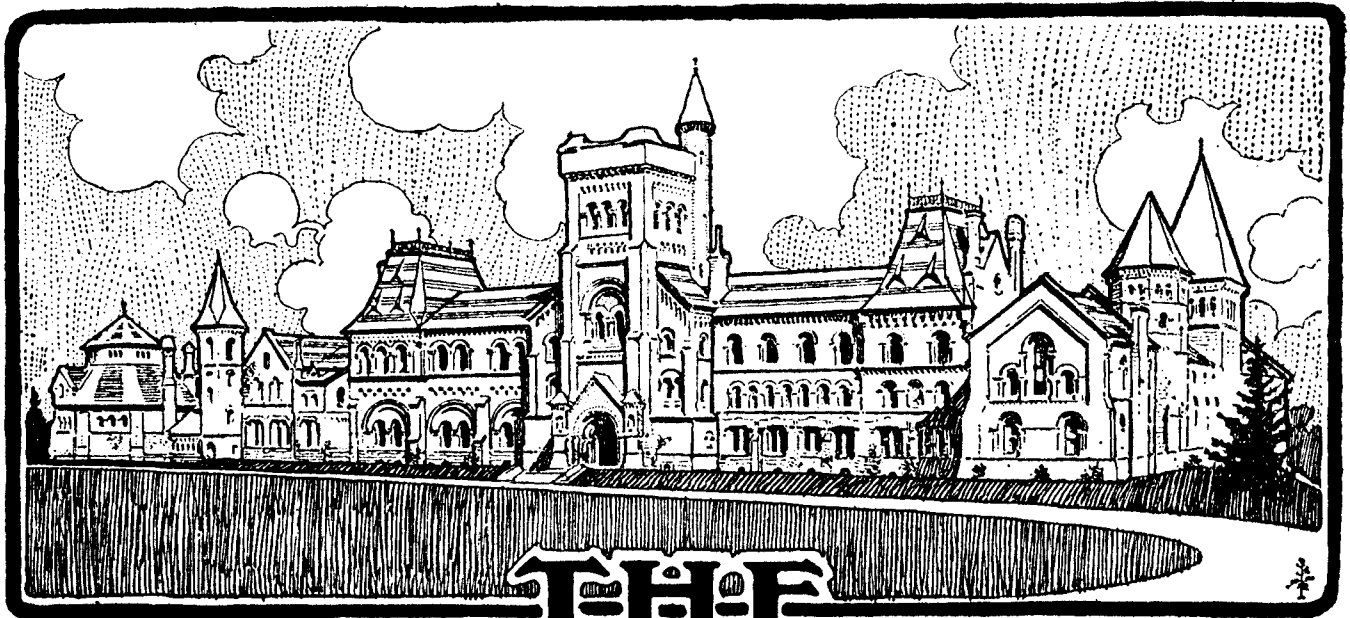


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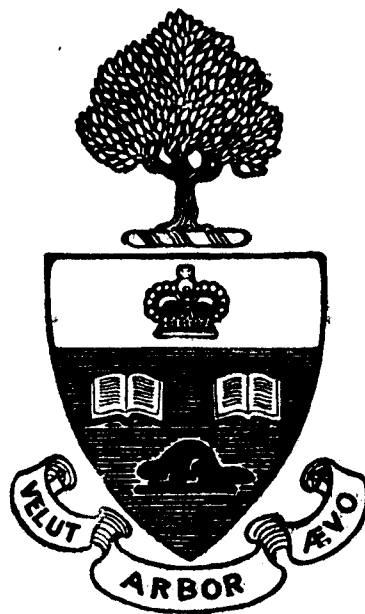
VOL. XXII.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, DECEMBER 17, 1902.

Nos. 10, 11.



# THE VARSITY



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## Table of Contents.

	Page.
A Song of Christmas..... Maurice Hutton.....	147
University Training and the Christian Minister..... Rev. G. M. Milligan, D.D.....	148
The Votive Mirror, a Poem..... Goldwin Smith.....	149
A Sketch..... W. J. K. Vanston, '04.....	149
The Wisdom of the Child, a Poem..... J. W. Bengough.....	149
Alma Mater..... J. W. Alexander.....	150
Night, A Sonnet..... W. Wilfred Campbell.....	151
Ma Petite Chaise..... Dr. Louis Fr�chet.....	151
"Abeunt Studia in Mores"..... F. P. M. '03.....	151
Frost, A Poem..... Duncan Campbell Scott.....	152
Commencement, 1903..... H. Maurice Darling, '03.....	152
Two Canadian Boat Songs..... C. C. James.....	153
The Song of the Reception, or the Progress of Man..... "Sardonius".....	153
Dixon, of the Faculty..... W. A. Craick.....	154
The House of Jones, A Poem..... James A. Tucker.....	156
A New Era in Canadian History..... "Lally Bernard".....	157
Reminiscences of Residence Days..... H. F. Gadsby.....	158
The Lit.....	159
A Reverie on Christmas Eve..... Arthur Stringer.....	159
Who?.....	159
Editorial.....	160
College Girl.....	161
A Triolet.....	162
Light in the Parlor..... D. P. Rees, '03.....	162
Overheard by the Library Clock.....	163
The Idle Idyll of an Idol, a Poem..... Edmund Hardy.....	163
The New Brave..... H. F. '06.....	164
Distinguished Graduates.....	162
The Poet's Love Letters..... Harvey J. O'Higgins.....	165
University College Dinner.....	166
Dental "At-Home".....	167
Engineering Society.....	167
What the Boys Would Like in Their Stockings.....	168
Sports.....	169
Knox "At Home".....	170
Philanthropic Work at Yale.....	171
College Notes.....	172

# THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

VOL. XXII.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, DECEMBER 17, 1902.

Nos. 10, 11.

I.

## INVOCATION.

### To My Quill.

When Horace was asked for a song  
He used to appeal to his "quill":  
Horace was rarely wrong:  
May not I do so still?

Horace's "quill" was a lyre:  
Liars are our "quills" too:  
Barely a syllable's breadth  
Parts him from me and you.

Listen then, liar or lyre:  
Come quill, modern or old:  
Prime me, prompt, inspire:  
Be bold, be overbold.

II.

## A SONG OF CHRISTMAS.

1

Shall we not sing the songs of ancient mirth?  
'Tis Christmas-time and peace again on earth;  
Peace here in wintry North America;  
No more the Dutchman fights for freedom to enthrall,  
The Briton fights no more for liberty for all;  
Peace in the summer of South Africa.

2

Peace! Peace! and what is Peace without Good-will?  
Lived he in vain beneath the Cambrian hill,  
The old man\* eloquent, ethereal?  
The soldier gives his life: what do we give  
Too scared of death to die, too dead to live,  
Too apathetic, too material.

3

"Nay, matter is man's food and clothes and fuel":  
Aye, but men starve mid Pennsylvania's gold  
Through greed and mutual distrust:  
Worse than ambition is the lust  
Of money, worse than hot blood is the cold,  
The tongue is than the soldiers's sword more cruel.

\* John Ruskin.

4.

How can we sing reading his words who saith:  
"The whole world groaneth yet and travaileth?"  
How can we sing until *He* change *His* words  
Who said He came not to bring peace but swords?

5

Shall no one meanwhile sing to us  
In silence pondering?  
The children, whom He called to Him,  
Are still interpreting:

6

Through them His oracles are heard,  
And doubts are reconciled:  
Through childish faith, and loving word,  
And wisdom of a child.

7

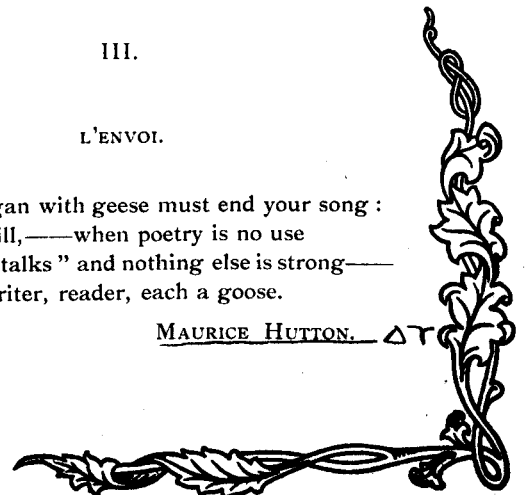
Fitly our children's voices rhyme  
That song of ancient mirth;  
That ancient song of Christmas-time  
Peace and Good-will on Earth.

III.

## L'ENVOI.

From geese began with geese must end your song:  
Confess, my quill,——when poetry is no use  
When "money talks" and nothing else is strong——  
Your parent, writer, reader, each a goose.

MAURICE HUTTON. ΔΤ



## University Training and the Christian Ministry.

THERE is nothing new under the sun. The same essential features of our nature come up in different forms in every age. And this characteristic of man is confined to no one class of men. It pervades all classes, rude and refined.

Academic interests have been viewed in the light of the seen and temporal and in that of the unseen and spiritual. In other words, it is not new to estimate the uses of universities from either the utilitarian or educational standpoint. Centuries ago Bologna University served the former ideal, Paris the latter. It was in this service that the University of Paris attained her pre-eminent position in Europe.

The same struggle of university ideals still goes on. In the name of the practical, some plead that men's studies should begin at an early age to take on a specialized form. As if a richly-developed nature were not the highest form of the practical! Indeed, the best specialized work can only come from natures of broad and generous learning.

The danger threatening the best interests of education to-day is *premature specialization* of studies.

The fruit of such studies is a self-sufficient, exclusive spirit. It spreads dissension and opposition where nothing should prevail but unison and co-operation. It makes a man's parish the world, instead of the world his parish. It sets men at sixes and sevens who should be brethren. It prevails upon one class to resolve all existence into what is material, and upon another into what is spiritual. It steals now from men their bodies and now their souls. It excludes and denies where it should include and welcome. For this unhappy ferment there is only one cure, and that is a large and sympathetic outlook upon the various realms of existence, material, mental and moral.

How is this outlook to be gained?

By university Senates taking a resolute stand against the impoverishing craze of premature specialization of studies. When is a man ever to acquire a culture that is to save him from the evils of a one-sided appreciation of life's contents if he escapes it at college? And yet all our educational resources are in danger of being eaten up by the lean kine of specialized study. Men should in the main during their university course be required to undergo discipline in scientific, philosophic and literary studies. What is academic discipline in the last analysis but the acquisition of academic character, a thing to be looked for surely in the man professing to hold a diploma from a place calling itself a seat of learning?

What is pleaded for in this connection is *non multa sed multum*. The *multa* will claim attention during what remains

of life to us after university graduation. At college we must take heed to ourselves. That well done, our varied specialties will blossom as the rose. If men are reduced to the level of mere professional functionaries no wilderness or solitary place of Theology, Law or Medicine, will ever through them become glad.

The illiteracy prevalent among professional men, the coveting the possession of pelf rather than wealth of mind and heart, and the ruling conception of life as an avocation rather than a vocation are sad evidences that seats of learning are becoming houses of merchandise.

To universities we must look for producing men of wide sympathetic appreciation of life. This appreciation can only come to men, as a rule, through thorough academic discipline in scientific, philosophic, and literary directions. To men of liberal training must we look for promoting and maintaining the goodly fellowship that ought to obtain between men whose spheres of labor are diverse. There is no antagonism between Science and Theology, but only between the prejudices allowed to spring up among men whose interests have become extremely specialized. The universe is an organism consisting of many parts and so knit together that a change in one part affects all the others. It contains physical, vital, mental, moral and religious elements. The aim of learning is to give an adequate, well-balanced, all-inclusive interpretation of these.

Of all men who should be reconcilers of men the Christian minister should feel the obligation to stand in the front. To fill this place he must be a man of trained mind, well stored through years of methodical and concentrated thinking.

In the way I have indicated must universities display their sense of obligation to do their part in realizing the Christmas greeting: "Peace on earth, good-will to men." The man least able to afford to scout such services is the Christian minister. He, beyond all other workers, should be free from the pretentiousness of sciolism, the indolence of a self-complacent obscurantism, and the delusion that the new things which a good scribe is to delight in are the novelties which have no relation to a significant past.

His own duties cannot be adequately discharged without superior discipline in philosophic and literary studies. Without these his pulpit work will be sporadic and unequal. He will find it hard to bestow upon it, from his lack of equipment, that vital industry necessary to edifying pulpit ministrations, and to shun the degrading temptation of speaking other than his own words.

G. M. MILLIGAN.

Toronto, December 10, 1902.



From a portrait by J. W. L. Forster, R.C.A.

Rev. G. M. Milligan, D. D., of Old St. Andrews.

## The Votive Mirror.

(From the Greek Anthology.)

*She that in beauty had no mate,  
Whose smile bewitched the land,  
Lais, who daily to her gate  
Saw flock an amorous band;  
Her mirror, beauty's summer o'er,  
Gives, Queen of Love, to thee;  
What was, she now can see no more;  
What is, she will not see.*

—GOLDWIN SMITH.

## A SKETCH.

"BAH-NAH-NAS! Bah-nah-nas! Bah-nah-nas!" It was a hot, sultry summer day—one of those days when all living things shun movement, and when everything lies still and quiet beneath a glaring sun. I was reclining in an easy chair upon the vine-covered verandah at the shady side of the house, and the drowsy buzzing of some bees sucking honey from the flowers near at hand had all but put me to sleep. My novel had long since lost interest.

"Bah-nah-nas! Bah-nah-nas!" suddenly broke the stillness, and, looking up, I was interested. An Italian fruit vendor with his table-on-wheels had just turned the corner, and was persistently advertising his wares. For the moment I thought he must have lost himself: this did not seem his proper environment, for the fruit vendor is seldom seen in the smaller Canadian town, however familiar a figure he may be in the cities.

But this one was quite different from the Yonge street type. I saw that at a glance. He had an intelligent, swarthy face set off by a well-trimmed black beard and lighted up by sharp, keen eyes. He had a strong, mellow voice which gave a charm to his "Bah-nah-nas! bah-nah-nas!" uttered in the oppressive stillness of the afternoon.

His clothes tended to the picturesque. His trousers were black, his waistcoat was reddish-brown, and his coat some nameless, light color. I would hesitate to say that any of them were specially made for him. He wore a bright red necktie over a dark yellow shirt with turn-down collar. His attire was completed, with the exception of a much-worn pair of shoes, by a very dilapidated black felt hat. He could wear anything, though, for he had the easy, erect carriage of the soldier—he had been a marine, as I afterwards learned.

When he had come up opposite me, he raised his hat. There was something calmly dignified about this action that attracted one. I have seen few men who could do this simple thing so well. There was nothing hurried about his movements, while there was grace without awkward slowness. He soon became quite the "pet" of the town, largely on account of his characteristic hat-raising, and his cheerful "Thank you, good day," whether you bought from him or not. He was a model of politeness.

As he raised his hat to me he said: "Good day! Bah-nah-nas?" I was anxious to engage him in conversation, and so bought some of his fruit. He was quite willing to talk, and we chatted of Italy, of France, and of the world in general, for, as a sergeant of marines in the Italian navy, he had visited many countries. He was quite familiar with Latin; he spoke French and English very well; and was, he told me, just putting his "perfection" on his knowledge of Spanish. He knew every line of Dante, and could name the verse and canto every time. He was willing to defend the claims of Dante and of the Italian language against any and all comers. Among other things, he had been an architect's draughtsman, and knew much of architecture. He longed for an opportunity to do architectural work again, and his eyes would sparkle as he spoke of beautiful decorations and intricate plans. Yet with all his experience—all his learning from Nature's school—he did not believe that the world was round. "Why!" he would say, "how does the water remain in the pail that is left out over night?" There were some curious contradictions in his make-up.

We talked away of many things, for he conversed charmingly; but duty called, and, as the afternoon was fast slipping away, he went on to ply his humble banana trade once more.

He sold his fruit with unwearying diligence, and thus, meeting time after time, we became the best of friends. Two years after we first met, I came across him one day, and found him in high spirits. He confided to me, with flashing eyes, that he had at last saved enough money to go back to Italy—to his sunny Italy—to claim his fiancée. Would I not make the trip with him? He knew I should enjoy myself? I should be the guest of honor at his wedding; his family would be proud to welcome me; and oh! the lovely girls of Italy—of Palermo, his home; think of the music, the dancing, and the merry-making at his wedding! It was enticing, truly, but with visions of a steerage passage before me (for in this manner he travelled), I declined. He was disappointed, for I believe he thought I would have accepted his invitation. Happy thought! If I would not go to Italy with him he would bring me a "ricordo" (souvenir) when he returns this Christmas. He was most mysterious about it, and was in a dangerous frame of mind, so that I wait in fear and trembling, hoping against hope that my Christmas present may not be a much bejewelled and variegated Italian bride.

W. J. K. VANSTON, '04.

## THE WISDOM OF THE CHILD.

I gaze down into the round blue eyes  
Of the little, helpless child I hold,  
And he looks into mine with an air so wise—  
Would that his thoughts could be known and told!

His infant brain is busy, I ween,  
With the problem: Who and What is this?  
Where am I? Whence? and What does it mean?  
Till I stoop and break the spell with a kiss.

To my vast being, my thought, my speech,  
With all his looking and reasoning deep,  
Poor little fellow, he cannot reach—  
So he ceases and nestles and falls asleep.

And I, an Infant as much as he,  
Search and wonder and vex my mind  
With all the lore of philosophy,  
Seeking the unknown God to find.

Futile doubter and questioner, cease!  
Let this little one teach thee faith,  
Trust thou thy Father and sleep in peace,  
He is the Lord both of life and death.

J. W. BENGOUGH.

## ALMA MATER.

Speech by Prof. Alexander, in reply to the toast Proposed by the Rev. Prof. Cody, at University College Dinner.

**M**R. PRINCIPAL AND GENTLEMEN: The hour is so late that I would gladly spare inflicting a speech upon you, especially as you must already be satiated with the good things of the speeches you have already heard this evening—speeches which have reached an unusually high average of wit and wisdom; but the importance of the toast of "Alma Mater" compels. I must, however, be very brief, if my evening utterance is not to be continuous with my morning lecture.

