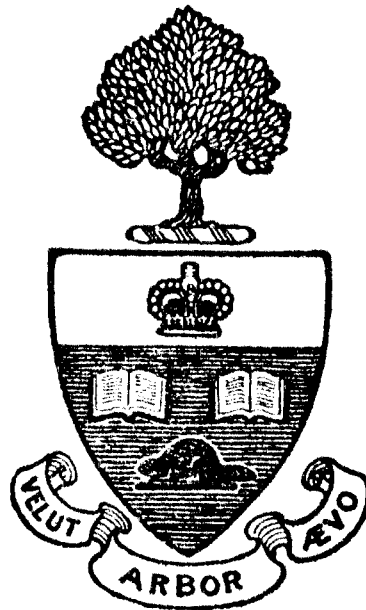


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THE VARSITY

A Weekly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Events.

VOL. XXIII.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO, DECEMBER 16, 1903.

Nos. 10 & 11.

THE COLLEGE IN POLITICAL LIFE.

HON. G. W. ROSS.

I HAVE no desire to reflect upon the courses of study in our universities and colleges, nor upon the want of appreciation of our young men of the advantages which university life affords for the exercise of their talents, and yet I cannot but deplore the fact that political life in Canada has not been aided, as it should be, by the culture and advantages of university training.

Rightly to govern an intelligent and progressive people requires a wide knowledge of the history of governments and those tendencies, social, moral and political by which the public mind is moved in the direction of progress and expansion. To know how to raise the plane of public opinion and to fix the popular mind upon those large questions which elevate our conception of civil rights and strengthen our judgment as to the limit of our privileges require much study and investigation. The main-springs of human action are much the same in every intelligent community. If you eliminate a few of the baser prejudices, which seem inherent in the human mind, it is comparatively easy to fix public attention on such measures as are consistent with public liberty and calculated to promote the welfare of the whole community. There can be no more fascinating study than that of the popular, and what might also be called, the emotional movements of the British nation during the last three centuries; and what is true of Great Britain is equally true of France and Germany. This knowledge includes an acquaintance with constitutional history, political science, economics and biography. Constitutional history simply indicates the different stages of the advancement of the human race in the evolution of legislation in the interest of the commonwealth. Political science, or the science of government, deals with the influences by which public opinion is directed to a particular end. And as for political economy, there is no question on which the public men of the present century requires to be better informed, as it deals not only with free trade and protection as theories, but with all the practical questions which arise out of trusts, corporations and finance; and in order to the right application of the knowledge acquired it would be of immense advantage to the politician to study the attitude of the leaders of public opinion towards these subjects under their varying phases and the

methods which they adopted in order to make their views effective in legislation.

Then follow problems in municipal politics, such as public ownership of franchises, the taxation of public utilities, the government of large cities, the assessment of property and the various minutiae of municipal government, all of which come very near to the homes and habits of the people.

Looking over this field, it will be seen that any person who desires to be well equipped for public life will find the curriculum sufficiently comprehensive to occupy his time for many years.

I have said at the outset that I am not blaming our universities and colleges for the absence of their alumni from public life, and yet this article would be incomplete unless a brief summary were given of the facts of the case. I am not including in the statement which follows the large number of professional men, such as doctors and lawyers, who have found seats in the Legislative Assembly of Ontario, or the Commons or the Senate of Canada. They have acquired their distinction largely through their professional career, and as far as I can ascertain their training was purely for professional purposes. Wherever a doctor or lawyer is the holder of a degree, he is, however, credited as a contribution from the university to the public life of the country. Following this principle, I find that in the Senate of Canada, out of a total membership of 81, there are four B.A.'s or M.A.'s and one LL.B. In the House of Commons with a membership of 214, there are sixteen B.A.'s or M.A.'s and nine LL.B.'s. In the Legislative Assembly of the Province, out of a membership of 98, there are eight B.A.'s or M.A.'s and two LL.B.'s; that is out of a total membership of 393, the universities have contributed forty persons.

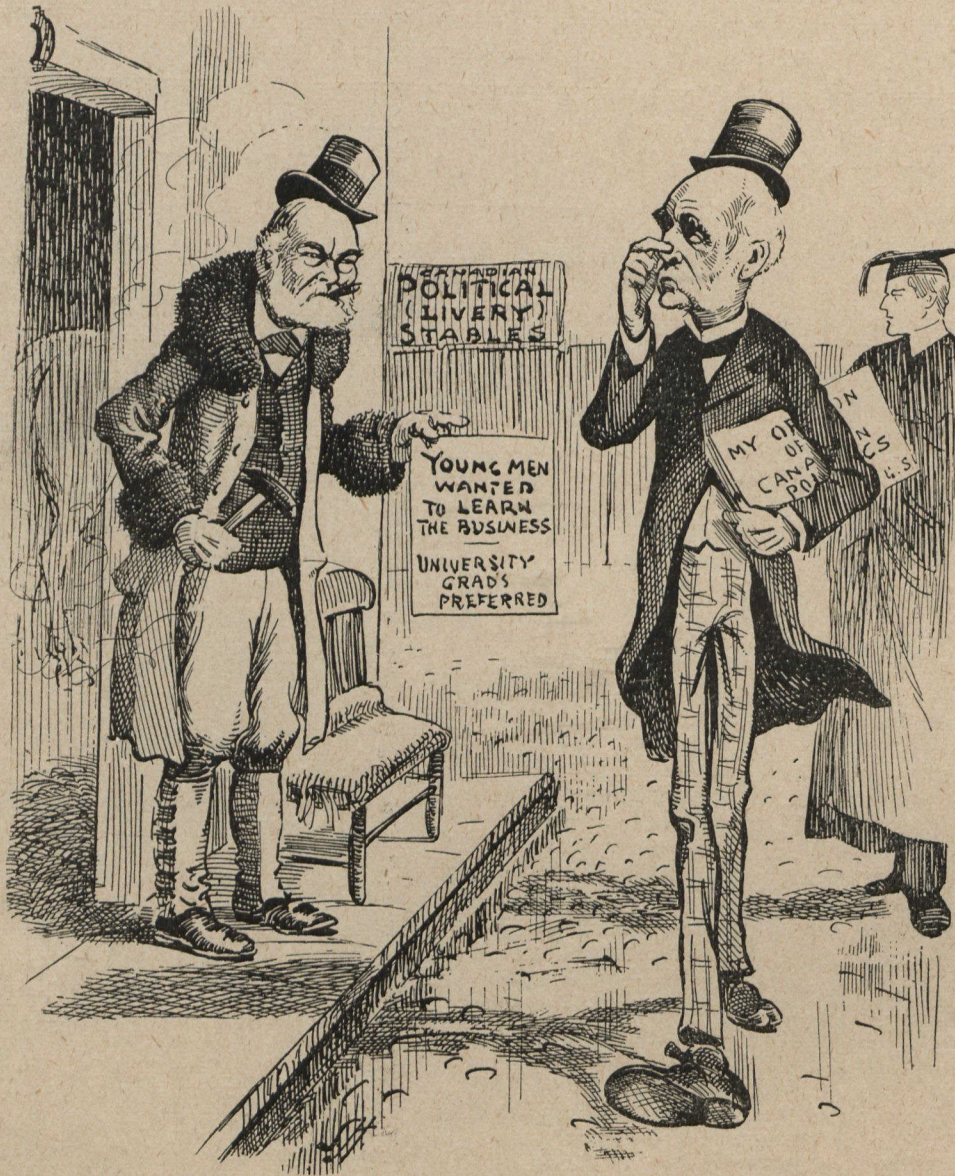
In municipal life, where there is less interference with the ordinary avocation of the occupant of a seat at the Council Board of a municipality, the absence of graduates of universities is equally marked. Taking the cities of Toronto, Ottawa, Hamilton, London, Kingston, Brantford and Guelph, with a municipal membership of 135, there are but seven university graduates.

The position of the United States is somewhat similar to that of Canada. In the United States Senate,

with a membership of 90, there are but fourteen graduates; in the House of Representatives, with a membership of 386, there are but twenty-two graduates.

From these statistics I hope no one will argue that university training unfits for public life, or that the electors entertain any feeling of jealousy or hostility towards university graduates. Other things being equal the educated man has a decided advantage over his uneducated opponent in political contests, and though a university degree is not a passport to the affections of the electors, it has its own peculiar charm where united

with the other qualifications, and even if it should be admitted that the elector is less inclined to fasten his choice upon a graduate of a university than upon some other person of inferior education, that circumstance by no means relieves the alumni of our universities from qualifying themselves for serving the State. In fact, the only return the State gets for the vast expenditure on education is in the better equipment of its citizens, not for business nor for trade simply, but for those higher spheres of life upon the efficiency and intelligence of which the State depends.



HIS OPINION.

THE PROFESSOR:—"Yes, strong young men are needed in those stables about as badly as Hercules was needed in certain other stables. Some of the 'old war horses' have left them in bad shape."

THE UNIVERSITY MAN (YOUNG) IN POLITICS.

It is a very ancient and trite observation that men are liable to flattery in proportion to what they can give; and that the less money and influence a man has the more directly and copiously is he apt to hear the truth. The university student is a singular exception to

this law. He has no money—only sufficient for board and books. He has no traceable political influence—his mere vote in the riding he came from. Nevertheless it is customary for even astute politicians to attend college functions and assure this unsubstantial citizen that the future destinies of this fair Canada-of-Ours are in his hands, and beseech the new-mown graduate to

enter into the fulness of our public life and enrich it with the fruits of his studies and to elevate the moral tone of the electoral struggle by bringing with him the "High Ideals" which he has acquired at the university. I do not know who first originated this style of address to students, but it is as well settled among the "Forms and Precedents" of a public man as a reference to the intelligence of a jury is in the vocabulary of a lawyer. It is also equally deserved, and like most forms of adulation does harm.

The Fallacy of the Man of Studies.

There is a certain plausibility in the notion that a man after devoting four or five years to the study of such things as history and "political science" should be formidably equipped to take the platform as against men whose book-learning in any subject is quite insignificant. This is an egregious fallacy. Very little of history is quite enough for the practical politics-worker. A stirring repetition of the words which the Iron Duke did not use to the Guards at Waterloo will go further than an historically complete acquaintance with the whole Napoleonic era. It may be well to have followed with impartial faithfulness the long struggle for what has been called "Catholic Emancipation"; but the lore thus derived will not compare in effectiveness with a chance ring at the "Gates of Derry."

I sometimes think the fault is not in these studies, but the way we take them. We have long been afflicted, like the Encyclopædia Britannica used to be, with the notion that learning to be respectable must take no note of living measures or men. Now the history that would be of use to young Canadians, having designs on the votes of their busy countrymen (and public life is all votes) is the history of the movements that are still quick: with just sufficient of the back record to explain the present. So while it is vastly entertaining to read the doings of the Intendant Bigot it is more to the point to watch the doings of M. Bourassa and M. Tarte, to divine what they mean to do, to measure their influence and discover its sources. It is vastly entertaining to read of the conspiracy of Pontiac, but after all Joe Martin is more apt to influence the affairs of this country. To wait until a man is dead like George Brown or D'Alton McCarthy, or has abdicated his position of political leadership like Mr. Blake or Sir Charles Tupper, before we make his career a study is to defer our collection of evidence until the trial is over.

But is not the study of Political Science a great help to the coming man? On the contrary, it is a very great deterrent. For instance, my recollection is that nearly all the text-books of political economy that we used to read in our college curriculum proved by a series of almost mathematical and unanswerable arguments that *Free Trade* was infinitely more beneficial to a country than *Protection*. Accordingly there is not a public man of any eminence on this continent who can venture to say a single word on behalf of *Free Trade*. So if you take your Political Science seriously you are apt to be an unscientific politician.

