by time and being in the ground, had left bare and worn away. After being collected they are publicly buried. The house afterwards was deficient in properly constituted manes."

Could anything be more terrible? Have we not here a genuine old-fashioned ghost story, one to be told in the twilight when the long shadows are creeping along the walls, and the fitful play of the hearth-fire sends a trembling light over the darkening room? Are we not reminded of long dark galleries, creaky stairs, dark windy nights, when every gust bears with it its warning of impending woe? The world may have been more childlike in Pliny's days than now, but when we read a book like *Footprints on the Boundary of an Unknown World*, or the *Night Side of Nature*, or attend a spiritualistic *séance*, we are led to doubt whether, after all, there has been so great an advancement. The Romans were peculiarly superstitious, but it has only been with the introduction of steam and the telegraph and printing that we have shaken off the notions which troubled them, and some of them are not satisfactorily disposed of to this day. Sceptics there were among them, and bold ones. P. Claudius, in the First Punic War, was a little in advance of his age when he told the person who had charge of the Sacred Chickens, in reply to a statement by that officer that the chickens would not eat—*Then let them drink*. The gods avenged the chickens, and Claudius lost his fleet. Another courageous man established a re-

putation for immense boldness. When a viper had twisted itself around a couple of files, and he was anxiously asked what it could mean, he answered that it meant that a viper had twisted itself around two files. But such examples are rare, and possibly, on a calm view of the situation, we may be said to have improved in this respect on Pliny's contemporaries. We cannot forbear giving the conclusion of the letter we have partially translated, leaving our readers to make their own comments.

"I have a freedman named Marcus, not an ill-educated man. A younger brother was sleeping with him in the same bed. He seemed to himself to see somebody sitting on the bed, coming close to his head with shears, and even cutting his hair off his head. When it was light, he himself was sheared round his head, and the hair was lying all round. After a short interval of time, the re-occurrence of what had then happened gave it credence. A boy was sleeping in a dormitory among several others. According to his story, there came through the windows two beings in white robes (? angels) and sheared him as he lay asleep, and returned in the way by which they had come. Day showed him too shorn and his hair lying about."*

We are sorry to add that Pliny is obliged to confess that nothing serious happened as a consequence of these prodigies, although he was afraid that it meant the loss, not only of his own locks, but of his own head. He had no doubt that the event would have led to that if Domitian had lived a little longer. Fortunately Domitian was removed, and Pliny lived on to amuse his leisure by writing for our benefit to an old friend the letter we have given. Pliny seems to have been fond of the marvellous; and in the thirty-third letter of the ninth book, tells a wonderful story of a tame dolphin, which is worth reading. Probably he inherited a liking for such pursuits from his uncle, whose faculty for digesting information was so great that he may be said to have lived on reading and on making notes. He had a secretary, and in the winter made him wear gloves, so that his writing should not be impeded by the cold. He left one hundred and sixty commonplace books behind him, filled with all sorts of information true and untrue; and with such a model before him, who can blame Pliny if he ventured on speculations upon unusual subjects.

* Have we not here the prototype of the main incident in the *Stumme Liebe* of Musinus.

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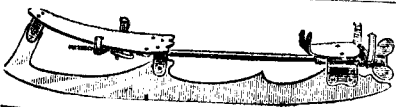
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