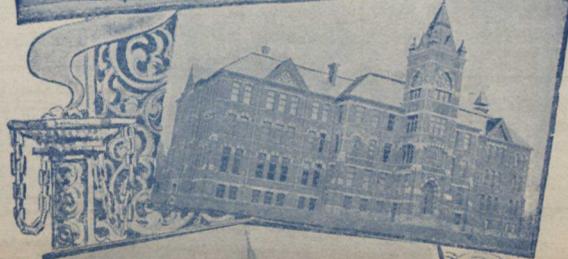
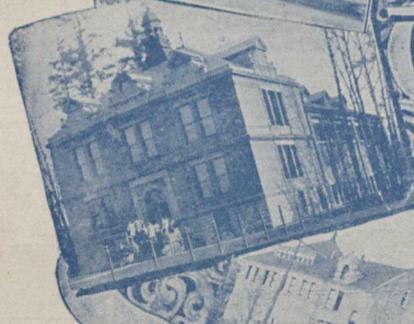
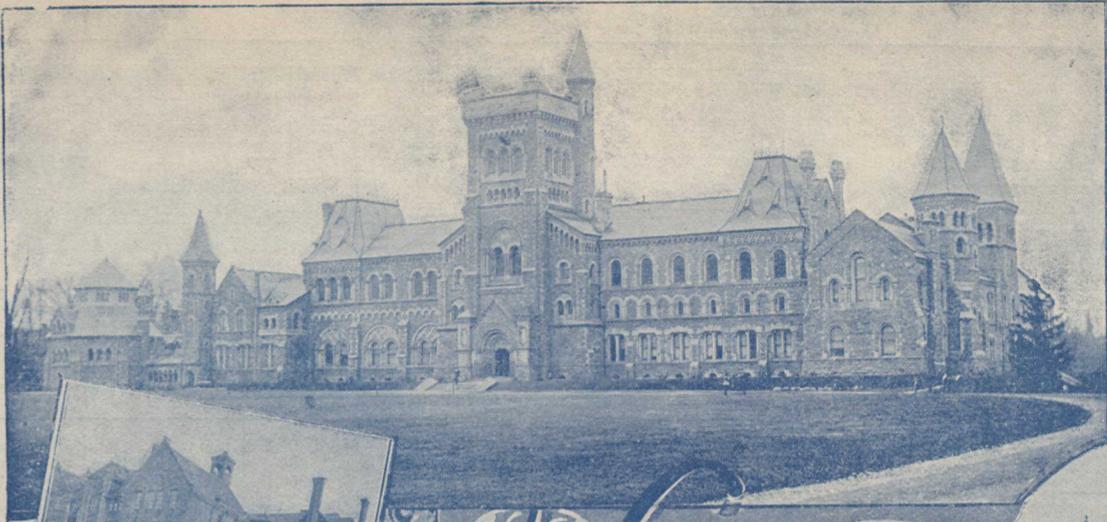


CHRISTMAS, 1901



THE VARSITY

VOL. XXI.

NO. 10.

University of Toronto

TORONTO, DECEMBER 18, 1901.

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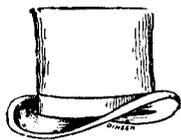
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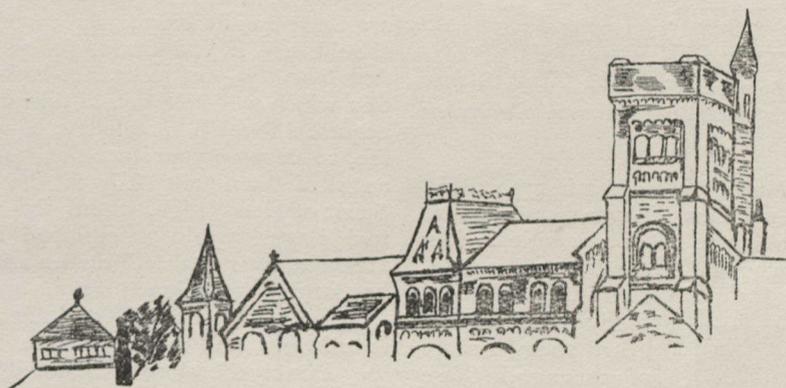
THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events

VOL. XXI.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, DECEMBER 18, 1901.

No. 10



RETROSPECT.

(Varsity Residence—1892).

Home to the low grey cloister, laughing, glad,
How often once we wandered when the dusk
Was falling cold along the wintry streets!
How often, light of heart, in merrier days
Home, home we thronged along the twilight path,
Calling with comrade voices through the dark,
Across the quiet snow where glimmered warm
The welcome lights, the old dark-raftered Hall!
Where woke and died the solemn evening bells,
Home through a wintry country then we went
With hearts that knew not once the twilight touch,
And eyes that turned not back to other days;
Wistful at times, but happy in our youth;
Happy in new-found faiths, and hopes not lost;
Happy in Her that stood a home for us;
Happy in days that held us comrades all;
Caring so little for the weight of life,
Saddened so seldom with the dust of dreams!

But where are now those comrade calling voices?
Where are they now, the friends we held so close?
The dreams we held so dear? Into the world
They went; and nevermore shall come to me
A friend so good, a dream so gold again!
Into the world they went, and fell away,
Ay, paled and fell and drifted, as the leaves
That idly sweep the Park so altered now,
The alien Campus, and the changed Ravine!

Yet dream on vanished dream, and friend on friend,
They still abide with me, for through the years
Of clamor, through the fever and the dust,

At times how all the old fond faces throng,
At times how all the comrade voices call!
And like the withered roses that were worn
By one that is no more, they lure me back
To that lost youth, whose golden days are sad,
In that they know not once how gold they are!

—ARTHUR J. STRINGER.



ARTHUR J. STRINGER.

Ἔεις τυμβον Ἰάνθης νεάνιδος.

Ἐν μεγάροισι πατρὸς βίος ἦν ἡδιστος Ἰάνθης,
 ἀλλ' ὄγε νεῦσ' ἔλθων ἐν προθύρῳ Θάνατος.
 ἢ δὲ καλυψαμένη πομπὸν μετὰ νηλέα βαῖνε,
 ἐντροπαλιζομένη, μητρὸς ὀρεξαμένη,
 ὄλβια πολλὰ λιπούσα καὶ ἤβην ἡμερόεσσαν,
 ἐκ δὲ δόμου σέσσης δᾶδ' Ἰμέναιος ἔβη.

—GOLDWIN SMITH.

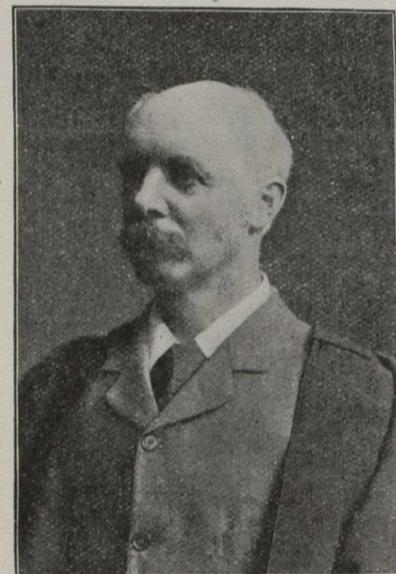
ALMA MATER.

(Being the Substance of the Response to the Toast "Alma Mater," at the University College Dinner, December 10th, 1901.)

The toast of "Alma Mater" is so familiar to us in University College that few of us, I apprehend, realize that it is not equally familiar to all Universities. Yet such is the fact. I doubt whether I myself, for example,

heard the words actually used until I heard them, a score of years ago, in these halls. Before that, they were like "the groves of "Academy," the conventional language of old-fashioned books, not the language of life.

In the old Universities of the old land, where the University is everything, and the city which gives it "a local habitation and a name" is nothing, the University does not require to remind her students that they are students and not citizens; that they are in the city but



PRINCIPAL HUTTON.

not of it; that they are her children and not its; and the student does not have to be reminded that his "Gentle Mother" is not the insignificant city in which he lives, but the mighty University, whence derives whatever lustre the city may possess.

It is not so with the Universities of London, Manchester and Birmingham; nor is it so with the University of Toronto, and that for a reason quite distinct from the size and importance of these great cities.

It is not so, because our students to a great extent, like the students of London, Manchester and Birmingham, are men who have already mixed with the world, and have made their living in the practical life of the city, before essaying or while essaying the contemplative life of the student.

All the more reason, therefore, why you here whose allegiance has already been challenged by the outer world, whose allegiance has already been shared by the practical life, should remember these rare occasions of academic reunion, that mark the few and fleeting years of your University course; that are as the mile-stones in this

brief academic oasis, which breaks for you the monotony of your pilgrimage across the desert sands of the practical world; all the more reason that you, while you have time, should render homage here to the gentle mother of learning, to the genius loci, to your Alma Mater, before you pass into the clutches of your step-mother, the world of commerce and of business; before you are swept up in the rush and crush of money-making, and here be no more seen.

Not that it is not wise to lessen, as we are doing now, the gulf between the University and the business world. It is wise to lessen that gulf, but remember you are lessening it only; you cannot wholly fill it up; you should not if you could, for you are here—you of the Arts Faculty—not to learn a business, not to get information which will help you in this profession or that, but to acquire a love of knowledge, to widen your outlook over life, to develop your faculties, to cultivate the guardian angel of these halls, Athena, the Goddess of Wisdom, the Spirit of Knowledge, whom the ancient and the intellectual Pagan world worshipped as the Virgin Queen of Heaven, even as the Christian and the more human world has largely worshipped since a simpler and more humble Virgin Queen, Athena your Alma Mater, whom to know is to love, "and to love her is a liberal education."

Doubly therefore is this obligation of homage and the responsibilities of this obligation laid upon you, Students of the Arts' Faculty.

All the Faculties of the University are daughters of the University, but your Faculty is daughter in the double sense, daughter after the flesh and daughter after the spirit; flesh of her flesh and spirit of her spirit; for your Faculty is intended to give, that for which the University herself lives, a liberal education.

The other Faculties are her daughters after the flesh; but their spirit is necessarily a somewhat narrower spirit than their Mother's; and a somewhat technical and professional knowledge is what they seek to distribute among their students, and if they succeed in this they have done their work and justified themselves.

But you alone can justify your Mother; you can only justify her and she, Wisdom, can only be justified of you her children, if you show yourselves sons after the spirit as well as after the flesh, if you go out from these halls, that is, not merely Bachelors of Arts, but thoughtful liberal-minded men.

There are men and women upon whom the responsibility of parentage sits lightly; whose children grow up of themselves, owing and owning no teaching, no guidance, no spirit to their parents; children only after the flesh.

Other men and women are there, like the University fellows and teachers of the old times, or like the teaching Sisters of the Roman Church, whose lives are solitary, celibate, semi-frustrate in the world's opinion; thoughtful men and devout women, who have lived the teacher's humble and monotonous life; in some quiet school room or lecture room life has passed them by, until in the course of nature they have passed out of it; "in the sight of the unwise they seem to die," but they live on and on, in the children not their own, in the children after the spirit, to whom they have been for an inspiration and a guide.

It is for you, Men of the Arts' course, so to live here that your Alma Mater be your mother in both senses; that she be at once the fruitful and happy mother of many children in whose numbers she is not ashamed when she speaks with her rival in the gate; but still more that she be the proud and grateful mother, who recognises in her children not merely the number of her protectors against

her rivals, but children after her own spirit; gentlemen of liberal mind; men, according to the noble motto of our sister Arts college, of whom "abeunt studia in mores," whose studies have passed into their lives, men who may illustrate, in some degree at least, the ambitious motto of our own college, who may be as lamps to lighten the exceeding darkness of this world.

MAURICE HUTTON.

THE MASTER'S GIFTS.

The city, girded by the mountains strong,
Still held the gold of sunset on its breast,
When Ammiel, whose feet had journeyed long,
Stood at the gate, with weariness opprest.
One came and stood beside him, called him "son,"
Asked him the reason of his weary air,
And why it was that now the day was done,
He entered not into the city fair?

Answered he:

"Master, I did come to find
A man called Jesus. It is said he steals
The darkness from the eyeballs of the blind,
The fever from the veins; ay, even heals
That wasting thing called sickness of the heart.
His voice, they say, can make the lame to leap,
The evil tearing spirits to depart.
From Nain there comes a tale doth make me weep,
Of one, a widow, walking by the bier of her dead son,
And crying, so that all who chose might hear,
"A widow, and he was my only one!"

This Jesus meeting her did not pass by,
But stopped beside the mourner for a space,
A wondrous light they say dwelt in his eye,
A wondrous gentleness upon his face.
And he did speak unto the dead: "Young man,
I say arise!" (these tears of mine will start)
The youth arose, straight to his mother ran,
Who wept for joy and pressed him to her heart.

Within me, master, such a longing grew
To look on him, perchance to speak his name,
I started, while the world was wet with dew,
A gift for him—Ah! I have been to blame,
For when a beggar held a lean hand out for aid
I laid in it, being moved, a goodly share
Of this same gift, and then a little maid
Lisp'd she was hungry, in her eyes a prayer;
I gave her all the fruit I plucked for him.
His oil I gave to one who moaned in pain,
His jar of wine to one whose life waxed dim—
Ah, master, I have journeyed here in vain!
Within the city Jesus walks the street,
Or bides with friends, or in the temple stands,
But shamed am I the Nazarene to meet,
Seeing I bring to him but empty hands.

The sun had long since sunk behind the hills,
The purple glory and the gleam of light
Had faded from the sky; the dusk that stills
A busy world was deep'ning into night.
And in the silence of the eventide,
The stranger spoke full low and tenderly:
"Son, look on me," the words themselves, the tone,
Made Ammiel's heart begin to thrill and glow,
"Full well," he said, "I know there is but one
With simple words like these could move me so."

"Son, look on me!" and lifting up his eyes
He looked on Jesus face, and knew 'twas he,
Knelt down and kissed his feet, and would not rise,
Because of love and deep humility.

Up in the deep blue of the sky above
Were kindled all the watchfires of the night;
The voice of Jesus, deep, and full of love,
Said: "Come hide with me till the morning light.
At dawn my beggar asked not alms in vain,
Since dawn have I been debtor unto thee,
All day thy gifts within my hands have lain—
Fruit, oil, and wine came through my poor to me."

JEAN BLEWETT.

OXFORD "GREATS."

An invitation, on somewhat short notice, to write something for the Christmas Number of the VARSITY has brought to my mind a paper prepared by myself in 1879, shortly after taking my degree at Oxford, in which I have endeavoured to describe the effect on one's mental outlook produced by such a course of reading and lectures as I had just gone through at that ancient seat of learning. I hope it may prove of some interest to some of the members of the University with which I have now the pleasure and honor of being connected; and as things change but slowly in the "old home," I do not suppose that lapse of time has materially diminished such measure of accuracy as it possessed when first written.

There is a well-known definition of an educated man, as a man who knows everything of something, and something of everything. The system adopted at Oxford in the final classical schools, or "Greats," in university slang, cannot indeed pretend, in the short time allowed, to teach a man everything of something. It does, however, aim at imparting to the student some conception of the connection subsisting between the various branches of knowledge, and so teaching him something, which he did not know before, of everything. The final classical school is also the philosophical school. It retains the name of classical, because the study of certain Greek philosophers and Greek and Roman historians is insisted upon. The student, however, soon finds that all-essential as an acquaintance with Plato and Aristotle are, he is also expected to be, to some degree, familiar with the writings of Bacon, Hobbes, Herbert Spencer, Mill, Henry Maine, Hegel and other modern thinkers. The aim of the course is not to store the student with facts, far less to impart to him technical knowledge of any kind. It is rather to give him an idea of what philosophy really means; to teach him that to catch a glimpse of truth he must dive lower than mere external facts and phenomena, and strive after a knowledge of those hidden laws which underlie the facts, and of which the facts are but passing manifestations. The facts are transient, the laws eternal. At length the student arrives at a new conception of what education means. He used, in all probability, to suppose that education meant merely knowledge of facts and knowledge of languages, he comes at last to see that knowledge by itself is but superficial at the best. Underneath the facts of nature he is taught to see the laws of science, under the laws of science he is shown yet a deeper deep, and brought face to face with the problems of metaphysics. In all likelihood by the time he has completed his "Greats" course his ideas are revolutionized. When he began he was too apt to take things for granted, and to regard many things as obvious which he now perceives are but the thin coverings overlying fathomless mysteries. Words, again, which before he flattered himself he clearly understood, such as "law," "justice," "beauty," he now finds defy his efforts at definition. He has been using such words all his life, and yet when he looks into the matter he cannot for the life of him discover what he really means by them. History used to be to him merely the annals of men and things, now he regards it rather as the record of the progress and development of society in accordance with laws as powerful, though less clearly understood, than the laws of

natural science. The printing press, the history of literature, the march of freedom, the growth of commerce, the development of democracy, are more interesting and important to him than great battles and sieges. The latter seem now, for the most part, mere breaks and stumbling blocks in the progress of humanity, or the agonies preceding a new birth. He has begun at length to see there may be more significance in scarcely perceptible changes in constitutional ideas than in the campaigns of a Wellington. Again, he no longer regards the view that certain acts are wrong because they are forbidden in the Bible, and forbidden in the Bible because they are wrong, as a satisfactory solution of the problems of morality. Retaining, let us hope, his faith that the Bible is a book of Divine Reason, he now clearly perceives that any rational scheme must have a rational basis. He seeks for a moral standard. He allows now, as ever, that it is his duty to do good to others, to abstain from stealing, lying, cruelty, but this no longer contents him. 'The Word of God forbids such acts, but he longs to justify the word of God to men, and to discover the Divine principle from which this code of morals may be deduced. He no longer deems a blind faith a fitting sacrifice to a God of Reason. Before he began his course the growth of the human mind probably conveyed little meaning to him. Now he has discovered that ideas familiar enough in these days, were unknown, or almost unknown, a few hundred years ago. In Politics he discovers that the ideas of representation, of the dignity and responsibility of individual man, and of progress, familiar to all as they now are, were well-nigh undreamt of by the Greeks and Romans of old. In Ethics he seeks in vain in antiquity for the virtues of benevolence, and humility. In Jurisprudence he finds that the distinction between law and morality, and the proper function of municipal legislation, obvious as he may think them, were never clearly grasped by the greatest thinkers of ancient times. Everywhere he sees a possibility of a philosophy, and far, far away he fancies he catches a glimpse of that primal philosophy, that philosophy of the ultimate laws of the universe, from which the subordinate laws pervading the various branches of human life and human knowledge shall be deduced. In a word he has been taught to think.