The words of the proposer of this toast recalled to my remembrance an occasion now very remote in university annals—very remote I mean to you Undergraduates, for in undergraduate life, as you well know, three years means very long ago; four years, ancient history; and five, prehistoric times. On this scale, the occasion to which I am alluding belongs to some preglacial epoch. It was the first time that I had the pleasure of being present at a public function of this University; it was also the first time that I had the pleasure of seeing and hearing the proposer of this toast. He then, as representative of the Graduating Class of 1889, delivered the Latin valedictory with a charm and power which were a promise of the eloquence which has so amply this evening justified the choice by the committee of Mr. Cody to propose this toast.

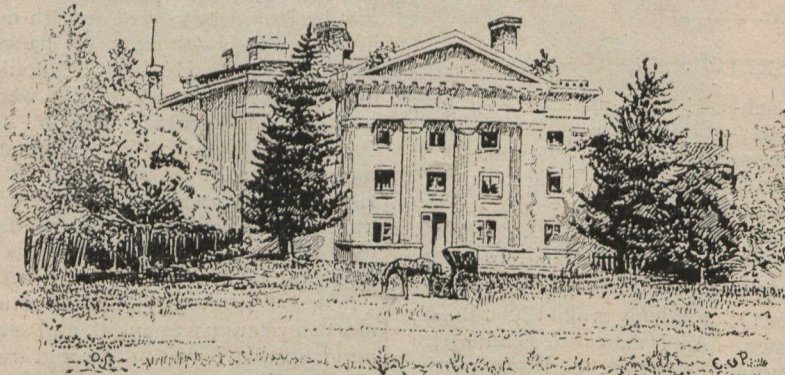
The period which has elapsed since the date referred to, has been a momentous one in the history of the University. Many and great are the changes which a Graduate of those days would note both in external appearances and in internal conditions. Yet what perhaps strikes an Alumnus most strongly, when after long absence he returns to the maternal halls, is the permanence of the things rather than the changes. He and his contemporaries have long vanished from these scenes, and college life seems a thing of the past; he returns and sees new faces to be sure; yet what might well be the same ardent, hopeful band of youths, gathered together with the same aims, interested even to minute trivialities in the same subjects—the old games, *The Lit.*, *THE VARSITY*, the old lectures. Indeed, we have here the two main factors in university life; and it is the presence of these, the presence of perpetual youth, with all that wholesome young manhood means, and the presence of these aims: the desire for knowledge and for truth, the pursuit of science and philosophy and literature—things which we reckon as a large part of the highest heritage of the race—it is the presence of these two great factors that casts that ideal glamour about college days which is so universally apparent both to those within the sacred precincts and to those that stand without. Nor is it merely the nobility of the pursuits imposed by our daily life here that raises that life to a place above the prosaic and commonplace, but also the spirit in which we follow them—not because of their money value in the markets of the world, not merely because they afford a means of livelihood in later life, but because of some disinterested love of truth and of intellectual activity for their own sakes. When I was a student at the Johns Hopkins University I once heard Professor Sylvester, one of the most distinguished mathematicians of his time, publicly congratulate a student whom he was presenting for the doctor's

degree, because the particular branch of mathematics (if I mistake not, it was the *Theory of Numbers*) to which this candidate had specially devoted himself could not, Professor Sylvester said, under any possible circumstances have any practical application or be of the slightest earthly use; he congratulated this student because this devotion to such a study was a proof and exemplification of that pure and disinterested love of truth which must lie at the basis of all the highest university work. This disinterested love of truth and learning for their own sakes is in an especial sense the palladium of the Arts Faculty which we here to-night represent, and which has ever been deemed the central citadel of university ideals. Therefore, it behooves us, who represent the Arts Faculty, not to forget that he who passes through the years of undergraduate life without some touch of this noble enthusiasm, who subordinates these higher motives to the love of ease and pleasure, or to the desire for distinction on the athletic field, or to the paltry ambition merely to stand well on the class lists, or to considerations of material advantages in later years, misses the very essence of college life, and acts in a fashion more fatal to the true college spirit (of which we hear so much) than does even the man who fails to acquire the college yell or neglects the sacred duty of "rooting" at the football matches.

As the pursuits and spirit of university life have a special and higher character of their own, so, I conceive, ought its result. For the Arts course, at least, it is no adequate result merely to impart a certain quantum of knowledge, or even the skill to follow successfully after truth; it should also bestow culture, by which I mean not some superficial refinement, some education of taste, but breadth and openness of mind, variety of intellectual interest and sympathy, general sanity of mind and judgment. These qualities are the outcome not of the acquisition, but of the assimilation of knowledge.

*Abeunt studia in mores*, says Bacon; studies mould character. Unfortunately, not always. We have all of us probably come into contact with men and women of quick and inquisitive minds, of very extensive information, whose studies seem to have had but little result in elevating and enriching the character. Such intellectual monstrosities are likely to be the product of studies pursued in isolation; whereas the conditions of university life are naturally favorable to that assimilation of knowledge which develops culture. And, if it be true, as has been more than once asserted, that our Graduates are sometimes deficient on this side, that is doubtless in part caused by the want of solidarity in our college life, the want of means to bring the scattered academic forces to bear continuously upon the individual student. In a word, we need a Residence. Nothing is more likely to assist in the assimilation of the nourishment which *alma mater* affords than the rubbing together of students' minds, the free interchange of ideas among themselves upon their work and upon the interesting questions which their work suggests to every thoughtful man. May no long time elapse before our *alma mater* has a home of her own, around whose common hearthstone her students may, under the most favoring conditions, enjoy that frank intellectual intercourse which is at once the keenest delight and the fondest recollection of college days.

A university, as I have indicated, has ever the gift of youth; but she has also the privilege of growing old. Already for a long period, measured at least by the short existence of our young



OLD KING'S COLLEGE.



country, her chosen children have been gathering in these halls. It is now no uncommon occurrence, and a very pleasant one, to welcome among the Undergraduates the sons of those who have themselves here worn the gown. And it is interesting and strange to reflect that, in all human probability, for centuries to come no year will elapse that will not see gathered in this place the youth of this Province animated by similar purposes and hopes to your own. As each generation passes it leaves the traces of its influence upon the character and traditions of this place; and these consolidating with years will come to be a mighty power to stamp ever more strongly the impress of this University upon her sons, and will be an effective instrument for the production of that culture of which we have spoken. Now, looking to the future, we see that our University is but yet in her infancy, when like other organisms her character is most plastic and most easily shaped. The greater is *our* power and *our* responsibility. Let it be ours then to see that as far as in us lies, this tradition be not one of childish customs, of foolish escapades, of narrow culture pursued for material ends;

## MA PETITE CHAISE.

(SONNET)

Dans l'ombre, autour de moi quand le soir est tombé,  
Je regarde souvent d'un oeil mélancolique  
Un pauvre petit meuble, une ancienne relique  
Qui retient longuement mon esprit absorbé.

Et si le souvenir penche mon front courbé,  
Oubliant de l'objet la forme un peu rustique,  
Mon rêve ému revêt d'un nimbe poétique  
Cette épave qui fut ma chaise de bébé.

Ah ! c'est que j'y revois mon enfance éphémère,  
Le souris paternel, le baiser de ma mère. . .  
Et je pleure en songeant au glorieux retour,

Quand, dans ses bras ouverts—émotion profonde !—  
D'autres marmots joufflus, anges à tête blonde,  
Enfants de mes enfants, s'assiéront à leur tour.

LOUIS FRECHETTE.



UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO—MAIN BUILDING.

but of manly pursuits, of generous emulation, of keen intellectual life, of warm and frank fellowship, of the love of whatsoever things are lovely, of the devotion to whatsoever things are true.

## NIGHT.

Home of the pure in heart and tranquil mind,  
Temple of love's white silence, holy night;  
Greater than splendid thought or iron might,  
Thy lofty peace unswept by any wind  
Of human sorrow, leaves all care behind.  
Uplifted to the zenith of thy height  
My world-worn spirit drinks thy calm delight,  
And chrysalis-like lets slip its earthly rind.

The blinded feuds, base passions and fierce guilt,  
Vain pride and falseness that enslaved the day,  
Here dwindle and fade with all that mocks and mars;  
Here wisdom, awed, walks hushed with lips that pray,  
'Neath this high minster, dim, invisible, built,  
Vast, walled with deeps of space and roofed with stars.

W. WILFRED CAMPBELL.

## "ABEUNT STUDIA IN MORES."

Twelve o'clock struck, and as the last stroke of the kitchen clock died away and the night took on the awful air which goes with that dread hour of midnight and ghosts, the pale student raised his weary eyes from his book. It was but for a moment, however. With an unsatisfied look, he passed his hands over his eyes and resumed his reading. One o'clock struck, and yet the eager follower after knowledge, the wooer of the muses, pored with unabated attention over the volume before him. Surely Athena will grant him the desired insight into the secrets of wisdom! Two o'clock comes, and a quarter past, and then, and only then, does the insatiable student turn down the page of his book and, with a yawn, close it. Its yellow cover displays in vivid colors the title, "The Girl Who Didn't."

F. P. M. '03. ΔΤ

Megan

## FROST.

*The frost has gripped the world,  
 He holds it with power and might ;  
 On the rich man's flue a flower unfurled  
 Blooms in the moonlit night,  
 With its root safehidden, deep,  
 In fire at the red hearth's heart ;  
 But the poor man fights and conquers sleep,  
 Hearing his roof-tree start,  
 And the wild grey wolf of cold,  
 Sniffs at his narrow door,  
 While Frost strikes down in the chimney old  
 And whitens the nails in the floor.  
 He is freezing the children's hands,  
 As he takes their little breath  
 That wanders and blows in the eerie lands  
 That border the province of death,  
 To the window where it clings.  
 He is etching as if in play  
 His dreams of strange and beautiful things,  
 In forms that will pass away,  
 That will leave in the early suns  
 Only a trace of tears ;  
 But the hands of the fragile little ones  
 Will last for years and for years.  
 And whenever they near the fire,  
 Their fingers will ache and burn,  
 They will cry out for the desperate days,  
 For the nights that may never return.  
 When the Frost crept into the blood,  
 That halted numb and froze,  
 And they heard the wolfish solitude,  
 Creep up to the narrow door ;  
 And saw the careless sprite,  
 Taking their little breath,  
 To lay on the sparkling window white,  
 His thought about life and death.*

—DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT.

## COMMENCEMENT, 1903.

THE proposal to rearrange the commencement exercises next June, which was announced in a recent editorial in THE VARSITY, will meet with the hearty support of every member of the Senior Class. At present commencement is a mere form ; it lacks spirit, probably because the graduating class plays an unimportant part in the exercises. The following details in regard to American college commencements may be suggestive :

In the first place, the students, often held by their examinations until the week before, wait for commencement in a body. The college assumes her gayest dress, and its friends immigrate and settle down for a week's festivities. To entertain all these guests the glee club gives a concert, and the big ball game of the season is played during the week. If the fraternities have houses on the campus the fellows vacate them in favor of house parties of girls and chaperones, and each house gives a tea or a dance, or both. On the last night the President's reception is followed by the Senior ball.

The Alumni return to their *alma mater* in force, especially those whose classes graduated ten, twenty, twenty-five or fifty years before. The Alumni banquet at Yale and Princeton is the occasion of important speeches.

But there are other features of the American college commencement, which, though simple, add much to commencement week. These are the ivy exercises and class day. Each class leaves an ivy plant to help cover one of its beloved buildings, and at the planting ceremonies the class listens to an ivy poem and an ivy oration. The class-day exercises, presided over by the Class President, include his farewell speech, the Class History, the Class Poem and the Class Prophecy. Both the ivy exercises and the class day exercises can be held in the open air. The quadrangle of our main building would be a suitable place. The class marches to all the exercises in double file, capped and gowned. A half-hour is usually set apart for the last "class sing," which is held on the spacious steps of some building or on a terrace on the campus, and for the last time the united class joins in singing its love to its *alma mater*.

The commencement week almost invariably starts with a baculaureate sermon, which is preached to the graduating class and their friends by the University President, or if he is not a divine, by some well-known preacher.

Many, and perhaps all, of these ceremonies could be introduced into commencement next June, provided the time is planned carefully so as to compress the exercises as much as possible. For example, if we have a baculaureate sermon commencement proper would have to come on Tuesday, or Wednesday at the latest. A dance, to be successful, would require the support of all the Seniors and some underclass men. A proposed Canadian trip of the Columbia ball team might be taken advantage of ; or some other sports might be in place. The exercises on the campus are very simple and can be easily arranged ; on our beautiful campus they would be most effective.

Whatever innovations the class may adopt should be carried through to a successful conclusion. The changes which this year's graduating class introduces in commencement will be adopted by succeeding classes and become part of the University traditions.

H. MAURICE DARLING

## TWO CANADIAN BOAT SONGS.

C. C. James.

PERHAPS it may not be out of place or out of time to recall at this Christmas time the two boat songs that for nearly a century have linked this Canada of ours with the islands across the sea. The value of a song who shall tell? How these two have crossed the ocean and sung themselves into the hearts of the common people of the old lands and thereby directed attention to the great river of this Northland, no historian has told; but songs make history, we know, and perhaps there may be some among you, readers, who would be pleased, at this time of reflection and rejoicing, to have recalled these two reminders of a time when the sturdy pioneers of the Motherland were coming into the land of the voyageur and the hunter.

As you cross the Ste. Anne's bridge on the railway and see the little village of Ste. Anne de Bellevue below you, there may be seen the little house in which Tom Moore was a guest when he visited Canada in the summer of 1804. This house was the haven of his song.

Here is the song as he gave it to the public :

Faintly as tolls the evening chime  
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time ;  
Soon as the woods on the shore look dim  
We'll sing at St. Anne's our parting hymn,  
Row brothers, row, the stream runs fast,  
The rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl ?  
There is not a breath the blue waves to curl ;  
But, when the wind blows off the shore.  
Oh ! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.  
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,  
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Utawa's tide ! this trembling moon  
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.  
Saint of this green isle ! hear our prayers ;  
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favoring airs.  
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,  
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Moore had been at Niagara Falls and with his companions came down the St. Lawrence from Kingston to Montreal in a batteau. The songs of the boatmen set his brain amoving and he gave us, as he thought, an English song set to their refrain. He appended a note to this effect to the poem as it first appeared. But thirty years after he was surprised to have placed in his hands the very book in which he had pencilled words and music, and he then discovered, what had escaped him earlier, that both music and words were his own composition. It will interest those who wish to follow this song to its making to compare the note that Moore appended to his poem and the correction that he afterwards made in his diary (1835) as it may be seen in the volume of "Memoirs, Journal and Correspondence," edited by Lord John Russell and published by Longmans.

Now for the other Canadian Boat Song that touches a tender chord in the heart of the Scotsman :

Listen to me, as when you heard our father,  
Sing long ago, the song of other shores ;  
Listen to me, and then in chorus gather,  
All your deep voices as ye pull your oars ;  
Fair these broad meads—those hoary woods are grand ;  
But we are exiles from our father's land.

From the lone sheiling of the misty island  
Mountains divide us, and a waste of seas ;  
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland  
And we, in dreams, behold the Hebrides.

We ne'er shall tread the fancy-haunted valley,  
Where, 'twixt the dark hills, creeps the small clear stream,  
In arms around the patriarch banner rally,  
Nor see the moon on royal tombstones gleam.

When the bold kindred, in the time long vanished,  
Conquered the soil and fortified the keep,  
No seer foretold the children should be banished,  
That a degenerate lord might boast his sheep.

Come, foreign raid ! let discord burst in slaughter.  
Oh, then, for clansmen true, and keen claymore !  
The hearts that would have given their blood like water,  
Beat heavily beyond the Atlantic's roar.  
Fair these broad meads—those hoary woods are grand ;  
But we are exiles from our father's land.

Do these verses need explanation or comment? Songs explain themselves, but a word or two as to the origin may not be out of place. The song appeared first in Blackwood's Magazine for September, 1829, when Christopher North is his "Nocte Ambronanae" stated that he had received it from a friend in Upper Canada who apparently claimed authorship of the translation from the Gaelic as it was sung on the St. Lawrence. The original song we believe was sung over the same waters as the French-Canadian voyageurs' songs that Moore had immortalized a few years before. It appeared afterwards in James Willson's "Red and Green," 1840, and later in Tait's Magazine for June, 1849, where it is reported as having been found among the papers of the Earl of Eglinton. We must leave the song here by itself. We cannot credit the author, whether he may have been Christopher North's brother James Wilson, or the Earl of Eglinton, to whom it is variously attributed, or to some inglorious and unknown poet of the new Glengarry. The author may be lost but the song will remain as a reminder of the stern and heroic days when a resolute people were laying the foundations of our Province.

## THE SONG OF THE RECEPTION, OR THE PROGRESS OF MAN.

Freshman, doomed to fear and dread,  
(Hey the merrie macaroon ! )  
Promenades with timid tread,  
Bated breath, and silence dead.  
(Hey the tinkle of the spoon ! )  
Few acquaintances he makes ;  
Anyone he gets he takes.

Sophomore, with hopes and fears,  
(Hey the merrie macaroon ! )  
Seeks the friends of former years,  
Murmurs low and archly leers,  
(Hey the tinkle of the spoon ! )  
Never an engagement breaks ;  
Everyone he gets he takes.

Junior, gay and debonaire,  
(Hey the merrie macaroon ! )  
Fills his card with fiendish care,  
Chatters here, and flatters there,  
(Hey the tinkle of the spoon ! )  
Falls in love with fair Freshettes ;  
Everyone he takes he gets.

Senior, sage in subtle guile,  
(Hey the merrie macaroon ! )  
Knows he lingers but a while,  
Skips, and "ditto" are his style.  
(Hey the tinkle of the spoon ! )  
Beauty's best his cunning nets ;  
Anyone he takes he gets.

SARDONIUS.

## DIXON, OF THE FACULTY.

By W. A. CRAICK. 02

DIXON drew out his chum's letter and consulted the address. "Drive me to 35 Spark street," he directed the waiting cabman, "and be quick about it. I'm deuced cold."

The door slammed and the cab rumbled out of the station yard and into the stormy night. Dixon snuggled up into a corner of the ramshackle vehicle and drew his coat closer about him. It was decidedly cold—a genuine, old-fashioned, Christmas Eve—and the city streets sparkled under their snowy mantle. The traveller watched the brilliant lights as they moved past with a feeling of pleasure. Christmas was not such a worn-out institution after all and this house-party he was going to promised him a good week of enjoyment. Jack Fraser had indeed been a brick to ask him down to K—.