The Fallacy of High Ideals.

Some injury is done to students by persuading them they have *High Ideals*. What they have are such things as may come to anyone who has done no serious thinking of public affairs, mere copybook sentiments—such as Grover Cleveland's "Public Office is a Public Trust"—of which anyone may collect a few hundred—in a scrapbook. The man who really has a high ideal will carry it through all the miseries of electoral strife un-

disgusted and undismayed. He will translate it into very common speech for our common people and the ideal will still be high; as high in the tongue of a Davy Crockett as in the organ English of John Milton. But it is better to let your tombstone (if you have one) speak of the highness of your ideal—though if you follow a high ideal you are more apt to be buried in a ditch. In the meantime whenever a public speaker does this High Ideal business remember he really means the crudity of your experience and the simplicity of your intelligence. He is giving you credit for the innocence of babes.

A. T. HUNTER.

THE THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE AND THE UNIVERSITY.

The day has gone by when it is necessary to defend the place and rights of the Theological College in the University, and the place of the Theological Faculty among the sister faculties of Arts, Medicine and Law. In the present relations of the Theological Colleges to the University we are but seeking to realize, under the changed conditions of our time and our country, the original ideal of the University in its studies and functions. It is true that in a non-denominational University, such as our own, the Theological Faculty must be extra-mural; and that, owing to the divisions of the Christian Church, it is unfortunately compelled to be distributed throughout a number of distinct colleges. Confessedly these are disadvantages and a source of weakness. But these can only be removed by the growth of the Christian spirit and by co-operation in Christian work. And there is no happier or more fruitful field for co-operation than in the promotion of the higher education; and no more hopeful and influential sphere for the manifestation of Christian unity than in connection with the National University, the keystone of the educational system of the country.

Three stages can be traced in the connection of the Theological Colleges with the University of Toronto. It was first that of local proximity and educational convenience. The second stage was that of affiliations, which secured for their representatives some voice in the government of the University. The third is that of federation by which they were made by Act of Parliament an integral part of the University itself, and without interference with their autonomy, brought into the closest relation with the administration and the teaching of the whole University.

These intimate relations have conferred great advantages upon the colleges, and have, I think it can be rightly claimed, exerted a salutary influence upon the University itself.

On the one hand, the benefit of this alliance to the University is not inconsiderable. Christianity has from the outset been the great vitalizing influence in education. The co-operation of the Theological Colleges helps to develop and strengthen this influence. It brings into the University the experience and the enthusiasm of educators whose aims and ideals are distinctively Christian, and it strengthens the safeguards against utilitarianism and materialism in its educational aims and methods.

Moreover, through the Colleges the University enlists the sympathy and support of the churches; and, through them, strengthens the confidence of the community at large in its work; and without that confi-

dence a National University cannot maintain its place in a commonwealth which is fundamentally Christian.

Moreover, the sympathies and interest of the Theological Colleges extend to the whole work of the University and University College. They do not enter into competition with any portion of it; but must ever seek to maintain at all costs its homogeneousness and completeness, and to secure for University College as well as for the University Faculty the greatest efficiency and amplest facilities for development.

And it is not a matter of little moment that certain departments of the University, and notably those

struction which the University provides in departments of knowledge most valuable for the student of theology. And all this provision is made without any cost to the Theological Colleges, which are thus able to devote all their resources to the teaching of theology and the promotion of theological studies.

An isolated Theological College is in great danger of coming under the domination of a narrow, exclusive, sectarian spirit. The fellowship of a great university tends to impart breadth of mind and largeness of sympathy. It is a good thing for theological students to mingle with men of different communions and



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of Philosophy and Orientals, derive their chief support from the Colleges, and draw the greater number of their recruits from those who are, or intend to be, students of theology. Then in the Y. M. C. A. of the University and its various departments of Christian work the chief strength and inspiration is drawn from the same sources.

On the other hand, the Theological Colleges enjoy to the fullest extent all the advantages the University can bestow upon them. It provides for their students the richest and most varied culture. In no other way could the discipline of a thorough general education be so effectively secured, for that special in-

struction which the University provides in departments of knowledge most valuable for the student of theology. They learn to know and respect those among whom their future life-work is to be carried on. They become stronger men, more practical, more sympathetic, better able to deal with present-day questions and the problems and difficulties which press hard upon thoughtful men.

There is another way in which the Theological Colleges may in the future be able to extend their usefulness and to minister to the well-being of the University. It is charged against the University that, as a University, it does little or nothing for the ethical and religious training of its students. Provision is

made for intellectual training, even for physical training, but nothing for that which is of supreme value. It would be possible for the Theological Colleges to provide instruction in Biblical College, in Christian ethics and in Christian evidences for non-theological students. Attendance upon such lectures would have to be voluntary. The University could not only give the work its sanction and the stimulus of its approval; but also a defined place in its curriculum by an extension of the system of options without detriment to other branches of study.

The connection of the Theological Colleges with the University rests upon principle, and not merely upon convenience. At least three great truths underlie it.

Christianity can only rightly discharge its responsibilities to the world by actual contact with the world. The withdrawal of Christian men from any sphere has always resulted disastrously both in loss to humanity and in weakness to themselves. Whenever they have, through want of faith in the living power of Christianity or through a Pharisaic spirit of separation, shut themselves out from the business, the politics or the educational interests of the State, they have failed in their mission to the world and themselves have been overcome by the evil. The power and purity of Christianity depend upon its self-sacrificing activities; and in no sphere are they more necessary or more influential than in that of education.

The power and efficiency of Christianity are not limited to its official and ecclesiastical relations. It is possible for a denominational institution, retaining the external and official, to be devoid of what is really vital and essential; and it is equally possible for a non-denominational University to be pervaded by a genuine religious spirit.

As Christians we have everything to gain, nothing to fear from the most assiduous cultivation of science and literature. The methods of enquiry, the self-discipline, the modesty, diligence, patience, accuracy and thoroughness which these studies demand and the truth which they disclose, may well serve as a schoolmaster to bring men to Him who is the Light of the World. There is a dogmatism of some scientists not less unreasonable and repulsive than the dogmatism of some theologians. But the spirit of science is a truth-loving, truth-seeking spirit. It behooves us to remember that reason and faith are natural allies, although untoward circumstances may sometimes interpose and divorce them; and that in the forcible words of Bishop Lightfoot, "The abrogation of reason is not the evidence of faith, but the confession of despair."

J. P. SHERATON.

THE NEED OF AN EDUCATIONAL FRANCHISE.

Some discussion has occurred recently in Toronto as to why University men are not more prominent in politics, and various reasons, more or less vague, have been advanced in reply. Prominent among these alleged reasons was one to the effect that the public have no use for University men in public life, that they regard them as being mere theorists, and generally quite unsuited for any kind of practical work. This means, in effect, that public opinion regards the higher education as unfitting men for the affairs of ordinary life, which, of course, is a ridiculous assumption. University men are in much the same position usually as other men—they have to

adopt a profession and carve out a career, and have no time to seriously enter politics. A more probable cause, however, than any yet advanced for this political abstention is the increasing aversion among educated and sensitive men for the rough-and-tumble work, the constant turmoil, and oftentimes the disgraceful personalities of an electoral contest. This tendency of withdrawal from the discharge of public duties is more marked in the United States than in Canada as yet, but we have it here, and it is a tendency that will grow until politics become more respectable.

That our politics are not respectable is generally admitted by the thoughtful among us, irrespective of their political opinions, as a condition of things inevitable from the degradation of the franchise which the strife of parties has unfortunately brought about. A general disenfranchising act is out of the question, and it would not, perhaps, be considered politically expedient, from a party point of view, to propose the removal of any number of voters already on the register. But under the manhood suffrage clause thousands of young men are continually being added to the voters' lists for no other reason than that they have lived twenty-one years! It is with these new voters that we must begin a process of selection, and the most effectual means would appear to be the institution of some kind of Educational Franchise. This would be a franchise in addition to the present genuine qualifications, because no one can regard the fact of a youth having attained the age of twenty-one years than as about the most ridiculous reason that can be advanced—quite a comic opera reason, indeed—for dignifying him with the responsibility of a vote. The adoption of an educational test for this class of applicants must result, in a few years, to a considerable extent in the elimination of the unfit.

It is to the advantage of all parties in the State to bring out at an election the largest vote of the intelligent people. By our present clumsy system an unusually large number of well-qualified men are, by the nature of their occupation, excluded from casting a vote. For example: Commercial travellers, some ministers of religion, newspaper correspondents, actors, advance agents, barristers, collectors, many railway employees, and innumerable others whose vocations take them away frequently from their electoral district. Not only would an additional franchise of the kind here indicated exclude the undesirable residuum, but could be made, by a simple device, to include the classes of men just referred to, men, who from their education and business training, are in advance of the ordinary voter in general knowledge. For men so circumstanced, an examination for qualification once gone through, a voter's certificate could be issued, entitling them to vote, on the occasion of a general election, in whatever part of Canada they might be; such a certificate might (if required) last a man's lifetime, subject, of course, to periodical verification.

It may be reasonably assumed that in any ordinary assemblage of ordinary men no one would endeavor to controvert the proposition that the franchise cannot be safely entrusted to bodies of men not possessing the least elementary education, for where ignorance and poverty are allied, can we expect anything but venality? It is the degradation of the franchise and the consequent venality which have made politics in the United States a by-word and a jest throughout the world; and there are not wanting indications that Canadian politics are acquiring the same malodorous taint. While human nature is what it

is, a perfect system of government is impossible, but we can at least strive for betterment. The purpose of this paper is not to draft a bill, but to make a tentative proposition which may check an admittedly evil tendency and remedy to some extent an admitted abuse. No restriction of the voting power of the people is suggested, except such as may result from the necessary caution of self-defence in the exclusion of recognized unfitness, and such unfitness complete illiteracy necessarily implies.

The advisability of doing something to nullify the national menace of universal suffrage is being fast recognized in the United States, and several States have adopted some kind of an educational test, such as reading and writing, with a slight examination as to the primary duties of citizenship, and some knowledge of the constitution of the United States. This is so far satisfactory in that it recognizes the necessity, from a national point of view, of some qualification in the voter as opposed to mere manhood. It is an example likely to be followed and improved on by other States, as some of the best thinkers of the day there are fully aware of the urgent necessity of regulating the franchise. Recent revelations, too, in many leading States of municipal mismanagement and fraud on a gigantic scale have opened the eyes of our neighbors to the imminent danger likely to arise from an illiterate electorate easily manipulated by coarse cajolery, fulsome flattery, plentiful promises, or spot cash.

The suggestion here advanced is advanced in no partisan spirit, for both Liberals and Conservatives are alike interested in an improvement in our political condition, as the best men on either side equally acknowledge the present unsatisfactory state of things, while both equally deplore it. It is no wonder that many men deliberately shun politics, but it must be to the detriment of any country when the intelligence and wealth of that country show a serious disposition to neglect all public duties and to leave to needy politicians and professional demagogues the responsibilities of state and the emoluments of office. It is in the common interest of us all that the whole machinery of government should work smoothly, be conducted honestly, and at as little cost as is consistent with efficiency, and the men to carry this through are only to be assembled by the deliberately given votes of reputable citizens. Our parliamentary representatives are a tolerably fair reflex of ourselves, either to our credit or our discredit; hence we are individually and collectively interested in securing the best men to manage our national affairs. As a means to this end the need of an educational franchise may be considered a subject not unworthy of discussion in a magazine conducted by University students for University students—a class of young men among which we may expect to find the pick of Canadian manhood, in whose cultured intellects and enfranchised hands should largely lie the future of our Canadian politics and society.