What, then, is the result of all this? Many would reply, and reply in a certain narrow sense truly, "an intellectual prig." That prigs must be found at a University where such a course of study is encouraged—and found, too, among men of real earnestness, and some power of thought—must undoubtedly be the case. You take a number of young and enthusiastic minds, and you introduce them in rapid succession to regions of thought and speculation undreamt of before. They feel their minds at once, as it were, lifted to a higher level, and in the first blaze of light they fail to see how many others have reached as high and higher than themselves. "Define me a prig," says the Vicar, in the "Monks of Thelema." "Let us define a prig," replies Lord Alwyne, "as a man who overdoes everything. He becomes a prig because he is not equal to his assumed position. . . . And the general maxim among prigs is that no one has a right to be heard outside their own body." The young Oxonian is suddenly lifted to a position to which he is not equal, and it is too much for him for a time. But all this must soon wear off, and then the good remains in those who have ever really received it. For philosophy is the highest truth in the first place; and whether a sound philosophy of a subject be or be not attainable, it is quite certain that we cannot have any real knowledge of the true meaning of facts, except so far as we under-

stand the laws and principles which explain those facts. The excellence of the Oxford course, however, is not usually represented as consisting so much in the knowledge it imparts, as in the method it inculcates. It aims at habituating the mind to pains-taking, logical thought. It first humbles the mind by showing it its weakness and credulity, and then points out the right road to strength and certainty.

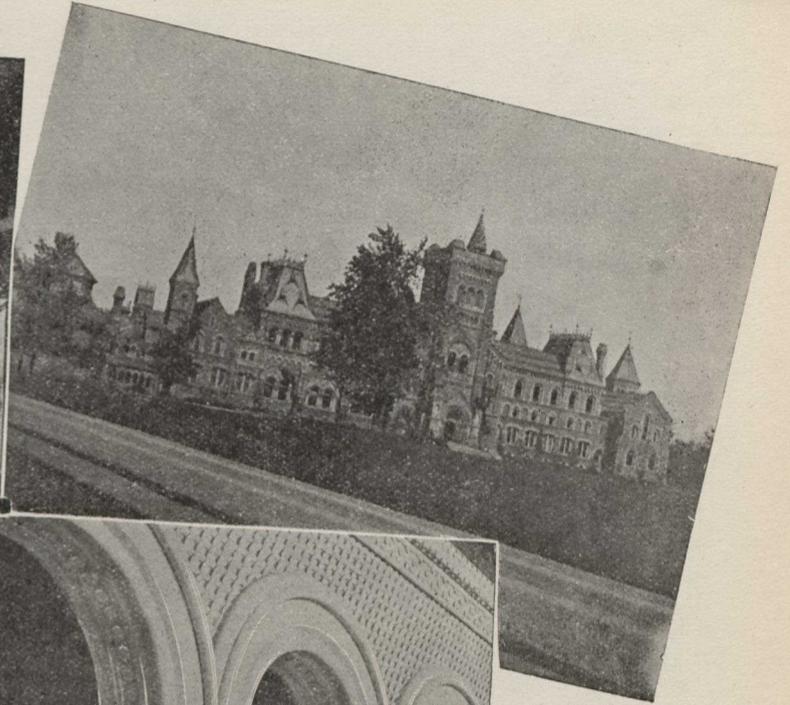
But it is sometimes objected that such studies are well enough for rich men, but that they tend to unfit a man to face successfully the dull routine of business. Yet surely this is not so. It is true no doubt that at first a man coming from the luxury of Oxford—a luxury the more seductive because it is both material and intellectual—is apt to turn in disgust from the monotonous toil of a profession. But unless he be of a temperament so self-indulgent that no training of any sort would have corrected it, this feeling cannot last. The bad wears away, the good remains. He finds the studies he has been permitted for a short time to follow unremittingly have thrown a new glory over his daily work, and inspired it with an ever-growing interest. His profession is not to him a mere daily task, but he welcomes the necessity it entails of mastering a mass of uninviting facts, because they assist him in arriving, step by step, nearer to the philosophy underlying them. The fluctuations of commerce he now sees are but the outward manifestations of the secretly working laws of political economy. The more he learns of practical law, the more clearly he sees his way to a sound conception of jurisprudence, and he feels that he is gaining access to the only possible means of estimating the truth of the theories of the great speculators in that department of knowledge. If he is engaged in political life, he is not so likely now to be animated by a mere vulgar desire for self-aggrandisement; rather he will be elevated by the feeling that he, too, is taking an active, even though a humble part, in the working out of those laws, by obedience to which the progress of humanity can alone be secured. If he is a doctor, he is little likely, after such a training, to content himself with being a mere empiric; he will rather feel that in the truest sense he is the interpreter of the decrees of God to man. Surely such aspirations as these are not only justified by truth, but are well calculated to throw a glorious halo over human life, to inspire professional men with zeal, and to secure to the community at large, intelligent ministers to its various needs.

Furthermore, by teaching a man how great are the mysteries of the universe, by habituating him to the endeavour to grasp the greatest conceptions the mind is capable of, you raise his whole existence. You elevate his conception of the greatness and glory of the God who made this wonderful universe, and who gifted him with a portion of His divine reason. You make his whole life more earnest, and inspire him to strive for the highest objects. Mere mean and sensual pleasures lose half their charm for him. In the midst of the immensities and eternal verities he dare not trifle. Moreover, by enlarging his vision you teach him to think less of his own troubles. True, it may be as Shakespeare said:

"There never yet was born philosopher
That could endure the tooth-ache patiently."

This, after all, is a physical pain, pure and simple, and the acuter a man's intellectual perceptions become, the acuter, perhaps, will be all his other perceptions. The larger part of human life, however, is not physical, and in the conception of the vastness of the universe, and of the all-pervading laws, many a man will find assistance in meeting, more courageously, such reverses as may be in store for him.

A. H. F. LEFROY



The Architecture of a University Building

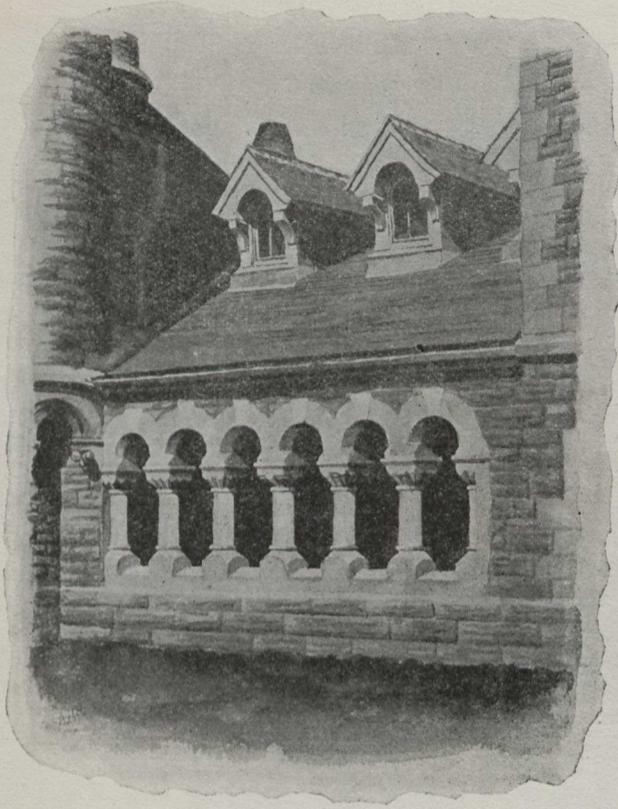
A. H. Harkness, B.A.Sc.

WHEN a city assumes importance as an educational centre, we may expect to find in connection with its educational institutions such buildings as will add to the beauty and enhance the interest of that city. If a country is to have an architecture at all we will expect to find it in connection with those institutions which represent the highest and best in the culture of the people. The process of acquiring an education cannot be seen by a visitor to a city, but the buildings in which this process takes place can be, and will always possess an interest to one who may have occasion to be in their vicinity. Oxford and Cambridge, the most celebrated educational centres of English-speaking countries, and perhaps of the world, possess an attraction to a visitor not through the fact that they are educational centres, but because of the interesting architectural character of the university buildings which are the seat of these institutions of culture. While it is to be regretted that the educational institutions of the city of Toronto, which may rank as the foremost educational city of Canada, are not all housed in buildings that may lay claim to some architectural merit, still it is the good fortune of the city to possess in connection with its chief university a building of such excellence as to be

recognized amongst the foremost architectural structures of America. While there are other buildings in Canada that possess considerable merit as examples of the architectural art—the Parliament Buildings in Ottawa in the Gothic style, Osgoode Hall of Toronto, in the Renaissance, and an array of others of more than average excellence—still there is no other that has called forth from travellers, men famous in art, literature and science, as many expressions of admiration and approval as this example of the Norman Romanesque in Queen's Park, Toronto.

There are none of the associations of antiquity about the building. Like everything else in this country of ours, it is new. The erection of the building as it now stands was commenced in the summer of 1856—less than forty-five years ago—three years after the founding of the University of Toronto, or rather after the transforming of the old King's College into the new university under the name it now bears. The building was but three years under course of construction—a remarkably short time for a structure containing so much carefully executed cut stone work as this does.

The building, however, was not destined to pass



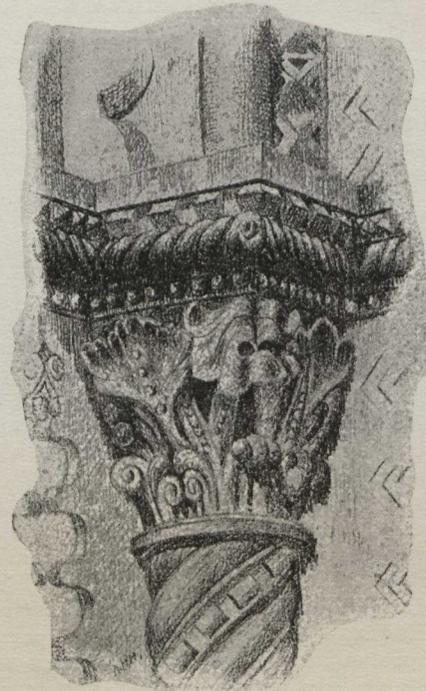
ARCADE AT WESTERN ENTRANCE, SHOWING GEOMETRICAL FORM OF CAPITALS AND BASES OF COLUMNS

down to posterity without any vicissitudes of fortune. On the 14th of February, 1890, the occasion being that of the chief annual social function of the University, through the accidental dropping of a tray of lamps, the whole interior of the eastern half of the building was destroyed by fire. The loss, which was a keen financial blow to the institution, involved the complete destruction of the library. Architecturally, however, the building suffered but little. All the damaged stone-work was replaced as it was before. However, to suit the more modern requirements of the university, the interior was completely altered, and thus was lost the very interesting Norman wood-carving of the library and Convocation Hall.

The original architect was fortunate in the choice of a style in which to carry out the design of the building. While he has chosen a style the best adapted to our Canadian climate, and one excellently suited to the character of the Canadian people, it is perhaps the most interesting from historical associations. It originated and was developed during the rise and spread of Christianity through Northern and Western Europe. After the downfall of the Roman Empire, for a period of about two hundred years there was practically no building carried on in any part of Europe. In the ninth century, however, after Christianity had developed to be a leading factor in the life of the people of Southern Europe, the necessity of providing suitable places of worship gave an impetus to building. The great pagan temples, through their associations, were not suitable for this purpose. But as many of them were in ruins they served well for quarries from which to take stone for the erection of such religious edifices as were required. As a consequence, we find in the simply planned and constructed buildings of this period a great deal of purely classical detail which was

taken directly from the Roman ruins. The architecture of Rome, then as now the head of the church, was that most directly followed by the builders of the neighboring countries. But being unable to use the Roman ruins as stone quarries, they were obliged to do their own carving and ornamentation, and hence in it we find a wide difference from that of Rome. And the farther from Rome we go the greater the difference becomes.

At the time of the Conquest the Normans had learned but very little of the art of architecture as carried on in Rome, so that the style as developed later in England possesses so few of the Romanesque qualities that it may much more properly be called Norman than Romanesque, though we should remember that it is really but a development of the latter. Previous to the Conquest the Anglo-Saxons had practically no architecture. They did some building, but it was mostly of a very crude nature. Immediately following the Conquest was a period of great building activity. All the barons had to be provided with fortified residences. Many churches and other ecclesiastical buildings were immediately erected. While the "architects," if such they might be called, being for the most part the owners of the buildings or the priests of the churches, had some slight knowledge of architecture as carried on in Europe, the workmen had none, and were at first rather unskilled in the use of the hammer, trowel and chisel. We thus find that while the prevalent style of the mainland of Europe had some influence on the art as developed in England, still the growth of the Norman style very nearly represents the development of a style of architecture from the embryonic state. And through the entire growth of English architecture from the crudest form of the Norman to the most highly developed form of the Gothic we find that, though influenced to some extent

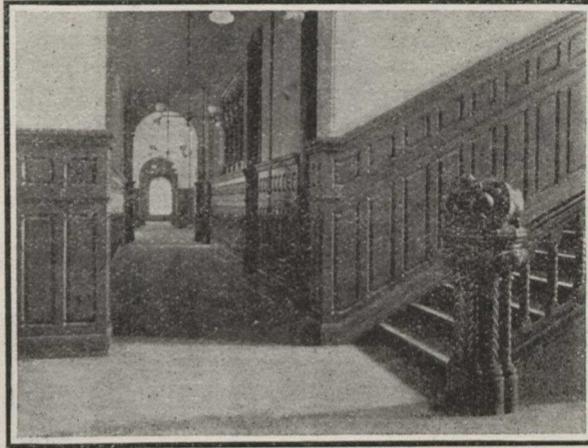


CAPITAL FROM MAIN ENTRANCE, SHOWING FOLIAGE CARVING WITH GEOMETRICAL FORMS ON COLUMN AND ABACUS.

by the contemporaneous styles of the mainland, still the development was largely independent of any such influence.

In a style of architecture developed so largely with a freedom of outside influences we may expect to find many

new and original characteristics. In its earliest phases during which the labour of erection was done by the unskilled inhabitants of England, we find the masonry rather crude, the walls very thick and heavy, the carving on the stonework coarse and simple; and, as the baronial castles partook as much or more of the nature of a fortress as of a residence, we find the openings small. The structural forms were all simple, the labourers having neither the knowledge nor the skill to erect any such daring structural features as became so common in the later Gothic. The columns, but little used in the first stages of the style, were very heavy and massive, and the capitals crowning them were simply cubes, or square plinthes with the corners rounded off, and sometimes carved geometrically in such simple forms as may be seen in the small arcade of the western entrance to the University building.



EAST CORRIDOR AS REBUILT. THE NEWEL POST OF STAIRS IS AN EXCELLENT BIT OF WOOD CARVING.

The arch was used to span all openings and the vault was very largely used to cover buildings. These characteristics gave to this style of architecture a sense of repose and stability possessed by no other since the days of the great Egyptian temples. In the later development of the style, as the workmen became more proficient more decoration was applied. The exterior of the walls had rows of arcades built on them, as may be seen on the part of wall just to the west of the University main entrance. Windows were placed in these arcades, the wall space of every second, third and fourth arch being pierced for that purpose. The walls and columns were not so massive. The ornamentation of doorways and windows became much richer. This ornamentation consisted of simple zigzag forms, triangular

projections which lend themselves very readily to this form of ornamentation. And this was the universal practice whether in as elaborate a piece of carving as in the main doorway of the University or in the simpler forms as may be seen in some of the University windows. Capitals became much more ornate. Conventional flower forms deeply undercut and animal and bird forms were extensively used. Corbel tables under cornices and other projecting members, stone water-drip terminals over windows, and gargoyles were carved into wonderfully grotesque animal forms, such as may be seen on many parts of the building under consideration.

The feeling that the main building of the University conveys to one on first seeing it is the impression of quiet repose that it possesses, a characteristic quite essential to the architectural success of any building. Although the building is not large, the different parts have been so well proportioned in their relation to each other and to the whole that it is possible to get what one so often fails in doing on seeing a building for the first time, a proper conception of its size. It is to this correct proportion, and to the excellent arrangement of the different features of the building that the feeling of repose is due. The main tower occupies a central position in the front facades. The two wings are about equal in mass and possess the same general characteristics of form, giving symmetry of mass with a good variety of detail. Each extension increases in interest as it approaches the tower. The eastern wing has two small towers marking entrance at two different points along the wing, the nearer tower of the two being the more interesting in design. The wing



TWO CORBELS SUPPORTING CEILING OF THE MAIN HALL—FOLIAGE AND GEOMETRICAL CARVINGS

projections or dog-tooth forms cut on the corners of each ring of the arch, the arch being built up of several successive arches each one larger than the one behind, and each resting on its own column. Thus a cross-section of an arch will show a series of right-angled recesses and

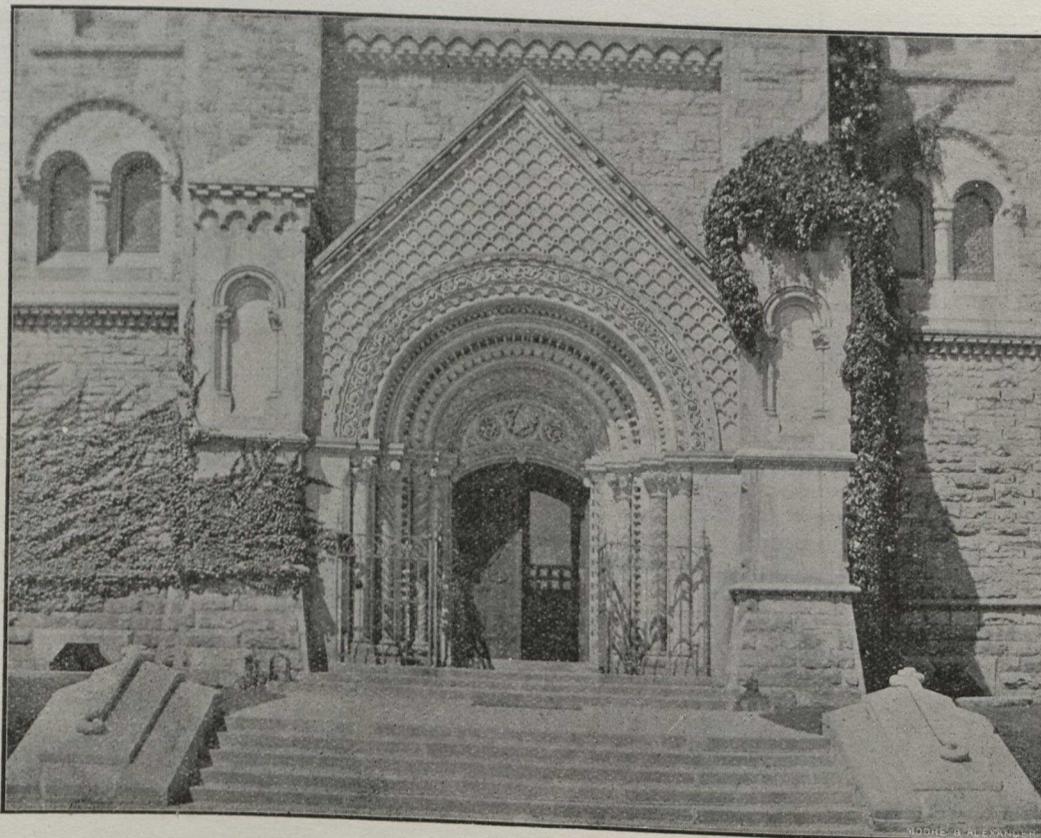
terminates in a gable of simple and pleasing proportions that forms the final feature of the front facade. Between this gable and the main tower is an area of wall containing many characteristic Norman features—corbel tables, wall arcades containing windows and window groups.