35 Spark street was a large and imposing mansion, evidently the home of wealth and comfort. Dixon contemplated the brilliantly-lighted windows with delight. As he stepped from the carriage, the hall-door was flung open and a flood of light streamed out on the snow. In the doorway appeared a tall, white-haired man.

"Welcome to Hilton House," he cried cheerily. "We're glad to see you." Then he added, "You'll be sorry to hear Amy missed her train."

Dixon shook hands warmly with his host, meanwhile wondering who on earth Amy could be.

"You must be nearly frozen," continued the tall man, "and so I won't keep you standing down here just now. There's a fire up in your room and by the time you're warmed up, dinner will be about served. Come this way. We have a regular house-full, as you can both see and hear."

"Where's Jack?" queried Dixon.

The tall man looked at him curiously. "I'm sure I don't know. There is no—Oh, of course, he'll be in after dinner. There was a skating party this afternoon."

Dixon found a very comfortable chamber prepared for him with a bright fire burning on the hearth. Here his host left him, and after warming his hands at the welcome blaze, he proceeded to look about the room. On the dressing-table lay a copy of the morning's paper, a red pencilling on which attracted his attention. It had very evidently been put there for his especial benefit. The paragraph thus marked was contained in the social column:

"The engagement of Miss Amy Mertoun, daughter of Colonel Mertoun, of Toronto, and niece of the Hon. William Mertoun, of K—, to Professor W. S. Edsall, of the University of Toronto, was announced yesterday. Miss Mertoun leaves to-day to be one of a jolly house-party at K—."

Dixon had read the announcement earlier in the day and supposed that Jack had placed the paper in his room for a joke. Both the young men were well acquainted with the boy-professor, as he was called, and had frequently chaffed him about Miss Mertoun.

When Dixon descended to the drawing-room a few minutes

later in immaculate evening clothes, he found that a considerable party had gathered. His host hastened to meet him and conducted him across the room to the lady of the house. The new-comer was conscious that a dead hush had fallen over the assembled company, and that the eyes of all were fixed curiously upon him. He felt decidedly awkward and nervous, and wondered why on earth Jack was not there to help him out. Next moment he was petrified to hear the tall man say, "My dear, allow me to introduce the Professor." Dixon's head swam as he bowed over the extended hand. He was speechless with astonishment. Before he could realize what was happening, he was being hurried around the room and introduced to the company individually. He was conscious of various interjections addressed to him, "So pleased to meet you," "So sorry Amy missed her train," "So awkward for you to be alone."

His blood froze within him. It was a horrible situation to be thrown into. He was not given the slightest opportunity to explain, and the longer he delayed an explanation, the more awkward it became to make one. Dinner was served almost immediately, and he found himself taking Mrs. Mertoun (for such he knew her to be) into the dining-room. Now, he felt,

was his chance to explain.

"Mrs. Mertoun," he gasped, in a strained voice, "there is some horrible mistake. I'm —"

"Not at all, Professor," chimed in the lady, "the telegram came before five and it stated distinctly that Amy had missed her train."

"Yes! yes! but I don't mean that. I mean —"

"I agree, it is really most awkward for you," murmured Mrs. Mertoun, soothingly. "I can quite understand your feelings, meeting us strangers alone. However, don't let's talk of that. I quite respect your feelings. Do tell me about your trip down."

Dixon clutched his handkerchief and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"Madam, I assure you I'm not —"

"Professor, will you please settle this dispute," interrupted Mr. Mertoun, from the head of the table. Dragged into a ridiculous discussion on the Trust problem, Dixon felt his last straw slipping from him. Naught remained for him but to make an ignominious retreat after the meal was over. He accordingly entered into the conversation with what zest he could, and, making as good an imitation of the professorial manner as possible, quite astonished himself with the unexpected wisdom of certain of his remarks. He wondered what his college chums and Jack Fraser, or even Professor Edsall and Amy Mertoun would say could they but see him in his present predicament.

Dinner over, the company adjourned to the drawing-room, where coffee was served. There, Dixon made another unpleasant discovery. He had not been long in the room before he perceived a young lady watching him with a curious questioning expression on her face. She was a handsome dark girl with a defiant-looking glance in her eyes, which stirred up memories in his brain. Then he recalled the Rugby Ball three weeks before and a stately, dark-haired girl, whom he had vainly tried to interest. He had had but one dance with her, during which



Sunrise on the St. Lawrence.

she had scarcely uttered a word and had accordingly piqued his interest. The girl in the Mertoun's drawing-room, he felt assured, was identical with the Miss Duff of the Rugby Ball, and her questioning glances gave further confirmation to his fears. That she recognized him, and that she was well aware he was impersonating the Professor, he was certain. His escapade would now be public property. Come what would he must enlist the girl's assistance. Crossing the room, he went straight to the point.

"Miss Duff, for heaven's sake, won't you help me out of this?"

"I beg your pardon, Professor," returned the girl, in apparent alarm, "I don't understand what you mean."

"Surely you know I'm not the Professor?"

"Not the Professor?" exclaimed the girl with well-feigned astonishment.

"Please don't make it any harder," he pleaded.

The girl's face relaxed. "This is too funny for anything. If you're not the Professor, who are you? It strikes me I've seen you before."

"At the Rugby Ball wasn't it?"

"Why yes, so it was, and I believe I danced with you—atrociously, of course."

"Not at all—divinely. Then you do remember who I am and that I am most certainly not the Professor? There has been a horrible mistake, Miss Duff."

"Evidently there has been. Why don't you tell Mr. Mertoun?"

"Goodness! I daren't tell him now. He'd be furious. I tried to tell Mrs. Mertoun at first but failed. Can't you suggest something easier?"

"Well, I believe I could, but I have my doubts whether I will or not."

"For pity's sake Miss Duff, think of me when Miss Mertoun comes."

"I'd like very much to see you when Amy comes. It will be a ridiculous spectacle."

"Don't jolly me, please, but tell me your plan. I'll do anything you say."

The girl flashed her dark eyes at him, and for the first time she smiled. Dixon breathed a little more freely. A smile from Miss Duff was worth the getting and he saw she was relenting.

"I'll be considerate for once, Professor. Only you must promise me one thing. If you don't, I decline to help you."

"I'll promise anything," cried Dixon.

"Unconditionally? Now don't be rash." The dark girl was leaning perilously close to him.

"Yes, unconditionally," repeated Dixon.

"Very well," replied Miss Duff. "Come over here with me."

Dixon followed her to a window embrasure, closed off with heavy curtains. Drawing these, Miss Duff seated herself among the cushions piled on the window-seat, and catching the young man's hand drew him down to her side.

"We might as well begin the farce at once," she explained nonchalantly. "Now, this is what you'll have to promise me. It is, that you will never take any advantage, either by word or action, of anything I may say or do to-night."

Dixon could feel her breath hot on his cheek, and in the gloom of the embrasure he saw her dark fascinating eyes fixed on his face.

"Certainly, I promise on my word of honor," he assented.

"Very well, then. Here is my plan," resumed Miss Duff. "For purposes of my own, there is supposed to be a young professor at one of the Western universities who is engaged to me. The people here have an idea that he is coming to see me this Christmas, and yesterday I hinted to my uncle that he might be coming here along with Amy. I'll give you leave to be him just for to-night and you can leave it to me to fix it up with the company."

Dixon gasped. The boldness and completeness of the scheme astonished him.

"You see," continued Miss Duff, "we've simply been jollying the crowd. Uncle Mertoun took you for Professor Edsall, while you're really my professor from Nebraska, come to spend Christmas Eve with me on your way to Montreal. Do you think you could behave like my lover?"

"Try me, Miss Duff," said Dixon, placing his arm about her waist and drawing her towards him.

"You'll do," smiled the girl, pulling herself away. "But you haven't told me who you are and how you came here. I hope I'm not deceived in you?"

"My name's Dixon, if you'll be so good as to remember, and I met you at the Rugby Ball. I came down to K—— this evening to be one of a house party at Jack Fraser's and through some unfortunate mistake or

other I must have struck the wrong house."

"You mean the Frasers on Park street, I suppose?"

"Park street?"

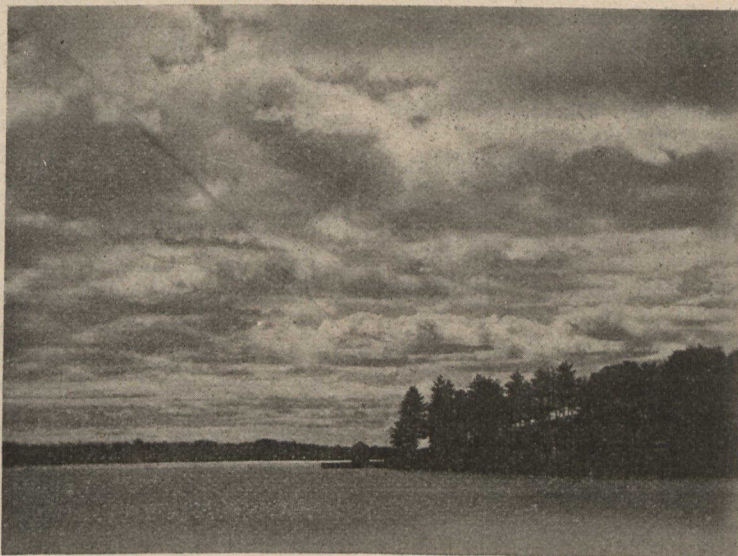
"Yes, up on the hill."

Dixon drew Jack's letter from his pocket and hastily opened it. Sure enough instead of being 35 Spark street, the address was 358 Park street. Jack's abominable writing had turned the 8 into an S.

A movement in the main room at this juncture interrupted their tete-a-tete. Miss Duff sprang up and, drawing aside the curtains, disclosed Mr. Mertoun crossing the room with a telegraph form in his hand and an angry frown on his brow. Miss Duff was too quick for him.

"Well, uncle, have you at last discovered your mistake? Allow me to clear up the mystery, by introducing my friend, Professor Dixon of Nebraska."

A wave of astonishment swept around the room. The guests eyed one another with questioning glances. Then somebody tittered and the whole room-full smiled. Mr. Mertoun looked abashed. His jaw dropped and the threatening look in his eye gave place to one of childish astonishment.



Sunset on the St. Lawrence.

"Bless my soul!" he ejaculated. "Young man why didn't you tell us this at first?"

"Why, Mr. Mertoun, I thought you knew who I was, and by the time I discovered you didn't, I got the wink from your niece to keep up the game, just for a joke."

"You can imagine my astonishment," explained the old gentleman, "when I just now got this telegram from Mr. Edsall saying he was waiting for Amy at Belvery Junction."

"It must have been a jolly surprise," chuckled Dixon, looking at Miss Duff.

The latter smiled back encouragingly, but immediately threw a damper on his rising spirits by remarking casually, "Roger — I mean, Mr. Dixon —, has only three hours in K — and unfortunately he has to leave before Amy comes. He is going on to Montreal to-night."

"My dear — ahem! (what the mischief is your first name?) — please don't remind me so abruptly of the shortness of the time I have to spend with you."

"I promise not to, Roger," answered the girl, roguishly.

Dixon saw the point and collapsed. He was becoming desperately enamoured of the nameless Miss Duff.

"Tell me your first name?" he whispered.

"Never," answered the bent head.

"I can find out anyway."

"You only have twenty minutes Mr. Dixon," interrupted Mr. Mertoun.

"Please let me have five minutes alone with you," pleaded Dixon.

"You remember your promise?"

"I swear to keep it."

"Very well, I'll trust you. Come on back to the window."

Dixon grew bolder.

"It's ridiculous of you not to tell me your name, when I can find it out any time."

"I object to telling you," answered Miss Duff.

"Very well, I shall have to find it out myself. Still, I would much rather you told me."

"If you try to find out my name, you will be breaking your promise."

"And am I never to see you again—even to thank you?"

"No."

"You surely won't be so heartless?"

"That was your promise."

"Won't you ever release me if I am good?"

"Perhaps."

"How am I to know?"

He leaned over towards her and waited.

"I'm listening," he said.

Miss Duff raised a laughing face. "You foolish boy. A promise is a promise, but still I'll make one too, to please you. I promise if you ever find me telling you my name to free you unconditionally. Now it's quite time you went."

"Dorothy!" cried the voice of Mr. Mertoun.

"You had better go," said Miss Duff, smiling.

Ten minutes later the guest of an evening was ready in the hall. He had decided to take Miss Duff's advice and go on to Montreal. He was glad he had failed to telegraph to Jack from Toronto and that his visit was still regarded in that quarter as an uncertainty. And if he could get out of K — as he had come, without running across any acquaintances, he would be quite safe.

All the guests came out to the hall with Mr. and Mrs. Mertoun to bid him farewell and he took his leave of them one

by one, reserving Miss Duff to the last. She stood out in the doorway, silhouetted in graceful outline against the falling snow. Dixon's heart beat quicker as he took her hand. In her eyes he thought he could detect just a slight tinge of admiration.

"Good-bye, my deliverer," he whispered. "Some day soon, I hope you will relent and free me from my promise. Good-bye—Dorothy."

The shot took effect and the girl started.

"Dorothy?" she questioned, confusion in her face.

"Yes, isn't that your name?"

Through the half-closed door sounded the happy Christmas music. Outside the snow sifted gently down.

"Isn't it?" pleaded Dixon.

The girl raised a half defiant smiling face to him.

"Yes" she said, "my name is Dorothy."

### THE HOUSE OF JONES.

Being a brief account of the rise of a great Aristocratic Family.

The founder of the family  
Was Ezra William Jones;  
He'd mighty little schoolin'  
An' dealt in rags an' bones.  
They uster call him "Frowsy,"  
"Old Skeletons," an' sich;  
But Ezra prospered all the same,  
Grew corpulent an' rich.

He moved his children from the hut  
So long the family seat,  
An' bought a tidy dwellin'  
Upon a decent street.  
His wife thought this extravagant,  
But Jones was sharp as steel—  
He held his tongue an' made a cool  
Five hundred on the deal.

Next, Jones put up a factory,  
An' took ter makin' soap.  
The venture was successful  
Beyond his fondest hope.  
The money flowed in jist es fast  
Es he could salt it down,  
An' Ezra soon could count hisself  
The richest man in town.

He ran fer all the offices,  
From school trustee to mayor,  
An' always got elected  
Fer every bloomin' chair.  
The hull blame town was proud of him,  
Since he had grown so rich;  
They had forgot they ever yelled  
"Old Skeletons," an' sich.

He built a mighty mansion,  
Upon a lofty slope,  
An' kep' a liveried coachman,  
An' gave up bilin' soap;  
He entertained an' travelled,  
Grew full of gout an' pride—  
The fun'ral was three miles long  
When Ezra William died.

An' thus, yer see, was founded  
The mighty house of Jones;  
'Tis strange what famous doin's  
Began in rags an' bones.  
The very boys who uster shout  
"Old Skeletons," an' sich,  
Are courtin' the Miss Joneses now.  
Because their dad died rich.

JAMES A. TUCKER,

Class of '95.

## A NEW ERA IN CANADIAN HISTORY.

THREE years ago Canada's sons were proving their worth as soldiers on the South-African veldt, and before three years have passed she will send the pick of her University Graduates to win their spurs in the arena of learning, to couch their lances with the very flower of Anglo-Saxon manhood at a university whose name is the synonym for all that is most celebrated in the annals of English public life.

Not a little curious is it, that while South Africa gave the "whelps of the lion" the chance to compete with the valor of the British soldier, it is from South Africa that the chance is sent the student from the colonies to try his strength in the halls of learning at Oxford.

Noticeable also is the fact that the name "Cecil," associated with all that is most illustrious in English history, both past and present, is one also to be associated with one of the greatest schemes that it has ever been the fortune of one solitary individual to devise and carry to completion.

Possibly, no last will and testament has ever affected in so direct a manner the lives of so many members of the human race as that remarkable document with which the Rhodes scholarships are connected, and no portion of the vast British Empire has come so directly under its extraordinary benefaction as the Dominion of Canada.

The man who has been selected by the Rhodes trustees, from among so many millions in the British Empire, to put into practical working shape the scheme originated by the great South-African millionaire is a Canadian. Thus at the very first turn of the wheel which is to put this great human machine in motion, Canada stands prominently before the world.

Not only this, but in conversation with the writer, Dr. Parkin spoke of the extraordinary stroke of fate, which but a few weeks ago manifested itself at Oxford, when the debate on the advantage or disadvantage of the Rhodes scheme to Oxford as a university was held in the Union, the great debating ground where the wit and wisdom of Oxford tries its strength. The incident has already been mentioned in university circles in Canada—how the character of the debate in the beginning was slightly uninteresting—the range of conjecture making the theme one of great difficulty at its inception—and how the graduate from the University of Toronto, who had won the Flavell scholarship, rose quietly from his place, and lifted the debate to heights which made the immense crowd concentrate their attention with undisguised admiration upon the speaker and his view of the situation. Thus, at the very outset, the argument in favor of the scheme received its strongest support in the personality of a young Canadian, of great intellectual attainments, whose presence at Oxford was due to the liberality of the man who endowed the scholarship he had won.

Nothing appears to have impressed the public of the Motherland and the sister colonies regarding the future position of Canada in the Empire so much as the personality of the young Canadians who represented Canada during the late war, and these men came from every class and were representative of every type produced in this vast Dominion. No ability in statesmanship, no statistical records, no descriptions of the wealth of forest, stream, or mine, appear to have produced anything like the profound impression made by the personnel of our Canadian contingents.

The Canadians who win the Rhodes Scholarships, and who will be in residence in those colleges which surround the University of Oxford, and who will take their places in the lecture halls, the field of sport, and on the river, can do more for

Canada in the eyes of the whole world than diplomacy, statesmanship, and a thousand efforts from varied sources have accomplished since Canada became a self-governing colony and asserted her manhood and virility.

There have been writers who have jeered, not a little, at the qualifications Cecil Rhodes asked from the aspirants for his scholarships, and some American papers went so far as to assert that these qualifications would require a "prig" to fulfil them. In this they were wrong. Possibly Mr. Rhodes asked for a "paragon among men," but no student whose physical, moral and mental attributes allow him to win the Rhodes scholarship can possibly be a "prig." The word embodies limitations which would defeat the competitor at the outset.