H. Horace Wiltshire (The Flaneur).

SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF GERMAN STUDENTS.

The German student is pre-eminently sociable, and he frequents at least one club with amazing regularity. Practically every department of study has its club, which meets once a month, if not fortnightly or weekly. There are, besides, clubs for the promotion of football, rowing, snowshoeing, and excursions to the mountains. The centre of them all is the Kneipe.

What the Kneipe is may be guessed from the remark

credited to a student who was a member of the German deputation sent out last year to inquire into social conditions in the United States. "The American student is unsociable," he said, "for he drinks only water. He would be better if he were to drink beer." While the statement is open to question, it throws light on the German customs. Without beer, almost no student gathering is worth attending.

Notwithstanding this fixed point of view, the utmost freedom is allowed every individual as regards his own practice. If a man wants to drink pop, lemonade, coffee, or chocolate, he is perfectly free to do so. Everybody pays his own bill, therefore he has the right to choose for himself what he shall drink.

Treating is practically unknown, so the greatest provocation to excess is lacking. If a man is hungry, he may order supper for himself without asking his fellow-members to eat with him. If his supper takes the form of *pretzels*, they supply the provocation to partake more freely of beer.

There is one case in which treating is compulsory. If one does drink beer and chances to leave the lid of his mug up while there is still any beer in it, the waiter (or waitress) has the right to take a treat for himself and all the company at his expense. If one of the latter is the first to notice the position of the lid, he places his mug upon the open mug, the others following his example. Every mug in the tower thus formed has to be filled and paid for by the owner of the one which forms the foundation. If there is no beer in it, no building may be done, for the open lid is only a sign that a mugful is wanted.

Clubs have regular places and evenings for their meetings. The places are always restaurants, for they are to German life generally what club-houses are with us. Business and professional men, to say nothing of university professors and army officers, have their *Stammtisch*; and the students follow their example, as a matter of course.

The *Stammtisch* is simply a table reserved for a club or a circle of friends. At it no stranger ever thinks of taking a seat unless he accompanies a member, or unless he wishes to join the club.

I well remember the first occasion upon which I made my first appearance at a club meeting. It had been announced as a *Romanistenabend*, an evening for the students of Romance languages. With a friend I ventured in, and found two or three students already "enjoying" something, as the German idiom hath it. They promptly arose and stood to attention. They laid their right hands somewhere in the region of the solar plexus, and their heads came forward as if a spring had been touched. We made as profound a bow as we could, but we were fully aware of the fact that it left much to be desired from a German point of view.

An awkward pause ensued, during which the whole company stood waiting for something—we did not know what. Supposing the others were too polite to sit down before the strangers, we took our seats. Presently we found out how great an offence against good manners we had committed.

Two other men joined us, but, before sitting down, they leaned across the table, touched the spring that produces the bow, and murmured something which we took to be their names. We scrambled to our feet and went through a similar performance. Thenceforth we knew that the new-comer must always introduce himself.

This rule holds in all the relations of life. If a man

acts upon it, he makes as many acquaintances as he may desire. If he fails to observe it, he is left severely alone, for it is taken for granted that he wishes to live a quiet life undisturbed by visitors and invitations.

I know of no country where the conventions are so few and so sensible as they are in Germany. If they are duly observed, life flows more evenly and more pleasantly than it does almost anywhere else. One can live his own life and get time to make of himself what he wants to be.

Added to this respect for individual rights and tastes, German politeness gives a charm to life. At times it may seem formal. It is never so elegant as the French variety or so graceful and dignified as that of the Italians, but it is generally marked by sincerity, and it proceeds from thorough kindness of heart.

No well-conditioned youth would ever think of walking at an older man's right side, but would always choose the left, thus showing respect to the other's years, if not to his position. All men, except the military, greet one another with a magnificent bow, in the course of which the hat describes a series of curves that bring it to its owner's knee. The officers and soldiers give a very precise salute, which it is just as well not to describe as seen in profile.

We are apt to think that only in the British Empire does a man receive the consideration to which he is entitled as a man. But it seems to me that, while we boast, the Germans go further in their practice than we do. They hold that another man may be as good as themselves, while we in Canada say, like the Americans, "I am as good as any other man." For this reason we have become one of the rudest of peoples, forgetting that mutual courtesy is the salvation of democracy, and that he honors himself who pays honor to him whose due it is.

The students, especially those belonging to the Korps, are strong upholders of the law of politeness. Hence the sword marks that adorn their faces.

Upon the occasion of my debut at the *Romanistenverein*, I remember what deference was paid to the professor, a man whose name is known wherever Romance languages are studied. The whole company arose when he entered, and remained standing till he was seated. Nobody ventured to leave the meeting till he had taken his departure. That was after midnight, for he was fond of cigars, and he was not averse to wine. When he did say good-night, there was a repetition of the ceremony that had been observed at his arrival.

The meetings of the Verein were peculiar, in that there was no programme—nothing but conversation, which was not necessarily on matters pertaining to Romance languages. Students of chemistry and theology have been known to have papers read at their meetings, but they were a mere preface to conversation and refreshments.

Anyone who carries away the impression that German students are frivolous, will be making a grave mistake. On the contrary, they are more serious than Canadians, and, taking them all in all, they work harder. At the same time, they have leisure enough really to educate themselves, and to enjoy the society of their fellows in a human and rational fashion. In fact, they seem to have learned, like the majority of their compatriots, the philosophy of life, which their greatest poet summed up in, "*Tages Arbeit, Abends Gasti.*"

A. H. Young.

Trinity University.

ON WRITING FOR "THE VARSITY."

To receive a request to contribute to THE VARSITY nearly twenty years after one's last attempt gives one a pause. It does more, it sicklies o'er the native hue of resolution with the pale cast of thought. How light heartedly one attempted it in youth! With what a heavy heart one approaches the task in middle age! Ah! the divine audacity of youth! As carelessly it writes for THE VARSITY's columns as it requests contributions for its columns!

Well, may an Old Boy try to give two hints to young ones?—Provided the young ones will not take them!—Not yet a while, at all events: far better the divine audacity of youth than the halting diffidence of age. When youth ages . . . that is another matter.

Two things, one seems to learn in time, are absolutely necessary to any writing whatsoever: clarity of vision and clarity of expression. (What a platitude that must sound to youth! What an almost unattainable ideal it sounds to middle age!) Unless you have felt keenly the truth of what you are going to say—do not say it; and unless you can say it so that your reader shall feel it as keenly as you—do not say it. And whatever else you do, do not aim at "a style," do not "put on style" ("*videntem dicere verum, quid vetat?*"). An artificial style is always inapt—like loud clothes. Nevertheless, to sincerity and clarity you may add any ornaments you like (as a beautiful woman may dress as richly as she pleases)—rhythmical utterance, wealth of allusion, subtlety of humor, lambent irony, depth of pathos, sprightly jocularity, brilliancy of phrase—any ornaments you like. But, unless you can see, and unless you can say, ornament is as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.—And, alas! to see requires so much looking; and to say, cometh not but by laborious study. Few attain it, and fewer maintain it when attained. As says Robert Louis Stevenson (in a sentence itself too labored), "perfect sentences are rare and perfect pages rarer" (—a sentence, too, that always reminds me of "Peter Piper picked," etc.).

All Art, including the literary, is an appeal from the heart to the heart, is an appeal to the emotions. Aristotle long ago taught us this in his definition of the function of the drama—a *πάθος* of the emotions. So Horace: "*Si vis me flere, tibi dolendum est primum.*" "Look in thy heart and write," says Sidney. "They learn in suffering what they teach in song," says Shelley. So Mat. Arnold:

"Such, poets, is your bride, the Muse! Young, gay,
Radiant, adorn'd outside; a hidden ground
Of thought and of austerity within."

It may be, though of this I am not yet quite certain, it may be that depth of feeling results in beauty and aptness of expression; that the beauty is dependent upon the depth—as "matter" and "form" are, after all (as Aristotle, again, showed) one and indivisible. Whether feeble and shallow conviction ever expresses itself deeply and powerfully, I doubt—which may solve for us the problem whether truth or beauty be the more effective element of Art. On this point Dr. John Beattie Crozier has a luminous passage:—"Whether your language . . . shall be rich, various, and running over with subtle allusions which shall bring out its finest shading, glancing and sparkling from it as from the facets of a gem; will depend not on your knowledge of words as such, but on the richness, fineness, and complexity of your sympathies

and sensibilities; in a word, on Feeling."—But indeed Keats solved this riddle once and for all:

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty; that is all
We know on earth, and all we need to know."

Has, then, the halting diffidence of middle age no hint for divinely audacious youth? Yes; not yours the need of weeping or of labor. The proper business of youth is play (*testibus* Herr Karl Groos—Professor J. Mark Baldwin concurring, Dr. Hopkinson Smith, *et al.*). Besides, in youth cocksureness takes the place of conviction, and a happy carelessness that of labored expression. Yes; write you fearlessly and carelessly, and renew *our* youth, we who would much rather read THE VARSITY than write for it!

ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

ZETHUS AND AMPHION: THOUGHT AND ACTION.

[The substance of an address at the opening of the Carnegie Library in the town of Sarnia, November 27, 1903.]

I feel inclined to begin in the words of another and an ancient orator, when, in the prosecution of a somewhat similar mission, he entered an ancient and very famous city—a city situated like Sarnia on the waterways: "Ye men of Sarnia," I feel inclined to say, "I perceive that in all things you are very superstitious, for as I came through your streets this evening I came upon an inscription to a very ancient and for a long time now an unknown god. S. P. Q. R. was the inscription—the inscription of the ancient Roman, whom we Britons are supposed to recall and resemble. An inscription very familiar to all University men and readers of the Roman historians, "Senatus Populusque Romanus."

And even after the inscription was interpreted to me to mean in the vernacular something less classical, I am still inclined to call it superstitious, though it only stands for "Small Profits and Quick Returns." For standing here to-night, within the walls of a library, must we not call that motto a superstition? The religion of a library the genius loci suggests exactly the opposite thoughts.

The profits of reading are not small; not ultimately small in any sense, not even small in the pecuniary sense for the nation which numbers many readers—though small enough, no doubt, pecuniarily for the best readers themselves (that is not their treasure, *there* is not their heart)—but not small even pecuniarily for their peoples.

All thought is one; and the thoughtful nation wins all prizes. Remember the history of Germany; when France overran Europe and was said to own the earth, and England overran the seas and was said to own the water, Germany was supreme in metaphysics and in poetry and in thought generally, and the more supreme that its thoughts were not distracted to conquest and empire; and Germany was said to own the air; but because it owned the air, the clouds and mists of metaphysics and speculative activity, it also was qualified, when it turned its thoughts, as in our own day, to commerce, quickly to establish a superiority even there; a superiority it will not easily lose unless it turn a means into an end, and make of commerce a goal, instead of one channel only, for its intellectual energy and its thirst for knowledge.

And if the profits of a library are not small, so surely its returns are not quick; but slow, slow as the mills of the gods, slow as the end of the world. Slowly, surely, by some winding, hidden channel, by some forgotten byway—some here to-night must have had the experience—the knowledge which a man has gleaned from his reading, gleaned because it interested him, and because he read it for its own sake and not for money, because, as the phrase goes, it "found" him, slowly but surely in the changes of fortune, in the interdependence of all things, this knowledge turns out to have even a material and practical value and to be synonymous with bread and butter; and the bread and butter so won, won by congenial labor, is as sweet as bread and honey wrested from labor which is not congenial. But it must be knowledge gleaned for its own sake and not for the bread and honey, or it will never turn to bread and honey. Such bread and honey is like happiness or salvation, only gained when not sought. Only those who lose it, who forget honey and money in their pursuit of knowledge, save it; and those who save it, who seek to win such honey for its own sake, miss it.