THE VARSITY

The western part of the front facade terminates in a low circular room almost detached from the main building, and used for the purpose of storing physical apparatus. Adjacent to this is a small arcade and tower, forming a porch to the west entrance of the building. And next to this is a gable somewhat similar in form and proportions, and occupying about the same relative position as the one on the east wing. Between this and the main tower is a wall corresponding to the one on the east. Thus we see how from both the eastern and western extremities of the building one feature leads to another, each more interesting and more important than the last until we reach the culminating feature of the whole composition—the square, massive and nobly proportioned main central tower.

The view as obtained from the main driveway as the building is approached from the south-east is the best

chimneys they are. And from here we see that the entire building is not devoted to educational purposes, that provision has been made as well for man's physical comforts as well as for his intellectual accomplishments. In the foreground is the kitchen with proper kitchen chimney, and the dining-hall with appropriate belfry. On the extreme left is the northern extension of the east wing with the two eastern towers extending above the roof. On the extreme right is the circular Physical apparatus room. From these two points is feature after feature—roofs, chimneys, dormers, gables, towers, belfries, all leading up to and grouping about the main central tower, which we see rearing its top up through and above them all. It is indeed a most interesting composition, such an one as it is the good fortune of but few buildings to possess.



UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, MAIN ENTRANCE—THIS WAS UNINJURED BY THE FIRE OF 1893.

that can be obtained. From here the eastern wing with its two towers forms a perspective that balances the extra extensions of the front facade towards the west, so that there is almost a perfect symmetry of mass. From a corresponding position towards the south-west the eastern towers cannot be seen, and there is no feature towards the east to balance the circular room and porch at the west, so that from this position no such symmetry of mass is obtained as from the east.

Another very pleasing view, as a whole, is obtained from the eastern approach. From this position an excellent view of the tower is had, with the other minor features grouped about it in such a manner as by comparison with them to show its truly noble proportions. Again, from the north-west the different features of the building form an excellent grouping. It is from here that we see the building has some chimneys, and fine old

Besides the excellent general composition of the building it possesses a large amount of detail work of more than usual interest. It is all true to the Norman style and represents practically all phases of it. The main entrance is the richest and most ornate piece of work on the building. Flanked by two buttresses, and covered by a richly diapered gable, it becomes in itself a complete architectural entity. The columns are all covered with characteristic Norman forms. The capitals are representative of the highest development of Norman carving; the arch rings are decorated with a variety of detail carving showing the widest range of Norman design. The large double window immediately above, placed in an arched recess, also contains some interesting work. The rope form of the arch moulding is one quite extensively used in the style. The porch of the western entrance forms one of the most interesting features of the building. The

plain, short, round columns with the geometrically carved cushion capitals, and the plain splayed arches, represent the Norman style as practised rather early in its development. On all parts of the exterior will be found examples of the grotesque, but the best example on the building is a piece of carving on the north side of the Physical apparatus room, in the corner between that and the main building. There are many more interesting bits of Norman work over the entire building—windows, doorways, arcades, with their columns and capitals, cornices and corbel tables that present material for the study of the art.

The interior work of the building is confined to the main hall. A low massive arch between the vestibule and the hall, with some of the simpler decorations of the style, confronts one on first entering the main doorway. Passing through this, one stands under a gallery supported by three arches resting on double columns. In the capitals of these columns will be found about the only use in the building of carved animals and bird forms used for the purpose of decorating capitals, a use very often made of such forms at one time during the progress of the style.

While the standard of architecture in Canada has not reached a very high phase, with such a building as this before the eyes of the young men who are to be the leaders in our social and political life, we may hope for a general improvement in the art. One cannot acquire a liberal education in the arts or in science while in touch with an architectural structure of great merit without having his taste for architecture influenced to some extent by such association. With a few more such buildings as the University, as Osgoode Hall, and as our Ottawa Parliament Buildings, the architecture of Canada would soon rise above the mediocre. And with the increasing wealth and prosperity of the country such progress may be immediately looked for.

HOBBIES.

Every one ought to have a hobby. Hobbies, like other good things, have their inconveniences and temptations. But the evils connected with them are parasitical and not essential. By a hobby I mean some special pursuit beyond the ordinary occupation of life, something which may be a resting place and recreation for the mind in hours of leisure. Life's work ought indeed to be our chief hobby; but to have a hobby means to be a specialist, and in these days of accumulated knowledge it is only specialists who are the successful competitors for the world's prizes. But a man who sets out to climb a mountain loses nothing and gains much if he stops to photograph some gorgeous cloud effect, or stands to watch the strange flight of some unknown bird. Even if he rambles off to search among promising rocks for a new *sedum* or saxifrage, he gains in interest what he loses in time. If he is successful he may secure a specimen for the herbarium, a lasting satisfaction which endures when he has forgotten the thrill of triumph with which he threw himself on the topmost snow of the conquered peak. Possibly—it is almost heresy to suggest such a thing—possibly the spot where the treasure was found may be to-day a picture in his "remembering mind" even clearer and more cherished than the view from the top.

In the alpine ascent of life, no one can afford to be without a hobby. It will add wonderfully to enjoyment of the climb, and the earlier the choice is made the better. There is an infinite variety open to us, hobbies ranging from vast sciences to the collection of stamps or walking sticks. No one can plead that he cannot find a hobby to

suit him. Whether he is dull or clever, stay-at-home or go-a-field, whether he has five, or, as some say nowadays, six senses, he can find a hobby convenient to his mind or temperament. Why does not some enterprising being set himself up as a "hobby specialist," and make it his duty to advise men and women as to the hobby best adapted to their tastes and circumstances? We should then get ourselves 'suited' in hobbies as we do in gloves or spectacles. Parents would send their children to him, if they did not spontaneously develop a hobby. Such a specialist would confer untold benefit upon hundreds, who to-day cannot make up their mind that any hobby in particular is 'worth while.' It is 'worth while,' and from every point of view. A little knowledge is not only a dangerous but an unsatisfactory thing. It is in *mastering* a subject or a science that true satisfaction is gained, and it is a source of intense satisfaction to feel that on one subject at least one has a knowledge which is thorough. And the acquisition of the knowledge is no less attractive than the possession of it. Oh, the fascination of pursuing a hobby! How the very thought of it makes the heart leap in joyful anticipation, in days when work seems dull and heavy. The man becomes a school boy again as he looks forward to the holidays. And are they dreams only, with no waking realization? Was Keats right when he said "Ever let the fancy roam, Pleasure never is at home"? Either Keats had no hobby, or he had no work, for without work a hobby loses half its glow and glory. Think, for instance, of the botanist. For years he has read the little paragraph in his book which says of some variety "Only on the highest mountains of——, where it is in great danger of becoming extinct." Will he be in time for it? Will he find it? At last the opportunity comes. The picture of the plant is imprinted in his mind as he scans the ground, almost inch by inch. Suddenly a cry from his companion twenty yards above, "I've got it!" "Sure?" "Come and see!" And together they kneel down, and look and look as if they feared that the treasure should be spirited away. Look into the faces of these two men and then say if you can, that 'pleasure never is at home!' Linnæus, keeling down and thanking God for the sight of a field of gorse, is the type of every botanist. And a hobby, too, is a splendid discipline in the formation of character. Great minds dig deep, and if we have explored the depths of any subject, we have laid a foundation stone of thoroughness, upon which a life of true usefulness may be built. Again, a hobby is a friend for life. The charm of its companionship will be with us when our athletic days are over; at least the memory of its pursuit will stand out like a golden age in the past. Fortunately the sunshine lingers in our hearts longer than the shadows, and the brightest gleams we shall often find to be those which fell on us in connection with the hobby we had chosen. Only beware, for hobbies, like the moon, have a dark and a bright side. Hobbies are not looked upon with favor in all quarters; the reason is that they are not always kept within due bounds. A man with a hobby is sometimes selfish, narrow, unfaithful to duty. It is allowed to absorb too much of his time and attention. Like the cuckoo and the greybird, it can brook no rival in the nest, and gradually expels the rightful occupants. Hobbies must be kept at all costs, in a position of subordination. They are not life's *ἔργον* but its *πάρεργον*. Hobby and duty, hobby and conscience will often be pitted one against each other. And it is only if we have the courage, the manhood to make the right decision, that we shall reap the full enjoyment which the hobby is capable of giving us, and the possession of it will be to ourselves and to others a blessing and not a curse.

UNIVERSITY EDUCATION FOR COMMERCE.

AT the University banquets in years gone by, I am told, Trade and Commerce was one of the inevitable toasts. It was proposed, of course, by a university man. To-day the toast is no longer on the list. But in its place men of affairs come and raise their glasses to the University. They confirm their *pronouncements* by sending up their sons as students. The change is significant and it is not merely local; it holds for much, perhaps for most, of the civilized business world. Old views are indeed passing away; and among them is the belief that the professions alone call for a liberal education.

The change in opinions is the result of change in conditions. During the last twenty years national and international trade has taken on immense proportions. The exigencies of its organization and control are demanding the best equipped men. Some people are even asking if commerce is not a science. Joint stock organization is leading to increased community of commercial interests. Finally, partly as result, the ethical view of business is gradually but surely gaining ground. A commercial career has accordingly reached a new plane of dignity and responsibility; from the standpoint not alone of dollars and cents, but of the general welfare of society.

There are two familiar facts that still deserve emphasis. Commercial education cannot turn every boy into a competent business man. No education can do that for any trade or profession whatever. Many young fellows who have had the best instruction money can buy do not succeed whether in business or in law, in medicine or in soldiering. A host of other things are factors leading to victory. Industry, honesty, pleasant manners, social tact and knowledge of human nature, the power of inspiring confidence all count for much in winning success in any employment. No amount of teaching, or for the matter of that, no amount of cleverness will ensure success. Preparation can only make those with the natural gifts somewhat better; it can only make those not so well endowed somewhat less bad. Education is not a cure-all; though it is an excellent tonic.

In the second place commercial education does not take the place of apprenticeship. An employer need not expect a young fellow with a special education of this kind to be at the outset more useful to him than if he had entered a couple of years sooner. But there should be little doubt as to his greater efficiency in the near future. This of course touches the heart of the question. "Self-made Merchant," in one of his dashing letters in *The Saturday Evening Post*, writes: "I've always made it a rule to buy brains, and I've learned now that the better trained they are the faster they find reasons for getting their salaries raised. That was when I caught the connection between a college education and business." These words of "a practical man" only put in market terms Bacon's opinion that "learned men with mean experience would far excel men of long experience and outshoot them on their own bow."

If you have read Stevenson's fascinating story "The Dynamiter" you will probably remember Mr. Godall (Prince Florizel) distinguishing *aptitudes* and *knowledge*. The distinction is well in place. Commercial education seeks both to train the mind and to impart certain kinds of useful knowledge. By commercial education, it may be well to explain, I do not mean technical education as popularly understood. I mean something broader and more advanced, in which one studies not merely the laws of production, but the manifold laws of distribution as well; commercial geography and industrial history; wages and prices;

tariffs and transportation and banking; modern languages and commercial law; besides some of the natural sciences. The phrases "commercial course" and "business course" have too long been synonymous with something good as far as it goes, but not in any case suggestive of a liberal education. We shall have to revise our phrases.

The habit of using one's head, which education of this kind aims at forming, of observing quickly and accurately, of putting facts together and asking the reason for them is something precious in all walks of life. In the present shifting conditions of commerce it means a faculty quite as valuable as in any profession. Says Goethe: "I could not say whose mind is or should be more enlarged than the mind of a genuine trader." Modern business calls for both well trained and well informed men. And if *enterprise*, whether individual or associated, may be taken as the great characteristic of our civilization there was never greater demand for them than at present.

This broad question of higher commercial training leads one to enquire what is the relation of universities to the general intellectual life about them? German universities, for instance, are the active centres, the shrines, of German scientific thought. Oxford and Cambridge, by way of contrast, stand almost apart from the main current flowing near them. The two great English universities have indeed their work to perform, and they are performing it. It is being left to the other universities, such as Glasgow and Victoria and Birmingham and others, to come more directly in touch with everyday life. As for a young country like Canada it seems as if, for a considerable time to come at least, the mission of a university can be none other than to provide for the teaching of all the main departments of knowledge and skill in a philosophic spirit and upon scientific methods. It is a matter of congratulation that in Canada our own university has led the way in providing a well-arranged commercial course. Other Canadian universities appear about to follow.

When visiting a leading technical college in a certain United States city I received the impression that, speaking generally, the students there were being simply trained for traffic—"to do the trick." The presence of higher commercial instruction at our universities should act in this respect as a leavening and liberalising influence. It should help teach those equipping for commercial life to look upon business from a higher standpoint as a fit matter for science, as a subject not to be regarded solely from the side of pecuniary gain. Nothing would go further towards securing sounder legislation in all questions of government, especially of currency and taxation, than a mastery of the theory of production and distribution by the leading men of the country. Nothing would be more helpful in making clear to them their exceptional possibilities for exerting a salutary influence within their sphere. The great labor problem lies at their door, and many other matters of public concern await their attention. True education bears not merely better business men; its children are better citizens. It teaches them to live by the way.

But ulterior considerations for the moment aside. In later years there can be few treasures so precious to the successful man of business as the memories of his university student days: of the contact with student and professor; the fresh points of view; the hopes and fears; the frolics and the grinds. Were this possession alone the heritage from one's university life it were a bargain at its price.

S. M. WICKETT.

JOEY.

BY SYDNEY H. PRESTON.

A CHUBBY old man clad in a leather coat and long rubber boots arose suddenly from the car seat and pulled the bell-rope. The other passengers looked coldly at him, as if in mute reproof that a man of his class should presume to delay the progress of his betters, especially on a Saturday afternoon in early spring, when the weather permitted the display of one's finest feathers at teas and matinees. The car slowed up, stopped; the man lurched as he clung to a strap, stooping to look out of a window with eager interest.

"Want to git off?" demanded the conductor harshly, his hand on the bell-rope.

"No," he replied, pointing towards the curb with a stubby fore-finger, "but he wants on."

The conductor turned to see what he should have seen before, an elderly man hastening toward the car, after signalling in vain. "He hadn't orter," murmured the benefactor, shaking his head as he rolled into his seat again, "not at his time o' life," he added, looking around the car for approval of the sentiment.

Everyone tried to look quite unconscious. On the faces of a few the saving grace of humor struggled to escape the clutch of propriety, but for the most part there was a well-defined, though silent, expression of opinion that vulgar people should be obliged to stand up outside. Yet Joey Porley looked like an ancient cherub. He was as clean and wholesome and well-nourished as a high-bred cob; as rosy-lipped and pink-cheeked as the youngest woman in the car; so round and plump and hearty from a generous diet of British roast beef, and nourishing bacteria unavailable to non-drain diggers, that his appearance suggested perfect physical content.

The belated passenger entered the car, panting heavily. He paused for a moment, looking for a seat. There was still room for several people, but every lady sat sideways with the back widths of her skirt spread in a fan-shape behind. Every well-dressed man sat bolt upright, eyes to the front, knowing that he could not make room without encroaching upon a fold or two of feminine apparel. Not so with Joey, for he knew nothing of the hampering necessities of full skirts. Very cautiously, expelling his breath and pulling his coat about him, he edged closer to the lady next to him. There was a sudden commotion all along the line, but Joey was unconscious of this, for he was engaged in beckoning hospitably to the man for whom he had stopped the car. The latter dropped into the seat, and Joey drew a deep breath, eyeing him with furtive apprehension as the car rattled on. He looked like an ordinary well-preserved man of sixty, straight and military in his bearing, his florid complexion showing out strongly against the whiteness of his moustache.

Joey pursed up his lips in deep thought, half-opened them, hesitated, then nudged him. "Beg pardon, sir,—you hadn't orter," he said.

He looked down at Joey in surprise, scanning his features curiously. "That sounds familiar, my man," he replied with a kindly smile. "What is it I shouldn't do?"

"You hadn't orter run," said Joey; "not at your—" he coughed, then went on: "I once seed a gentleman—and you look like him—drop down afore his own son. Jarge and me was playin' nigh the coach-house, when Squire Dale come hurryin' —"

The listener's gloved hand caught his arm with a fierce grip. "Joey," he said, leaning forward—"Joey!"

The old man stared incredulously, his face paling. "The saints preserve us," he muttered—"it's Jarge!"

The two men clasped hands, studying each other's faces intently. There was so much to say that they said nothing at first, and the sudden stir of interest among the passengers subsided.

"Nearly fifty years!" said Sir George Dale, under his breath. "And you're little Joey! I wonder I didn't know you, for I can't see much change. Did you forget our boyhood? Why didn't you look me up?"

Joey's eyes grew moist; he delved into an inner pocket of his coat and drew forth a huge jack-knife with a corkscrew compartment. "Look, Jarge," he said.

"By Jupiter! Do you mean to say that's the one I gave you when I left England? You've carried it all these years?"

"Yes," replied Joey, with a gratified smile, then he lifted a little basket hamper from the floor. Sir George's eyes widened. The car stopped at the junction with a main line, and most of the passengers got out. Joey hurriedly pried up the cover of the basket and the contents were exposed to view. Two bottles of Bass's; two hunks of bread and two of cheese.

"Joey," exclaimed Sir George, "you're a magician! Isn't that the same little hamper?"

Joey nodded. "There's more," he said, in a hoarse whisper, looking around excitedly. They now had the car to themselves, and it was spinning rapidly toward the outskirts of the city. He unbuttoned his coat, and turning back the flap, pointed to a curved wooden handle that stuck out of the inside pocket.

"Gad! You've got the pistol, too." Sir George reached out an eager hand that trembled with sudden excitement. "Quick, Joey—fish it out and let me hold it for a moment."

Joey placed the clumsy weapon in his hand. "I kep' her clean," he said proudly. "She were wiped and iled every time she were used."

Sir George handled the pistol with a loving touch. "Joey," he said, with a regretful sigh, "that's the happiest time of my life, and you've brought it all back to me. You were the trustiest little friend anyone ever had. We used to go to the woods and over the moor and up the river together hundreds of times, and I can't remember that you ever had the first chance at anything. I know I acted like a selfish little brute. I know you must have missed on purpose sometimes to make me out the better shot."