New vistas are opening up to our intellectual men, and it may be that many of the students who pass through Oxford will never return to take professorial chairs in their *alma mater* on this side of the ocean. The Imperial service, with its thousand-and-one branches, diplomatic, scientific, and, last but not least, commercial, may absorb the youth and strength Canada sends to that splendid school of British statesmanship. But who will begrudge this fact? Not a loyal and broad-minded Canadian, for it is time that the Motherland should draw into all the branches of her public service the new blood of her colonial possessions. It will widen the outlook for the "native born" and strengthen the pulse of the parent land.

To the writer there is something most extraordinary in the chain of events which has brought about the present condition, affecting so closely the university world of our young country. A new century, a new reign, and a new order of affairs open new vistas for the ambitious yet possibly penniless students of a vast Empire. There is in this age a tendency to decry the belief of our more devout forefathers in the working of a "special providence," but to one who has watched the growth of Imperial problems there appears to be little doubt that, in a great measure, Cecil Rhodes—the supposed victim of what is only too well known on this continent as "the white plague"—was the individual who was destined in the most unforeseen manner by a chain of circumstances as fortuitous as they were dramatic to bring about that Imperial unity, so longed for, but so impossible of practical realization.

There is no medium known among civilized nations which is so safe a bond embodying mutual ambitions, mutual aspirations as that of learning, pure learning, for learning's sake, rather than earning's sake.

Canada's geographical position demands from her defenders that her most highly tempered-weapon of defence, "Diplomacy," should be in the hands of men whose knowledge and erudition is beyond question.

Not only this, but the solution of questions affecting the development of the immense resources of a vast territory, which are more or less certain to evolve international questions of an intricate nature, and the immense demands on both the Arts and Science in the work of conquering untrodden paths, as well as the necessity of opening up new avenues of lucrative employment for the educated masses—all these will combine to test to the utmost the learning and research of University men.

Cecil Rhodes has raised the value of the gem usually associated with the pomp, display, and alas! disparity of wealth, to a height never dreamed of by the wearers of those costly jewels, and added to the lustre of those gleaming treasures by associating them with the intellectual progress of scores of his fellowmen. More than this, without a doubt, in the Rhodes scholarship is to be found the germ of the future Imperial Parliament, and who is there who will dare to contradict the assertion that there may also be found the realization of the dream of a patriotic and prophetic poet, "The Federation of the World?"

LALLY BERNARD.

## REMINISCENCES OF RESIDENCE DAYS.

WE who were in University College Residence during the latter eighties lived in the shadow of doom and recked not of it. We were like those gay, pleasure-loving St. Pierre people who made picnics to the volcano up to the very day it shot its bolt.

The Minister of Education had, at long intervals, breathed threatenings and slaughter; his practical mind balked at a sentimental institution which would not pay expenses. But outwardly he was so plausible, so smiling, that we mistook his remarks for the mere perfunctory, official rumblings of a profound utilitarian, the seismic playfulness of a statesman who had need of those grand-stand passages to allay mob feeling. We were quite willing to excuse borborygms. We never imagined he meant what he said. We loved the old place so much ourselves that we couldn't conceive a dislike in others. To abolish Residence with its beautiful memories and tender associations! Why, it was like striking a woman! As the late Mr. Burke, in his grand rhetorical way, said of Marie Antoinette, we thought ten thousand swords had leaped from their scabbards at the bare mention of it.

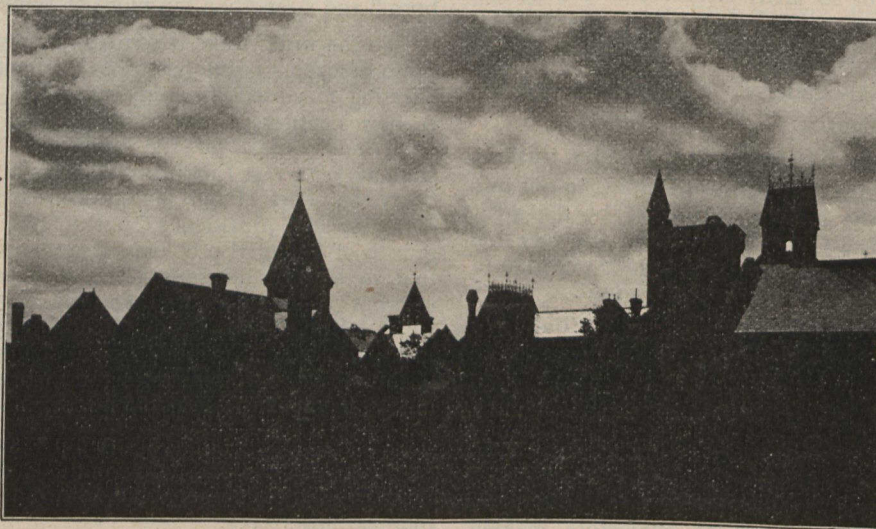
It was a sad misprision. We should have insisted more on the commercial side of the question. It was impossible to make a Residence for forty pay. But how about a residence for four hundred? You can't expect an infant to accomplish the results of a strong man.

When that noble dining-room was built the idea was that Residence would grow, that some time the University would feed and lodge as well as teach all her students, minister to minds and bodies, fortify culture with the recollection of creature comforts, mould souls waking and sleeping, hallow education with splendid friendships, send out every year a choice band of good comrades filled with affection for *alma mater*, missionaries to multiply her influence, sworn knights to come to her assistance in distress. The University has suffered for her connection with the State. Millionaires are generous, but the glory of their munificence shows more subdued when they compete with a public treasury. They are very human; they place their charity where it will bring the best dividends of reputation. If a university must be tied up with a State, why not encourage a Residence to incubate generosity under any circumstances? I might almost venture to say that all the alumni associations, college clubs, students' unions and so on that are now doing business at the University of Toronto have had their beginning in the zeal of some old Residence man who wanted to do *alma mater* a good turn. At any rate the passion of collectivism—college spirit we call it—will express itself in phalansteries of some sort. If it isn't dormitories and dining clubs it's Greek letter chapter houses. Apparently the wise policy is to recognize it, to direct it into profitable channels.

There were two Residences, the one that I lived in and the one that came after. The year 1889 saw the last of the old genuine Residence—the kind we must have if ever the institution is revived. There were rules, but they were read broadly. Good conduct was a matter of common sense and manliness.

A college for young men was not run like a church school for boys. It was, in short, the Oxford tradition modified for a new country and a city which was not an outgrowth of the university. In the fall of 1889 came the great fire. It scathed Residence, and, with the iconoclasts, passed for an omen against its continuance. That fire was what you might call a hoodoo. If I remember rightly, it subtracted the First House, which was thereafter converted to scientific purposes. It also suggested the idea of renovation. The dear, grimy old place was repapered, repainted, regarnished, and—*horrible dictu*—gas was put in. Gas! An abomination! It killed poetry. It was a cruel blow to midnight oil. It spoiled the chief use of a college gown—to clean lamp chimneys. After that the deluge! They made regulations which had to be kept. Residence became a Mills Hotel, a Victor Mission. No wonder it died. It had to die anyway to come up again in the right, the incorruptible body of old time.

In the late eighties Residence observed two old traditions—you might call them poses. The first of these was a studious disregard of clothes about the College precincts. Mortar boards were supposed to be bent and battered. It was bad form to wear a gown that had not been slashed into ribbons. Slippers had to be shapeless and down at the heel; trousers must bag at the knees; vests must have at least two buttons missing; coats were arabesqued with grease spots. When the weather permitted, this ragged regiment sunned itself, after luncheon, on the terrace at the main entrance. Their own quadrangle was too retired. Like those happy Eastern mendicants, they would display their tatters in the most public places. Each man smoked a pipe, the ranker the better. We favored the curved stem, the effect being more solemn and contemplative. Pipes were removed from the face only at meals and



VARSIITY BY MOONLIGHT.

in the lecture-room. *Ex fumo lucem dare*. Nobody bought tobacco. Everybody borrowed it. What an array of ragamuffins we must have been! The visitor has only the stone carvings of the doorway to admire nowadays. The sight of us, I take it, was better than marble halls. Jolly tramps, rakish philosophers, all in a row, everyone blinking and steaming like a Delphic oracle. But at 4 p.m. what a change! Clean shaves, high collars, bright neckties, nobby overcoats, varnished shoes, chrysanthemums, oak canes, and the King street promenade. From four to six the height of fashion, gay young sparks, sad dogs. After dinner the rag bag again.

Another pose was concerned with study. Residence stands well in the honor lists. But from time immemorial it was a misdemeanor for a Residence man to be caught with a book that wasn't in the line of fiction. All knowledge was supposed to be intuitive. A Residence man was no scholar if he couldn't translate Thucydides by looking at the cover. A Residence Freshman knew more in one day than an "outside" Senior did in a week. Text books were bought simply because they filled shelves and made a room look cheerful. No one ever moved them from their places except to dust the tops.

Such was the custom, such the modest estimate of ourselves. Of course there was much study, hard study, mugging. Minerva



was the only person who knew it all from the start. But the studying was done in deadly secret. There were ruses to throw you off the track, ruses so well known and so often practised, that nobody was deceived. Still they were taken at their face value. When a man's green-baize door was latched and his oak double locked, and to all our appeals, "Let me in old chap!" only the silence of the tomb answered, we would turn away and tell the other fellows that Jones must be visiting his aunt in the country. The only time when studiousness was openly, brazenly avowed was two weeks before exams. Then hot coffee, wet towels, hypophosphites were much in evidence. The idea was, of course, that our wonderful intellects were absorbing in fourteen days what it took the plodders eight months to accomplish.

Space forbids me to enlarge my memories of Residence. The deadly schism between the Zeets and the Anti-Zeets must go without telling. The mysteries of the initiation, the arcana of the Ku Klux Klan, that executive tribunal *ad initiandos tyrones* must remain locked in this bosom. In my day the fight between the hazers and anti-hazers was at its fiercest. There was no doubt which way Residence inclined. When the anti-hazers triumphed, Residence cried Ichabod and called it all off.

Perhaps, if you asked an old-timer what was his most vivid impression of Residence, he would give his word for the fireplace. Every room had one, neatly flanked with coal bunkers that might hold as much as two hundredweight. The mantels and bunkers offered a tempting field for the gentle art of pyrography. A hot poker and a little patience, and there were your initials on the sands of time. But the fire was the thing. There was no coal question in those days. Fuel was cheap. The steam coils went no further than the hall, so that the grate fire was a welcome reinforcement on a cold day. At ten o'clock at night the heat was turned off with a great clatter of pipes. The rats began to scamper for exercise along the chilly corridors. Then was the time for the easy chair and your own fireside. How cosy it all was, the soft glow and flicker of the flames, the book in your lap, the cheese, beer and biscuits at your elbow, and the dreams thronging in your head! When we build a new Residence we mustn't forget the fireplaces. Moreover, we must burn real coals and no gas logs. There isn't a bright thought in a carload of asbestos.

H. F. GADSBY.

#### THE LIT.

THE concluding meeting of the "Lit." for this term was held on Friday evening in the Students' Union. Mr. McGuire occupied the chair, and, after the minutes had been read and approved, the report of the executive recommending that entries for the Annual Oratory Contest be in by January 15, the contest to take place on January 30, was adopted.

Mr. Megan, Chairman of the Dinner Committee, announced a surplus, and spoke in favor of having the annual dinner hereafter on Hallowe'en.

Messrs. Lorrman, Morrison and Eadie were appointed a committee to confer with Principal Hutton with reference to the coming "Conversat." The following motion was adopted: "We instruct our Committee to urge that the unanimous opinion of the Literary Society is that there can be no dance without dancing." This was carried unanimously.

The next item of business was the election of debaters for the Varsity—Queen's debate. The following gentlemen were nominated:—Messrs. Cohen, Gillies, Munro and Day—Messrs. Cohen and Munro being elected. Mr. Sadlier, '04, rendered a vocal solo in good voice, and Mr. Lazenby, '06, gave a recitation (encored) in his own inimitable style. In the absence of the regular Critic; Mr. Colquhoun acted, and gave satisfaction.

The contest for the position of curator on the executive of the society resulted in the election of Mr. W. N. Sexsmith.

#### A Reverie on Christmas Eve.



*Times change, Old Friend, as I and you  
This Christmas Eve must feel they do!  
Amid Life's ceaseless ebb and flow  
The new friends come, the old friends go;  
We lose, and gain, yet year by year  
Our days, it seems, grow more austere,  
And we have now at our command  
The sterner heart, the colder hand.*

*It may be that the strain and stress  
Of our mad times tempt Joylessness;  
It may be that our feverish days  
Forget the old more genial ways;  
It may be, too, the ashes of  
Dead hopes and dreams have smothered love!  
But plain it is, we hold no more  
That glad good-fellowship of yore.*

*Yet, thanks to one small spark, Old Friend,  
As down the dusk of things we trend,  
Age shall not strip our very heart  
Of all its old congenial art,  
Nor, mid the New, our thoughts grow cold  
Toward those best Friends we call the Old!  
No, thanks to one still jovial Day,  
We two, Old Friend, shall make our way  
By Dream and Mem'ry through the snow  
Back to our years of Long Ago,  
Where Laughter, holding both his sides,  
Turned all those days to Christmas-Tides!*

—ARTHUR STRINGER.

#### WHO?

There is a Senior whose perfection  
Of scholarship is this—alas!—  
That all his fondness for reflection  
Is centred in his looking glass.

# THE VARSITY.

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DUNCAN B. GILLIES, Editor-in-Chief.

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TORONTO, December 17, 1902.

"FRATER AVE ATQUE VALE." The words of "Sweet Catullus" are ringing in the ears of the editor as he takes pen in hand to bid farewell to the gentle reader and to this little journal, which, throughout the past few months, has been so much to him.

The ideal of THE VARSITY, as defined in an early number, has been such a combination of literary and news features as would make a journal worthy of the Undergraduates of this great University. The ideal was a high one. The new and unfamiliar conditions inevitable to such an experiment as the absorption of The College Topics into THE VARSITY have now and then, it may be, obscured this ideal. It is, nevertheless, the fond hope of the editor that the ideal has not been altogether lost, and that in the days to come wisdom gathered from experience may avoid our errors and attain the ideal.

If in any measure we have attained success, it must, in justice, be largely credited to the able board who have so sturdily upheld the editor's hands, and to the undergraduate body in general, who have given so freely of their time and talents to the service of *their* paper. Nor, indeed, must we forget to credit, and thank most heartily, those Graduates, members of the Faculty, and other friends of the University, to whose good will towards "Old Varsity," we are indebted for some of our most valuable articles.

If, on the other hand, we have missed success, the fault is ours alone. We could not have been more heartily supported.

It is with no little regret that we give up the editorial quill. But, upon retiring, we have the greatest satisfaction in knowing that THE VARSITY could be committed to no worthier custodian than Mr. Francis P. Megan, who, during the Easter term, will guide its editorial destinies. On parting, we commend Mr. Megan and THE VARSITY to the same generous consideration which has been our happy lot these months of the Michaelmas term, assured, that at the end of his term as editor, he will have equal cause to look back upon it with unalloyed pleasure.

ONCE more the flight of time brings round the holiday season, and the Christmastide is upon us. As ever, the last few days before the general exodus seem interminable, and already the restless instinct, so noticeable in migratory birds, is beginning to display itself among the denizens of Queen's Park. Some mischievous sprite has invaded the library and bewitched the books. Solemn old Roman poets will sing nothing but Christmas ditties; staid volumes on Least Squares dissolve into exasperating visions of mince pies and sugar-coated doughnuts; even "Bowley's Statistics" insists upon opening at the page devoted to raisins and citron peel. It is plain witchcraft.

Visions of home haunt the yearning student in his dismal boarding-house. The book slips unnoticed from his relaxing fingers as he gazes intently into the flickering gas flame. The parental kitchen takes form in his straying fancy. He sees the table piled high with doughnuts and great black Christmas cakes. He hears the harmonious bubble-bubble from the great pot on the back of the range, and thanks heaven for plum pudding. The great stone crock on the table, filled to the brim with luscious mince meat—how many of those rapidly-shaping pies will it fill, he wonders? On the high beam in the woodshed he sees through the half-opened door, Mr. Turkey Gobbler, roosting upside down. He hears the jingle of sleigh bells in the lane. They are going to the village for sage and nutmegs. He makes a dash to "catch on" only to fall off his chair and to realize that his wits had been wool-gathering in a student boarding-house two hundred miles from home, and that it had been years since he gave up haunting the kitchen and catching on bobs as undignified.

'Tis strange how the memories of childhood revive at this season of the year! To even the patriarchal Senior the time seems ridiculously short since Santa Claus was a mysteriously generous but omniscient personage whose favor was to be courted by "being good"; whose reindeers were marvels of speed and agility; and who would never, never fill the stockings of little children who were not snug asleep in their little cots by eight o'clock on Christmas Eve.

It is the witching season and happy he who can yield most freely to its mystic spell. May we all be enmeshed! The Merry Christmas of childhood is the wish of THE VARSITY for each and every one of its readers.

\* \* \*

In this number of THE VARSITY appears the eighth article in the series which began with "The University and the Legal Profession," and has run the gamut of Business, Journalism, Industrial Chemistry, Medicine, Finance, Railroads, and now the Christian Ministry. The unanimity with which representative men in such diverse lines of work have agreed upon the great advantages of a university education should be most encouraging to our Undergraduates, who are apt sometimes to be discouraged by the pseudo-practical man's sneer that a university education unfits a man for work-a-day life.

## THE COLLEGE GIRL

MISS M. L. McDARRY, Superintending Editor.



THE Women's Literary Society held its last meeting for 1902, on Saturday evening. In spite of the inclemency of the weather there was a very fair attendance of the society, and quite a number of visitors. There was no business to be transacted and nothing to be brought before the members except a letter from the Women's Literary Society of Victoria University inviting our society to their open meeting. The rest of the evening was devoted to the programme, which was opened by a very enjoyable piano solo by Miss Mabel Breuls.

Then followed the second of the inter-year debates, between the First and Second Years. The subject was, "Resolved that a successful career compensates a woman for the loss of a happy home life."

The affirmative was taken by Miss McDonald and Miss Gurofsky of the First Year, and the negative by Miss Strong and Miss Davis of the Second Year. Both sides acquitted themselves creditably. The decision was given in favor of the affirmative. The judges were Misses Little, Marshall and Crane. The last of the inter-year debates will be between the First and Fourth Years, and is being looked forward to with great interest.