There is another reflection which obtrudes itself to-day upon any thoughtful man who finds himself in a library. The mass of materials for thought and reading threatens thought and reading. In the middle ages the students in Oxford sat on the steps of the theatre sharing one torn copy of Aristotle; and those students were beggars in many cases. To-day, though few students be beggars, they may be almost as badly off as beggars, from the poor quality of their reading, which has destroyed their mental taste and digestion; upon the mass of rubbish which hides from them the best books, the greatest monument of all literature, e.g., the Bible, is overlooked and forgotten, and is little known on this continent in comparison with former times. Universities used to give licenses to beg; to-day, in spite of Milton, most University men have found themselves wishing that Universities could license the books to be read.

Again, in a library the sensitive mind is conscious of a certain keen depression. As we wander from shelf to shelf we realize that not only have the subjects about which we do not talk, because we are conscious of our ignorance, evoked a whole literature, but the same is true of subjects about which we have hitherto talked and which we have supposed were understood and settled long ago; and it dawns upon us that if our conversation is to be of what we know, there will soon be a general silence in the land. For this very reason, therefore, that our conversation is generally of what we do not know, and also because it is the way of our race to hide our souls in conversation, and talk on the surface of things, and remain superficial always and trifling—unlike a Frenchman or an ancient Greek—for this very reason we above all men need libraries to keep our souls alive. The aim of education for most men, said a great man, is facility to converse; to converse, that is, with real conversation; with such conversation as Dr. Johnson found with Burke, and Goldsmith, and Boswell, and Sir Joshua; with such conversation as Socrates found with the keen-witted unconventional youth of Athens. Is there any one here who has not wished he could interrupt the banalities of "society," by taking up a book and reading aloud; is there any one who has not wished that the "original" banalities of the pulpit could be exchanged for the reading—not original—of the sermons which have moved mankind? This library

in Sarnia would be justified and more than justified if it spread in Sarnia a facility to converse truly.

It is not necessary that it develop in Sarnia many first-rate thinkers; how many such need it develop from this time forth for evermore? How many real philosophers? the city of old was saved for ten righteous men? Shall we be more exacting? Will not ten original thinkers—ten thinkers, like Coleridge, whom his friends described “as an archangel—slightly damaged”—be sufficient to save Sarnia in this respect from this time forth forever?

For other and ordinary persons a facility to converse will do; and your motto is sufficient; “lege ut vivas” is your motto, I see. Reading and action; thought and life; high thinking and strenuous living; the native hue of resolution and the pale cast of thought on the same Sarnia faces; *φιλοκαλία μετ'ευστελείας, φιλοσοφία ἄνευ μαλακίας*. And beware of the many pitfalls in reading. I do not speak of those who reverse your motto: qui vivunt, ut legant: who live to read; of the ten Coleridges in prospect: they have their reward and their justification. I speak rather in the first place of those “qui ita legunt ut non vivant,” who miss life in thought and yet accomplish little in thought; who only bewilder themselves by their thought and reading, and when it is too late find they have missed their role in life and were never meant to be Coleridges. A very common fate in this day, when education often outruns the mental capacity of those who receive it and hanker after its treasures, but who have no root of brain power within themselves and become only ineffectual echoes of each passing book; the “Tomlinsons” of society in Mr. Kipling’s brilliant versc. I speak in the second place of men a degree worse: “qui legant ne vivant;” of those who read to escape the practical duties of life; who excuse themselves for neglect of home duties and domestic charities by the plea of reading; of those men and women who avoid duller duties for novel reading. Reading, says a great Frenchman, is the dram drinking of the intellectual, their anodyne, and opium, and wine. It is their golf; it is their method of escaping care and worry and recollection; their devise to secure oblivion; of such reading it is that the wise man said no time was more lost than the time spent in reading; such reading is only an hypocrisy, half-conscious of itself, for evading action. I may be permitted to doubt in this connection, especially as being one of the culprits, whether it is good for us to look forward very eagerly each month to the resuscitated Sherlock Holmes. Yet Sherlock tends to edification compared with many other modern heroes of romance.

I speak in the third place of men “qui legunt quod non vivunt,” of men who are too dead to life to see what goes on around them; too cold-blooded to realize the tragedy of every home in Sarnia; men without natural affection, but with an active mind which enables them, in default of eyes and ears and sympathy, to lose themselves in books. Our examination system is well calculated to bring such one-sided people to the front; the strong natures which cannot forget life in literature, and the real and present in the unreal and imaginary, do not shine as well upon paper in the examination hall; but such narrow, one-sidedness of interest and indifference to the actual is a misfortune to the community, and though he does not know it, to the individual himself also, unless, indeed, he be one of the ten Coleridges; one of the ten who think and dream to great purposes

and great results. As I look back from this distance upon Oxford and her schools, I remember men with equal or greater ability and application who were handicapped by the fuller life they felt, the deeper interest they took in the questions of the hour, and by their consequent inability to lose themselves in the philosophy or history of Greece and Rome.

Books, says Macaulay, never fail one, never perish, never are out of temper, never are taken away; but whether there be sweethearts, I suppose he means, they shall fail, whether there be friends they shall cease, whether there be wife and child they shall vanish away; and so it is. Yet it is bad thing for a man and his friends—always assuming he is not of the ten righteous—that books should take the place of living men and women. We want this library, and you who read in it, to give the outsiders more of the books; not to leave them for the books; you are not to be taken from the world to books, but to take books to the world; take the inspiration of the books here home to the men who can not find time to come, and above all to the women hard pressed with domestic trifles, intellectually starved by the dull, unvarying round of domestic cares to the women for whom the Greek Euripedes used to plead, that no one needed more the larger air of the outside world and the reviving breath of new interests.

Remember the parable of Martha and Mary does not admit of application in this age and country, where it is the Maries who have chosen the better part, who have listened to the voice of love, that are afterwards cumbered with much service; your mission, you readers here, is to take the inspiration of this library to them.

This, then, is your motto, “lege ut vivas,” and no age needed it more. In all the old problems of democracy in the past, in questions of slavery, questions of popular education, questions of class government, questions of a united country, popular instinct unenlightened by reading was a fair guide in the solution of difficulties; a better guide at any rate than sophisticated self-interest and enlightened selfishness; but here is a question before us, the question of Free Trade and Protection, flung upon us suddenly, which is no question of instinct, which needs reading and thought, even statistics and experts, as no popular question needed them before. Think for a moment of what priceless service this library would be if it could only equip a few men here to really understand and be able to explain to others the new and pressing yet all-important question of the day; this question in which sentiment, commerce and the philosophy of human nature are all involved and all to their highest powers; this question which is above all questions, for philosophers; and which yet, ironically and tragically, seems likely to be made the football of party politics and of the clap-trap of mass meetings.

If your library could help you there, you would feel at once the profound truth that books outweigh the greatest public works, the greatest of railways and manufacturing; that books are bridges, and the most lasting of bridges; bridges over the gulfs of ignorance and prejudice; over the marshes of ennui and indifference, over the pitfalls of temptation and evil, and one book in particular—“with it began with it must end my speech:” *ἔν σοι μὲν λήξω σοο δ' ἄρξομαι*—one book has been and is and will be a bridge over the river of death.

MAURICE HUTTON.

IDEALS OF LIFE.

To obtain a true ideal of life is the highest object which a human being can seek. This seems a self-evident proposition to which no negative answer would be given by any intelligent young man about to face life; but, strange to say, unconsciously or otherwise, it is not the actual preponderating thought in the minds of the majority of even the most worthy.

Nothing has been more characteristic of the human race at all times than the dominant influence of environment. Our life and conduct are colored by the acts and conduct of those about us, and it is only in rare instances that men have been found strong enough to rise superior to surroundings and strike out a new and better pathway. The present age is essentially materialistic. It is useless for parsons to vociferate, or optimists to rave, about the higher conditions which now prevail as com-

posing to adopt law as a profession he dreams of attaining wealth and preferment as the goal of his hopes. The same thing applies to medicine, engineering, and even those who are thinking of the Christian ministry as a profession seem incapable of so far recognizing the supreme aims of that calling, that fat pastorships and bishoprics loom up as coveted objects.

It is, indeed, merely uttering a trite statement to remark that these aims are not in accordance with true ideals of life.

What is the true ideal, the highest ideal? It can never be associated with personal advantage as an aim. No man can enter the legal profession with the highest ideal when the object he has in view is simply his own personal advancement in the profession. The highest ideal is to devote himself to securing the noblest and best results in his profession, and, if pursuing it with that aim, he reaches, as indeed he is most likely to reach,



U. of T. Track Team, winners Intercollegiate Track Meet, 1903.

pared with the past times. True it is that intelligence is more generally diffused, that benevolent institutions are more numerous, that regard for human life and human happiness is more generally recognized and the spirit of tolerance and liberty more generally prevails. All these may be true, but the fact nevertheless remains that at this particular period of the world's history a desire for material advantage, a rush for wealth and a yearning to achieve worldly fame are as supreme, if not more so, than at any previous period of human history. As long as this condition exists true ideals will be obscured.

One of the great difficulties at the present moment is to get a fair recognition of what a true ideal is. Young men pursuing a college course are almost inevitably, owing to the characteristics of the age to which they belong, looking forward to success in their chosen professions—success from a worldly point of view—as the great purpose of life. If the young man is pro-

the highest position, then his career is founded on the true ideal. The man who adopts the profession of teaching with a view to becoming a popular teacher who will command a high salary and obtain a professorship in a great university or become president of a university, begins life with a low ideal. The man who enters the teaching profession should enter with one object only, and that is to pursue it from day to day with the simple sole purpose of pouring light, inspiration, and greatness of purpose into the hearts and lives of those brought under his care. In the doing of this he will probably attain ultimately the highest position. Indeed the man who pursues his life devoted to his work rather than to himself is bound to secure the greatest promotion because he is working along true lines.

One great principle may be stated with absolute certainty, namely, that the highest ideal can never be attained so long as the chief aim of a man is self-

advancement. The highest ideal can never be attained unless the supreme purpose of the man's life is to labor and toil for others in disregard of his own personal success. The very essence of the doctrine proclaimed by Jesus Christ, which has to such a degree commanded the interest and admiration of mankind, will be found embodied in the principle of laboring and striving for others and trampling self underfoot. To embody the principle in one little, but pregnant, word, the essence of Christism is love, and love may be best defined as forgetting self and thinking of others.

The adoption of this principle in this age is unquestionably a matter of heroism. It is hard in the mad struggle for personal advancement for a young man to say, "I take my stand on the principle of the true ideal; I will do what is right; I will be content with nothing but the highest ideals, and mould my life accordingly, whatever the personal results may be to myself;" and yet if the flame of ambition has found a lodgment in any young man's heart, then take heed of the fact that most of the heroes whom the world is now worshipping are men, not who fought and obtained the highest position by striving for it, but who gave themselves a permanent advancement and devoting all to a great purpose.

It is difficult to make any man realize in this material age that it is of small moment to a man whether he lives and dies rich or poor. Nearly every young man will agree to the proposition that he should pursue high ideals, provided he could live in a large house and have plenty of money for his hourly comfort. It is almost impossible to convince a young man that he may fulfil the highest conditions of living without a big house and without wealth. Will anyone, looking the problem straight in the face, venture to make the assertion that the attainment of wealth, living in a large house, and the possession of a great office, constitute the highest ideal of life? The lip answer will be in the negative, and, a hundred to one, the heart answer will be an affirmative.