Joey's big heart overflowed. His eyes had the clinging fond look of a dumb animal as he gazed at Sir George. "I liked you, Jarge," he said simply. He stopped, then went on with an effort. "My missis is dead—the chil'ren's wedded an' gone—and now when I'm alone my mind goes back to the old time when you and me was boys. Once a year, for seven years, I've gone beyond the town with the hamper filled for two, pretendin' you was along. I fired with the right hand for you, and the left for me, and —" He stopped with a lump in his throat.

Sir George placed his hand affectionately on the other's shoulder. "Don't Joey," he said huskily, "I don't deserve it."

Joey's eyes sparkled; a wild hope suddenly possessed him. "Come down to the flats to-day, Jarge," he pleaded. "There's muskrats and rooks and turtles, and sometimes woodchucks. You'll eat your bread and cheese, and drink your Bass, and —"

Sir George started, then drew himself up with a pitying smile. "No, no," he said gently. "You forget, Joey, that I—besides, I have an important engagement. I am on my way to address the meeting of the Combined Philanthropists in the Reformatory building. I couldn't disappoint two thousand people."

"And if you wasn't there," said Joey, with a certain dogged fierceness, "what'd happen?"

"Well," began Sir George, then his air of importance vanished in a meditative smile. "I suppose," he went on, "the chairman would announce that owing to the unexpected absence of—the principal speaker, he would have the pleasure of calling upon Mr. Theophilus Blank, a gentleman whose scholarly attainments are only exceeded by the modesty which makes his appearance on a public platform so rare an event. Bah! Joey. I've been chairman, and I know the whole shibboleth."

"Exact'y," said Joey. "Same as if I didn't turn up at the main drain on Monday at seven. 'Boss'd call out Joey Porley missin'—Dan Kelley take his pick and shovel.' You come along with me, Jarge. When we sloped afore we allus had the most fun. We'll set the empty bottles up to shoot, same as we used to."

There was a momentary flash in Sir George's eyes that would have meant mischief in the old days, and even now as he stood up. He must get off at the next corner to go to the Reformatory. Joey was beaten, but, like a true Briton, he pretended that he didn't know it. He fished in another pocket, and brought out a tiny powder flask and a greasy little leather bag of shot, laying them silently on his knee. Sir George looked from them to the plump rosy face that was becoming lined and twisted. Suddenly the thought of the yawning gulf that divided them overwhelmed him—a gulf wider than all the years that lay between their vanished boyhood and the present. "Joey," he said, sitting down again, "I'll go."

The car stopped at the terminus; the motorman whistled softly as he watched the two men cross a narrow strip of vacant land by a faintly marked path that dipped over the edge of a ravine. They stood looking down on the tops of the trees that were rooted in the valley. Far below a footbridge spanned a rushing muddy stream; beyond, stretching away into a radiant misty glow of diffused sunlight, lay the Delectable Land.

They picked their way down the ravine, Joey in the lead, puffing noisily; Sir George following cautiously as he steadied himself with his cane. The city might have been a hundred miles away, for there was no sight nor sound to indicate its neighborhood. In this sheltered valley no wind stirred the budding trees, but the air was filled with the sound of running water—a sound that recalled the keen delight of other days, when the coming of spring meant more than a change of season. Sir George sniffed like a long-stabled horse; Joey turned his head with a look of radiant delight. Sir George smiled responsively; a smile that faded into a half-cynical, half-wondering glance at Joey's back. Last year's dead leaves and twigs crackled under their feet, and the moist warm breath of the awakening earth drifted upwards in soft pulsations. They reached the lower level, and, without a word halted before a dry log that lay invitingly in the sunshine, on the edge of the stream, instead of crossing the bridge. Sir George

sighed and sat down contentedly; so also did Joey. They gazed long at the bubbling, gurgling water, in dreamy contemplation. Sir George's mind went back with a leap to the hours he had spent in this way, long ago. Then, as now, he would drop into a reverie, forgetting his companion, intent only on working out ambitious plans for the future. Joey had never had any share in them, nor any ambitions of his own, beyond becoming a ditch digger like his father, and earning a few shillings a day. Poor Joey! But this time, as Sir George looked down at the swirling water, he had no plans to make; he could only review a life that was nearly over. It had been successful beyond anything he could have imagined in his youth, yet what did it all amount to in the end? His career in the army and diplomatic service had left him a few ribbons and clasps; as governor of a crown colony he had achieved distinction; but now he was simply ex-everything-of-any-consequence. A carefully modelled, well-preserved figure-head to society in this Canadian city; a sort of honorary president whose sole duty it was to shuffle his stock of felicitious phrases by saying exactly what people expected him to say in his public addresses.

He dug his cane viciously into the bark of the log. A loose piece of bark dropped into the water, heading down stream like a tiny boat. In an instant his mood changed; he leaned forward, watching eagerly to see if it would be caught by an eddy or pass safely under the bridge. Joey, too, followed its course with breathless interest, until it swung clear and passed out of sight. Sir George hastily tore off another piece; so did Joey. "One—two—three—" counted Sir George, and at the word they both launched their boats. This time it was much more exciting. Joey's boat leaped ahead, but Sir George's bore down upon it and nosed it aside into an eddy, winning the race. Sir George was elated; then depressed at the next trial when Joey's reached the goal first. But his luck could not long desert him, and, at the end, Joey could only claim the one success.

A squirrel chattered noisily from a near-by tree. The men looked at each other. Joey's face was doubtful and enquiring; Sir George's grave and impenetrable. Joey gulped; then took the pistol from his pocket. Sir George watched him with a frown as he clumsily loaded the weapon. The squirrel ran out on an overhanging limb, peering down with curious glittering eyes. Joey glanced upwards, his fingers trembling with nervous haste as he rammed the wadding home. Sir George's frown deepened. "Joey," he burst forth fiercely, "why do you want to shoot that innocent little beast?"

It was the one thing that Joey did not want to do. He was willing in his character of host, to allow his guest to amuse himself in the old way, although he squirmed with apprehension at the thought of the sacrifice. No wonder he stared in bewilderment. Sir George's score in the slaughter stood, in comparison to his, as a thousand to one. His turn had always come second, and by that time the game had either fallen to his playmate or escaped. Besides, it is doubtful if Joey ever could have learned to hit anything smaller than a cow, although he had cultivated a certain degree of skill in clubbing frogs. He knew nothing of the subtle transmuting power of old age, but did know that something impelled him to gently help every stray frog to safety that he happened to find in his ditches, and he was relieved to know that his companion had also grown tender-hearted. The superabundant life of the riotous little creature that in their boyhood would have roused the keenest desire for its destruction now awakened only a feeling of remorse.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Sir George, "what murderous little beasts we were!"

Somehow the thought, new to both men, tinged the memory of their boyish happiness with a sombre hue. Perhaps, after all, the inactive serenity possible to old age was better than the fierce uncaring activity of youth. Certainly, the sky never was bluer, the sunshine more cheering, the music of running water sweeter than now. Sir George glanced at Joey. He was sitting stolidly on the log, gazing at the pistol in his hand. Poor old Joey! Just as common a bit of clay as ever, but just as faithful and willing to efface himself. Also, no doubt, just as ready to steal up behind a flabby frog and deal it an unnecessary annihilating blow. Sir George closed his eyes in momentary disgust. He could positively see that sturdy little figure—worse, he could hear a boisterous soggy whack.

"Come Joey," he said briskly, in sudden remorse, "we'll cross the bridge and walk about a little."

He took the pistol, and Joey followed with the hamper. Over the stream lay a strip of woods where birds and squirrels abounded, but Sir George only looked at them with a benignant protecting air as they hurried out of his way. Not even the sight of a piratical crow that cawed as if in derision tempted him to use the weapon. And yet, he began to feel the charm of its touch. The smooth wooden stock fitted into the palm of his hand so familiarly; the smell of oil on the rough lock was like a perfume, recalling the delightful odor of burnt powder and scorched wadding that was associated with it. The barrel was cold now, but well he remembered how it warmed up with the first discharge. A sudden idea struck him; he consulted Joey. Yes, Joey thought it a capital plan, and knew the very spot. A bare pine stump out in the open with high ground behind it that would make an ideal target. They hurried away from the belt of woods, seized with sudden animation. Half way over the field Sir George caught Joey by the arm and pointed out a brown furry animal that was moving slowly in the distance. A woodchuck, declared Joey, breathlessly, and the entrance to its hole was where the sand was heaped up beside the rail fence. There was a brief consultation, then Sir George dropped to the ground, while Joey was dispatched by a circuitous route to outflank the animal by getting between it and the hole.

Sir George, in his prime, had hunted with fervor, but never since his boyhood had he stalked game with half the enthusiasm that inspired his efforts to creep within range of the woodchuck. He dropped his cane at the start; later, he shed his immaculate spring overcoat; next, his monocle, fastened by a delicate gold chain, was torn from him by a projecting root, but still he crept along, unheeding. Joey, too, like an old pointer returning to the hunt, trembled with eagerness as he lay panting on the ground after his hurried detour. The unsuspecting animal basked in the sunlight up to the moment that Sir George stood up with the levelled pistol, then darted away as he fired. There was an ineffective shout from Joey, and the woodchuck had vanished into the ground.

"Gad!" exclaimed Sir George, in disgust, "I've missed."

Joey declared he hadn't, but that the shot wasn't heavy enough to kill; he had seen fur fly. Sir George smiled ruefully, for it was an old habit of Joey's to see either fur or feathers fly. They discussed the affair excitedly. If Sir George had got closer—if the shot had only been heavier—if Joey had been armed with a club—if the

woodchuck had stayed still a moment longer. They talked on in the old way, and then sat down to eat the bread and cheese and drink the ale. Sir George ate ravenously; he had not tasted anything so good for years, and he arose elated. As for Joey, he was perfectly happy; so happy, indeed, that the certainty that a grain of shot was imbedded in one leg, from which he could feel the blood slowly trickling, affected his spirits no more than a mosquito bite. He would cheerfully have absorbed all the shot intended for the woodchuck rather than let Sir George know that his aim had been so wild.

When the sun dropped down and a long shadow spread over the valley, they walked slowly back to the stream. The sparkle had gone from the water, and in the gathering gloom the sound was chill and forbidding. Joey's movements were slow and dragging as he took an empty bottle out of the hamper and chose a rocky ledge to set it on. Sir George looked on gloomily, almost inclined to rebel against this last ceremony. Joey was so slow; he could not see clearly without his eyeglass; the darkness was coming; he felt a presentiment that he could not hit the mark, and it would be such bad luck to miss. But Joey was insistent. He stood behind Sir George with the second bottle in his hand, urging him to fire. At last Sir George did so, although he couldn't see the target. There was a crash of broken glass. Sir George smiled with relief; he never knew that the sound came from Joey's bottle that went hurtling overhead at the moment he fired. Joey, the deceiver, rushed forward with loud acclaim; then he ran back and loaded the pistol hurriedly for the last shot. He was trembling, and Sir George urged him to hurry, with a shade of irritation. Joey squatted down, drew a long breath, and fired. The report died away in utter silence, and Sir George uttered an exclamation of impatience. "Come, Joey," he said, "we must get out of this."

Over the bridge, up the side of the ravine they stumbled, every step bringing them nearer to the prosaic realities of life. Sir George felt as if he were awakening from a dream, and that things were taking on their true proportions. He turned, as they emerged into the light of the straggling city street, with a hard un-mirthful laugh. Joey stood still, silent and submissive. Something was coming, he knew not what, but he felt that the past had receded farther away than before. Sir George looked down at his own muddy boots, soiled clothes and blackened hands. "Joey, he said, "I am not even presentable enough to send for my carriage. There's a cab station four blocks west. I'll wait here while you leave a message that Sir George Dale wishes a cab. Come back with it and I'll have you driven home too."

"Sir—Jarge—Dale," repeated Joey slowly.

A few minutes later the cab drew up beside Sir George. He stepped in. It was empty. He leaned back with a little sigh of relief. "A most incomprehensible experience," he muttered.

On his way home Joey loitered on the middle of a long iron bridge. He rested his arms on the railing and leaned forward, the dreary sense of utter loneliness intensified by the sound of the jostling throng of passers-by. In the little hamper that he held suspended over the water lay the pistol, the powder flask and shot bag. Suddenly his grasp relaxed; he heard a soft splash from far below. He choked, then his sturdy little figure straightened bravely, and he walked on. "Sir—Jarge—" said Joey, under his breath.

The Tale of Two Old Cannon.

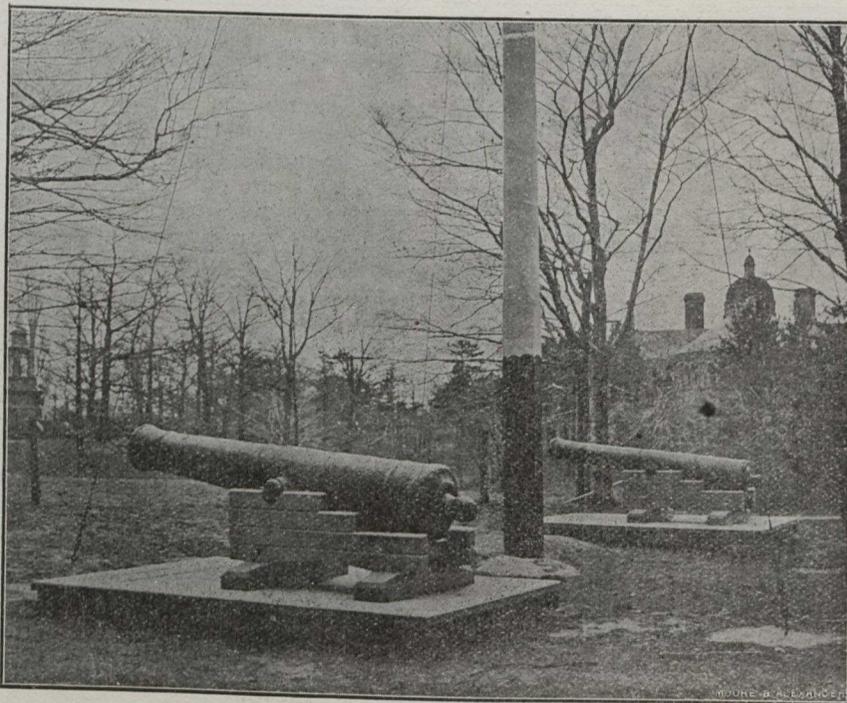
A REMINDER OF THE SECOND SEIGE OF LOUISBOURG.

If the two rusty, battered old cannon, recently placed in position in the University grounds, had the power of speech, they could tell a tale as thrilling and romantic as it is pathetic. They could relate a strange story of vicissitudes, of an old-time sea fight, of a grave at the bottom of the ocean for a century and a half, ending with an unexpected resurrection and transportation from Cape Breton's harbor of Louisbourg to Toronto.

They would take one back in point of time to the 2nd of June, 1758, and in point of location to the great French fortress at Louisbourg. Within the spacious harbor there lay at anchor, 142 years ago, fourteen French men-of-war, with a total of 562 guns and crews numbering nearly 3,000 men. Within the fortress—that took thirty years to build and cost the French king millions of money—Chevalier Drocour, the Governor and commandant, had a force of 4,400 men, composed of 3,400 regulars, 700 militia and

under the command of General Amherst, with an accompanying force of 1,200 men, divided into three brigades under Whitmore, Lawrence and Wolfe. Thus a great army and navy menaced the power of France in one of its greatest new-world strongholds.

Though this great fleet arrived on the 2nd of June, the roaring surf on the long stretch of beach prevented a landing until the 8th. A little band of a hundred men under Wolfe succeeded in landing in the face of a furious fire, the French batteries near by were taken and the first success lay with the English. Soon the majority of the troops were also landed, the camp forming a quarter-circle of about two miles in length. Then commenced the memorable seige that was to last for fifty-two days, a contest that raged incessantly day after day and that showed the courage and fighting qualities of besieged and besiegers.



300 Indians. He was governor too of a population of 4,000 men, women and children in Louisbourg town and its vicinity. The great walls of the citadel alone mounted 218 cannon and 17 mortars, with 44 large cannon in reserve for a time of need. Thus defiantly stood the French stronghold, seemingly impregnable against all the assaults of marines.

The time of need came on the 2nd of June, 1758. Off the Bay of Gabarus there suddenly appeared like an apparition a mighty English fleet—the most formidable in ships, men and armament that had ever appeared on the high seas in this part of the world. The sentries hastened with the news to the commandant and soon the whole garrison was seething with the excitement. The foe of France had sent 41 ships of the line and frigates, mounting 1,800 guns, while no less than 120 transports followed in their wake, making a marine procession of 161 vessels

The old cannon, from their vantage point on the French War vessel, *La Prudente*, could tell a book of tales of the stirring incidents of the great seige and especially of the part the fleets played in the contest. We will let them tell the story now.

After the attack had lasted for some days, the island battery was captured by the English. Drocour then recognized the danger of the ships of the foe coming up the harbor, and in order to prevent it, sank six of his largest ships across the narrowest part of the entrance, fastening their masts together by a strong chain, thus forming a sunken barrier most difficult to pass. Three others of the French fleet escaped, leaving only five of the original fleet intact. Three of these were soon after destroyed by fire, originating from a bomb thrown from an English battery. Thus only two vessels remained—*La Prudente* and the *Bienfaisant*. We were among the 74

guns that formed the armament of *La Prudente*. The night of the 25th of July came, and with it a heavy fog rolled in its all-enshrouding curtains from the sea. Under cover of the darkness a detachment of 600 jack tars were discovered approaching the survivors of the once proud fleet. The alarm was given and a hail of missiles from the French batteries on the fortress walls was showered upon the foe, but undeterred they came nearer and nearer, boarded *La Prudente* and captured our crew. Then an attempt was made to tow the huge craft away, but she soon grounded, and, as it was found impossible to float her, the torch was applied and soon the flames were shrieking among the masts and rigging left intact, and we saw our doom in the fierce flames, as the *Bienfaisant* was successfully towed to deeper water. At last our decks were a sea of fire, the men, who had so faithfully stood by us during the long days and nights of the siege, were taken away to safety, and finally we experienced the strange sensation of sinking, sinking until we rested on the bed of the waters, which was to be our submerged home for nearly a century and a half.

Day by day the lines were drawn tighter around the doomed town and fort; the struggle became a hopeless one for the besieged, and on the 27th of July, after capitulation on the part of Drucour, the English took possession and Louisbourg was lost to its king. Hundreds of cannon and muskets, great stores of provisions and nearly 6,000 prisoners of war were among the spoils of victory. England had won her first great success on this continent, in the campaign inaugurated by Pitt with the aid of Wolfe.