After the debate Miss Thompson, '06, contributed a charming violin solo, and it was decided that, in place of the French play which has been postponed until after Christmas, the members should express some of their ideas on various subjects, in three-minute speeches. Miss Fortner spoke on "Athletics," Miss Breuls was called upon to speak on "Boarding-houses," and in the short time allowed, endeavored to give the First Year some good advice on the subject. Miss Fraser spoke on "Delusions and Snares," with special reference to the delusions and snares of college life. Miss Kilgour gave her impressions of "Varsity Life," and Miss Morrish gave her ideas of "Amateur actors and plays."

The evening closed with the singing of "God Save the King" and "Varsity."

## A RETROSPECT.

How old a thing seems to be even when it is once repeated, much more so when it is repeated three times! The college year is no exception. When one finds oneself going through the routine for the fourth time one begins to feel tolerably familiar with one's surroundings and fairly certain of what is to come next. To me the autumn falls naturally into three parts—"Very naturally indeed," the cynical reader will remark, "as there happens to be three months in it." However, I was not thinking of months particularly when the idea of the three parts suggested itself to me, but yet the three divisions do correspond pretty closely with the months.

First, there is October, the delightful time of reunion, and tennis and football matches, and a sort of busy idleness which consists in the purchasing of books, making out of time-tables, electing of committees, and a hundred other things, almost everything, in fact, but study.

Then comes November, which is always associated in my

mind with class receptions—those ancient and reputable institutions. When one has already attended some twelve or fourteen of these reunions, one knows what to expect at a class reception. Indeed, to speak the plain truth, that name no longer comes burdened with that perfume of novelty and romance which intoxicates the Freshette. But, let that pass, we also have been Freshettes in our day, and, doubtless, the class reception is a very excellent thing. The only thing that I meant to gently insinuate was that perhaps after all it is possible to have too much of a good thing—even of a very excellent thing.

November, too, is associated with rubbers and dripping umbrellas, and the pleasant sensation of sinking ankle-deep in mud when you step off the street car. It is the month of dull days, when the electric lights burn all day long in the corridors and the library, and there really seems nothing to do but study. On such a day one is liable to go to a professor to ask him to suggest a subject for one's thesis, and then repair forthwith to the library to consult numerous weighty volumes on the subject.

The feeling of December comes with the first heavy fall of snow. What a sudden transformation snow makes in the look of things—yesterday it was autumn, to-day it is winter! When one comes up to college in the morning a few scattered flakes are falling on the brown earth. Gradually they increase. They fall steadily all day long and at five o'clock in the afternoon it is, to all appearances, the middle of winter, and one suddenly realizes that the autumn term is drawing to a close and that Christmas is not very far distant. There is a look about the college and its surroundings in the late afternoon of the first snowstorm that carries a sort of melancholy with it when one happens to be in the Fourth Year, and one says to oneself, looking out of the seminary window, "This is the fourth and last time that I have seen this thing." December is the swiftest month of the year at college; it slides away like a dream. To be sure the vulgar and uninitiated will maintain that it has three days more than February, but I affirm, and I feel confident that I will be sustained by an overwhelming majority of my fellow students, that February is at least three times as long as December. As for March, put it in the balance any time you please, against four Octobers and see which one will go up! Well, well, such is student life! We people of the Fourth Year are beginning to think of taking our leave of it, and of all these familiar surroundings. Already we have seen, for the last time, the ivy grow red and wither on the familiar walls, and the oaks and maples and elms become suddenly marvellously beautiful and as suddenly fade. For the last time we have carried November mud with us into the classic halls and lecture rooms, and seen the first snow come and disappear. How familiar all these things seem and almost as if they ought to go on forever; but we know only too well that they will not.

And so, for the last time, good-bye college October and college November and college December! For four years we have been accustomed to greet your familiar faces, and you have come to seem like old friends. You will come again next year, ever faithful to your appointments, only we shall not be here to greet you as in the old days. But wherever we may be, our thoughts will go out towards you and follow you as you pass over our *alma mater* and cast your shadows on her dear and familiar face.

E. S., '03.

## THE GREAT END.

As the last Christmas of our college life draws nigh, many of us are looking out over the days that are to be with mingled hope and fear. We realize in a dim way that we have been privileged beyond the majority of women; but have we been blessed also beyond the ordinary? This is a question that each of us must answer for herself. Each woman knows just what her college course has meant to her, whether it has

brought higher ideals and kindlier thoughts, or whether she has falsely related her factors, and in consequence thereof goes forth a worldling in little.

Perhaps we are tempted at times to forget that the end of our training here is not to fit us to earn reputation, or position, or money; we forget, perhaps, that the end for each of us is to be simply a "good woman." Just what it means to be a good woman mayhap we should find it hard to explain, but in our hearts we each of us know what it means for us. There is one classic description, not definition, of the good woman, that of King Solomon, and of all the details of that picture this has always most impressed itself: "On her tongue is the law of kindness." What a change might be wrought in our world if we twenty-five or thirty women who leave University College this year were to bear on our lips this law!

Is there a kinship between this of Solomon and the admonition of Christ, "Judge not"? Judge not! What a sweeping command! Not only does this prohibit hasty speech, as does the law of kindness, which abides on the tongue, but it forbids as well unjust thought; it goes to the root of the matter, strikes at the real evil.

Perhaps this law of kindness is not of itself sufficient; it may need with it the law of truth; yet, why should it, if kindness be properly understood, for what is more kind than truth and what less kind than untruth, even when spoken for the sake of saving a wound to the feelings? This is not a plea for the "plain-speaking" or "unvarnished truth" in which human nature delights. The "unvarnished truth," with rare exceptions, is pure impertinence, and requires again to be governed by the greater command, "judge not," for the cause of its plain unvarnished condition is usually the unsympathetic and false interpretation of the one who presumes to judge. If, when we criticize, we would only stop to ask: "Is it the character of the criticized that we are portraying, or is it our own unjust and ugly interpretations of actions, the apparent result only of which is open to us, while the motive is hid from our eyes?" If we would only stop to ask this question, how often would our lips be sealed, our tongues silenced?

The great pity of it all is, that despite much struggle to the opposite, we continue to judge, and to judge unkindly. But, surely, after four years' sojourn amidst influences such as an academic course earnestly taken must throw around us, such as the kindly fellowship of our common life must induce, we must go forth acknowledging at least that our eyes are holden, that we cannot see all the conditions of another's act, and that missing any one of the constitutive factors our conclusion must surely be erroneous, the thinking of it a crime against our fellowman, and the utterance of it a lie!

If our training here has in the least broadened us, has in the least opened our eyes to the rights of others, has in the least mellowed and tempered us, then have we come one step nearer the great end, the "good woman," then has our college course been not in vain.

F. E. B., '03.

### A TRIOLET.

Twilight shades grey and blue,  
On the snows of December!  
Winter gleams in your hue;  
Twilight shades grey and blue.  
And the year bids adieu  
To the browns of November,  
Twilight shades grey and blue  
On the snows of December!

### LIGHT IN THE PARLOR.

D. P. Rees, '03.

TO THE average student of any department, experimental psychology offers no more interesting field for research than a study of the psychological phenomena associated with a dimly-lighted parlor. This subject, full of interesting and curious characteristics, has nevertheless escaped the attention of scientists, despite the fact that it offers so many contradictions to the unusually accepted theories of science in general.

Any student of mathematics knows that if one person needs two gas lights burning in a parlor, that two persons, therefore, need four. But, it is equally true, that if he is frank and truthful, the same student must admit that he needs only one, and, indeed, does not feel absolutely dependent upon its services.

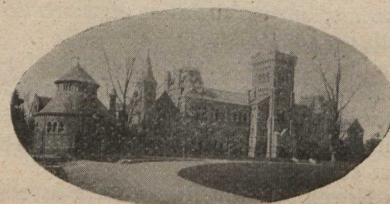
All learned men have affirmed that two straight lines cannot enclose a space—yet, under the occult influence of this mysterious apartment, one line can enclose a solid body—i.e., if you allow it to bend at the elbow.

And physics may tell us about the wonderful influence of "like upon like," but, who ever knew of a dimly-lighted parlor that appealed so strongly to two of a kind as it does to people of opposite sexes? If it isn't too great an ascent from physics to poker-playing, let us consider a great rule of the national game of America, viz., "Three of a kind beat two pairs." But, I ask, do they in this chamber of peculiar laws? No, sir! the two pairs (or even one of them), are easily supreme in a case such as the one cited above.

Weber's Law in Psychology affirms that sensations increase as does the amount of the producing stimulus. But any student of human nature, even Weber himself, must admit that sensations of pleasure and of labial contact vary directly as the decrease of light intensity.

Another science that cannot enforce recognition in such a case is logic. A logician will affirm that (1), because Gladys Harry and Gladys' papa are fond of light when together, and (2) because Gladys and her papa, or Harry and Gladys' papa are also fond of it, therefore Gladys and Harry, when together, prefer a brilliant illumination. This conclusion needs no refutation. I merely leave it to you (Gladys, or Harry) as you read this, knowing that you will assuredly deny its validity.

As we study this subject it widens out beyond our comprehension, until we feel certain that when Solomon said there is nothing new under the sun, he had given no thought to the subject of our discussion.



## OVERHEARD BY THE LIBRARY CLOCK.

"TO continue to proceed in the same strain as that in which I was locuting, before those gentlemen of the First Year interrupted me by creating a shuffling sound with their lower limbs," continued the long, slim, prim, thin volume of "The English Language as it Ought to be," which was perched like a well-balanced sentence on the library shelf.

"Thank the Lord," ejaculated his neighbor, the big, fat, stout, comfortable volume of "Comedy as the Irish see it," "that old automob.—I mean 'ought to be'—is rung off for a while anyway, and may the poor devil—I mean student—who carried him off enjoy him more than we do."

"Oh, now come off!" chimed in the antiquated translation of "Juvenal's Satires," "you are just sore because that great writer of plays (*quid nomen est?*), Peter—Peter quid? quid?"

"Eho! I have it, Peter George," continued the satirical one. "Yes, you are just sore because Peter George prefers English as it ought to be, to Irish as it always is."

"Well, his s's are not printed like drunken f's anyway," stoutly spoke up Smith's "Conic Sections," in a hoarse voice—likely gotten when he accompanied Euclid's Disciples to the Caer Howell the night before. Strange, was it not, that when Sacrates, and, indeed, any of the classical books lifted up their voices to speak they found the same difficulty. Hence, when Plato gave Conic a call by asking him "How many gin-fizzes?" he was told that he did not know "a gin-fizz from a Pumpkin Buzzer, and that anyway the Differential and Integral men were no worse than Razor Hill and his gang of 'Amo, Amas, Amaters.'"

"No, indeed," said Todhunter, indignantly, the diabolical curves which wander up the Avenue are not *all* mathematical."

"No," sadly chanted "Ashley's Economic History," rubbing his bruised back. "No, it was bad enough for him, when he is going in for law, to sing—but the idea of actually bragging about his musical bachelorship, meanwhile punching me in the ribs! But, ah, his fellow countryman is a comfort! Ah, how he appreciates my noble statements! And that cute little boy from the "Mountain" is going to give I. N. a close race. The brawny Scotchman also used to be one of my devotees, but he has sadly fallen from grace since he was roped into THE VARSITY. But isn't it great to think how all the girls would love to meet I. N. just because his guardian angel spread the report that he was a girl-hater. Don't blame him. Was turned down once myself."

"Ah, now that your conversation has turned upon reputable subjects and the ladies, I do not mind joining in, if our friend, the statician," with a deep bow to Ashley, "has quite finished his personal remarks."

But what the "proper person" of the shelf, "The Green Prologomena to Ethics," might have said on "reputable subjects and—the ladies," was inopportunely cut off by his removal to the arms of a stooped, hollow-eyed, questioning, hungry-looking philosophy student, who only needed a tub to typify Diogenes seeking an honest man.

When the pretty librarian was out of earshot, a new country was heard from. "Schiller's Balladen" was the villain who started a bitter controversy when he puffed out in a deep, sonorous voice:

"Ach, mein friends, would you rader one lady or one Herr, read you?" Then arose a great rustling of leaves and straightening of backs. Everyone talked at once and no one listened to the other. Finally "Bourinot's Rules" rose to a point of order, and each was given a chance to speak in turn.

The "Hebrew Grammar" (age before beauty), was given the platform first, but his weak, wavering hieroglyphics were understood by few. "And Eve tempted Adam" was all he managed to say. He was voted abstruse.

When his innings came, Homer spoke more to the point. "Well, I cannot complain but that the ladies in my course diligently pursue my works, but that is just where I find fault

with them—they all wear glasses and study too hard—observe the hendiadys. The men are not a bad lot on the whole, but too much like the Mathematical men—you know—and besides they scribble uncomplimentary remarks about their lady classmates, and that is not nice—do you think?" With this extremely lucid statement, poor old Homer subsided into an aged silence.

"It is time some one who knows something about such things spoke," asserted "Dana's Geology," with all the presumption of modern science. "Now, I have studied old fossils all my life and no one can put me wise about the girls. True; there are very few in my course, but what there are, are healthy specimens. For breaking test tubes and making explosions I'll back one girl against twenty men—and that is about all chemistry amounts to."

He closed with a vigorous murmur of assent from the assembled manuscripts.

"Well, I don't know how it is," said Voltaire with a French shrug, "but our girls certainly are the pick." But he had to take refuge in a profane silence and a whole series of shrugs when this statement brought a howling mass of printed matter about his dog ears. All bravely championed their own courses. Finally, little Infinitesimal Calculus bucked the line, and, like his namesake, Tiny, scored by piping out in a high key:

For the Girls of Naughty-Three,  
Are the Best Companee,  
That Ever Came Over to Old Vars-i-tee!

## THE IDLE IDYLL OF AN IDOL.

Afar on India's coral strand,  
Within a temple once did stand  
An idol most phlegmatic,  
But yet he thought life rather slow;  
While dusky worshippers bowed low,  
Ecstatic,  
Fanatic.

At last a plan he did evolve,  
And upon an action did resolve,  
An action most schismatic.  
"I'll leave the job," he softly swore,  
"For I am getting more and more  
Sciatic,  
Rheumatic."

He climbed down stilly from his perch,  
He gaily laughed at every lurch,  
In mood most acrobatic.  
Now soon a damsel he espied,  
And unto her his love he sighed,  
Emphatic,  
Grammatic.

She answered him in sportive vein,  
"Well, really, can't you call again?"  
An answer most Socratic.  
He pressed his suit; she then grew curt,  
"Be off, you naughty, shameless flirt,  
Lymphatic,  
Pneumatic!"

A horrid precipice stood near;  
The idol's eye held one sad tear,  
A tear most muriatic.  
Then o'er the edge precipitate,  
He cast himself. Such was his fate,  
Erratic,  
Dramatic.

## THE NEW BRAVE.

By H. F., '06.



THE drowsy smoke of Indian Summer hung uncertainly over the Western plains; and through the dim cloud, the tender light of the mellow moon shed a faint glow on the sleepy forests and murmuring streams of the Ozark Mountains. Far into the distance stretched the vast woods of dark, silent trees, hiding in their gloomy depths the wild, haunted thickets and rocky ravines, sacred to the prowling denizens of the night.

Ever and anon, the restless sighing of the forest is startled into a shivering stillness, as there floats out into the moonlit plain the weird hooting of the night owl and the unearthly wail of the loon, answered by the distant howl of the wolf or the wild, blood-curdling scream of some wandering lynx.

And the moon shone with a soft glow upon a lonely tepee on the silent plain. The lodge fire had died to a red pile of glowing coals; but, from within, came the low murmur of voices, audible above the deep, regular breathing of a sleeper. Sheetolah, the Cree, lay wrapped in his blanket on the soft earth, sleeping with his trusty gun beside him. In the farther corner, on a bed of sweet grass, lay his squaw and son, Chloo. The soft voice of the squaw relates in glowing words to her son the history of his forefathers; and the boy, with eager eyes and heaving breast, drinks in the tales of valiant deeds, done by the great chiefs of the Crees.

"My son, the time is come for thee to bear the gun and to stand by thy father in the battle. Through the days of the moons gone past, thy forefathers stood ever at the front in deeds of valor for their chiefs. The father of thy father's father was he called 'Longarm,' who slew in the day of battle five braves of the Sioux? Thy father's father was a mighty hunter. None like unto him was to be found in all the tribe for strength of arm and fleetness of foot. Thy father, Sheetolah, is first among the braves of our people. In war, no arm is like unto his; no enemy has yet prevailed against him nor ever shall. And now, my son, it is time for thee to take upon thyself the form and manner of a brave. Mayest thou never bring the blush of shame to thy father's cheek. Better were it for thee to die than be found craven in time of danger or unwilling in the hour of death."

"Chloo, I have spoken."

The squaw, with all a mother's pride in her only son, watched the glow of enthusiasm swell the slender form beside her—the enthusiasm, which must, one day, stretch him on his native plains, a feast for the wild wolf or screaming lynx.

At last the voice of the squaw ceased, and the moon peered down through the smoke lapel upon her peaceful, sleeping face. But not so the boy. His soft eyes shone with a fierce gleam. The days of his childish innocence were fading away into the past, and the life of the brave was beginning in the midnight, on the plain.

Out from the forest came the long-drawn cry of a wandering wolf. With a strange, hard look of eagerness in his eyes, the boy rose stealthily, with a hasty triumphant glance at the sleeping form beside him. The bull's hide moved noiselessly aside and Chloo stepped through the opening. Squatting by the fire, he gazed eagerly across the plain into the strange gloom of the black forest. Again came that long, lonely howl—nearer now; and immediately, from a distance, the quick, eager, nerve-thrilling scream of the wild, bay lynx. The fire in the boy's face quickened. He leaned forward, with dilated nostril. His eyes took a red gleam from the dying fire and sparkled with the hard, magnetic light of an angry snake. His quick ear caught and interpreted the strange cries of the animals

in the woods, and a new smile played about his parted lips. Once more, nearer than ever, came the long, melancholy howl and the quick answering scream. Before the last mocking echo had faded away in the distant hills, Chloo had crept through the loose bull's hide to his father's side. The moon shone on a gleaming knife in his hand as he emerged and glided off across the open plain between the tepee and the forest, to be presently lost to view amid the weird shadows of the dark, rustling trees.