In the pursuit of life alternative courses will inevitably present themselves. The one, by the sacrifice of the highest, leads to immediate comfort and worldly success; the other, pursuing the true ideal, opens up a vista of struggle, difficulty and adversity. Which alternative will the average young man at this day pursue? The answer is, the first, because the great scramble of the age is to "get there." But this is to be said, that the only man that has any chance of permanent recognition, either by his own age, or by posterity, is the man who adopts the second.

It is common in this age to sneer at the judgment of posterity. "What can posterity do for me?" asks the self-satisfied materialist, who is rushing on in the struggle for preferment. If I stand alone in all this world I shall continue to declare that the man who shapes his life with a view to the judgment of posterity is the only man who is living according to the highest ideals. Posterity has never worshipped a successful man, however great the position he may have attained in the world by selfish means, and the majority of the men whose names adorn the annals of the world's greatest benefactors and heroes are men who thought little during their lives of personal preferment, and, probably, most of them died poor and, from the world's standpoint, unsuccessful. The man who is willing to dare the adverse judgment of his contemporaries in order that he may make sure of the highest judgment of posterity is the man who is coming little short of pursuing the highest ideal.

Of what value would have been the life of Christ if He had made the accumulation of wealth or the attainment of power the object of His existence? Suppose by His great abilities he had been able to secure the independence of Palestine and Himself made King of the Jews. His contemporaries would have regarded His life as a success, but posterity would have had scarcely a thought for Him. With this example before us, who shall say that a young man in pursuing his career should be perpetually bound down by the cords of selfish interests, grovelling only for material advancement, rather than be free to pursue the highest ideals at whatever risk of personal fortune, but with the certainty of achieving true glory, recognized or unrecognized.

If this age has a need above all others, it is of heroes. Not, indeed, those who, girding themselves with the sword, court temporary glory on the battlefield, but those who in the daily and hourly pursuits of life do the morally heroic thing, and present an example to mankind. The world, of course, is not without its heroes and its heroines too. The daily and hourly self-sacrifices of many men and women are beautiful and sublime, and all the more so that they are unknown. But the principle of self-sacrifice and devotion to the highest should be illustrated in the open fields of public action, where the example may be contagious, and thus lead the world gradually toward higher ideals.

If, by any power or inspiration, caught from a higher influence, I could pour a word into the minds and hearts of the young men of Canada who are pursuing a University course with the view of taking a leading position in the affairs of the country, I would say to them, first of all, let your great aim in life constantly be to work and achieve for others rather for self. Do not yearn to be Prime Minister of Canada; do not struggle to be Chief Justice; do not long for wealth and power. No man is really fit to be Prime Minister of Canada who seeks the position for his own glory and advancement. He only is fit to occupy that position who, honestly and earnestly struggling for the advancement of his country, obtains the confidence of his fellow-men by his devotion to their service. Examine the constituency of your own college and see and judge if you will whether the most promising men are those whose aims are most frankly selfish. That man is going to be really the greatest man who thinks least of self, and that man will achieve the greatest honor and the greatest glory for his country whose aims and ideals are the least affected by personal considerations, and, as far as may be, absorbed in the great work of advancing the interests of others.

This is what I call—and perhaps I am wrong—pursuing the highest ideals.

J. W. Longley.

MY ORDERS.

My orders are to fight.
Then if I bleed and fail
Or strongly win, what matters it?
God only doth prevail.

The servant craveth naught
Except to serve with might.
I was not told to win or lose—
My orders are to fight.

Ethelwyn Wetherald.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GREEK.

The lowliest herb, in garden or on plain,
Dies; but with Spring awakes to life again.
Man, crown of all, when his brief life is o'er,
Sleeps in his grave and wakens nevermore.

—From the Fourth Idyll of Moschus.

This wreath, my Rhodoclea, thy true love,
With his own hands, of fairest blossoms wove:
Narcissus, lily, and anemone,
Red rose, dark violet, here are twined for thee.
Wear this, and wearing it, remember, maid,
That beauty blooms like flowers, like flowers must fade.

—Rufinus.

Stella, thou gazest at the stars; O would I were those
skies
To look upon thee from above with all their myriad eyes!

—Plato.

Traveller, draw near, read, learn for whom
Affection round this new-raised tomb
These faded garlands wove.

Aretemias, in Cnidos bred,
To my dear Euphron I was wed;
Nor barren was our love.

Of our two babes, one rests with me—
His pledge; and one, his prop to be
In age, I left above.

—Heracletus.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

This name, at once famous and obscure, familiar and unknown, was one of those to whom letters of introduction were given to the writer by Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman in the winter of 1897. The letter was really, as it happened, to Mrs. Stoddard, not her husband, as the latter would not, of course, come under the head of "novelists," in whose interest a short series of articles was contemplated, but in literary circles of the quieter kind one heard of the "Stoddards" much as one used to hear of the "Brownings," and perhaps of the "Schumans"—Robert and Clara, so completely was the ideal of married existence realized. The name of Elizabeth Stoddard was included in Mr. Stedman's list of leading novelists, along with W. D. Howells, Edgar Fawcett, Frank Stockton, Dr. Eggleston and Brander Matthews, but I must admit that two of these names were not familiar to me in the realm of fiction, and one was that of Mrs. Stoddard. However, it is to be presumed, and indeed expected, that good work may be done in large centres as well as small, and yet remain local, such as does not go forth to the world and earn universal recognition. Mr. Stedman regarded the three striking novels written by Elizabeth Stoddard, of which the "Temple House" is the best, as instances of literary success con-

finied to a limited area and never destined to become popular.

It was upon a bitterly cold, windy February afternoon that in turning aside from the wells and canons of modern New York formed by the presence of gigantic sky scrapers and business blocks that hide the sunlight and help to create currents of bleak air, I found myself on the quiet East Side of Fifteenth street, looking for the Stoddards. I may say at once that I do not like interviewing, but that I do like being interviewed. What seems impertinence to me as I arise and go forth to stalk my prey is a different matter when I descend to answer the timid questioning of some abject and shrinking being who chiefly asks that I shall talk about myself. One gets so few chances of that kind!

The home of the Stoddards happened to be one of an unpretentious row of old-fashioned brick dwellings near an ancient square, not too far from the shops and theatres for convenience sake, and yet removed from street car and other traffic. The iron railings, plain draped muslin curtains and low steps gave the house an altogether un-New-York-like appearance; here was some exterior individuality, at any rate. Within doors, the narrow hall, low rooms and steep staircase revealed an undoubtedly old New York dwelling-house made up-to-date only by dark rich carpets, many books and a small grate fire burning in the back parlor. I say parlor advisedly, since in many places in the United States the word "drawing-room" has not arrived, even to-day. Upon a table drawn to the fire was a plate, with some oranges, a couple of fruit knives, and a pair of spectacles. The plain, rich, honest comfort of the place struck me. I had just come from another author's dwelling—in a sumptuous flat, where the door handles were yellow onyx, where tea *a l'Anglaise* had been served in gilded cups, where forced flowers abounded. I liked Fifteenth street better. I liked the narrow window looking out upon a small court with trees. I liked the little fireplace flanked on either side by books, and I liked above all the homely presence of the fruit and the knives and the spectacles. Ushered upstairs by the quiet maid, who had admitted me, I found Mrs. Stoddard at the door of her sitting-room waiting to welcome me and introduce me to the gray-haired poet, who, although hearty enough in other ways, was almost blind, and could not make any great effort towards entertaining new guests. Yet this was not felt to be a loss. His fine head was picturesque and noble. His conversation, judicious and weighty, flowed freely and cheerfully, especially if one talked, as we almost immediately did, of poetry and books. His wife was openly delighted that we had so quickly reached his favorite theme, and told me that it was a mistake not to talk of his place in poetry or of the art itself. That that was what he loved most, was most familiar with, understood best. That some visitors, for fear of being thought sycophantic, forbore to talk to him of his verse or of poetic work at all. That he read a great deal still of other literature, but that his knowledge of all poetry from its Greek beginning to its English and American fruition was most wonderful and complete. I may say that I truly found it so. He seemed to know every minor poet in England, from Arthur Hugh Clough and Coventry Patmore to Professor Dowden, Emily Pfeiffer, and the *vers de societe* writers. He spoke encouragingly of Canadian versifiers, among whom he assigned a high place to Charles Sangster (!) but added that some new national note must be struck before we could evolve a really great poet.

"Nature is not enough," he said in this connection, "you require heart and blood and nerve and muscle in your great ones—poets or not. You are too well off in Canada; you want to live a little harder, work, perhaps suffer, fight—who knows? before you produce virile poetry."

And he then paid me some compliments on what I had done personally in Canadian verse, naming several pieces as most original, full of genuine poetry, and so forth. I mention this because of the context. A natural protest on my part was anticipated by Mrs. Stoddard.

"Mr. Stoddard never flatters," she observed gravely. "He says he is too old for that."

Reminiscences of Longfellow, Emerson, Alcott, Lowell and Holmes, were quietly thrown out, not with the air of the dinner table raconteur, but as things uppermost and prized in the mind of a man growing old in years and living largely in the past, though not devoid of rational pride in the progress of the swift American world.

Meanwhile Mrs. Stoddard's modesty did not prevent me from alluding to her own achievements in the direction of novel writing, and here I thought it best to frankly avow that "Temple House" was unknown to me save through the medium of Mr. Stedman's praises. I had, in fact, sought for it in the booksellers' shops both of New York and Toronto, with no success. The writer then gave me two copies, but in sheets; whether these were left-overs, or "remainders" in technical phrase, I do not know, but the result I know, which is that, although read and admired, the sheets became loose, were wafted about all over the house, finally disappeared, and now, when I would give a great deal for a bound copy of the book, so daring and vivid in thought and portraiture, I cannot even find one of those missing pages! Strange—the ultimate destiny of some books! Not having it at hand to refer to, and knowing no one else who has read it, I have forgotten the names of the characters, the plot, the denouement. I regret this, but it illustrates the difference—to the author the painful, bitter, mortifying difference—between the book that makes its way and lives and becomes a popular success, and the book that lingers on, its weak vitality fanned every now and then by anxious friends and conscientious critics, but which succumbs in the end, collapses, and is seen and heard of no more. Some of us know such books, and some of us know such authors. Mr. Vernon Blackburn's title of "Butterfly Music," as applied to the exquisite operatic creations of Arthur Sullivan, seems to include these ephemeral, isolated, doomed-to-an-early-death effusions, which at one time gave pleasure and profit to many who read them.

The Stoddards, however, certainly presented an aspect of much calm and content when I saw them, so that deeper than desire for all poetic and literary fame must have been their ability to enjoy the small immediate things of life, and with an inward turning eye lead—not what interviewers call "the literary life"—whatever the phrase may mean, but just pleasant, ordinary, disciplined days of serene and cultivated labor, brightened by many things, one an intense interest in and admiration for their son, the actor, who predeceased his parents.

My impression of Richard Henry Stoddard amounted to this: I thought him very likely to be a greater thinker than he was a poet. I mean that the accumulated bulk of his poetry, chiefly sonnets, fails perhaps to put be-

fore the world what he really felt and believed with regard to life. If in his youth he was, as often averred, the equal of Longfellow, that equality soon disappeared before the superior directness and beautiful lyric and pictorial quality of the latter's verse. In poetry, just as in music, people want something they can carry away. can love and memorize, and quote and hum. This is in one direction the art, the power, of creating pictures and clothing thought, and in the other, the art, or power, of writing tunes, strains, melodies. When we say "Longfellow" we think of any number of beautiful figures and images, such as Hiawatha, Evangeline, King Olaf, and all their entourage. When you say "Stoddard" it is difficult to summon up either graphic picture or familiar quotation; you know there was poetry, you remember there were sonnets, and that is—I am speaking of the ordinary reader of poetry—about all. So that performance did not in this case run quite hand in hand with endowment; the power of self-expression had its limitation; there was high poetic thought in plenty, but not that particular gift of transmuting into intelligible and attractive verse those sights and sounds, theories, dreams and convictions, which at all times filled his fine mind, but refused to be caught down, pinned to earth, appropriated by others.