But to return to our own fate. There we lay, battered and shattered, bathed in blood, shrouded by the cold waters of the Atlantic. There we lay helpless and undone,

surrounded by an awful stillness after the roar of war, our only visitors being strange shapes and forms that moved noiselessly through the deep, peering into our muzzles or exploring the recesses of our poor old vessel. There we lay for 140 years, with no echo of the world above reaching us, sleeping a sleep that seemed to have no end. But a few months ago a ghostly apparition lowered its great bulk through the waters, frightening away all the sea creatures that had kept us company. Never before on land or in the depths of the ocean had we seen such monsters, with great bulging eyes and ungainly form. Divers, we were told, an unheard-of race of creatures who groped along the submerged decks and stumbled over our long metal bodies. Then they fastened chains and ropes around us, and we experienced the strange sensation of being lifted, lifted until our resting place faded away and once again we saw the blue sky and the throbbing ocean, unchanged and unchanging. After all the years, during which the old world was further working out its destiny and nations were changing their boundaries, we looked upon the old fortress, sadly different from what it was when first we sailed, with all the pride and pomp of power, into the harbor; we saw it in its ruin and decay; in its utter loneliness, her wounds covered with nature's garb of green, her grave of earthwork and bastion decorated with wild flowers, and her burial place of the soldier dead, French and English, guarded by the ocean that sang its never-ceasing requiem. Where once was heard the roar of cannon and the beating of drums, where once was witnessed the red hell of war, now we gazed upon a quiet pasturage—a scene of pastoral peace, bordered by the limitless waters, the sight of which blotted out from memory the night of horror and desolation when we sank beneath the waters of Louisbourg.

FRANK YEIGH.

Athletics and the University.

Before taking up my special theme I should like to congratulate both the University and the Colleges on the satisfactory showing made in athletics during the present season. We naturally think first of the magnificent achievement in Rugby football. That the three champion teams deserved success is felt on every hand. When it is asked, what the success is due to, the answer must be not at all to "luck," but to good captaining and coaching. Probably never before in Toronto has there been so much regular and systematic practice as that which the members of the first and second teams went through, at least, during the critical formative period. Nor was it otherwise with the third team after it came to its rights and had the chance to show what the younger men of Varsity were like. Their final triumph is perhaps of more significance for the coming seasons than those of the senior teams, for it has shown how much reserve athletic power there is in the ranks of Varsity men.

It would be hazardous to predict the outcome of the present experiment in foot-ball reform known as the Burnside rules. But whether or not the amended game will satisfy, in the long run, both spectators and players, it is certain that a return to the old system would be regarded as merely a temporary necessity. For several years, and most notably within the last three, the Canadian Rugby game has steadily degenerated at least from the genuine foot-ball point of view. Mass-play has become the deciding factor instead of open play. We are accustomed to see a team relatively strong in the centre-forwards,

holding the game practically in its hands, when it succeeds in gaining an advantage early in the contest; for then by keeping possession of the ball it can prevent the opposing side from scoring, however superior the latter may be in the main accomplishments of the game. To this anomaly must be added the practical impossibility of enforcing the rules defining the position of the wing men, and worst of all, perhaps, is the obscurity of the arena under the scrutiny of the referee after the moment when the side in possession of the ball begins to put it "into scrimmage." These abuses and drawbacks seem inseparable from the present time formation, and some improvement is urgently required. It is gratifying that Varsity, which has always been eager for open play, should be taking the lead in the present movement for reform.

The Association game is also, apparently, in need of a slight amendment. It is true that, on account of its simple, symmetrical, and ideally perfect formation, it cannot be subject to the vicissitudes which have thus so far marked the fortunes of Rugby. But something else is needed besides an ideal formation. The game is also a contest; and every contest, to be decisive, must be a test of the actual excellence of the play in all its parts. Now, there are two points of the Association game in which it may and often does fail to indicate the relative merits of the opposing teams. One is that the superior team is, by the rules of the game, put to a disadvantage through its own superiority. When the defenders' territory has

been traversed by the ball, and it passes over the line outside of the goal posts, the play is at once transferred by the defenders to the middle of the field or sometimes even beyond it (that is into their own territory) as a penalty for the failure of the aggressors to send the ball between the posts. This may be repeated again and again, the weaker side actually gaining an advantage through their inability to keep the ball away from the danger point. Naturally, this chance of the game is regularly utilized by the defenders when the ball is near their goal line, and they allow it to pass over instead of trying to force it back. In other words they make a distinct and perhaps decisive gain by not playing the game. This might be remedied if the ball were put into play by being thrown in at right angles to the point where it crossed the line,

The other weakness of the present rules is that only goals count in deciding a contest. That is to say, only one form of success is put to the credit of the players. In this department of foot-ball the Rugby game shows to great advantage. The plea is often made that the Association game is played solely for the purpose of scoring, and that the whole scheme of play is devised and worked for that consummation. There is much truth in this defence when entered in behalf of players such as the English professionals who give their lives to "shooting on goal," or perhaps for a picked all-Canadian team. But for the ordinary play the restriction works mischief to the game. Combined with the other cardinal defect, it makes the play indecisive, discourages the players, and wearies or disappoints the spectators. One improvement at least can be made. When the ball goes over the goal line from the post or the body of a defender, let this count one point for the attacking side, while a goal may count as three or four. The "corner kick" seems to be at present a very slight disadvantage to the delinquents, since a goal is very seldom made by it.

Association foot-ball needs all the advantages which it can possibly claim. It has declined in popularity, not merely for the reasons already mentioned, but also because it is not so much a University game as are Rugby, hockey and lacrosse. Less than ten years ago it almost held the place in the affections of the student which is now held by Rugby. Possibly the time may soon come round when we can have two or three general University Association teams to which all other bodies of players shall contribute. These would then perhaps be merely practice teams. It might then be a question

whether the present inter-faculty and inter-college competition should not be abolished. The first great need, however, is the ratification of the rules of the game.

The general outlook of our athletics is extremely bright. The most signal advance made within the last two years has been gained in track athletics, and all honor must be paid to such men as Merrick, Henderson, and the others who have kept the good cause before our public in its dark days which lie so close behind us. Here again the great impetus has been given through the enlisting of a University sentiment. The formation of the Inter-University League with the McGill has been perhaps the chief factor. At any rate, since this event interest has been greatly quickened; the number of competitors and competitions has increased, and the superiority of McGill, at first so manifest, is now no longer a matter of course. But, after all, what chiefly distinguishes our University athletics is the merging of individual ambition in an enthusiasm for a great common cause. Individual success tends merely to personal satisfaction—a thing more dangerous than salutary in the region of physical effort. The competitor is not helped morally, and no one else is benefited. Team play is the best kind of play, for there some of the highest qualities of a man are evoked—self-control, the spirit of co-operation, deference to command, chivalrous regard for the rights of opponents, besides the intellectual training of quick and skilful combination under the limitations of more or less complicated rules. Team play is the chief distinction between modern and ancient athletics, and is, in fact, a very fine test of the progress of civilization in the freest communities of our later centuries. But a team is essentially representative. Not to itself, even when most brilliant and victorious, but to the body which it represents, belongs the renown of its achievements.

Thus in our own happy federation and affiliation of institutions, the subordination of personal aims and endeavors, and even of college pride and spirit, to the greater glory of the University, is in the field of athletics not merely a pleasant sentiment but an active force for good of the highest and most substantial kind, a force which if well directed and controlled shall grow in range and beneficence as long as the youth of our land continue to come to Varsity for nurture and inspiration.

—JAMES FREDERICK McCURDY.

SOME OF THE YESTERDAYS OF THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

1854-1868.

Disjecta membra annalibus eruta priscis.

Aristotle somewhere says:—"Of this alone are even the gods deprived, the power of making that which is past never to have been." Who would make it so, even if we were Olympian dwellers and we revelled in nectar and ambrosia? Let our present days look backward with a smile upon our yesterdays, and the landscape of our to-morrows will be all the brighter. This is a new century for the Literary and Scientific Society, and VARSITY is its organ, and it may be fitting to cast a retrospect, and call up in the moonlight of one's memory some of its past history. Some years ago I sought to recount some snatches of the Society's early days and I have thought that a repetition of that effort might be of some interest to the men of this academic generation.

On the 22nd February, 1854, almost a year after the separation of University College and the University and just when Europe was arming herself for the Crimean campaign, in a small chamber of the old Parliament Building on Front street, then occupied by Dr. Daniel Wilson, but long since deserted not only by the Muses, but by everybody else, were assembled a scant few of the then undergraduates. I have read the minutes of that meeting and it was then that the Professor of Mathematics, John B. Cherriman, gave the pithy advice, "Gentlemen when you have nothing to say, say nothing," thus with caustic humor mildly reproving any possible display of empty verbiage, which is worse than silence itself among men assembled together for present mutual

advantage and the future benefit of their fellows. The scheme owed its origination entirely to undergraduates and was vigorously supported by Messrs. A. Crooks, the first president, W. W. Baldwin, C. E. English, T. Hodgins, E. Crombie and A. McNabb, of whom Thomas Hodgins, K.C., Master-in-Ordinary of the Supreme Court of Judicature for Ontario, is the only survivor. A constitution was soon framed, and, with the guidance of the earliest and warmest friend of the Society, Dr. Daniel Wilson, the good ship was fairly launched, freighted with the buoyant hopes and affectionate God-speeds of both student and professor; and well has it fulfilled the most ambitious expectations of its founders. For want of a special place of meeting the members were for a time necessitated to meet in the Normal School Buildings, a room in which was kindly placed at their disposal by the Chief Superintendent of Education; afterwards their meetings were held in Professor Croft's lecture room, which, before the building of the Provincial University, was situated in the old Toronto Medical School, which occupied the site of the present Biological Building. The chief discouragement in those early days was due to the lack of interest manifested by a type of student which may not be yet extinct, the type which thinks time is wasted and energy dissipated by the Friday evening meetings, so much so that only two or three attended debates and those members of the general committee, and this too in the face of a clause in their constitution, which empowered the imposition of 3d. on an ordinary member and 6d. on an officer who neglected attendance at an ordinary meeting, which was rendered more imperative by another clause providing that defaulters neglecting to pay within one week after notification by the treasurer would be ostracized! A detail of the labors of the treasurers from 1854-1859 would be interesting. In June 1854 this Society had the reputation of reviving the custom of the Annual University Dinner, which for five years had fallen into desuetude, having become mythical along with the complex machinery of residences, Commons, Chapels and other medieval curiosities. From the mire of legendary oblivion the institution of the University Dinner was happily rescued and placed on a basis which has with some interruption endured to the present day and has tended so powerfully to promote that cordiality of sentiment and unity of purpose which should prevail among the sons, and daughters I would add, of one Alma Mater. During these earlier years many men who are now adorning the pulpit, the bar, the teacher's rostrum and the legislative halls of our country distinguished themselves in the business of the Society, and there possibly not only first taught eloquence to their tones and educated their pen to write "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," but also learned those elements of mind and character that distinguish the true gentleman.

On the 31st March, 1864, the public meetings took a new character by the inauguration of the annual *conversazione*, which has had many repetitions, each one of them meeting with greater success than its predecessor, and its glory in turn paling before that of a still more glorious successor. The Academy then puts on her holiday garb, and hall and lecture room echo to the music of merriment, while the genius of the place relaxes her frown at the seeming desecration into an approving smile. Before the *co-ed* idea reached its enthronement these annual gatherings were remarkable as the rare occasions when chivalrous youth and winning beauty met together within the *atria longa*, but now indeed such events are of daily

occurrence, for all drink together of the same Pierian springs.

The session of 1865-66 was in some respects an important era in our history. In this year the Society launched out into the dangerous sea of publishing, by printing the President's inaugural address, from which project, originating in the comprehensive brain of the general committee, other publications culminating in the *Varsity*, are legitimate descendants. This inaugural written by John Campbell, B.A., now the Rev. Professor Campbell of Montreal Presbyterian College, was read with an interest commensurate with the ability of the writer, who in a mingled strain of humor and seriousness furnished in the unpretentious little book not only occasion for many a smile, but also material for much deep consideration.

From the earliest days the annual Society elections have marked out an epoch of their own. In our microcosm of men and manners within the larger world of the University, which again is within the still larger one over which public opinion presides, we have certain periods where excitement and curiosity rise somewhat above their normal height and of these periods none is more exciting at the time and none is more anxiously looked forward to for weeks before than the Society elections. The time has been when elections for office were viewed with indifference, and the results attracted little or no interest, but I remember that in 1867, and from thence onwards all that was changed. Constituencies were organized long before the end of the term, voters' lists were inspected, the names of men, both the most obscure and the most illustrious, became subjects of violent discussion, the whole machinery of political agitation was in full blast and all looked forward with interest to the period when the grand issue would be decided, in that arena of intellectual and Machiavelian gladiators, the old reading room, which in more modern times has been changed to the Students' Union. I am writing of the times when active politicians of the present day took their first lessons in election scimmages. That was before the institution of a later organization which I have heard called the "Brute Force Committee," but which I understand has been relegated to obscurity and now only lives in the memory of the younger graduates.

In those early days this Society was the only society of undergraduates. Since then there have been born or created numberless others. All that arises from advancing conditions and the development of the University and College life. They all play their useful part in the great problem of education, and the danger is that perhaps in their multiplicity the great educative features of the Literary and Scientific Society may become lost sight of.

In those early days of our Society's history can be read the names of many who have since earned renown in the best sense. The first president, Adam Crooks, was one of the leaders of the Chancery Bar and for many years Minister of Education. John A. Boyd, M.A., the President of the Society and prize speaker in 1860, is now Sir John Alexander Boyd, President of the High Court of Justice. The Rev. Dr. J. Morrison Gibson, of London, England, was prize speaker and prize essayist, and in 1861 filled the presidential chair. Mr. Loudon, President of the University of Toronto, was for two years the President of the Society, and so too was the Rev. Professor Campbell, of Montreal College, who also won the prizes for public speaking and essay writing. Our Provincial Attorney General, the Honorable J. M. Gibson, was a secretary of the Society and also a prize man, and so too were the Honorable the Post Master General William Mulock, and

the Honorable Chief Justice Falconbridge, of the King's Bench for Ontario. I have already mentioned Thomas Hodgins, K.C., the Mastery-in-Chancery, and I have not forgotten the Rev. Professor Bryce, of Manitoba College, Dr. E. H. Smythe, K.C., of Kingston, Dr. W. H. Ellis, of the School of Practical Science, the Rev. Professor Scrimger, of the Montreal Presbyterian College, Professor Baker, of our own University, W. A. Reeve, K.C., the late Principal of the Law School for Ontario, Rev. Father Teefy, of St. Michael's College, H. M. Deroche, ex-M. P.P., John King, K.C., W. Macdonald, K.C., the late solicitor of the University of Toronto, and many others to name whom would overrun the limit assigned to me.

JOHN A. PATERSON, '66.

THE SURROUNDING OF THE LITTLE SIGNOR,

A DESCRIPTIVE FANTASY.

The Sabbath morning had passed somewhat wearily with me, so I had determined to go for a bracing walk upon the moors, in order that I might not only be at one with myself but with all the world. As I toiled heavily up the side of the highest Coyle of Muich, using the largest bunches of purple heather for rests, my spirits slowly became lightened by the increasing nearness of the cairn at the top. At last I was there, and seating myself on the granite cairn let my legs hang over so that my heels could kick freely against the rocks, while I idly surveyed the panorama around me.

Away to the northwest the grey granite turrets of Balmoral Castle loomed proudly above the rugged and stern surrounding of pine and birch, which cover the slope of Lochnagar. To the east the dreamy little burg of Ballater, nestled cosily against the side of Craigendarroch, which faced the brazen wastes of the River Dee. Westward-ho the silver sheen of Loch Muich could be discerned as it filtered through the highlands on each side.

After having my fill of the scenery I fell to dreaming, and who knows how far my mind might have wandered had I not been awakened from my reverie by a manly, musical voice reproaching me for my recklessness.

"Aren't you afraid that you will take cold there after that long climb?"

And that was the beginning of my friendship with David Macdonald, Signor Davidde, as the Brothers at Perugia were accustomed to call him, or the Little Signor, the term of endearment which the simple Italian folk used to apply to him among themselves.

We spent a happy month together that month, rambling over highland moor and through mountain glen, disturbing the grouse in their heather nests, and the frightened deer as they fled through the forests, pitiably fearful of the hunter's gun. And as we clambered over each castle ruin and frail foot-bridge, I grew to know and like him. It seems only yesterday when he stood beside me, barely five feet four, his kindly eyes set in a face covered by a well-pointed brown colored van-dyke, with the inevitable peak cap on his head. In the meantime, I gradually learned the cause of his even and simple life, its influences and hopes. But it is not necessary to detail to you the twenty-nine monotonous years of his office work.

One morning the Little Signor woke to find that his father, the architect, had left what seemed to him a fortune, and the aspirations which had lain dormant so long arose within him, and he deserted the work.

He had often heard that all roads directly or indirectly lead to Rome, and his first thought was to prove it. But before he had proceeded far in the proof he met two or three young Brothers of the Cardinal College at

Perugia. The first true companionship that he had ever known drew him to that quiet little Italian town, where the Church of the good Virgin appealed to him as his own kirk had not. And so he became the Little Signor to the good people, who looked up to him not as his own had but because he was the Brothers' brother. No wonder was it that he stood on the threshold of doubt whether to cling to the religion of his fathers or to assume that of the Brothers. But in his dilemma fate intervened and family interests called him back to the land of the purple heather where I had met him.

The heavy mists and the approaching chill of autumn, however, soon appalled me, and my restless nature drove me southward, where I stayed until London and Paris became dim with fogs and inundated with rain. But no matter where I went the bonds of friendship between David Macdonald and myself were never allowed to weaken, and so his letters were to me ever a source of pleasure, and added to that expectancy with which I looked forward to the time when we would be together again. For I knew that his private affairs would soon permit him joining me.

When the first influences of the Lenten season effected me with a joyful heart, I had set out for Nice, Nizza la Bella, the land of dazzling sunshine, of flowers and of palms, where the sea presents an unforgettable fairy-scene of opal and sapphire waters.

It was not long before I was comfortably settled on the neighboring hill of Cimiez, and ready to feast upon the languid scenery about me. The early morning generally found me on my way down the Place Massena, by its arched houses in quest of a bouquet at the quaint but animated flower-market; and on one of these excursions I met Nina Madison, who with her parents occupied one of the villas on the hill. After that we visited Nizza la Bella together, and mingled with the gay and happy crowd that breathed an air smelling of violets and mimosa, along the fairy Promenade des Anglais. Occasionally we would vary our walk by following the Cours du Paillon to the Monastery of Saint Barthélemy, when the conversation generally turned to my Highland friend David Macdonald, Signor Davidde. She then learned little by little all that I know of him, and came to regard the Little Signor as also her friend. And to tell the truth I knew that they would be good friends upon acquaintance, so that when one morning I met her on the portico with a letter in my hand and a face lit up with gladness, she knew at once that he was coming.