In the tepee there was no stir. The squaw muttered inaudibly in her sleep, and turned uneasily—a strange presentiment of impending evil in her mother's mind.

It was a strange, thrilling scene that Chloo gazed upon. The moon shone softly upon an open, scrub-covered hillock flanked by a rocky ravine. From the bushes, sounded the near, startling howl of the wolf, and presently a lean, gaunt form glided out from the scrub and paused for a moment in the full light. He sniffed uneasily, with his grim, grey face turned up to the moonlit sky. His white fangs glistened cruelly from between great hanging jaws, yawning hungrily. His bloodshot eyes blazed wildly in the uncertain light, and the grey body panted uneasily in this brief respite from the uncertain chase. The wolf turned its head and Chloo could hear the gasping breath of the beast, as his jaws expanded in a long howl of uncertainty. But the cry was never completed. From the bushes near, a long, yellowish body shot forth like an arrow. There was a muffled scream as the lynx fell upon its enemy, a worrying and rending of great bones. The short savage growls of the wolf find no answer in the silent fury of his antagonist.

Over and over they roll, a snarling, foaming mass of bloody fur. The wolf fights with the fury of despair. He expects no mercy from those red snaky eyes and cruel jaws, which tear his quivering flesh; but he is weakened with the long chase. A faint howl of pain escapes him, as he rises from the uncertain struggle, with the lynx clinging like a leech to his throat. He struggles to free himself from that fearful grip but all in vain. A mist covers his eyes, as he plunges uncertainly at his foe with stiffening limbs. His struggles grow fainter and fainter, and with one last shuddering moan he lies still. Slowly, the cruel jaws relax their grip and the lynx rises reluctantly, with a look of grim satisfaction at the fierce drawn face and glistening fangs of the dead wolf.

For a moment he breathes in the fulness of victory, but only for a moment. With a ringing whoop, Chloo bursts from his hiding place and leaps out into the circle of light. Quick as a flash, the lynx faces about, crouching low upon the earth, ready to spring. The boy sees the cruel face with its fiery eyes, the life blood of its dead enemy dripping in little red drops from its quivering jaws. He gazes, fascinated—waiting for the attack.

He has scarcely time to draw his glittering knife, when a black shadow looms between him and the moon. A dim mass of dark, evil smelling fur charges past him, as he leaps quickly aside. He plunges his weapon to the hilt in the body of the lynx which, with a scream of rage and pain, leaps upon him. The boy has no time to spring aside. He sees dimly a hard cruel face with snarling mouth, dripping with gore, and a pair of red, scintillating eyes, filled with all that is cruel and deadly. The hot breath of the beast is in his face and its sharp claws tear his naked shoulder with their steely points. He sees the white, gleaming teeth about to close upon him and, in a flash, there comes to him the words of his mother:

"Within the moon, my son, I shall look to thee for a new skin for thy father's wigwam. See to it, my son, that thou fail not."

He plunges his knife into the quivering throat and the hot, gurgling blood spurts out upon him in a blinding stream. With a sickening shudder of horror, he feels the rending of those cruel teeth upon his shoulder, tightening with a horrible crunch

on his tender bones. But no cry of pain escapes him. Again he plunges his dripping weapon to the hilt in the breast of the brute. He feels a quiver pass through the sinewy body and the jaws relax slowly. With an expiring gasp, the lynx falls limply to the earth. A faint whoop proclaims the bloody victory and Chloo tumbles helplessly across the animal's body.

At sound of that last whoop, the bull's hide of the tepee is pushed aside and Sheetolah glides out noiselessly, followed by the squaw.

"UGH!" grunted the Indian. "Chloo! Wild Cat!"

The next moment, he had seized his gun and the two set off at the top of their speed towards the forest. No sound came to their ears, save the ceaseless whispering of the night wind. At the edge of the woods, the Cree stooped to the earth. There on the soft mould, was the slight impress of a foot—Chloo's. He entered the shadows of the forest. A broken stick here, there the fragments of a trodden leaf, the shifting of the green moss, the unusual flatness of a piece of black mould, led him to the hillock where the moonlight shone.

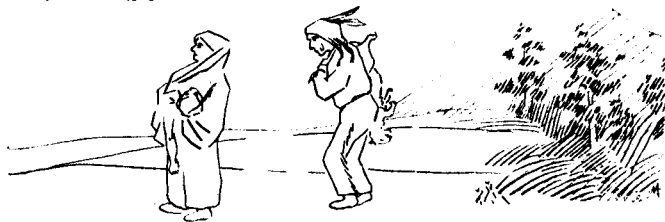
They stood over the body of their son, lying across the dead lynx.

"UGH! Good!" grunts Sheetolah. "My son has killed the beast."

But the mother falls upon her knees and raises the head of her boy on her arms. His eyes are closed and his limbs fall limp and helpless; but to the mother's joy there is still life.

She picks up her son and bears him in her arms to the tepee, while, behind her, toils Sheetolah, with the lynx on his back. On the bed of sweet grass, the boy is laid again, all bloody and faint but happy. He has not been found craven in time of danger.

The sky darkened towards morning. A solitary star peeped down through the smoke lapel on the happy face of the new brave, smiling peacefully in his sleep.



### DISTINGUISHED GRADUATES.

HENRY RUSHTON FAIRCLOUGH, B.A., '83, M.A., '85, PH.D. (JOHNS HOPKINS).

PROFESSOR HENRY RUSHTON FAIRCLOUGH comes of a good old English family, of which one son settled after his marriage in the County of Simcoe, where the subject of this short sketch was born in 1862. Matriculating in due course into the University of Toronto, he at once took a high place among the students in Classics, and maintained that throughout his course, winning high honors and rewards. He received his B.A. in 1883 and his M.A. in 1885. Subsequently he went as a graduate student to Johns Hopkins University, where he won distinction for his *alma mater* and honor to himself for meritorious work, which in the end resulted in his obtaining the coveted Ph.D. of that institution. He was Fellow in Classics in University College, Classical Master in Brockville High School. In 1887 he was appointed Lecturer in Greek in University College. While still occupying this position he obtained leave of absence which he spent in Vancouver, B.C., where Whetham College had been established. Another member of that staff was Professor Delury, but both returned to Ontario after a limited stay in the West. In 1893 he was appointed a member of the staff in Greek in Leland Stanford Junior University, where he has labored with such credit that he is now head of the department of Greek. During the present session he is engaged in original research in the American Institute of Archæology at Athens. He is a member

of various societies, to which he has already contributed valuable papers, and it is confidently expected that his present studies in the East will result in a work such as his training and attainments make him eminently capable of producing.

Those who have had the good fortune to attend his lectures on the Greek dramatists will remember with keen pleasure the fine literary taste displayed in translation, the rejection of word after word until the right one was found, and then the delight of all when the chorus under consideration was transformed into English worthy of the original.

His old students rejoice in his success and look for still greater advancement.

### THE POET'S LOVE LETTERS.

A poem in parentheses (for the Mistletoe Season).

#### I.

When McLeay was somewhat younger  
Than he—afterwards became,  
He was smitten with love-hunger  
For a maid—who was the same.  
(They were smitten; they were bitten;  
They were singed in mutual flame.)

Every night he wrote love-laden  
Stanzas to her (by the score).  
Every morning the foud maiden  
Caught the postman at the door,  
And with gushing sighs and blushings  
Read—what she had read before.

In a casket sweetly-scented,  
(Shrine and keepsake of his love)  
Locked she then the dear demented  
Poetry-as-per above.  
(That her leisure might remeasure  
All the tenderness thereof.)

#### II.

When McLeay was somewhat older  
Than he—had been when he had,  
His affection, growing colder,  
Left his new ambition sad  
That the wife to join his life to  
Did not have—(a richer dad).

Not that he forgot the maiden  
He had worshipped in the past!  
(Or the lines-as-supra-laden,  
Which that maiden had amassed)—  
(Or the matter of these latter)—  
(Or the madness of that last!)

Rather not! For he remembered,  
(With a memory how keen!)  
Though his May love had September'd,  
What his May-love words had been.  
(And he trembled and dissembled  
Lest she—let those words be seen.)

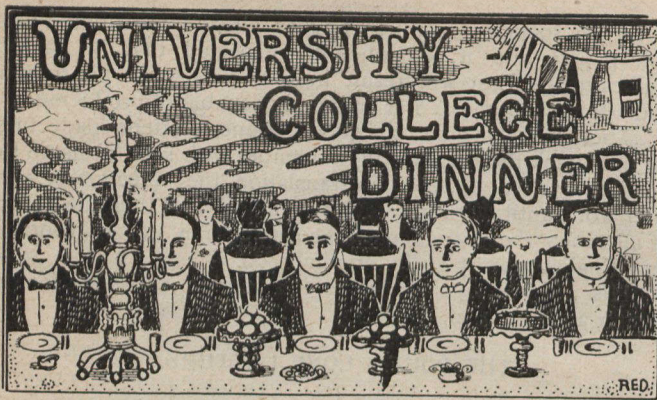
#### III.

When McLeay had grown still older  
Than he'd ever been before,  
He was glad he had not told her  
His ambition (stanza four).  
For the while he prized wealth highly  
He prized—other things—still more.

And, in chief, he had been rising  
In poetical repute  
To a name (worth compromising  
In a breach-of-promise suit).  
And the letters were his fetters,  
(And he knew the lady knew't).

Wherefore he proposed discreetly  
That she should be Mrs. Mac.  
She accepted him as sweetly,  
With a wisdom youth would lack.  
They were wedded, level-headed.  
(And he got his verses back.)

HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS.



1. A certain university made a great supper, and bade many ;

2. And sent forth Megan and his man servants at supper time to say to them that were bidden, "Come ; for all things are now ready."

3. And many with one consent began to make excuse. The first said unto them, "I did buy a rugby ticket, yes, I bought it at the eleventh hour ; at the season when the price was up, and I must needs abide at home : I pray thee, have me excused."

4. And another said: "To-morrow is the reception of the Freshettes, and I go to prove them ; I pray thee have me excused."

5. So those servants came, and showed unto those on the Executive these things. Then they who favor not many receptions, being angry, said to their servants, "Go out quickly into the Gymnasium, the Union, and speed to the pool-room and tell of the excellency of the repast and the eloquence of the councillors."

6. And the servants said, "Sirs, it is done as you have commanded, and yet there is room."

7. And the master said unto the servants, "Intercept them in the quadrangle, and go ye into the dining-hall and compel them to come in, that they may feed and that the East Hall may be filled."

8. "For I say that all who have purchased a ticket may taste of my supper"

9. And many hearkened unto the invitations ; for the student doth love sweet viands. His heart delighteth in the feasts of the *alma mater*. And one lifted up his voice and said unto his neighbor, "I will go ; lend me cash."

10. And at 8.30 in the evening Megan said, "It is done as thou hast commanded."

11. Then, answered his lord, "bring on the oysters."

12. And the poor, and the rich, and the Faculty, and the Freshmen sat down, and the chairman, as he tasted canned salmon, commanded to bring the Roman punch which French had made in the ladies' waiting-room, and all did eat together, not saving those who voted for the Referendum.

13. They ate meat, and drank lemonade and praised the salted almonds.

14. And in the same hour came forth the head of the chairman over against the candlestick upon the Faculty's table, and he said "King Edward, live for ever."

15. And all the congregation cried "Amen," drinking lemonade.

16. And Professor Clark said, "Hast thou considered the British Empire, that there is none like it in all the earth, a perfect and an upright Empire, one that feareth God and escheeth evil."

17. And the Educational Secretary of the Methodists cried aloud "Amen." Britain doth not fear God for nought ; nor goeth about as a roaring lion seeking whom she may devour. She goeth to and fro on the earth, walking up and down on it.

18. In words of joy a certain doctor of the law, Hunter, did

speak of the parliament of the Medes and Persians, commending the moderation thereof.

19. Then arose the Elder of the Councillors of the King, he who ministered to the instruction of the young and bid the youth hope for many shekels.

20. Bit a "Young" scribe spoke comfortably unto many of the governors and men of might whom the authorities had bidden partake of turkey roast and cranberry sauce.

21. Much pleased then were Flavelle and Ames, men who possess many shekels of silver and gold, vast herds of camels, and beasts of the field, and no less joyed were Professors McNaughton and Macklem to whom the King had given to guard the youth.

22. Time would fail to tell of the eloquent words of Professor Cody, and how Professor Alexander cheered the souls of those who did reverence unto *alma mater*.

23. Is it not written in the book of the chronicles of the experience of those who ate how Mr. D. B. Gillies and Mr. G. Waldron spoke of the press of the realm ?

24. Lo ! a man could go from Dan to Beersheba, yet would he fail to hear such honied words as fell from the lips of Mr. Alan Dunlop, of McGill, Mr. W. V. Jackson, of Queen's, Mr. Kidd, of Trinity, Mr. McDiarmid, of McMaster, Mr. Oliver, of S. P. S., Mr. Groves, of Toronto Meds, Mr. Megan and Mr. Hoyles, of Varsity.

25. And at the dinner were hung about on the walls purple cloths of Tyre and Sidon, hung by the Decorating Committee.

26. And he who did the hand writing on the menu card was Ralph Delury ; but Principal Hutton was set over the feast.

27. And since the era of wet dinners, this dinner was the best.



#### KNOX COLLEGE AT HOME.

THE halls of old Knox were brilliantly lighted up last Friday evening when the Theological and Literary Society held its annual "At Home." Decorations in red, white and blue were lavishly applied from the ground floor to the top storey, while bright-hued carpets and rugs were everywhere laid for the feet of the promenaders. Numerous attractions were present for the entertainment of the guests, among which might be mentioned the mineral specimens, Indian and other relics, also the very interesting stereoptican views shown by Mr. A. H. Abbot.

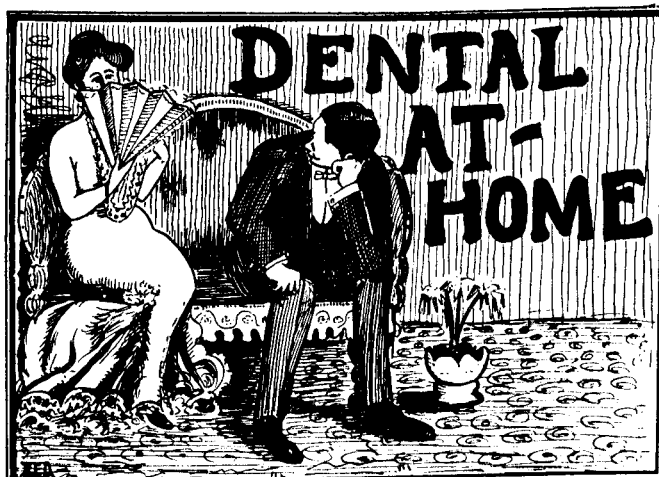
Twice during the evening the large chapel was filled to overflowing by those desirous of hearing the excellent programme which was presented. Mr. Humphrey Anger acted as accompanist, ably assisted by Mr. Ross and Mr. Abraham.

The Knox College Glee Club rendered "The Three Huntsmen"; Mr. K. W. Barton gave two violin solos, which were splendidly appreciated ; Mrs. Parker sang "Sing, Sweet Bird," and "The Lass With the Delicate Air" ; Miss Jean Gunn gave several of her delightful readings, and Mr. C. E. Clarke contributed two well-received solos—"Blow, Blow, Thou Wintry Wind," and Riego's "Oh, Dry Those Tears." The greatest enjoyment possible was given to all who were lucky enough to get a good seat, but there was room for everyone in the spacious building.

The paramount attraction only began when the programme ended. The strains of an excellent orchestra arose, and the pretty evening gowns with their multitude of colors drifted through the long corridors, causing the rooms and halls of the old college to resound to merry laughter and talk.

The lady patronesses were : Miss Mowat, Mrs. Mortimer Clark, Lady Taylor, Mrs. McFadyen, Mrs. S. R. Hart, Mrs. W. Davidson, Mrs. McCurdy, Mrs. Caven, Mrs. Warden, Mrs. Jas. Henderson, Mrs. Ballantyne, Mrs. Jas. Kent, Mrs. G. H. Clemens, Mrs. Kilgour and Mrs. J. L. Blaikie. The president, Mr. A. H. McLeod, B.A., and the secretary, Mr. G. F. N. Atkinson, B.A., together with a large number of the College dons in hood and gown, were the kindest and best of hosts, from the Principal down.





THE Faculty and students of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons were hosts at a most enjoyable "At Home" in the Temple Building Friday evening. The Dental "At Home" is one of the events looked forward to by Queen's Park students, and this, the 7th annual, was probably the most successful yet held. The beautiful assembly-room in the Temple building was appropriately decorated with the College garnet and blue, while from the dias the Glionna-Marsicano Orchestra rendered the most entrancing music.

The students of the College were there in force and many a Graduate made it a point to renew acquaintances with *alma mater* on this festive occasion.

The guests began to arrive early, and by nine o'clock the spacious hall was filled to its capacity. Before the dancing began Dr. Beattie Nesbitt was called to the platform and presented to the College the Beattie-Nesbitt Cup, the inter-year hockey trophy.

As each guest entered the hall he received a beautiful programme bearing, embossed on one side the College coat-of-arms, and on the other the College colors. Twenty dances and three extras, with innumerable extra extras comprised the programme which, to tell the truth, was not finished till the wee sma' hours, and even then the merry dancers found it hard to leave.

The refreshment room was most happily appointed. A large central table with smaller ones grouped around were handsomely decorated, and enabled the guests to enjoy luxuriously the dainty, tempting viands provided.

The patronesses of the "At Home" were: Mrs. Hanna, Mrs. Loudon, Mrs. J. F. Ross, Mrs. Cecil Trotter, Mrs. W. E. Willmott, Mrs. A. Primrose, Mrs. Herbert Clarke, Mrs. W. F. Stuart and Mrs. J. J. MacKenzie.

The representatives from Wycliffe, Knox, McMaster, Victoria, University College, Buffalo Dental College, S. P. S., Medical Faculty, Trinity Medical College, and the Quebec Dental College were royally entertained by the reception committee and given a smart little dinner at the conclusion of the "At Home."

The energetic committee to whom the success of the "At Home" was largely due were: Dr. A. Popplewell (chairman), F. How, G. New, W. H. Caverhill, W. Kennedy, F. L. Williamson, W. J. McMurray, W. Bonney, L. G. Thompson, G. Adams, and Dr. W. E. Willmott, representative of the Faculty.

#### ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

THE last meeting of the Engineering Society for this term, held on Wednesday, December 10, was one of unusual interest, not alone because of the excellence of the paper presented; but because it was the result of the observations and close study of one of our own members, Mr. M. T. Culbert, '02. Another source of satisfaction to all was the increased amount of discussion. It is to be hoped that this most commendable feature will be even more prominent in the meetings to come.

Mr. Culbert prefaced his address on "The Sudbury Nickel-Bearing Formations" by explaining that his acquaintance with the district had been gained chiefly while acting as Dr. Coleman's assistant in the recent geological survey of that region, and later on while he himself was mapping the country between Lake Wahnapiatal and Vermilion River. He described the general geological features of the Huronian belt in which the region lies, and then dwelt with some detail on the continuous circular band of nickel-bearing rocks in the study and mapping of which he had been engaged during the past summer. In the explanation of the fact that the outer edge of the nickel-bearing belt was more basic and of greater specific gravity than the inner, and that the best ore deposits were found near the outer contact, Mr. Culbert enunciated a theory of his own to account for such facts. Needless to say, the latter was received with a great deal of enthusiasm.

In the discussion which followed, Messrs. Forbes, Legge-Williams and Young questioned the speaker as to certain features of the district. Mr. J. W. Bain congratulated Mr. Culbert on the excellence of his theory, and had no doubt that it would meet with the approval of those familiar with the conditions of that region.

Mr. H. G. Acres explained what had been done by the committee in charge of the school pin, and stated that designs would be posted up on the bulletin board for inspection. Mr. A. E. Davison suggested that further designs would be acceptable. Mr. W. Wright thought it would be highly desirable to have the design copyrighted. Mr. E. E. Mullins took a broad view of the pin question, and thought that a University pin should be adopted, as was the case in the great American universities. The suggestion was received in such a way as to leave no doubt of the School's attitude on the question.

#### POLITICAL SCIENCE CLUB'S OPEN MEETING.

The second open meeting of the series given jointly by the departmental societies was held on Thursday evening last in the Chemical Amphitheatre under the auspices of the Political Science Club. The programme consisted of a lecture by Dr. S. M. Wickett on "The Klondike of To-Day." The lecture was uniformly interesting, and was illustrated by a series of beautiful views which effectually disposed of the popular conception of the Yukon as a place of perpetual snow. The remarkable development of the country during the past five years was shown and the various systems of mining explained. It was shown that the mineral resources of the Klondike, instead of being almost exhausted, were only beginning to be developed, and that the future of the country was assured.

Professor Mavor officiated as chairman, and Professor Coleman gave a brief introductory description of the geological aspect of the country.

## WHAT THE BOYS WOULD LIKE IN THEIR STOCKINGS.



THE editor of the "Free Grants" department of THE VARSITY has been engaged in some original research in the matter of what the Undergraduates of the University would most appreciate for Christmas. He humbly submits the following :

University College :

Allan—Your grip m'am.

Armstrong—A wagon to hitch to his star.

Colquhoun—A pair of high-heeled shoes.

Bell—Loeser's scalp.

Mitchell—A snow shovel.

Chadsey—Another trip to the Mayor's.

Cohen—A pianola that will play "The Undergraduates."

Lorriman—A pin cushion with a V on it.

Morrison—A scrap-book.

Day—An expeditor.

Hill—Bottle of hair vigor, or a new razor.

McKinnon—Photograph of the Faculty Cup.

Sutherland—A coat-of-arms.

Overend—A tin ear.

Williams—Free pool.

Ross (Alex.)—Dispensation from lectures.

Scott (Pete.)—Inspiration.

Collins—A new line of puns.

Member of '03—The man who wrote my biography alone—and a gun.

All of us—A Residence.

S. P. S.:

President Sinclair—Nothing, thank you.

Pete Laing—A railway pass to Kingston.

Bob Bryce—A rabbit's foot.

Billy Elwell—A small box of "Force."

Wilkie Evans—A rubber knee.

Casey Baldwin—The fountain of perpetual youth.

Burgess—A vermiform appendix.

Bill Gourlay—A bottle of milk.

Pie Morley—Same as Bill.

Whelihan—2 or 3 little wheels.

Cully—A proof of his gneiss little theory.

Sibley—An almightier voice.

And the whole school wants the Jennings' Cup.

Meds.:

Wilson—Full marks.

Sutherland—Montreal by gaslight.

Carson—Couldn't decide, but lots of it.

Sweeney—Ocean to Ocean Extract! Extra dry!

Hamilton—An election every week.

Edmison—A low-power moustache.

Frederick—The Dan Clarke scholarship.

Yinnie—A guinea pig, a front seat, and more surgical practice.

Biggar—Songs without words.

Ingram—A chance to operate.

Meldrum—A box of baldine.

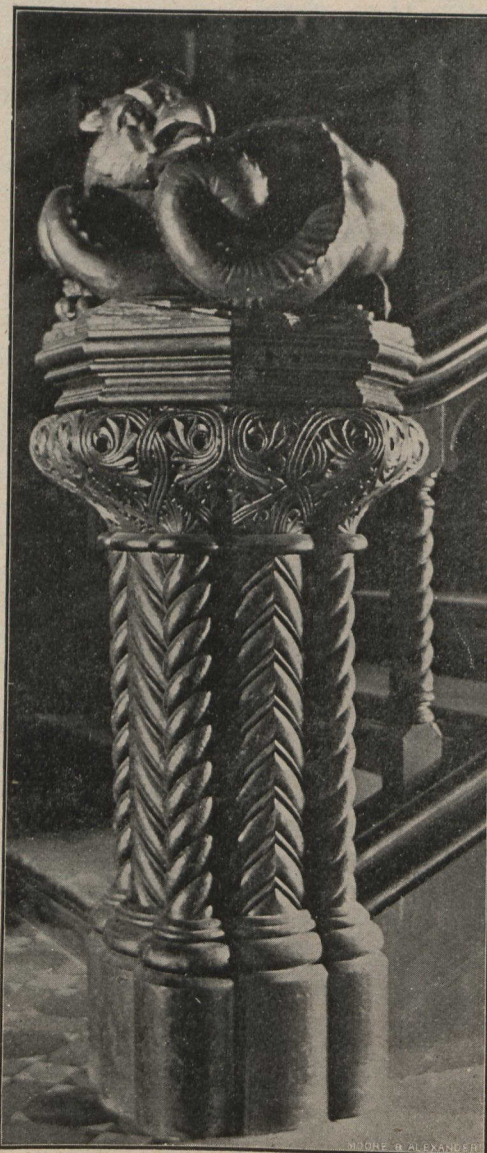
McColl—A quick recovery.

Woolner—A chance to tell a few things.

The Powers—A few lectures in architecture.

## CLASS OF '06 "AT-HOME."

THE Freshmen (to say nothing of the Freshettes) were "At Home to their friends—invited and otherwise—in the East Hall, last Wednesday afternoon. It has become proverbial that the First Year Reception is the most enjoyable of the class functions, and '06 nobly sustained this reputation. The hall was prettily decorated; the music entrancing, the refreshments all that could be desired, and the Freshettes—who can fitly describe them? The executive committee were indefatigable in their efforts to make the shy and innocent Freshies acquainted with the coy Freshettes, and their success was apparent to all. The class of '06 has made a good start in the social life of the University, and their receptions will ever be popular.

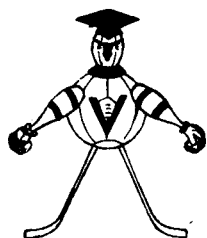


THE DRAGON.

# SPORTS

J. G. LORRIMAN, Superintending Editor.

## "RING OUT THE OLD."



The year of 1902 is fast drawing to a close, and, so far as college athletics are concerned, it is already a matter of history. All the contests of the year have been finished, all the season's championships have been settled, all the cups have found their winter's resting-place, and we may now, with perfect composure, review the events of the term which is just merging into the Christmas holidays.

### FOOTBALL.

In such a review, football, the pre-eminently college game, must needs have first place. In this field, the season at U. of T. has been a very successful one, and we can look back at it with considerable pride, even though, for once, not a championship has found its way to us.

The First team, by its splendid victory over McGill at Montreal, in the first game of the season, awakened fond hopes of another championship. But these were ruthlessly dashed to the ground by a succession of withdrawals from the team on account of "parental objections." As a result the Blue and White went down to ignoble defeat, when "Old McGill" journeyed to Toronto. For the next game with Queen's the team was strengthened a little, though one place on it had to be filled from the Thirds. However, it was only by a little piece of "hard luck" that we lost to the doughty Presbyterians, who had one touchdown to the good. Nothing daunted by these successive defeats, the men began practising with a will the following week, and when Queen's played the return game here they were easily defeated, and Varsity showed her old-time prowess.

Where we find the greatest satisfaction, however, is in contemplating the games with the Argonauts for the city championship and the Nesbitt Cup. These games were played under the Burnside rules, which put a premium on speed, kicking and tackling, and our team gladdened the hearts of their supporters by rolling up the splendid score in two games of 52 to 14.

The Second team was equally unfortunate, and their failure to land the intermediate championship was due to their captain's being laid out early in the first game against Queen's II. As the quarter of the Thirds was playing with the Seniors there was no spare to take his place, and the Kingston collegians rolled up a score which Varsity could not overcome in the return game.

The Thirds were handicapped by the abolition of the age limit in the junior O.R.F.U. In all their games they were confronted with teams composed largely of veterans and having a great advantage in weight. We may expect to see them do better next year if the Ontario Union adopts the snap-back and gives some chance to a light team.

The feature of the football season was the great gain in popularity of the Burnside rules, which were drawn up by a U. of T. man and first played at U. of T. These rules combine the best features of the American and Canadian games, and eliminate the objectionable mass plays of the former by stringent rules against off-side interference, and by making six men at least line up on the wings at every down. These rules will undoubtedly be adopted by all the Canadian unions before many years, and when this occurs football will gain additional popularity among all lovers of exciting contests.

### ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

The season just passed has witnessed a further revival of interest in Association football at U. of T. The Intercollege Association had a most successful season, and their schedule included eight senior and ten intermediate teams. The senior championship was won by the School of Practical Science after two splendid games with University College, and S. P. S. II. landed the intermediate championship by winning the finals from City Teachers in rather easy fashion. The intercollege champions, S. P. S., played off with Galt, champions of Western Ontario, for the Provincial championship, and the westerners won out only after a desperate contest. During the season an all-University team, without any preliminary practice together, journeyed to Galt and played a tie with the champions. This was undoubtedly a move in the right direction, and we sincerely hope that next year will see a U. of T. team enter for and win the Ontario championship. There is no dearth of good material in the University, and as soon as a representative blue and white eleven is permanently chosen we may begin to prepare a corner in the U. of T. Union for the Caledonia Cup.

### TRACK ATHLETICS.

No branch of college athletics has received so distinct a boom within the last few years as track athletics, and the Track Club is justly taking a more and more prominent part in college sports.

The past year has seen the athletic field enlarged and beautified by the addition of a fast cinder track (3½ laps to the mile) which is probably the best of its kind in Canada. The result was immediately apparent in the great showing made by U. of T. in the sprinting events, on the occasion of the annual contest with McGill. Our runners are not only fast, but show decided promise of future development. Sheppard is, beyond question, the best miler our University has had since George Orton, and Gurney, with a little attention to detail, will develop into one of the greatest sprinters in the country.

We are, unfortunately, very weak in the weight events, and, before we win the intercollege championship, we must bring out and develop all the promising material in this line, which there undoubtedly is in the University. The executive of the Track Club is to be commended for its action in granting special prizes to those who score the greatest number of points in the weight events, at the annual Field Day meet. Such incentives ought to result in a good many surprises next Fall, when the shot is put, and the discus thrown.

The energy of our Track Club was further shown, during the past season, by another innovation which should result in greatly strengthening the track team before many seasons have passed. The inauguration of the annual Freshmen's Field Day was so enthusiastically received by the budding sons of Hercules in the First Year, and the different events at the games were so hotly contested, that our hopes of ultimately beating McGill have been raised higher than ever. In the meantime, the weekly handicap sprints attracted large entries and resulted in good contests. Altogether, then, considering the excellence of the executive which the Track Club has elected for next year, and animated by the hope that it will not take Morrow as long to graduate at McGill as it did Guy Curtis to finish up at Queen's, we may confidently predict success for next year's U. of T. track team.

In conclusion, let us hope that the executive, which has shown so much consideration for our athletes in other respects, will see to it next year that the team wears the U. of T. colors, and not suffer a repetition of this year's suits, which showed not only lack of uniformity, but, in some cases, even indecent exposure.

### LAWN TENNIS.

Another club which has enjoyed a most prosperous season is that which rules the destinies of lawn tennis in the Univer-

sity. During the season two fine new cinder courts were added, and the grass courts were in splendid condition all summer. The membership list was larger this year than ever before, and, as the shower baths in the gymnasium are at the disposal of its members, the U. of T. Lawn Tennis Club became one of the most popular in the city. Many of the players developed surprising skill as a result of the season's recreation, and the Varsity Fall Tournament, in which the tennis season at Toronto always culminates, resulted in some sensational contests, and every evening attracted its quota of spectators. Probably the best tennis Toronto witnessed during the season was seen in the City Championship finals between McMaster and Ernie Pater-son. The brilliant win of the U. of T. crack heightened the crowd's appreciation of the game. The final game for the Undergraduate Championship between Herb Carveth (Tor. Med.) and Russell Dingman (Victoria College) was most exciting, and the brilliant playing of Dingman justified his victory.

Tennis is rapidly gaining in popularity at U. of T., and for this club also we may prophesy a successful future.

HOCKEY.

In turning to contemplate that best of sports—the popular Canadian game of hockey—our treatment shall be prospective rather than retrospective, for the achievements of the U. of T. hockey team for 1902 have been dealt with in a previous issue.

The approaching season is an important one in the history of Canadian hockey, inasmuch as the Intercollegiate Hockey Union will make its united bow to the patrons of honest sport. That the new union will be successful, and will ultimately embrace in its senior series more than the three universities now entered is the sincere wish of every lover of hockey at U. of T. There is very little room to doubt its success, as the public will certainly patronize games which not only show the most scientific play, but are also contested by teams that stand for true amateurism.

The chances of U. of T. for winning the Intercollegiate Championship seem to be very bright, as the team will be considerably stronger than last year's septette. There is the keenest rivalry for places on the team, and practice has already commenced in the Gymnasium and at the Mutual Street Rink. Both the First and Second teams are entered in the Intercollegiate Union in the senior and intermediate series respectively, while the Thirds have entered the junior O. H. A. series. The latter team will practice on the Varsity Rink, and Manager Preston will be glad to see any who are eligible for the team during the practice hours, which will be announced early next term. Every man who has ever played hockey is asked to turn out and try to catch a place on one of the teams, and every man who does not play is expected to give the teams every assistance—especially in attending the matches, wearing his colors and yelling like an Indian.

LACROSSE.

It is a little early yet to make any prediction about next spring's lacrosse team, but it is more than probable that the Blue and White will be represented by a stronger team than ever. Nearly all of last year's team will be on hand, and the Freshmen of the different faculties claim to have some world-beaters among them.

Manager Livingstone has just returned from a trip to New York, during which he interviewed the lacrosse men of several American colleges. He is able to promise a most attractive tour for next Spring, and it is probable that there will be a larger turnout of players than ever.

NAUGHTY-FIVE ARTS CHAMPIONS.

The final game for the Inter-Year Faculty Cup was played on the campus Wednesday afternoon, and, after making a game fight, the Bulldogs were compelled to acknowledge the supremacy of the Sophomores. The game was fast considering the

condition of the ground, and was won on its merits. In the first half Naughty-Five were always able to relieve the Bulldogs' attacks by the long kicks of their defence, who fed the forwards nicely. Gaby was frequently called upon to stop the ball, and, finally, from a mix-up, Jack Delury scored. This was all the scoring in the first half, and the Sophs. were jubilant. However, in the second period, the Seniors woke up and got in some very clever work. On a combined rush by McQueen, Bowles and R. Delury, the latter shot nicely and the score was tied. No further goals were shot before time was called, and once more these rival teams were on even terms at full time. In the play off, however, the Sophomores showed superior staying powers, and won out by a score of 2 to 1.

For the winners, Phillips played the strongest game on the forward line, and the whole defence played superb football. Cameron and Green were especially prominent.

Of the Bulldogs, Gaby's work in goal was the feature, and some of his stops were sensational. Nichol and McKinnon were the bulwark of the defence, and R. Delury, Brown and McQueen played the best game on the forward line. The line-up:

'03—Goal, Gaby; backs, Nichol, Glass; halves, Reid, McKinnon, Kerr; forwards, Allen, McQueen, Bowles, Brown, R. Delury.

'05—Goal, Matheson; backs, Cameron, Robertson; halves, Jackson, Green, Ruddell; forwards, Gilchrist, Jamieson, Delury, Campbell, Phillips.

Referee—Fraser.

CITY CHESS TOURNAMENT.

The first game in the City Chess Tournament was played in the parlor of the Undergraduate Union, Monday night, between the Y.M.C.A. and University of Toronto Chess Clubs. Some exceedingly interesting games developed. The games resulted in a tie, with four wins for each club, as follows:

VARSITY.	Y.M.C.A.
Hunter..... 1	Harrington..... 0
Beck..... 0	Hick..... 1
Mavor..... 1	Meyer..... 0
Hutton..... 1	Blythe..... 0
File..... 0	Powell..... 1
Clappison..... 1	Crompton..... 0
Forster..... 0	Willems..... 1
Jordan..... 0	Powell..... 1



## PHILANTHROPIC WORK AT YALE UNIVERSITY.

By a Yale Graduate.

PERHAPS the most interesting and important feature of Yale philanthropic and religious activity is its work carried on at Yale Hall. For fourteen years past this mission has exerted a potent influence upon the students, and has done much to better the conditions of the neighborhood in which it has been located. It had its beginning in April, 1888, when A. Alonzo Stagg (once famous as a pitcher at Yale, and now a Professor in the University of Chicago), was one of the students. He was at that time Secretary of the College Young Men's Christian Association, and he succeeded in securing the co-operation of a number of the students prominent in the literary and social life of the college. Together they rented a room in the building known as Washington Hall, on Grand avenue. A part of that thoroughfare has long been known as "the Bowery of New Haven," a tribute to the peculiar character of its population, whom it was especially desired to reach by the projected mission work.