The charm of these equally poised, serenely industrious, simple and affectionate temperaments, clung to me as I passed out into the bleakest, most forbidding February afternoon I ever encountered. I walked across to Sixth avenue looking for a hansom, but each one that I met had its occupant. The wind increased to a blizzard, it began to snow, my fingers caught the cold, for, not dreaming of such weather, I had come out in mere gloves, and Siegel & Cooper's vast doors were momentarily banging—open and shut, open and shut—and I knew of a warm waiting-room, with papers.

I was really due at a very different kind of place, with music and tea, again *a l'Anglaise*, with imported servants to wait and open the door and imported accents falling on the ear. I stayed in the department store instead until politely requested to leave, which just gave time to dine at a Sixth avenue restaurant and go to the opera. The pure American spirit I had shared in Fifteenth street much impressed me, and if the pure American spirit means, as some think it should, simplicity, repose and truth, then the Stoddards were perfect exponents of these representative democratic qualities.

Seranus.

SWEET CLOVER.

The highway by an ancient quarry wound
Where heat lay quivering in the aching glare,
Till tall sweet clover—white-capped billows fair—
Arose, and in the cooling fragrance drowned
The barren drought. A dulcet soothing sound
Of garnering bees droned in the freshened air
Throughout the summer, and the wanderer
Paused in the perfumed path and joyment found.
When death came with the autumn wind, the snow
A pall spread sheer, and through it mistily,
Like bygone dreams, faint incense rose, as though
Some spirit swung the censer lovingly.
O spark within, illumine my being so;
Then may I leave as fair a memory.

Alma Frances McCollum.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE: A HINT AND SUGGESTION.

One can scarcely think of a transition greater than that from present day literary life and work to the atmosphere and spirit in which Coleridge lived and wrote. Yet an excursion for the most up-to-date student out of his intellectual surroundings, and a little sojourn where every breath of air has a quality different from what he is accustomed to, should both stimulate and refresh. Besides, every forceful and forward thinker in any age should feel the pressure behind him of those who lived and thought before he was born, and should absorb their spirit, and with it enrich his own.

Great names appear in history in groups. Looking over a table of chronology, either ancient or modern, we come upon the conspicuous lives in bunches. Like stars and flowers, they constellate and cluster. One year gives

spreads his work; it is the sadness which belongs to fair work unfinished.

The story of his life will stand being often told: the merest outline of it is suggestive. The son of a quaint father and a clever mother, Coleridge was born in Devonshire in 1772. His father was a clergyman, and lived in a misty region of dreamland and sanctity; he might have been called angelic—so withdrawn from life's ordinary interests; only he was twice married and had ten children! Any home influence the child knew was his mother's, and she was perilously proud of her precocious boy. In these days, when heredity is in vogue, it were nice to trace the vague constitutional influence of a "feckless" father and the pressure of an ambitious mother on this lad's life. Fatherless and homeless at ten, and in the blue coat and white bands of Christ's Hospital, as a charity-boy, he was having his fine mind cultured and his susceptible body injured in the heart



U. of T. Senior Rugby Team, Winners of Canadian Intercollegiate Rugby Football Union Championship, 1903.

Europe Napoleon and Wellington; the next gives England Wordsworth, and Germany Hegel; the following five give us Sir Walter Scott and Coleridge and Southey and Charles Lamb and Turner—a wonderful array of human power—some of these men supplying their age with ideas, and some with deeds.

Coleridge was perhaps the most unique man in that galaxy of genius. No one like him went before nor has appeared since. The mould in which he was cast is of the rarest type. We might sooner have a Napoleon or a Scott again than a Coleridge. The result of his life work is less in amount than that of any of his contemporaries, but he lives in our wonder above them all. It is as rare an experience to be with him as to be in the pathetic streets of Venice. A mystery and beauty are around him, as there are in the sea and in palaces of marble. But it is not the pathos of decay that over-

of London. While Wordsworth was bathing during summer holidays in the Derwent, Coleridge and Lamb were steeping their hungry little bodies in the New River—making themselves hungrier by watching the birds and the fishes feed; and in winter, at booksellers' windows, they took the edge off their physical appetite by whetting their intellectual. Little wonder that two so sensitive youths, with such tingling nerves and such mismanaged frames, allowed their medicines to become their masters.

At college, as at school, Coleridge was characterized by his marvellous power to read, and his unlimited capacity to glean and garner. He was like a man equipping a navy rather than loading the hold of his own memory; and they who knew what he was doing wondered whither the ship would sail. They thought it would be to some gardens of the Hesperides, for they

believed that he would find for the world apples of gold. But they did not know with how feeble a hand he was to hold the rudder of life. Entranced and absorbed with any airy speculation or dreamy fancy, as forgetful of himself as of other people, and as unconscious as the figurehead on the prow, he heeded neither anchor nor compass, and drifted wherever there was wind and water. His sailing at its best was little else than daring tub practice in dangerous waters, though he bore one of the world's most priceless cargoes. Carlyle, in his *Sterling*, has told the bitter end of this gifted life, if too painfully only because too truly, when Coleridge shuffled in and out of the Highgate garden, a puffed victim, sore given to opium.

Yet when this "rapt one of the god-like forehead" began to sing, the silence of an English century was pleased. No notes ever were more welcome, or more distinctly heralded a new day for art and literature. No one knew this better than Wordsworth, when, recalling the summer when they were together "upon smooth Quantock's airy ridge," he said:

"Thou in bewitching words, with happy heart,
Didst chaunt the vision of that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner, and rueful woes
Didst utter of the Lady Christabel."

Far more than Wordsworth himself, so consecrated and patient in his ministry as a poet, Coleridge awoke a forgetful age to the spiritual harmony of things, and in a few brief years gave the English tongue a contribution of as precious poetical treasure as it has ever had to carry.

One of the greatest who ever met Robert Burns said of him that it was a mere accident which made him known only as a poet, as he was in other directions quite as well equipped and capable. The same is true of Coleridge. In speculation and metaphysics, in ethics and religion, his gifts and resource were as conspicuous and rare as in the field of poetical creation. The contributions he gave to these subjects were very fitful and fragmentary, but they were most influential and fruitful. Few men who said so little on philosophy and religion have had that little so entirely absorbed into the thought of their generation, so as sometimes to determine its course and oftener to enrich it with new fragrance and flavor. This man's words were eminently a fountain-head, the flowing of which was only intermittent and often troubled, but its influence has been beneficent and singularly far-reaching.

This paper would suggest to any student of literature or philosophy that, if he have come to the not unusual experience of having reached arid weariness in his reading, and if his jaded mind refuses the lead of his immediate teachers, both relief and fresh impulse might come from an excursion into the intellectual regions where Coleridge has sway, and whence he set so much fresh thought stirring more than a century ago. As simple ballads revive poetry when it is overstrained, and as a cottage tale refreshes when richer literature has wearied; so fresh pastureland, with a spirit of surprise and unconsciousness and spiritual rapture prevailing there—as in that region where Coleridge is the presiding genius, might alleviate and renew a tired and unwilling mind. To be with him, however, is far more an experience of atmosphere, and therefore of inspiration, than a discipline of intellectual pabulum and exercise. It should also, in justice be added that some pretty

severe moral training may be found by entering with Coleridge into both his utterances and his effort, when he realized how he had laid waste his powers and in sore repenting sought to retrieve and atone. It was of these later years of contrition and endeavor after new obedience that Lamb spoke when he said that he found in his friend "a hunger for eternity." It was a wonderful group that gathered round Coleridge, even in his shatters age, for light and leading—poets, painters, critics, preachers and men of letters—the men who intellectually headed the life of the nineteenth century. From the thought of that group the suggestion may come to some of us that something essential may still be heard by any who go on intellectual pilgrimage to chantment in his imagery, and even the wreck of his life hath dust of gold.

"Six years from sixty saved! Yet kindling skies
Own them, a beacon to our centuries."

A. B. Liddell.

WOMEN IN JOURNALISM.

When women first entered journalism they occupied a peculiar place. They were, in reality, "freaks," and they usually obtained their positions, and their chances to work for prestige, by some out-of-the-way exploit. Gradually, however, the opinions held by the majority of the editors changed. Women began to be regarded as very convenient additions to newspaper staffs. It was discovered that there was some reporting which men always did very badly.

There are still, of course, city editors who send men to millinery opening and W. C. T. U. meetings, but perhaps it is not too much to say that they are not the most advanced of their kind.

Last week, in a fashionable milliner's, a nice-looking chap interviewed a pretty milliner's assistant as to the comparative number of dead birds used in this year's millinery. The Humane Society's meeting was just over, and some of the truths uttered there had stirred up a ripple in some newspaper men's minds. The girl told him all about the birds, what sort were fashionable, how they were put on hats, and that larger numbers were used. He said: "Yes! Yes!" and "Indeed;" and looked straight into her pretty brown eyes. I'm sure he didn't know a gull from a blackbird even when he went out, but he could have drawn her face and told you what color her stock-collar was, and, more than that, her brown eyes danced between him and the pavement all the way to Yonge street, I know they did.

A man despises a cooking school. He goes because he is sent to report some closing or particular demonstration, but he goes with the same spirit that a boy goes to play with his little sisters, when they insist upon dressing dolls.

Women readers, however, want to know all about cooking schools, and, with all due deference to the variable forms genius takes in the mind of the male reporter, it must be said that his report is usually more entertaining than it is meant to be, and less truthful and instructive than he and the wise city editor blandly believe. It is the same with fabrics and costumes and the ins and outs of feminine social and philanthropic life. A man cannot do these things. He hasn't the vocabulary. He hasn't the ability to write from that full knowledge of his subject which invests even a condensed report with a magic you cannot explain and which makes all the difference between good and bad reporting.

Newspaper offices have changed somewhat since women first invaded them. There were, ten years ago, two distinct forms of treatment accorded the woman reporter, and they were both embarrassing.

One was to shut her off quite by herself in a room, to treat her as an intruder, to drop loud tones, put on coats and remove pipes and cigars when she appeared, to use unnecessary slang in conversation in place of more emphatic and more usual language; and, altogether, to make of her something out of the way, and in the way.

The other method was to allow her to occupy a desk in the reporters' room, where tobacco smoke always hung, where the conversation went on in its accustomed way, where she was treated as a "jolly good fellow," if she were that sort, and a nuisance of a prig if she were the other sort.

Now, women are so much a matter of course in connection with newspapers that their offices are planned, their comings and goings cause no comment, and their work is given out from the same big book the men's work is given from. It is realized that there is some work a man cannot do, and some that a woman cannot do, also a great deal that is interchangeable. It is by no means to be assumed that all editors welcome women into the field of journalism. Some wouldn't have them on their papers, if the other papers didn't, and some won't have them whether the others do or not.

There are many reasons urged against women. Some of the more interesting are as follows:

"The freedom of the men on the staff is interfered with."

"When the women are young the men make love to them; and when they are old they talk too much."

"They always think they are too important."

Perhaps, though, it may be believed these are not so much the well-balanced opinions of a thinking editor as the one-sided remarks of a woman-hater.