A day or so afterwards Signor Davidde arrived and accompanied us in our rambles over that historic Bourbon quarter. And as their friendship progressed we three wandered on into new ways, past the castle of Saint André. Again we would take the road to Villefranche, through the wooded path of Montboron, in order to view the light-house of Saint Jean at Beaulieu, sunlit in its baked whiteness. And in all of those pleasant jaunts the little Signor was happy as he had never been before.

But a cloud lowered on the horizon of his happiness, and the open doors of the Cardinal College, which had before been so inviting, seemed as distasteful to him as did the presence of Gerald Mathison, who had joined our small coterie of friends. Mathison was as handsome as he was good-natured. Since his banking house had given him a lengthy holiday he was determined to thoroughly enjoy it, and not knowing how keenly the little Signor was affected, proceeded to make himself especially agreeable in one quarter.

The time passed quickly, and it was not long before the carnival season was upon us, bringing my, wander-

ings to an end. During those days the vane of the little Signor's happiness veered, and he was harried by the seeming magnitude of the two worries which came and went as the occasion warranted.

As I was leaving on the morrow Mathison came over to my room to have a last chat with me, and during the conversation remarked that Macdonald had an open field and all the favor. I was then satisfied that the Church of the Good Virgin, which had almost gained a brother, would now lose him forever.

When the steamer began to recede from the quay of the pretty little harbor of Limpia, carrying me back to merry England, I bade my final good-byes to Nina Madison and the little Signor, who stood contentedly together. And on that closing afternoon they waved their kerchiefs to their mutual friend, and cried "Good-bye, Carlyon, good-bye!"

The Little Signor was happily surrounded at last.

—WILLIAM H. INGRAM.

THE TORONTO ENGINEER COMPANY.

"I have stated it plain, an' my argument's thus,
There's only one Corps which is perfect—that's us;
An' they call us Her Majesty's Engineers,
With the rank and pay of a sapper."

—Kipling.

During the last few months, the King's uniform has become a familiar sight around the University, and to not a few it will revive memories of Varsity's first Rifle Company, viz.; the old "K" Company of Queen's Own Rifles, which was recruited entirely from University students. This company was commanded by the late Prof. Croft, the first professor of chemistry in Toronto University. It had also, as its officers, from time to time, Prof. Baker, Dr. Ellis, and Prof. VanderSmissen, the latter two of whom were on active service during the Fenian Raid. President Loudon also, was a private in this company, and possesses the medals for the invasion just mentioned. It is a notable fact that "K" Company has given more officers to the Canadian Militia, than any other battalion in the country.

On the breaking up of this company, interest in military affairs lagged, and for years the idea of another University Rifle Corps was not thought of, or if it were, no



CAPTAIN LAING.

company, and on the arrival of Prof. Laing, matters were expedited. On his suggestion, a request was made to the Government, for the formation of an Engineer Company. This request was officially granted last April, and the Council at once entrusted the organization of the Corps to Prof. Laing, who possessed the necessary qualifications, having been more than eleven years in the Engineer Volunteers in Scotland. As an assistant, Lieut. Burnside was transferred from the 48th Highlanders, and with the usual interest he takes in matters pertaining to the physical development of the undergraduate, he devoted much of his time and energy to the organization of the company.

No difficulty was experienced in obtaining recruits and in fact many applications had to be rejected. Owing to the wish of the Government that engineering students be chosen as far as possible, the majority of the recruits were picked from the School of Practical Science. During the summer, all the necessary stores and equipment for engineering arrived, and by the end of September, squads were in full swing, being trained in drill—because a "sapper" must first of all be a soldier before he can become an engineer. The result of a fortnight's training will be remembered by every one who witnessed the first public appearance of the company at the time of the Royal visit. Immediately following this preliminary drill, instruction was commenced in engineering work, which consisted during this term of what is technically called knotting and lashing. During the spring term, field-work proper will be taken up, a brief outline of which is as follows:

Military topography—including road surveying and map reading.

The uses of obstacles as a means of defense.

The defense of posts and bases of supplies.

Methods employed for defending houses, towns and villages.

Tracing and making shelter trenches, both hurried and deliberate.

The forming of gun-pits and gun-epaulments and the erection of platforms for large seige guns, such as Howitzers.

The formation of redoubts and bomb-proof shelters, such as those employed in the defense of Mafeking.

The planning and laying out of field kitchens and ovens, and the providing of an efficient water supply for large camps.

Spar-bridging and pontoon-bridging, and also the construction of temporary bridges over rivers and ravines.

For the benefit of the uninitiated we may here note, that pontoons for the pontoon-bridges above mentioned are constructed of barrels, and the method is considered the quickest of all for bridging a river, provided there is sufficient depth of water. A single pontoon can be constructed by fourteen men and a non-commissioned officer in the short space of two and a quarter minutes.

Last, but by no means least, we have the signalling section of the company. This is divided into sub-sections, one employing the heliograph, search-light and flags, and the other division using the ordinary telegraph. As yet no balloon nor wireless telegraphy sections have been formed, but it is to be hoped the Government will soon provide the necessary apparatus for so important a part of the engineer's training.

We have here given only a brief outline of the training the Engineer Company will receive, and in summing up, we may say, in the words of a well-known author, that our engineer must be able to "bore a hole with a saw and cut a plank with a gimlet."

WILL J. LARKWORTHY.

tangible results followed. Lately, however, the University Council contemplated the formation of another such

THE ROTUNDA.

The Rotunda is at once the index to, and the leaven of the student life at Varsity. Here can be felt the pulsation and the heart-throb of a living organism; here, too, are ever active the influences moulding the development of the individual members of our great institution. In this 'Change, this Forum the contact of student with student wears smooth the jagged edges of eccentricities, enhances the true worth of gentlemanly deportment, and achieves the noble triumph of character chastened by sympathy and respect.

Rotunda, with its stately pillars, crowned by fair maiden tresses intertwining Harpy-like countenances, by grim faces peering forth 'tween gentle doves of peace, by grotesque visages of fire-spitting frenzy, all exquisitely wrought of stone. Rotunda with its high and imposing ceiling, with its bleak brick walls relieved by a solitary wreath of curiously designed stone, with its tiled floor arranged with wondrous skill, with the monotonous iambs of the ever-faithful pendulum, all suffused by the grey dim light of the northern windows. Rotunda thus, is a place for reveries. Hallowed by its associations of loved friends, honored with its memories of distinguished statesmen, of royal guests, we love to linger within its precincts while imagination conjures up the scenes of other days, and fondly tries to picture the story of its past.

But after all, Rotunda is the Rotunda with the bulletin-board, with the list of letters, loved for their cheques, dreaded for their bills, and cherished for contents of which the profanum vulgus is not worthy, the Rotunda with the flaming posters, with the "Oriental Association meets to-night," with the stirring appeals to the "Bulldogs," with the fierce invectives against the pretensions of the "Blood-Hounds," with the serio-comic cartoons of political campaigns, Rotunda the rendezvous, Rotunda teeming with life.

The value of Rotunda as a common meeting ground can scarcely be over-estimated in a consideration of the social conditions of our student life. Even the most inveterate plug who can obdurately withstand the attractions of intoxicating promenades and delightful mock parliaments, falls a victim to the letter list. He will not be deprived for one moment of the bliss of perusing sweet missives for the fair young damsel in the country. He makes heroic efforts to secure a vantage point from which to scan the broad [side of the bulletin boards. When at last he manages to gain a hurried but fruitless glance at the list, his heart sinks within him, his feet are pushed from under him and he finds himself landed in the corner, hemmed in by one or more Philistines upon whose personal property he has imposed himself. The benefit of this contact of student with student is often apt to be overlooked, and is not generally recognized.

But while the plug is thus persuasively constrained to grace the Rotunda with his presence, the other students from deliberate choice assemble here. In this favorable spot the ubiquitous vendor of tickets hawks his wares; the smooth welder of the subscription lists extends a glad hand to unsuspecting Freshmen, and wins the hearts and incidentally the contribution of the other undergraduates by his flattering familiar "Jack," "Bill" and "Joe."

In the Rotunda in the daily contact of friends, mighty forces are at work and are ever active. Our character is being lived. Our personality is receiving its mould. The welfare of our land depends upon the issue of the influences here exerted upon us. The true student has failed in his duty who has not helped to add, by his en-

thusiasm and buoyancy, his little quota of courage to hearts that droop beneath the strain of work, that can with difficulty mask 'neath forced smiles a sinking hope. The true student misses golden opportunities who does not seize the previous privilege, in his conduct in the Rotunda, of silently reproving and effectually reproaching, by his sober bearing and seriousness of purpose, that frivolity and carelessness which are characteristic of too many loiterers in our Rotunda.

E. H. OLIVER.

FROM THE FOUR WINDS OF HEAVEN.

The students of Trinity University are going to produce the "Frogs" of Aristophanes in connection with the Jubilee celebration there next summer. Rev. G. F. Davidson and Prof. Jenks are composing the music for the chorus and training the singers.

.. ..

A PARADOX.

Dan Cupid is a marksman poor
Despite his loves and kisses,
For while he always hits the mark,
He's always making Mrs.—*Ex.*

.. ..

There has been some discussion lately in the *McGill Outlook* in regard to McGill's unsatisfactory football season. The need of more room for practice is felt in order that new material may be developed, and the services of a professional coach is advocated.

.. ..

A 'grind' there was and he ground away,
He ground all night and he ground all day,
He ground out a brain of the steel-trap-kind,
But he ground away heart to cultivate mind.

—*The Meditations of a College Poet.*

.. ..

The class in the Faculty of Theology have been opened to women students in Edinburgh.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of VARSITY:

DEAR SIR,—The admirable suggestion made by Mr. George at the University dinner last night, that some sort of memorial should be erected in memory of the heroic Harper, a graduate of the University, must have commended itself to everybody. If it is acted upon, as I hope it will be, will you allow me to further suggest that there be inscribed upon it what were probably the last words he ever spoke,—words, I think, as memorable as any recorded in classic story of antique valor, under like circumstances. Mr. Creelman, we are told, being in the water and seeing Harper throwing off his overcoat and gauntlets, shouted to him, "For God's sake Harper don't you come in too." Harper (the prefix 'Mr.' seems out of place when a man has reached a certain pinnacle of fame) replied "What else is there for me to do? Surely these words breathe the very spirit of heroism. For Harper, there was nothing else that he could do. To act otherwise would have been, to such as he, a moral impossibility. No memorial such as suggested, would be adequate if it did not quote in prominent letters that reply "What else is there for me to do?"

Yours very truly,

Toronto, Dec. 11th, 1901.

A. H. F. LEFROY.

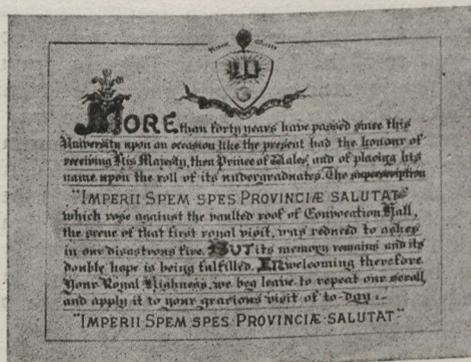
Fac-Simile of the Address Presented to His Royal Highness the Duke of Cornwall and York, by the University of Toronto, October 11th, 1901.



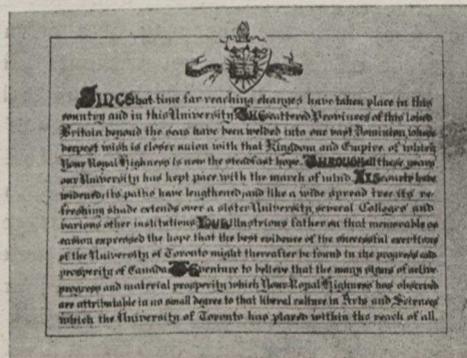
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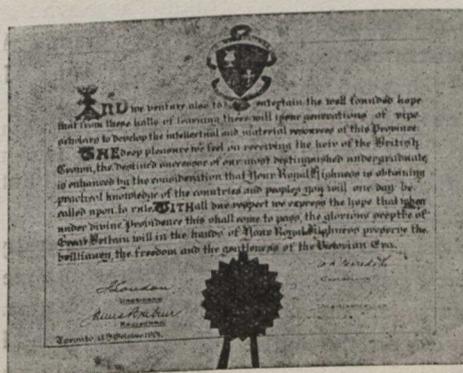
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CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

When the stars glitter
Clear in the cutting night,
When the cold is bitter,
And the swirling ground is white,

When the naked trees are howling
Wild in the winter wind,
And the watch-dog's growling
Dozes the drowsy mind,

In gloomy darkness,
Save where along the wall,
The crackling fire-place
Cosily warms the hall—

With thee, dear, beside me,
I have no other aim
Than forever to watch thee
Gazing into the flame.

—NEHOC.

THE VARSITY

Published weekly by the students of the University of Toronto. Annual subscription, One Dollar, payable strictly in advance. For advertising rates apply to the Business Manager. Address all communications for publication to the Editor-in-Chief, University College.

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TORONTO, December 18th, 1901.

THIS being the last number of THE VARSITY for the year, the present Editor-in-chief lays down with a sigh the editorial quill, that has not yet learned to gracefully wield the "We," vacates the uneasy chair that has been so difficult for him to becomingly occupy, kicks aside the waste-paper basket, dons his coat and sinks once more into the obscurity of a privatus—not without a sense of relief, nor yet without a feeling of regret; for while his task has been onerous it has been very pleasant, too. We take this opportunity of acknowledging the services of the members of the editorial board, and of thanking them for their great assistance. We thank the readers of THE VARSITY, too, for their kind consideration, for under our present system the editor, as a rule, has had so little experience in college journalism—if indeed he has had any at all—that he begins to recognize its meaning and possibilities only when his short term of office is coming to an end. We desire, too, to congratulate Mr. G. F. McFarland on his appointment as editor for the Easter term; we can wish him no more generous and responsive audience than has been ours.

We cannot help feeling a certain pleasure, not altogether unselfish it may be, in the thought that the year of our editorship is one which will long be remembered in the annals of the University of Toronto. Of course one is very apt to overrate the importance of the events of his own time. Historians as well as literary critics, as it were, look through a microscope; their vision is narrowed and the insignificant thing is magnified out of its true proportion. Herodotus lays as much stress on the petty war between Athens and Aegina as he does on the battle of Marathon; Hobbes predicted in all seriousness that Davenant's "Gondibert," (of which who of us has even heard?) would last long as the Iliad. A perspective is needed that the lapse of time can alone supply, where things can be viewed and scrutinized in all their bearings and relations, so that while the trivial fades into obscurity, the significant may stand out prominently in the foreground. But despite this difficulty in judging of the present, we venture to think that this year marks an epoch in the history of our University—this year which has seen so much activity and progress: first and foremost the legislation of the Ontario Government in the spring which increases the endowment of all three faculties, and

provides magnificent new buildings for Applied Science and Medicine: the conferring of an honorary degree in the June convocation on the vice-regent of our country, in the autumn to the very heir to the throne of the Empire, a distinction we believe, not only to the University, but also to him; the establishment and remarkable development of the University of Toronto Union, which is doing so much to promote the social side of college life and to unite more closely the various elements of our University; the organization of the Engineering Corps, which revives the ancient traditions of "K" Company, the pride of the students in the old days; the signal success of University athletics in almost all branches and from every standpoint, not forgetting the financial prosperity that has given us a new grandstand in the Athletic Field. These are definite advances to which we can point. There are other forces at work, other signs of progress that can more easily be perceived than expressed,—the growth, we think, of a university spirit in contradistinction to college spirit, more encouragement to university education from the people of Ontario, a deepening of interest in the Alumni Association, which has such a vital connection with the welfare of the University, a distinct improvement in the organization and constitution of athletics, and finally a movement on foot to amalgamate in some way the University press for the betterment of our journalism. A remarkable year this, a red-letter year. We should rejoice that the short span of our college days is spent where all is life, activity and progress, with enough grand traditions behind us and enough English conservatism in our bones to beget caution, care and thoroughness in all things and to keep us mindful that though we hasten we must hasten slowly.

* * * *

THE Arts Dinner last Tuesday and the School of Science Dinner on Friday were both most successful. Those who stayed away missed something; we are sorry for them. At the Arts Dinner Principal Hutton's reply to "Alma Mater" was the speech of the evening; it was an inspiration. We are very glad to be able to publish it in this number. Those who were not present and did not hear the speech should read it; those who were there will not wait for the advice.

* * * *

IT is not generally known that Mr. Sydney H. Preston, with whose clever and original stories all readers of *Scribner's Magazine* are familiar, and whose novel "The Abandoned Farmer," has met with such success, is a Canadian and lives no farther away than Clarkson. We are very glad to publish a sketch from Mr. Preston's pen in this number.

* * * *

WE are indebted to the *Canadian Magazine* for the article on the Architecture of University College by Mr. A. H. Harkness, one of our distinguished graduates in Science.

* * * *

WE are very sorry that the contribution of "Seranus" for this number of the VARSITY came to late for publication.

* * * *

Nunc tempus abire.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LATE H. A. HARPER—A TRIBUTE.

To the Editor of 'Varsity:

SIR,—A very remarkable fragment of Livy's fourth book has come to light in the University Library which I hasten to give to the learned world through the columns of the Varsity. As it differs in many important particulars from the received text I transcribe a portion in full. The extract is full of interest, inasmuch as it affords extraordinary proof of some sort of early state-education in a remote Eastern quarter of the Roman Empire. Our modern world is after all not so modern, for we have here a quaint picture of a distressing crisis in this distant educational centre.

"Coepere a fame mala, seu adversi magistratus grammaticis fuere, dulcedine epularum et urbis deserta discipulorum cura; nam utrumque traditur; et magistratus grammaticos desides et hi nunc fraudum nunc neglegentiam illorum accusabant. Postremo perpulere grammaticos, haud adversante Senatu, ut (the proper name here can only be conjectured) praefectus scholis crearetur; feliciter in eo magistratu ad custodiam dignitatis suae futurus quam ad curationem ministerii sui, quamquam postremo fame quoque levata haud immeritam et gratiam et gloriam tulit. Qui cum multis circa vicos provinciae contionibus nequaquam habitis, nisi quod ex paucis septentrionalibus pagis venditis haud multum advectum est, nullum momentum fami fecisset, et revolutus ad dispensationem inopiae, tradere cogendo mercedem quae usu menstruo superesset, foenere ex semisse vix treintibus factis, fraudandoque parte diurni cibi hypodidascolos, criminando inde et objiciendo irae populi grammaticos, acerba inquisitione aperiret magis quam levaret inopiam, multi ex grammaticis spe amissa potius quam ut cruciarentur trahendo animam, capitibus obvolutis, se in Danaim praecipitaverunt."