As might have been expected, the effort met with both opposition and derision at the outset. There were many who could neither understand nor appreciate the motive which induced the little body of students to meet twice a week in such a place, and to stand at the open door and publicly invite even the poorest and meanest passer-by to come in. But the example was not without its effect. The hall was crowded by the very class it was most desired to reach.

The further progress of the work, so well begun, is thus sketched by its historian: "During five years on Grand avenue, the meetings increased greatly in size, and the students soon started a boys' club, and not long afterwards this branch of the work was moved to Orange street, and later, to Welcome Hall on Oak street. In all branches of the work the co-operation of several of the city churches was secured. The room in Washington Hall was, however, unsatisfactory as a general meeting-place for the mission. In 1893 the first service was held in new quarters at 215 East street. A two-storey wooden building, with room for night lodgers, had been rented in a factory district. The proximity of this new location to the docks and railroad tracks introduced a greater number of transients than before and necessarily a greater proportion of professional beggars. A student superintendent took charge of the building, running the lodging-house, and sleeping there in special quarters provided for him. Meetings were now held on three days of the week, Sundays, Tuesdays and Fridays. Some fifty different students engaged in this work during the first year at East street. A Bible Class was organized, meeting Sunday morning under charge of a Senior. The reading-room, a new feature, was open on Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings and on Sunday afternoons. Meetings for boys only were held on Friday evenings. On the average, twelve lodgers a day were housed and fed. From October, 1897, to June, 1898, two thousand lodgings were given to homeless applicants and one hundred and fifty articles of clothing distributed. Lectures and entertainments were also arranged, especially for Saturday evenings, the object being to keep the workingmen from squandering their week's wages in the saloon.

"In the spring of 1898 the conductors of the Mission decided that the time had arrived when the steadily-growing work needed a building of its own. A sum of \$5,000 was quickly subscribed, largely by Undergraduates, and the new building was begun. It is situated on Franklin street, south of Grand avenue, and is a two-storey brick structure, with a well-ventilated auditorium on the first floor to seat 150, lighted with twelve large windows. In the basement is a room for a boys' club, and there are four shower baths. On the second floor are rooms for a library of specially selected works, a reading-room lighted by a glass roof and two smaller rooms for educational classes, besides the superintendent's quarters. The lodging system has been abolished and educational features have been emphasized and accommodated to the work. The whole structure is heated by furnace and lighted by gas. The total cost of the building was about \$8,000.

"In the fall of 1899 a change was made in the character of the work, as the new building was found to be in a neighborhood largely occupied by workingmen and somewhat out of the district frequented by a floating class of people. As it was found difficult to secure the co-operation of both classes, it seemed necessary to emphasize the attractions appealing to workingmen.

The work at present consists of a Sunday evening service, which has a regular attendance of about 75 men, a Saturday evening illustrated lecture course, with an attendance of 100 men, Sunday School, a Civil Government Club on Monday nights, with an average attendance of 25. Reading and game rooms are open each evening, and a boys' club also meets each week night. The audience at the Saturday night lecture course is a particularly interesting one, as men from different factories throughout the city come together to listen to these lectures. The lectures are principally on



THE UNION RECEPTION ROOM.

travel. Beside the work at Yale Hall the Yale Association carries on a boys' club at Oak street, which is managed by a committee of the Freshman class; the work for colored boys in Goffe street, composed of a gymnasium class, boys' club and carpentry class, and also assistance in work for boys at the New Haven Y.M.C.A. Bethany Mission Sunday-School has also been conducted by members of the University since 1862.

"By its various religious and philanthropic activities the Yale Association is doing much to train its members for future usefulness as well as accomplishing a great deal of direct good in the city of New Haven."

The above article should be of special interest to the undergraduate body, since this year the University Y.M.C.A. has made a beginning in this line of work. Every Friday evening, since the first of October, members of the Association have taken charge of a class of boys (ranging in age from fourteen to eighteen) at the Union Mission Hall on Laplante avenue, in the district of the city commonly known as "The Ward." These boys have been entertained with gymnastic exercises of different kinds, various games and bright, lively music. Two members of the Association have assisted at the "Baracas Club" on Terauley street—one with an orchestra, the other with a debating club.

**MEDICAL FACULTY.**

Senior Years.

Don Sutherland is one of the biggest-hearted fellows in the School. Nothing is too good for his friends, even his private pew in St. Enoch's Church, and his pull with the pastor are ever at their disposal.

Mr. Victor Ross has turned up again all right after an absence from Classes for a week. He was at the McGill College dinner in Montreal where he had a grand time. "Vic" says "All Don Sutherland said of Montreal is true—and more, too! After all, though, he thinks the Varsity Medical course can't be touched!"

Junior Years.

Mr. Alex. Fisher, M.B., Graduate with honors in the Class of '02, has returned to the Biological Department, where he will engage in special study for a couple of months.

Mr. Millen has a hunting-case watch that is becoming a terror to Professors who extend lectures past the hour. The businesslike snap of the lids has the effect of a steam whistle on a corporation laborer, and work ceases perforce.

Some one borrowed a specimen the other day on which to review some dissection. He did not take the trouble to inform the owner of the said specimen, hence the alarming announcement by Professor Primrose to the effect that a gentleman of the First Year had lost an arm.

Dr. Piersol was unable to meet his Classes in the early part of last week, but we are now able to report his recovery. It is not true that the cartoon on the menu card, representing his historic interview with Mr. Moorhead, was the cause of the illness.

The indoor baseball team has settled down to steady work. Funds being low, a knotted rag serves for a ball and a towel roller for a bat. Some heavy scores have been run up by Messrs. McKenna and Speirs, but with Mr. Tisdale in the box these are becoming less frequent.

On Thursday the Second Year faced their first written examination on Organic Chemistry. The paper was beyond cavil, but the family tree of Ethyl Carboxyl and the other mazy things to be unravelled proved too much for a few. The practical examination is set for to-day.

One of the Professors in commending the Primary Students on the success of the dinner spoke of the intellectual feast and also mentioned the "feeding part" of the

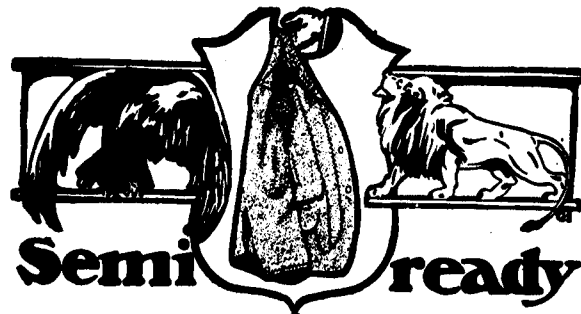
function. The word evidently got on the mind of "The Varsity" cartoonist, with results alleged to be humorous.

The new Medical building is fast approaching completion. The brickwork is finished and the carpenters and plasterers have succeeded the plumbers and steam-fitters on the inside. The contractors are trying to be in a position to hand over the keys by January 1, and there is no doubt that the lecture rooms will be ready for use at the opening of the Easter Term.

A Second Year man blundered into one of Dr. McCallum's clinics at the Hospital for Sick Children the other day. He was

told to put a drop of 2-deg. cocaine solution into a little girl's eye. He got the cocaine and the dropper and then remembered that he had not asked which eye. Afraid to ask the Doctor he asked the nurse and she brought the history card as an aid to his making a selection. When he read the artificial eye fitted perfectly it was easy to ask the patient which eye was glass and then apply the drops. We are not sure, however, which eye was treated.

We beg pardon for reminding certain of the executive officers of the Medical Society of planks in the platforms upon



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which they stood for election last January. One idea strongly advocated was a series of meetings of the Society to be conducted on the model of a literary society, with debates and discussions and the like as leading features. The idea took, the votes were polled, but the fall term is past and not the sign of a meeting of any kind. Why?

The Calendar does not in all points meet with the unqualified approval of a number of the students. Lectures are prolonged unnecessarily in the fall and begin too early in January. A resolution was made by '05 to shorten each term this year by one day, consequently no Class will attend for work on the last Friday of this term or the first Monday of next. It is understood that '06 will arrive at a like decision.

Leland Stanford, Jr., University, is to have a new gymnasium costing \$500,000.

**NATURAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.**

At a meeting of the Natural Science Association held on last Thursday afternoon, two carefully prepared papers were read. The first paper, was on "Hornets," and was ably delivered by Mr. W. R. Williams, '04. The classification, anatomy, and habits of hornets were described; and some very interesting nests, which were procured at the personal risk of the lecturer, were shown. Mr. H. M. McNeil, '03, followed with a paper on "The Brewing Industry," which gave a very exhaustive treatment of the subject. Statistics as to the amount of consumption of liquor in various countries were given. The whole process of manufacture was then entered into from a scientific standpoint. Certain complex stages in fermentation, etc., which have recently been the subjects of much scientific investigation and discussion, received special attention, and were explained in an admirable fashion. The paper closed with a discussion of the advantages and disadvantages of the use of various liquors.

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#### SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE.

Mr. W. E. Wagner, '99, was a caller at the School recently.

Mr. Stubbs, '05, was recently called home on account of the death of his sister.

The Engineering Society is interested in all student affairs. We humbly refer the matter to it.

Mr. S. L. Trees has been appointed S. P. S. representative to the University Hockey Club.

The application of the water cure to a Freshmen was interrupted the other day. This sacrilege should not be allowed.

Mr. W. M. Edwards, '02, has recently accepted the position of assayer for The Superior Copper Co., whose property is located not far from the "Soo."

Mr. E. L. Burgess, '03, has had to undergo an operation for appendicitis in St. Michael's Hospital. At the time of writing he is doing nicely.

A smoking compartment is to be added to all lecture rooms used by the First Year for the accommodation of Mr. F. S. Schell.

One grievance which exists at the School is the rule forbidding students to use the telephone. It is claimed that extra help would be necessary to answer

calls, but in other Faculties the privilege is granted and why should we not have it?

In the present state of affairs, if a student wishes to telephone he goes over to University College or the Undergraduate Union. Last week Mr. E. L. Burgess was taken ill suddenly while away from his boarding house and conveyed to St. Michael's Hospital. The hospital authorities discovered that he attended S. P. S., and in an attempt to find his friends, 'phoned to the School where they were met with the chilling response that no messages could be taken for students. A few days later his room-mate discovered his whereabouts.

Mr. J. A. Craig, B.A.Sc., has resigned the Fellowship in Mechanical Engineering and accepted a position with The Delano, Osborne Co., recently located in this city. This firm, which is an offshoot of The Osborne Engineering Co., of Cleveland, Ohio, is prepared to do general engineering work of all kinds.

Mr. T. Kennard Thompson, C.E., New York, in a private letter to a prominent School man expressed himself as highly delighted with the way he was treated at the recent School dinner and requested to be kept informed of the dates of all such

functions. Needless to say Mr. Thompson's presence will always be welcomed on such occasions.

Kellar, the great, has reason to look with fear and trembling toward a certain Senior who is proving himself a past master in the art of legerdemain and witchcraft. The mighty and marvellous "Don" recently exhibited his prowess before a select audience by extracting quarters from nowhere and delivering them unto the same place, and in a ring feat of unparalleled cleverness. We have grave reasons to believe that he didn't do it all himself, but that he was aided and abetted by "Ernie" Oliver, acting in the role of accomplice.

The S. P. S. Hockey Club elected the following officers for 1903 at the annual meeting :

Hon. President—Dr. Ellis, M.A., M.B.

President—A. G. Lang.

Vice-President—C. L. Coulson.

Secretary-Treasurer—R. H. Montgomery.

Manager Senior Team—B. B. Patten.

Manager Junior Team—H. M. Fletcher.

The meeting was well attended and the teams will be strongly supported. The captains will be chosen by the teams.

The Engineers defeated "D" Co., 48th Highlanders in the first game of the In-



door Baseball League at the armouries on Tuesday, December 9. "Casey" Baldwin's pitching and Messrs. G. Biggs and Weldon's all-round work were the features. "D" Co. took an early lead and held it till the 9th innings, when the Engineers snatched a victory. The final score was 25 to 24.

The teams were: Engineers.—Biggs, Chou, Reynolds, Charlebois, Baldwin, Williams, Madden, Weldon and Ross. "D" Co., 48th.—Thorn, Lackie, Jones, Henschliff, Rowan, Boyd, King, Rogers and Parks.

The remark made by Mr. Macmurchy in his article "University Graduates in Railway Work," that "One of the Canadian Universities, already conspicuous for its equipment in Engineering, may provide a department giving special training for men preparing for a railway career," is one that should set every School man thinking. It is apparent that our institution is not the one referred to, and should such a move be carried out, keen opposition in this line of Engineering may be expected. Every effort should be made to raise the efficiency of our training to such a standard that Graduates of the School may be placed on no uneven footing with men from other institutions.

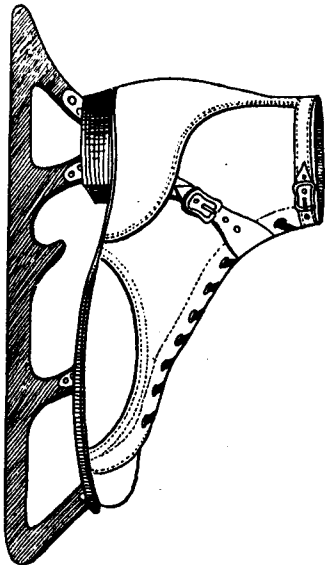
Sweet Ann Eliza is no more,  
Her spirit upward flies,  
And I am left alone to wish  
I were where Analyze.

—McGill Outlook.

English Professor: "What became of that student of yours who made such a lamentable failure of all his history courses?"

History Professor: "Have'nt you heard of him? He's now famous as an author of historical novels."

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A movement is on foot at Columbia, according to The Columbia Spectator, to build a representative University Tavern.

Yale Church now admits to its membership students of any denomination. It was formerly limited to Congregationalists.

Speaking recently of queer college fads, Professor Henry A. Beers, of Yale, said, that in his undergraduate days mourning hat bands became so popular as to grow from a mark of berevement almost to a feature of natty dress.

One day he went into a store with a friend, who, after buying a hat, said he would like to look at some mourning bands.

"These widest bands," explained the storekeeper, displaying his assortment, "are worn for immediate members of the family. From that they narrow down according to the relationship. Which width do you need, sir?" he asked.

The student made a moment's inspection. "Oh, give me about an uncle," he replied.—New York Times.

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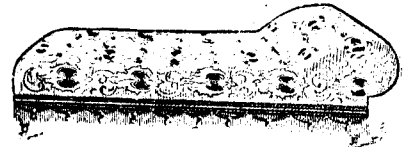
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## UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

Mr. C. M. Keys, '97, is engaged on the staff of The New York Commercial.

Mr. J. J. McMartin, B.A., '01, is teaching in the High School at New Westminster.

Rev. E. A. Henry, B.A., '93, has removed from Brandon to a leading church in Hamilton.

Mr. J. E. Bryant, M.A., formerly of Galt, is now treasurer of the Book Lovers' Library, Philadelphia.

The students' certificates for holiday railway rates will be issued by the Registrar on Thursday afternoon.

Mr. E. M. Wilcox, '01, is with Wood, Harmon & Co., real estate brokers, 256-257 Broadway, New York City.

The dinner this year was the most largely attended of any during the last three years. A surplus is the result.

Mr. F. A. Mur (ob), a former well-known contributor to "The Varsity," is editor of The Wall Street Journal.

The report that ex-Minister of Agriculture Allen had presented his famous pumpkin to the dining hall seems to have been ill-founded.

"Doc." Colquhoun (speaking to the motion for a dance at the Conversat.): "The committee should be instructed to say that if there is no dancing, there will be no dance."

In spite of the efforts of the Year Book Committee, Torontonensis will not appear before Christmas. The delay is caused by the dilatoriness of the Meds. in getting photographed.

The first game in the City Chess League series was played in the parlor of the Undergraduate Union on Monday night. The Y.M.C.A. and the University of Toronto teams participated.

The regular meeting of the Political Science Club in room 2 on Thursday will be addressed by Mr. W. S. Milne, M.A., on "A Review of the Causes Alleged for the Fall of the Roman Empire."

If Frederick Lyonde name is on the bottom of your photograph your friends will know you patronize the leading photographer. Studio 101 King St. W. By far the best and finest equipped studio in Canada.

The annual game of Association football between the Junior and Senior Natural Science students took place on Friday and resulted in a draw. "Pop" Williams' costume was the feature of the game.

The Freshmen's reception on Wednesday was a great success. It was largely attended by members of all the Classes and the members of '06 are to be congratulated on the excellence of their arrangements. The refreshment room was a particularly popular retreat.

And gone are the days of November,  
Days overclouded and drear;  
When the wind whistles gaunt through  
the tower-tops,  
And the campus is brown and sere.

But December is here,  
And the holidays near,  
Christmas is coming with Christmas good cheer,  
And "The Varsity" wishes its readers

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" 17.—Exams. at Normal  
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" 22.—High, Public and Sepa-  
rate Schools Close.

" 25.—Christmas.



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The Commandant and military instructors are all officers on the active list of the Imperial army, lent for the purpose, and in addition there is a complete staff of professors for the civil subjects which form such a large proportion of the College course.

Whilst the College is organized on a strictly military basis, the cadets receive in addition to their military studies a thoroughly practical, scientific and sound training in all subjects that are essential to a high and general modern education.

The course in mathematics is very complete and a thorough grounding is given in the subjects of Civil Engineering, Civil and Hydrographic Surveying, Physics, Chemistry, French and English.

The object of the College course is thus to give the cadets a training which shall thoroughly equip them for either a military or civil career.

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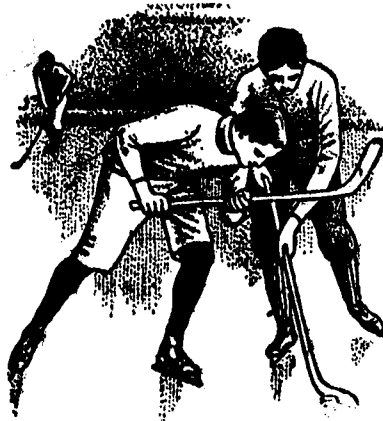
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