It must be said, however, that even if a woman does enter a newspaper office with due humility and an acquaintance with a reliable synonym dictionary, she is likely to be unable to distinguish between journalism and literature, between a newspaper woman and a literary lady. Sometimes she never gets those terms disentangled, and that is one of the tragedies of newspaperdom.

Journalism is a quick-lunch—tasty, served hot, and not heavy enough to be indigestible.

Literature is a dinner party of elaborate courses, with stately waiters and a rose to pin on yourself. Perhaps the equivocal statement that the women who have made a success of journalism are those who have forsaken it for more profitable employment with fewer exactions and more dignity may have more than a grim humor behind it. It may be that the worn-out, tired journalist is of little use on a newspaper. Perhaps her freshness of touch and imagination, like the singer's young voice and the society actress' pretty face, are her chief recommendations.

Perhaps it is journalism that wears her out. Perhaps it is nothing of the sort. It may be true that she does not improve. It may also be true that she does not work for her success as a man must work for his, if he would succeed.

Judgment, worldly wisdom and experience ought to aid her in her work. If she be a student, and if she be in deadly earnest, she will keep the best of her girlhood qualifications, and add to them others as well worth hav-

ing as they. If a woman loses her buoyancy of mind, her cheerfulness, her faith in human nature and her willingness to do as well as she is able, the work lying nearest her finger tips, she is certainly no good in journalism, but she just as certainly is good for nothing else.

There is a mistaken idea in the minds of some people that journalism requires a peculiar sort of brain. The best of authorities pronounce that statement pure rubbish, setting forth plainly that a woman journalist needs one pair of very wide-open eyes, one pair of willing hands and an indomitable perseverance.

She must, too, acquire a sense of business discipline, and realize that her privileges as a woman are not to be considered, when her superior officer gives her orders. Women do not easily accept that new and peculiar situation.

When a man, even a badly-trained man, will say "Yes, sir," to his employer, a woman will neglect to pay any deference whatever to her superior in a business way. She will, very often, take his orders with a mixed condescension and rebellion, which might be becoming to a very pretty and very young debutante in a ball-room, but which has no place by right in the manner or habit of mind of a journalist-woman, or of any other woman in the business world.

MADGE MERTON.

A DOROTHY DIALOGUE.

(With apologies to Anthony.)

If there is one thing I like more than another, it is a good grate fire—not one of those gas arrangements with artistic logs and moss and a blue light playing over them—but an old-fashioned fire of blazing coal. An arm chair that is not too gilded and good for human nature's daily support is a harmonious accompaniment for such a fire. The home of Miss Dorothy Stevens, not half an hour's walk from Queen's Park, possesses these attractions on almost any winter evening, and then it contains Dorothy herself. There is not the least bit of sentiment about that last statement, for Dorothy Stevens is older than Ann and went to school with my mother. When I came up to 'Varsity I solemnly promised the mater that I'd hunt up Miss Stevens and make a long call on the old lady. But naturally I was not in any hurry about it, and was quite surprised when I got a note asking me to go there for Thanksgiving dinner. I was feeling rather queer and turkeyish and then I was rather ashamed of not having called. So I went and found the jolliest sort of hostess who had asked a pretty girl to spend the day—a girl called Mabel Harris who had big dark eyes and who seemed to think that a Freshie was quite as good as any other 'Varsity man. The dinner was what a society girl would call a "perfect dream," and I was told to come any time. So, for three years or so I have been going to that quaint old house on the corner of—well, it's not far from College street.

One night last week I felt horribly out of sorts and decided to go to blazes—in the mild form of calling on Dorothy Stevens. I don't know how I came to call her Dorothy; but she is so absurdly young for her gray hair and laughs so easily (even at George Ferguson's conundrums) that I just drifted into the way of telling her about some of my affairs. She has a fashion of understanding a man's ideas about things, and she does not pretend to give advice about smoking and poker and other frills that college flesh is

hair to. In fact, she's dead sensible and she knows just how much interest to take in the matter of Mabel Harris, and never asks foolish questions, such as some old maids are full of. But then Dorothy isn't what you would call an old maid. She says she didn't marry because she had a sense of humor and always would laugh when a man was in the middle of a proposal. So the proposal was never more than a half-way measure. Dorothy seemed unusually quiet that night last week, although I've noticed that a grate fire often makes you inclined to silence.

"What's the matter?" I said, at last; "you haven't lost that new servant, have you?"

"No—Jane is a good girl. She says she is willing to learn and she started out cheerfully over a pathway of broken china. She can break more things in less time than any one else I know. But I am not worrying about her. In fact, I'm just beginning to realize that my life in more than half over. I wish it had been the fashion for girls to go to the 'Varsity when I was young—the modern girl has such a chance to develop herself."

"To make a guy of yourself, you mean." This was an old subject and Dorothy had a kind of delight in going over the old grounds.

"But you must admit that the girls hold their own."

"Their own being the course in Moderns and the imagination of a few Freshies."

"There's one thing I'd like to know," said Dorothy, "do you think the professors would rather have the girls away from 'Varsity? What do they think of co-education down in the bottom of their hearts?"

"Think of professors having hearts!"

"I'm serious, my dear boy."

"Well, I think the professors would rejoice if the lecture rooms were rid of petticoats. 'Varsity for mere men' would fill a long-felt want. Of course, it sounds brutal to say it, but the general feeling is that co-education is boring to men and hardening for women. There's been ever so much talk lately about 'Varsity not having a proper college spirit—about the lack of enthusiasm for the University among the students. It may be true—but how can a crowd of fellows have the proper university spirit when they are eternally confronted by dear young girls who want to have pink teas?"

"You are a dangerous woman-hater for such a very young man."

"I'm not a woman-hater, at all. It's the men who think most highly of women who object to the co-education scheme."

"But suppose a woman wants the higher education. What can she do?"

"I don't suppose she can do anything but go to 'Varsity. It is time for Canada to have a university for women. There'll be rebellion some day, just as there was in Kingston at the Medical College and the women will be given a little 'Varsity home of their own and told to stay in it and be happy ever after."

"But do all the boys feel as you do?"

"I wish you could hear them. The only boys who would say a word in favor of the female element in 'Varsity life are the 'Willies' who are just longing to be asked to teas and dances, but who look like thirty cents on the football field. Co-education isn't a good thing for men and its a worse thing for women."

"That sounds like an advertisement turned upside down. I'm sure I've read it somewhere. Well, have

some coffee."

"You wouldn't have coffee like this," I said pensively, "if you'd been co-educated."

"I thought you liked it." Dorothy loves to have her coffee praised. Every woman, no matter how much sense she may have about some things, brightens up if she sees a compliment approaching.

"The coffee is the best yet, and you know it."

"Have another cup. But I wish you had broader views about the education of women, Teddie."

"I believe that every woman should study any subject she is interested in. Let her study Greek or comparative philology if its going to be any comfort to her to know about Plato and the members of the Argan family. But why can't these studious women flock together?"

"Do you think," said Dorothy, "that the girls go to 'Varsity for an education?"

"They're supposed to."

"Some of them are accused of going, purely for social reasons."

"I don't know what they come for. I only wish they'd go. Of course, it was prophesied that women would carry off all the honors and man would be left in the background. But while there have been a few brilliant women, most of them are mediocre students. It is about twenty years since women began to attend 'Varsity and there isn't one of them who has equalled the scholastic record of several men whom I could name. They are simply spoiling the social and the student life of the institution."

"You are a young heretic. Wait until your sisters want to go."

"They won't go, if I have anything to do with it. If it comes to that, let them go to the States and enter Smith College or Bryn Mawr."

"There is the question of expense."

"If a girl really wants an education she'll be willing to pay for it, or to coax her father to pay for it. But if she wants co-education, that, as Kipling says, is another story."

"You're an extremely prejudiced young man."

"I'm one of an army, Miss Dorothy, and my opinions are not based on any lack of respect for women. It's because I know how sweet and gentle and true a woman can be that I—"

"Ah!" There was a long silence, a piece of half-burnt coal dropped through the bars and Dorothy looked across the room where Mabel Harris' photograph stands in a silver frame. "Then what do you finally say of co-education?"

"I'll tell you what one of the professors called it—the White Man's Burden."

"Just one more cup of coffee," said Dorothy, sweetly.

SIMLA.

THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

L—O—V—E, the Alphabet;
And sighs, the punctuation;
Possessive pronouns mainly used,
In form of exclamation;
The persons, two—and quite enough;
The sounds, the purest labials;
And kisses, the conjunctions.

—Exchange.

THE VARSITY,

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

W. H. VANCE, Editor-in-Chief.

T. B. McQUESTEN, Business Manager.

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TORONTO, DECEMBER 9th, 1903

WITH mingled feelings of relief and regret the present Editor-in-chief retires from his position and makes way for his successor. We feel relieved of what we have always considered was a great responsibility in the direction of a University paper. We entertain no little regret at withdrawing from a position, which, notwithstanding its many little cares, has been one of pleasure and privilege. It is not an easy task to superintend the whole editorial work of a weekly, especially when one undertakes the work with little previous experience in journalism. We have endeavored to conduct the paper from a University point of view, to fairly reflect the thought of the students and to advocate that which seemed to be in our best common interests. If we have obtained any slight degree of success we are truly thankful. Our grateful thanks are herewith extended to the various members of the editorial board, the faculty and the many friends who, by patient and painstaking effort, sympathy and advice, have greatly assisted us in our work. We hope the same kind assistance may be accorded Mr. M. V. Cameron, of the Medical Faculty, who, with the new year, enters upon his work of editor.

IT is very questionable if, as a University with our two thousand students and one hundred and fifty members of the Faculty, we have not outgrown a weekly paper. It is a simple impossibility for a weekly to give nearly all the news, or what may be more important, to keep the students and faculty closely in touch with the various events of the day even within the University. We feel confident that a small daily, with a monthly magazine of a more literary character, would be much more suited to our present stage of advancement.

The daily would supply notices and news of passing events, while the magazine would serve to cultivate the writing of longer and more serious contributions. At present THE VARSITY is hovering between the "paper" and the "magazine" and possesses the full characteristics of neither. We cannot print much of the current news on the one hand, and on the other cannot give place to longer contributions which from time to time might be submitted. In the papers read before the several departmental societies, many of which are of more or less general interest, there must be enough matter now partially wasted to fill a paper of themselves. It seems a pity that they should not be reproduced in print for the benefit of all the students and faculty. Certainly the publishing of a University daily means risk and work, but the results would evidently be well worthy of the effort. In the meantime many complaints are made about the absolute impossibility of keeping actively acquainted with the various important meetings, games and social events which daily occur. Until we have a daily paper we should have a daily bulletin issued from the registrar's office and posted on the bulletin boards of the various faculties and affiliated colleges giving a concise statement of the prospective happenings of the day. This would entail very little expense and only a comparative amount of trouble and would be of almost inestimable convenience to every member of the University.

THE year 1903, which is so quickly drawing to a close, will, in all probability, be looked back upon as one of the most eventful and important in the history of the University. Three watchwords mark it indelibly upon our minds: University Spirit, Federation, Material Advancement. There has been a gradual but very perceptible progress in the cultivation and propagating of University spirit as opposed to mere faculty loyalty. "Varsity" no longer means University College, but has given place to "Toronto." It is now generally accepted that the "blue and white" is emblematic of Toronto and not of one faculty only. We are also soon to have in the form of a University pin an emblem of the whole University, which should also form a valuable bond of unity among the students. The students of the various faculties united heartily in the common determination to materially assist in furthering the Convocation Hall project, and soon, we hope, we shall have a common meeting place. The year has also been marked by the enlarging of our borders in a very true sense.