With some diffidence I offer the following translation: "The trouble began with a famine, whether it was that the government was hostile to the professors or that the professors had neglected their pupils for dinners and the charms of city life; for both are asserted. The government accused the professors of sloth, and they in their turn blamed at one time the trickery, at another the indifference of the government. Finally the professors were compelled, without opposition on the part of the senate, to allow the appointment of ——— as *praefectus scholis* (an authority similar apparently to our minister of education.) In this position he was destined to be more successful in maintaining the dignity of his office than in the discharge of his special functions, though (and this is surely cheering) eventually he won well-deserved favour and distinction by relieving the distress. At first he delivered many speeches in the neighboring villages of the province with no result except that a trival amount was brought in from the sale of some northern townships. As this made no impression on the famine he turned his attention to distributing the pressure of want. He compelled the professors to hand over from their salaries what was more than sufficient for a month's needs, at a rate of interest reduced from 6% to scarcely 4. He also defrauded the *hypodidascoli* (apparently some inferior sort of teacher, such as our lecturer) of a part of their daily rations, and held up the professors to the indignation of the populace. By this severe policy, however, he laid bare rather than relieved the distress, and many of the professors, losing hope, rather than prolong a life of misery, muffled their heads and flung themselves into the Don."

Here the text, unfortunately, relapses into the same hopelessness, and we are unable to satisfy our curiosity as to the means by which this ancient minister so gloriously rehabilitated himself in public opinion. Yours, etc., S.

The tragic circumstances of the drowning of Henry Albert Harper, M.A., are too well-known to all Canadians, and certainly by those honored by association with his Alma Mater to call for repetition in the pages of THE VARSITY. In a chivalrous but alas! vain endeavor to save



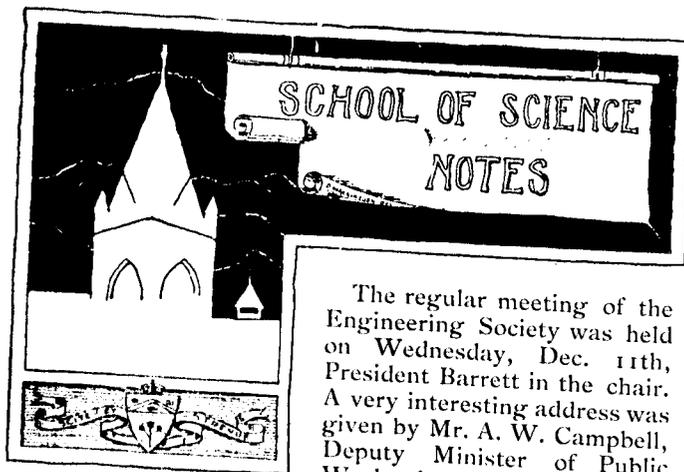
THE LATE H. A. HARPER.

another's life, poor Harper offered up his own. Supreme-ly creditable to himself was this deed of love and daring; creditable also, however, to Canadian manhood, and to all institutions or agencies that had part or lot in moulding his character. Amongst such institutions was the University of Toronto, in whose halls Harper spent four years of his brief life, and to the University of Toronto is added new lustre by the splendid heroism of a son's self-sacrifice.

The more one learns of all that passed that day, the more one admires Harper's conduct. His was no deed of rash impulse, precipitate and unsupported by consideration of the probable consequence, as we have perhaps been led to suspect. From the lips of the survivor of the accident, the writer of this has learned that Harper did not, as represented, leap wildly into the water. He first exhausted all hope of rendering assistance by other means. Having dispatched his companion to shore for help, he stretched himself along the ice and sought in this way to reach those already in the water. But the ice was too thin to support his weight, and it was only when he saw that aid must be given without further delay, or not at all, that, coolly throwing off his outer garments, he dauntlessly struck into the black and icy waters, while darkness was already descending upon the desolate scene. "For God's sake, Harper, don't you get in too!" called Creelman. "What else is there for me to do?" was the answer that bespoke an unflinching devotion to duty, unsurpassed, perchance, in the annals of human heroism.

As a member of the Class of '95, it was the writer's privilege to know Harper and to know him well. To know him—be it said without the first shade of sentimentalism—was to love him. Of a singularly buoyant and sunny disposition, Harper made friends quickly, and—what is rarer—retained them long. His classmates remember him as a sociable, whole-souled, companionable fellow, alive to all the varied interests of university life, and withal a keen student and a man of sterling common sense. No wonder that he carried himself creditably through college and rose rapidly, without dishonor, in his profession. Inexpressibly shocked and saddened by his early cutting off, there is not one of his classmates who could have experienced the least surprise at his having come through the crucible pure gold. Precisely what might be expected of him, that he did. One may deplore but cannot regret such a passing out as his. So long as the Class of '95 survives in the person of a single member, the memory of Bert Harper will be enshrined in some human heart, and, let us hope, so long as the University of Toronto stands four-square, his name shall be enshrined in enduring stone or brass, that succeeding classes and new generations of students may know the sweet savour of a perfect deed.

J. A. S. '95



The regular meeting of the Engineering Society was held on Wednesday, Dec. 11th, President Barrett in the chair. A very interesting address was given by Mr. A. W. Campbell, Deputy Minister of Public Works in Ontario, on Road Making, a subject which is

becoming more and more important to the engineering profession. Mr. Cambell dealt chiefly with the making of country roads, which he divided into three different classes according to their importance, and showed how each should be constructed. He also explained the method of building concrete culverts, and outlined the plan of the Ontario Government regarding the expenditure of the grant for improvement of roads voted by the Legislature last session.

We extend our congratulations to A. A. Wanless, of the 3rd year, who won the West End V.M.C.A. cross country run last Saturday.

The sympathy of the School is extended to Mr. A. P. Marquis, of the 1st year, who has been absent for several days on account of the death of his brother Dr. Marquis, of Brantford, and also to Mr. H. G. Barber, of the 3rd year, who has been summoned to his home on account of the serious illness of his father.

Col. Otter, D.O.C., inspected the Engineering Corps and supplies on Saturday afternoon. It was the intention to have the corps parade in great-coats, but owing to the unfavorable weather the inspection was made in the Drill Shed. He complimented the Company on their intelligence and fine physique.

ANNUAL DINNER OF THE S.P.S.

The Annual Dinner of the students and Faculty of the School of Science, at McConkey's on Friday, 13th, was the most successful of all the functions of a similar character which have taken place in the history of the School. The members of the Dinner Committee are to be congratulated on the excellent manner in which all the necessary arrangements were made and also carried into effect.

Between 200 and 250 were in attendance, and of these some 30 were guests, representing prominent educationists, engineers and manufacturers.

There was a very lengthy toast list, and the speeches arising from the same were received with much enthusiasm by the students. One main thought was characteristic of every speech of the evening, namely, that the School of Practical Science is recognized as a very important factor in the development of the natural resources of Canada along the different lines of engineering.

The presence of the Engineering Corps, dressed in their uniforms, and accompanied by Capt. Laing of University College, as their guest, gave a military turn

to the proceedings, which was highly appreciated by all present.

The guests, faculty and students all spent a very enjoyable evening, especially during the former part, when they were supplying the wants of the inner man with such dishes as "Blue Points on the half shell." They will anticipate with pleasure the next Annual Dinner of the S.P.S.

THE SCHOOL IN SPORTS.

For several years now the School has been closely associated with all the branches of University sports. The year 1901, and especially the fall session, has been no exception to the rule, but rather has the interest increased. Notwithstanding the large amount of practical work required by the Faculty some time has been found for the athletic side of University life, and this fact is shown by the excellent standing that the School has made in gymnasium work, at the annual games, and in football, both Rugby and Association.

At the annual field day, when the best men from the various colleges met, the School was represented by Worthington, Teasdale, Evans, Ellwell, Smith, and others. Worthington was successful in securing more points than any other man entered, and so well did the other Science representatives do that more points were credited to them than to any other Faculty, thus getting the Faculty championship.

Perhaps, however, more attention has been paid to Rugby Football than to anything else, the result being shown in the number of School men that have figured on Varsity I, II. and III. All Varsity students have been justly proud of the record or these teams, both the inter-collegiate championships being captured. The School has played no small part in bringing about the result, for about sixty per cent. of the teams are composed of our men. During the season the following have played on Varsity I.: Gibson, Campbell, "Biddy" MacLennan, "Rory" MacLennan, Bryce, Burnham, Beatty, Baldwin and Jerymn, while on Varsity II. the School has supplied Madden, Robertson, Laing, Harcourt, Reynolds, Empey and Bonnel. On Varsity III. we have between eight and nine representatives.

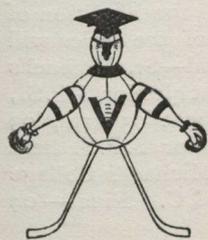
For the last two or three weeks the Mulock Cup matches have been keeping up the Rugby interest, especially since they have been played under the new Burnside rules. The School has entered two teams, Seniors and Juniors, the first game in their series being played. The Juniors, though having a greater number of Varsity I. players on were defeated by the narrow margin of 13-12. The next game was between the Senior School and the Junior Meds, and as is usual when the Science men met the Medical representatives the Science men came out ahead.

Too much credit cannot be given to the energetic captain of the Seniors. Earle has devoted a lot of time and work to getting the team in the best of form, and though at the present time of writing its final result is not known, still we all have hopes of seeing the cup remain with us the third year, further ornamented with another school shield.

Owing to the fact that Rugby has been the chief attraction, Association has suffered considerably. The Juniors by steady work and good play were enabled to get to the finals, but lost the game and incidentally the championship. Captain Zahn is yet unable to account for the mistake in not bringing that championship to its proper resting place. With the Seniors things did not prosper quite so well, their championship vision fading before the finals were reached.

THE YEAR'S ATHLETICS—A RESUMÉ.

The year which has passed since the last Christmas number of "VARSITY" appeared has been notable in more ways than one. Taken as a whole it may be said to have



been the most successful as far as athletics is concerned that the University has ever had. It is perhaps the first year in which we have had uniformly good teams in every branch of sport. It has been notable also for the vast amount of new material which has appeared in each department of athletics, and this fact makes the outlook for the coming year particularly bright. Moreover it is perhaps not too much to say that the various teams have never before been supported so well by the mass of the students, and that during the year college spirit, at least as far as athletics is concerned, has developed wonderfully.

HOCKEY.

Varsity entered two teams in the O.H.A. Varsity I. in the Senior series were placed in the same district with the Wellingtons. Practice games were played with Osgoode and the Bank of Toronto, the former team being beaten once and the latter twice. The first championship game with the Wellington's resulted in a defeat for Varsity, but in the second match the tables were turned, the collegians winning by 4-3. The third and deciding game unfortunately found the Varsity team a little stale, and the champions succeeded in winning by 6-2.

In the intermediate series Varsity II ran up against Wellingtons II. In the first game the latter team gained a lead of four goals, and, although Varsity II won the second, the series went to their opponents by three points.

The men who played on the teams were :

Varsity I—Hanley, Evans, Gilbert, Wright (Capt.), Snell, Broder, Gibson, McArthur, Livingstone and Trees.

Varsity II — Pardoe, Gilfillan, Caulfield, Biggs, O'Flynn (Capt.), Boyd, Lang.

The Jennings Cup series saw some splendid hockey. McMaster won the coveted trophy with the Dents. and '02 Arts close up.

CRICKET.

Cricket was given a great impetus last summer by an excellent arrangement made with the Toronto Cricket Club, whereby it was given the use of the campus for the summer on condition that it kept the grounds in good condition and that all Varsity students who wished to play should be counted as members. Owing to the season of the year in which cricket is played, it has always been found impossible to manage a club successfully at Varsity, and the arrangement gave satisfaction to everyone. Many

Varsity men took advantage of the opportunity and had good practice throughout the season besides playing in several matches.

LACROSSE.

The lacrosse tour has been already described at length in these columns. The record of the club for the season was .

Varsity.....	8	Orioles.....	6
Varsity.....	7	St. Catharines.....	0
Varsity.....	7	Hobart College.....	4
Varsity.....	12	Cornell.....	2
Varsity.....	8	Stevens' Institute.....	1
Crescent A. C.	7	Varsity.....	3
".....	3	Varsity.....	2
Varsity.....	11	Lehigh University.....	6
Varsity.....	7	Hobart College.....	2
	65		31

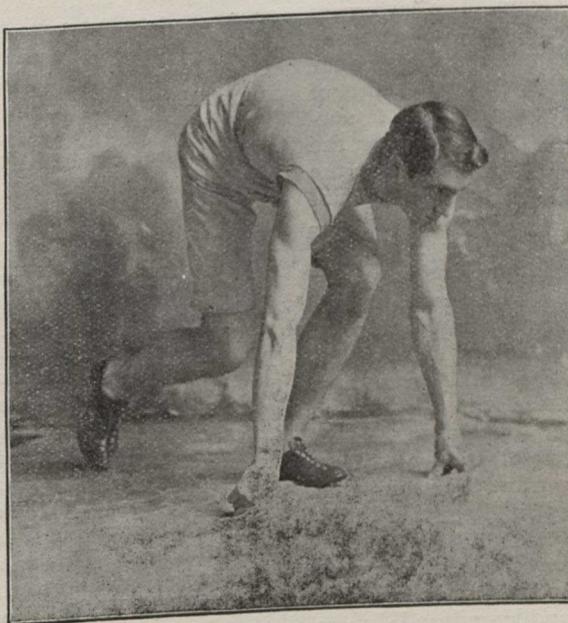
The men who played in the different games were :

Hanley (Capt.), Graham, Hendry, Urquhart, O'Flynn, Grieg, McKinnon, McNeil, Martin, Groves, Gladney, Kyle, McArthur, Morrison and McIntyre.

BASEBALL.

Baseball is rather handicapped at Toronto owing to the May examinations interfering with the beginning of the season. Nevertheless the baseball team were fairly successful this spring. Of the five home games they won three, defeating the Crescents, the 1900 city champions, Heintzman & Co., and the Press team, and losing twice to St. Michael's by narrow margins.

The tour this year was in Western Ontario, and lasted ten days, June 4th to 13th. The following formed the team : R. J. McIntyre, T. R. Eckhardt, R. E. DeLury, A. G. Ross, F. H. Dobson, H. Chown, J. R. Parry, G. Biggs, C. Weldon. Of the nine games played Varsity won five, defeating Milton 7-2, Wingham 9-6, Palmerston 17-5, Harriston 13-3, and Kin-



W. WORTHINGTON, THE CHAMPION.

cardine 5-4, losing to Walkerton 5-3, Chesley 5-4, London (Canadian League) 12-9, and Berlin (Canadian League) 13-10. Varsity thus got 75 runs to their opponents 55. The players enjoyed the tour immensely ; everywhere the "learned guys" were heartily welcomed and well treated. The financial side, too, was successfully managed.

Prospects are good for next year. Everyone who plays the game should turn out. An hour's practice a day will prove no waste of time.

LAWN TENNIS.

Like cricket tennis does not come at the right season of the year for students who live out of Toronto, but the Tennis Club has, nevertheless, always been a strong organization. This year it was fairly successful. While Varsity was beaten by the Toronto Club for the City Championship, it was only by one point, and could hardly

THE VARSITY

have been a closer contest. Varsity and Toronto have now each two legs on the cup and the next season will probably decide which of these clubs will keep the cup. Two successful tournaments were held, the one in October being a particularly good one. Two cinder courts have also been begun to the east of Wycliffe College and will be completed before next season. The club ends the year with a small balance.

Individual members of the Tennis Club gained honor for Varsity and themselves by their victories during the summer. E. R. Paterson won both the Ontario and Quebec championships, and also the International handicap at Niagara. W. H. Carveth gained the title of Junior Champion of Canada.

Prospects are excellent for next season as almost all the best players will be on the courts, and a number of new men who have some skill with the racket have entered Varsity this fall.

RUGBY.

One is strongly tempted to indulge in a good deal of "spread-eagleism" in reviewing the season's work in Rugby football. Three championship teams—but we'll stop right there lest some envious person might hint that we were boasting.

Varsity I opened the season by decisively beating Hamilton in the Ambitious City. On October 12th the first game in the Intercollegiate series was played on the Varsity field with McGill as the opposing team. The easterners were handily disposed of to the tune of 14—5. A week later Varsity tackled the Argonauts in the first game for the City Championship and were defeated by a score of 18—12. On October 26th the blue and white giants surprised Queen's by beating them on their own grounds, the score being 23—8. The Presbyterians played here on the following Saturday, and although they made a gallant struggle were again defeated, this time by a score of 15—11. Varsity finished the series by beating McGill in Montreal 12—0, thereby winning the championship with a record of four victories and no defeats. The last game of the series was the final for the City Championship on Thanksgiving Day at Rosedale which the Argonauts won.

Varsity II got away well, defeating Trinity in the first game by 23—2 and in the second, a week later, by 34—0. On October 26th they were defeated by Queen's II in Kingston by the narrow margin of 1 point, the score being 4—3, but in the next game they won from the same team by the decisive score of 11—0, thus landing the Intermediate Championship.

Varsity III's career was a checkered one. They were beaten in two games by Toronto II in the Junior series of the O.R.F.U., but both Toronto II and Hamilton III were expelled from the series for playing men over age, and the Varsity youngsters were ordered to play off with the Limestones of Kingston for the Championship of Ontario. The game was played on the Varsity field on November 16 and the Kingston aggregation were never in it for a moment, the score standing 15—0.

The following men played on the teams during the season:

Varsity I—G. Biggs, Baldwin, Beatty, Hendry, Gibson, P. Biggs, McLaren, Burnham, Isbester, Campbell, R. McLennan, "Biddy" McLennan, Gilbert, Paterson, McCollum (Capt.), Jermyn, and Bryce.

Varsity II—O. K. Gibson, Rathbun, Reynolds, Stratton, E. Gibson, Ballard (Capt.), Empey, Robertson, Burwell, Snively, Bonnel, McPherson, Madden, Morrison, Martin, Wallace, McKinnon, Urquhart, Lang, Robinson, and Harcourt.

Varsity III—Yates, Wood, McKay, Laing, Chown,

Shaw, Boyd, Lauder, Williams, Hore, Ross, Morden, Aikins, Balfour, Fletcher, Gibson, Rutherford, Fee, Mason, Moore, Reid, White, Henderson, and Sodden.

The Mulock Cup games this year have been particularly interesting owing to the fact that they are being played under the Burnside rules, the principal features of which are the elimination of the two side scrimmagers and the flying wing, the introduction of the snap-back as a means of putting the ball into play, and the abolition of holding in the wing line. The progress of the series will be shown by the following: First Round—St. Michael's College beat Dentals, Senior S.P.S. beat Junior S.P.S., Junior Meds beat Senior Meds, '04 Arts beat '05 Arts, '03 Arts beat '02 Arts. Second Round—Senior S.P.S. beat Junior Meds, '04 Arts beat '03 Arts, St. Michael's College a bye. Semi Final—'04 Arts beat S.M.C. Final—'04 versus Senior S.P.S.

ASSOCIATION.

The past season has been an active one too in Association football. An unusual amount of interest centred in the Intercollegiate League and the matches were well contested. Though often pressed hard the University College team played throughout the senior Series without a defeat and won the championship. But they had higher ambitions and arranged home and home games with Galt, the winners of the Western League. The match at Galt on November 16 resulted in favor of the home team by a score of 2—0, but a week later in Toronto Varsity had by far the best of the game and should have overcome this lead. The score, however, was only 2—1 in Varsity's favor, Galt thus winning the championship of Ontario. The men who played on the College team during the season were: Soule, Nichol, McHugh, Smillie, McKinnon, Martin, Phillips, Broder, Gilchrist, Cooper, McQueen, Burton, McPherson, DeLury, Cranston.

The intermediate section of the Intercollege League was won by the second School of Science team which was as follows: Worthington, Yates, McCausland, Moore, Williams, Begg, Zahn, Jackson, Connor, Thompson.

The inter-year matches in Arts resulted in a surprise. The Juniors beat the '02 team who had throughout their course been invincible, and they in turn were defeated by the Sophomores, who thus won the Arts championship in both Rugby and Association.

TRACK ATHLETICS.

Perhaps in no other branch of sport has there been such an advance made in the last year as in track and field athletics. This is mainly due to the organization of the Track Club and to the energetic and effective work of its secretary, W. G. Wood, of the Dental College. The annual games were held on October 18th and proved very successful. W. Worthington, of S.P.S., won the championship with twenty points to his credit. He proved himself a splendid all-round athlete. The next Saturday a team of fifteen went to Montreal to compete against old McGill. Though they were not successful in winning the championship, they lost only by 57 to 51, and with this marked improvement on last year's showing we may expect to see the cup in Toronto next autumn. The team was thus composed: Worthington, Teasdale, Dalgleish, Peterson, Henderson, S. P. Biggs, R. Biggs, Ferguson, Hallman, Gray, Ellis, Elwell, Bray, Jennings.

GOLF.

Golf has had a successful season and very many pleasant games have been played. The trophy presented by Profs. Laing, Lefroy and Young to be annually competed for, was won by Mr. C. B. Labatt. The erection of buildings on the links seems likely to curtail their usefulness.

THE DINNER.

It won't be news to any reader of VARSITY, we hope, that The Dinner took place on Tuesday, December the 10th—the Fifth Annual Dinner of the Arts Faculty. To draw it mildly, the whole affair was superb, and Chairman Cochrane and his band of willing workers are to be congratulated on its success. At eight o'clock on the eventful evening, a mighty multitude of distinguished citizens, professors, graduates, undergraduates, and freshmen poured into the East Hall and after some difficulty found seats. It was discovered that Prof. Baker occupied the big chair at the head, with Hon. Richard Harcourt on his right, and President Loudon on his left. The hall was gaily decorated in blue and white, and on a shelf just out of reach reposed all the cups that could be scraped up for the occasion. But the diners didn't waste much time admiring anything except the festive board before them, and as soon as Principal Hutton had finished the Latin grace, (of which the only word that the freshmen understood was "Amen"), all fell to, and, to the concord of sweet sounds provided by Glionna's orchestra, discussed with an appreciation that warmed the hearts of the committee, the various viands that were set before them.

When nothing was left but toothpicks and spoons, (and some of the latter, it is said, disappeared before the boys went home), Prof. Baker rose, and in a few well-chosen words gave the toast "The King." "The Empire" was proposed by Prof. Laing, Captain of the Engineering Corps, in his uniform. Lieutenant-Colonel Denison responded in a characteristic speech, saying that true independence was to be found only within the Empire. The Empire was in need of greater unity. Canada was taking the lead, but must do more. She ought to advocate with all her might the imposition of a customs duty on foreign goods to raise an Imperial defence fund. R. J. Younge, '02, proposed "Alma Mater" with a neat speech, and a good joke. President Loudon replied, showing that Toronto was holding her place among the world's universities. Principal Hutton gave us a taste of true Attic oratory, and delivered a splendid address on the significance of an Arts education, which is printed in full on another page of this number.

Dr. W. P. Thompson proposed "Our Guests," with which toast he coupled the names of Mr. J. J. Foy, Mr. W. K. George, and F. C. Wade. Mr. Foy expressed the opinion that the people of Ontario and its Government were willing to help the University. Mr. George said it was a crying shame that there was a lack of funds. Private beneficence was as much needed as government aid. We must find a MacDonal. Mr. Wade spoke of the wonderful development our country was making. The geographies could not keep up with the progress. R. B. Cochrane, '02, proposed "Our Undergraduate Guests," and representatives from McGill, Queen's, Trinity, McMaster, S.P.S., and the Medical Faculty, spoke briefly in reply. The last toast was "Athletics." Prof. McCurdy in proposing the toast made a splendid speech full of practical thoughts and suggestions. Ernest R. Paterson, '02, responded, emphasizing the true position of athletics in education, and comparing conditions in Canadian colleges with those in the larger American universities. J. A. Martin, '02, showed how athletics had developed along with civilization in the world's history.

The toasts were interspersed with musical numbers. Prof. Laing contributed a vocal solo which was much appreciated; Messrs. Abbott, Lucas, and Klotz gave an instrumental trio, flute, violin and piano; C. E. Clarke sang with his usual charm, and a quartette of choiristers enlivened the proceedings by a couple of appropriate verses.

THE MOCK PARLIAMENT.

The open meeting of the Literary Society on Friday evening took the form of a mock parliament. The East Hall was crammed to the doors. Rt. Hon. Sir John Wilson Cunningham was Premier, while Hon. Sir George Franklin McFarland lead those "agin' the government." When Dr. W. P. Thompson had been appointed Speaker, the Address from the Throne was moved by two neophytes. The address contained a number of important measures, among others to establish an automobile mail delivery, to affiliate Osgoode with Varsity, to provide a fund for settling Varsity girls in the North-West to raise the standard of culture, to establish a course in Domestic Science at Varsity, to abolish co-education, to establish a nursery for freshettes under 16, to provide funds for the establishment of a ladies Under-graduate Club, affiliated with the Union. Sir G. McFarland in a very clever speech expressed a more than mild disapproval of these proposals, and the debate began in earnest. Sir Ecce Homo Oliver, High Jinks Symington, Gen. Fitz. Wauchope Broadfoote, Hon. J. A. Martin, and Weary Treadgold aided their leader in attacking the government, while Sir Cunningham and Gen. Richard Hamilton ably defended themselves, assisted by Sir Wm. H. Ingram, Hon. J. A. Soule, Hon. A. Cohen, and Hon. Alexander Cochrane. Many were the jokes, many were the points of order raised, many were the tinklings of the alarm clock when the members spoke too long, and many were the gross insults hurled across the aisle. With Hon. Cochrane's impassioned oration the debate ended. On a vote being taken the government was sustained by a majority of one.

MR. KEYS'S LECTURE.

Those present at the second of the joint Monday Lectures were fortunate in being treated to a most interesting account of the life and work of "Alfred, King of the Anglo-Saxons" by one whose personal familiarity with the writings and spirit of "England's darling" gave the charm of freshness even to a subject a thousand years old. Mr. Keys began by tracing the career of Alfred from the time when in infancy he was sent to Rome, till he closed his period of lusty youth with the battle of Ashdown. The lecturer, after the manner of students of history now-a-days, laid iconoclastic hands on the old familiar legends of the story books. In the end, however, he left his hearers with the impression that Alfred was not only a soldier, a law-giver, and a saint, but also a sort of anachronistic university man in public life, who drew from learning as well as from experience in order to meet the many exigencies of his career.

THE VARSITY-QUEEN'S DEBATE.

The first debate of the Inter-University Debating League on Saturday, between Varsity and Queen's, resulted in a victory for Queens. The Kingston City Hall was crowded to the doors when Mr. Weatherhead took the chair. After a couple of numbers by the Guitar Club and Glee Club, the debate was announced: Resolved that trusts are in the best interests of society. J. A. Donnel and A. Calhoun, of Queen's upheld the proposition, while W. R. Woodrooffe and R. J. Younge, of Varsity, had contrary views. The question was well debated, all the speakers bringing forth their arguments with clearness and force. The decision of the judges, however, in favor of the affirmative, announced without any summary of the arguments, came as a surprise not only to the debaters, but also to many of those in the audience.

THE COLLEGE GIRL



Stevenson remarks some place that—

"The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

And at most times we are ready to agree with him. Still, there come times in the life of the College Girl when she wishes that there were fewer things in this university world. Besides the programme of lectures and studies, which seems long enough to monopolize all the energies of one poor mortal, a dozen other means of improvement and amusement demand her attention. She often begins a new week with the unhappy prospect of all sorts of extra labors, from papers to be read at departmental societies, to social functions which she "really can't miss," and often before Saturday night comes she feels that her burden is heavier than she can bear.

It is in matters of this kind that the student has a chance to show her wisdom. Realizing that she cannot do everything, and that she must limit some of her ambitions, from the desire to take a brilliant stand in two or three honor courses to the longing to attend every reception that presents itself, she tries to take a middle course between attempting too much and attempting too little. That the women-students, as a whole, are beginning to see that their efforts for all-round development may be carried too far, is evident. It was a sense of the folly of a reckless multiplication of societies and of work that put an end to the publication of *Sesame* and made the Glee Club a thing of the past.

It is but natural that we should strive to avoid the sad fate of the Tomtoddis, who became "all heads and no bodies," but we must not forget another extreme—the girl who finds herself immersed in the work of various college organizations, and only incidentally taking a course in Classics or Mathematics or Moderns.

Last week's Y.W.C.A. meeting was the regular monthly missionary meeting. Miss Macdonald, the leader of the missionary department, presided, and Miss Wilkie and Miss McCutcheon read two very interesting papers on Africa.

The last meeting of the Literary Society for the Michaelmas term was held on Saturday night. There was a real Christmas snow-storm for the occasion, but unfortunately it made the attendance rather smaller than usual. In all other respects the meeting was the most interesting and original one of this year. There was a short discussion with regard to the office of critic, and some announcements concerning the Women's Residence Association, notably, that in response to the circulars sent out, some eight hundred dollars had been received already. A piano solo by Miss Wilson and a violin solo by Miss Kitchen were enthusiastically encored. The dramatic performance of the evening was a scene from King Henry V. Miss J. G. Dickson represented that noble monarch, Miss Summers was the French princess, Katharine, and Miss Wilkie played the part of Alice, the

maid. This attempt at Shakesperian drama was so eminently successful that we all hope for a repetition of it in the near future.

The second part of the programme consisted of a debate on the subject "Resolved that athletics is a more essential part of college life than a literary society." Miss Archer supported the cause of the athletics and Miss May that of the Literary Society. The debate was then thrown open, a new method of procedure which proved very popular. Several animated speeches were made on both sides, and the question was discussed from every imaginable point of view. Miss Mason and Miss Weaver, two of our graduates kindly consented to act as judges, and after considerable deliberation they declared the debate a draw. Miss Robinson acted as critic.

Chats With My Boys

By Margaret Sangster's Second Cousin.

NOTE—Every youthful subscriber in distress of any old kind at all is invited to get advice from this column. Do not use more than two sides of the paper, and write everything legibly except the name, which may assume the form of the orthodox signature. We have an expert who can decipher it.

Sardonius—Thank you so much for your pretty words to "Mosquito's Parade," but fear they would not look well enough in print for VARSITY. The editor doesn't appreciate rag-time. However, you might persuade the Glee Club to sing it, on their tour.

Pink Tea—I was so glad to hear from you again, dear Willie. Most assuredly, it is quite the proper thing to entertain in the manner you have named. I would advise you, however, since you can't keep exactly open house, to avoid publicity concerning your entertainments, so as to prevent ill-feeling among your friends. Carry a pocket-mirror and a comb, and then it will not matter if the boys do muss your hair. I like Scotch hymns, too, Willie. Let me hear from you again.

J.R.B.—Yes, Reg., your form of entertainment is also admirable, though quite different from Willie's. Your scheme of weekly theatre parties ought to bring you as much renown as the "patriotic concerts" brought the famous men of old.

C.H.A.—Don't you care even if the boys do call you "Bum Secretary," and the girls "Old Slow Poke." They're only sore because everybody can't get a rake-off from the group photos.

"The Atom"—So you checked McKinnon to a finish, and even knocked him down once. Well done, little man! But you must have been practising telepathy, for you really were at the other of the field when he fell. And you also wanted to fight the referee, time-keeper, linesman, and goal-umpire! Then surely you need no encouragement from me. Vale!

E.W.M.—I am afraid it is scarcely Christianlike to attend other people's receptions when you wouldn't receive them at yours, especially when you choose nothing but the best, after you go. But, I suppose it's like the hen in the riddle—"the higher the sooner."

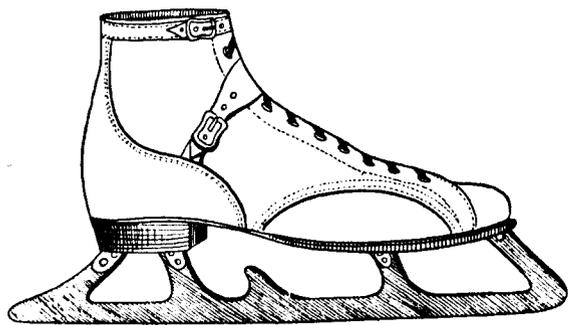
F.H.B.—Your letter was very entertaining, Freddie, and I'm glad you are not sore about your defeat at the hands of the Juniors. You will no doubt make a good showing against St. Margaret's College. It ought to be a great game for corners and throw-ins. Watch McDiarmid's crooked work on the touch-lines, and be sure to get a generous time-keeper.

The Rotunda.

Superintending Editor, - R. B. Cochrane, '02.

Mr. C. C. James will address those interested in "Modern Problems in Agriculture" at the regular meeting of the Natural Science Association on Wednesday at 4.15 in the Biolog. This is a subject of importance and interest to everybody, and one which, as every one knows, will be handled meritoriously by the Deputy-Minister.

The Juniors are looking for the man who reported the first '02-'03 Faculty Cup match for the "Mail and Empire." It was a fine piece of fiction.



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A sophomore sends the following report of the function held by the freshmen on Friday: "A very successful nursery tea was given by the class of '05. The "babes" turned out in great numbers and enjoyed themselves generally. The features of the entertainment were selections by the "Tootsie Rattle Orchestra." A vocal solo, "We couldn't connect with the Mulock Cup," with hand organ accompaniment and big drum obligato, and an account of the President's expenses at the Knox At-Home by the "Chief Push" of the year. About 6.30 the nurses arrived to conduct their youthful charges home, and after singing "We are so weary," the guests departed.

The solo rendered by D. B. G. at the '03-'04 game entitled "Victory is Assured," was appreciated by the sophomores. The report that it lost the game for the Juniors, however, is unreliable.

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From York street's coral strands,
From Chicago's soda fountains,
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From the Mormon Salt Lake City,
From valley, plain and sea,
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To draw their salary!"
—Jack Soule at Mock Parliament.

A French essay, written by a certain sophette, descriptive of a recent class reception, contains the following literary gem, "Les ornements furent simplement elegants."

W. K. George (at the Dinner)—"I am still an undergraduate of the University of Toronto, although not of quite so long standing as His Majesty the King.

The Political Science Club excursion to the Gutta Percha Rubber Company's works has been postponed until next term.

In our last week's issue an injustice was done to the Freshmen, for which we sincerely apologize. Instead of a deficit as reported, they had a handsome surplus after paying all the expenses of their reception.

W. K. George was responsible for the following story at the Dinner: A Senior (member of the old Volunteer Company) finding himself on parade between two freshmen—"Umph! sandwiched in between two freshmen!"

One of the Freshmen—"Well, it's a dog-meat sandwich anyway."

On the whole the Mock Parliament on Friday night was a decided success, and the leaders, Messrs. Cunningham and McFarland, are to be heartily congratulated. True there might have been a little more seriousness in the discussion—and yet

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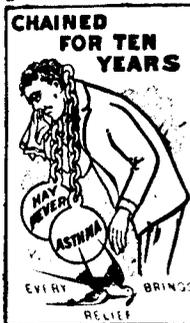


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CALENDAR

December

18. Written Examinations at Provincial Normal Schools begin.
Practical Examinations at Provincial Normal Schools.
19. Last day for notice of formation of new school sections to be posted by Township Clerk.
20. High Schools first term, and Public and Separate Schools close.
Provincial and Normal Schools close.
25. CHRISTMAS DAY (Wednesday).
High School Treasurer to receive all moneys collected for permanent improvements.
New Schools and alterations of School boundaries go into operation or take effect.
By-law for disestablishment of Township Boards takes effect.
26. Annual meetings of Public and Separate Schools.
30. Reports of Principals of County Model Schools to Department, due.
Reports of Boards of Examiners on Third Class Professional Examinations to Department, due.
31. Protestant Separate School Trustees to transmit to County Inspector names and attendance during the last preceding six months.
Trustees' Reports to Truant Officer, due.
Auditors' Reports of cities, towns and incorporated villages to be published by Trustees.

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The member from the Peiraeus at the Mock Parliament (E. H. Oliver)—“There is an apparent split in the ministry. I refer to the present attitude of the Postmaster-General. The Cabinet says that the freshettes get justice; he contends that justice gets the freshettes!”

Mr. Adam Carruthers, M.A., leaves next week to spend the vacation in Virginia.

The seniors seem in many ways the “dead uns” this year—knocked out in the first round of both Mulock and Faculty Cup series! Wonder if the election of a Coffin as President had anything to do with it!

Professor in 2nd year Latin—“Ah, so you *are* present, Mr. F—ds, you were sitting so far forward that I marked you absent.

Dr. Chant has invited his Physics class of the Fourth Year to dinner this week.

The sophomores winked knowingly when “Willie” decided to “go away back and sit down,” at the Rugby game.

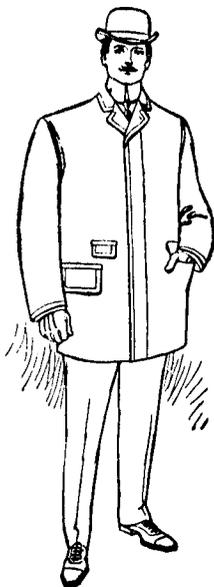
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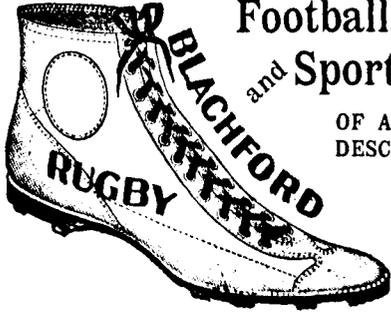
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