At home we have seen the federation of Trinity Medical and Arts Faculties with those of Toronto, and in the case of the former an assimilation that leaves little to be desired. We have every reason to hope that next year the Arts Faculties will be brought into vitally close relationship. The Victoria and University College sections of the Arts Faculty have been

more closely united in meeting around the festive board on at least two occasions. The Dentals have come into closer relations by taking some of the regular University lectures. Abroad we have made a net-work of affiliations with Western Universities and Colleges, which, with the territorial scholarships that we hope to see established in the near future, should prove of the very greatest advantage to the University in linking her to educational institutions almost transcontinental in the territory they reach.

Then we have seen the happy completion of the new Medical Building, which, with the prospective completion of the new Science Building, add much to our present imposing array of buildings. So the year has been one of remarkable progress for which we are truly grateful. We have not yet reached the desired goal, but we are reaching it steadily and surely. With true sincere loyalty on the part of the undergraduates, alumni and friends of Alma Mater and the consequent educational influence this must necessarily have upon the general public and the assured liberality of the Government, provided they are properly supported by public opinion, we have the highest hopes for greater advancement, truer usefulness and the further pursuit of the highest ideals in the cultivation of men physically, mentally and morally, and in permanent service to our Province and Dominion.

DR. TEEFY'S REPLY TO THE TOAST OF ALMA MATER AT THE ARTS DINNER.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,—I have to thank you for the pleasure of this evening's feast, to which you were kind enough to invite me. There is one feature which has attracted my attention and which makes it more agreeable, I mean its family character, there seeming to be few strangers, and nearly all University men. I beg also to thank you for the honor you have done me in associating my name with this very appropriate toast.

The gentlemen who preceded me have done me this good turn: they have taken up all the time and have said so much, to the purpose, that little remains for me to say. If, therefore, I renew my loyalty to Alma Mater, and assure you, my younger brothers, that length of years has not weakened my affection, I think my task might well terminate.

Alma Mater—Mother benign—how sweetly, how strongly does that term with this epithet, express the delicate relationship between the student and the College or University. Fruitful, strong, prudent, the University nourishes the young, heals the weak, guides the timid and overmasters the potent. With all strength and light of life it leads to higher and better things. Then Alma Mater's duty is more to direct, to mould and form the character than teach all subjects, or the whole of one given subject. Here are formed those friendships which strengthen in enthusiasm, rivalry and affection of youth, which grow with years, and are broken only by the separation of death. Here is a little world in which

youths and professors seek the treasures of learning and science, forming a republic whose atmosphere is clearer and whose influence can never be estimated.

The University is something else than a laboratory of original research, although opportunity should be afforded to advance in that direction. Nor is a University the same in character as the academies, which we read of in France or Italy, nor yet the British Association for the advance of science. According to Newman, it is a place where all subjects are taught; and, according to Virchow, it is a school of general scientific and moral culture, together with the mastery of one special part. But whatever may be its scope, the true and living philosophy is its first and most pressing need and means of discipline. Where this is lacking there is no university. Practical science, physical science, medical science, domestic science may all have their day, and aid largely in the material comfort of the multitude. They cannot satisfy the unquenched thirst for knowledge, nor can they give the answer to that question which lies deepest within the soul. If this is the bread which Alma Mater is to break for her children, then it is not even the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table. You cannot reject the spiritual, the moral, the higher objects of knowledge and be true to the motto which stands over against the western wall of this hall. If such be the only one in this house of learning, Alma Mater can never fulfil her purpose in this young country. She may advance material comforts. She must have something more in her treasury than mere utilitarianism and materialism if she is going to protect society or properly endure the rising generations with these principles, which alone can be the salvation and guardian of the individual, the family and the country.

Sciences are not blocks of wood, each one constituting by itself an integral whole. They co-ordinate together, and one cannot be removed without injury and without the effort being made to falsely supplement it by an inferior article. The soul is a potential totality, and the virtues and sciences are of mutual support to one another, beautifying and strengthening it, edifying it. Even the old Roman orator, before the Christian era, spoke of the common bond which united all the arts pertaining to humanity. Still more is it the case since that Light has come down which gives coloring to all our thought and which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world.

Here, then, in this University, when, as I think it will be, properly formed, and as I hope it will be, science will find its home, its refuge, and its protection. In those days Canadian youth like yourself will come to this fountain of learning and separate each to his own college hall for instruction in the higher sciences which must ever hold the first place, and must ever have the telling influence on our lives and the well-being of a country.

Allow me, in regard to these studies, to conclude in the words of the great Roman orator:

"They now nourish your youth; they will charm your age; they adorn prosperity; they afford us refuge and consolation in adversity; they charm us at our own hearth, and are no hindrance abroad, and night and day they sojourn with us in our ramblings."

If I have any other word, it is the wish that the courtyards of my Alma Mater may ever widen, and wisdom ever be found in her halls.

AMMIEL'S GIFT.

By Jean Blewett.

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

Answered he:

"Master, I did come to find
 A man called Jesus; it is said He steals
 The darkness from the eyeballs of the blind,
 The fever from the veins, aye, even heals
 That wasting thing called sickness of the heart,
 His voice, they say, can make the lame to leap;
 The evil tearing spirits to depart.

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

The sun had long since gone behind the hills,
 The purple glory and the gleam of light
 Had faded from the sky, the dusk that stills
 The busy world was deep'ning into night.

"Son, look on me," the sweetness of the tone
 Made Ammiel begin to thrill and glow.
 Full well, he said, I know there is but one
 With simple words like these could move me so.
 "Son, look on me," and lifting up his eyes
 He looked on Jesus' face, and knew 'twas He,
 Knelt down and kissed His feet, and would not rise
 Because of love and deep humility.

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

A little expense
 Outside the fence,
 Two seats in Section G.
 A few years hence,
 Some more expense,
 And she'll be Mrs. Me.

—Red and Blue.

THE BIRTH OF SONG.

In the grey of the inchoate Earth ere Reason was born
 of the dust,
 In the twilight of wonder and dream where grovelled
 sheer Hunger and Lust,
 Was it Sorrow first spake with Desire, or Laughter first
 gave to Delight
 The word that made golden the Void, the sound that
 made vocal the Night?
 Was it need in Earth's shaggier breasts, once naked,
 upreared from the slime,
 To enscroll and to leave on the tusk some deed of their
 earlier time?—
 To inscribe on the rock that remained, that others might
 study and know,
 Where the wonder survived to the end, tho' they and
 their sons should go?
 Was it marvel of moonbeam and wave first wakened
 and wedded and bound
 Earth's raucous cacophonous notes in that nethermost
 cauldron of sound;
 Or the Hunter crouched close to his fire, when night and
 all wonder was young,
 Re-telling to others his battles and twanging the bow he
 had strung;
 Or a Dread that outwaited thro' the Dusk, by gloom and
 the silence opprest;
 Or but one who had suckled her first-born close on her
 mothering breast
 As she groped for the croon that her heart thro' only
 another could reach,
 Where afar in the fires of her anguish was smelting the
 silver of speech?
 Was it Silence grown vocal when sunrise re-goldened
 Earth's valleys of grief?
 Was it something that rustled, awakened and danced
 with the glimmering leaf,
 When the stir and the throb of the Dawn crept down to
 a timorous throat,
 And the Dusk of Regret and Desire was swept by its
 primitive note?
 Nay, was it not Love the unsolaced that sought for a
 note of its own?
 Nay was it not Love that had scrowded to say what the
 Spirit had known,
 That had reached to the stars for its word, had gone for
 its beat to the sea,
 And had borne the great chain that is gold, thro' which
 mounting Thought may be free?
 For the Night from that hour was outdone when dream
 and endeavor had showered
 Into petals of wakening sound, as roses full-blown are
 deflowered.
 With illumious rapture and throb, abandon of riotous
 breath,
 With reluctant first, failing half-whispers, sweet in their
 birth and their death,
 Lo, the wings of a solace and gladness soared forth into
 rhythmical words,
 And their passionate mirth was received of wakening
 waters and birds,
 And touched of a splendor not Earth's and clothed in a
 glory and strong,
 The Child of the Dusk was redemmed, and the world
 was filled with Song!

Arthur Stringer.

The Translation of Pig-Eye

A tale of the plains by John Innes



Before branching out into the various ramifications of this narrative, it may be as well to explain that the word "translation" as used in the heading is not intended to convey the meaning of "rendering a word into another language," but must be accepted in the sense of "conveying to a spirit land without death." This awful fate overtook Pig-Eye; and, as though to add horror to the proceedings, it proved to be the roaring devil of the white man that did the kidnapping, and not a respectable spirit such as the Indians were acquainted with.

Listen, then, to the tale of Pig-Eye.



Pig-Eye sat upon the crest of a long, low hill; near him his pony grazed in content. Pig-Eye was one of the Blackfeet nation. He had got his strange name through having had the misfortune to lose one of his optics in a little mix-up with a Cree warrior, the result being that while his right eye was remarkably fine, large and alert, the left was reduced to a mere slit, really resembling to a remarkable degree, that of a dead pig. In order to cover this defect Pig-Eye had cultivated his forelock in such a manner as to fall in a greasy black bang down over the injured organ. He was poek-marked, skinny and middle-aged—one of the intolerant sort. For whites he had no use, except to draw rations, treaty money; or borrow tobacco from when in destitute circumstances. His dress consisted of a buckskin shirt, fringed at shoulder and arm, and beaded down the front; blanket leggings, and red breech clout.

Pig-Eye's soul was disturbed within him. The sun shone gloriously and flooded the rolling plain with

warmth and light, but Pig-Eye heeded it not. He was one of the people, found everywhere, who know positively that it is the sun's business to shine between daylight and dark if there are no clouds about; therefore such trifles did not interest him. His one eye gazed steadily towards the northeast. It did not rest on the spot far down by the river and trees where the Indian village stood, the tepees clustering close together below the yellow cut bank. It did not rest upon the bands of ponies and cattle which grazed upon the prairie beyond. It looked away and away, over the rolling grass billows, till it found a long line of light soil stretching far east and west, like a thread; and, following it toward the east, located a faint blur on the horizon. This blur seemed to fascinate him. With much looking it became at times invisible, and he was obliged to rub his one eye and look again for a long while before he could find it; muttering fiercely the while. For hours he sat; then with a grunt of anger, arose, folded his blanket, threw it across his pony, mounted and rode down the long slope to the village.

Next day saw him again occupying his point of vantage, and with him were his two friends, Black-Pup and Spotted Mule. Together they decided to watch the blur upon the horizon. Day by day it waxed larger: it looked like smoke. At length, upon a noon when the air was dead and the heat oppressive the watching trio heard a distinct shriek. Another: then another "A-moon-e-u" (it is true) they said; and rising, packed their belongings, and rode far south on a visit to their cousins, the Piegiens.

It may be well to explain here what all the disturbance—as far as they were concerned—was about.

It had so happened, some few moons past, that Pig-Eye, Black Pup and Spotted Mule had ridden eastward and had found—many days' travel away from their own village—lodges of a strange shape, occupied by white men. These white men worked in a marvellous manner. They looked through things, and whacked stakes into the ground, in a long line, cutting off the tops of each stake at a place they had marked upon it. Pig-Eye and his chums watched in disdainful silence. At first they thought the white men were building a fence; but they soon saw that that could not be, because no rail was long enough to stretch from one stake to another. Therefore, they decided that the white men must be drunk (a condition to which all the white men they had ever seen—except the missionaries—were most partial) and their scorn grew apace. But what was their

amazement one day to see a great number of waggons, mules, horses and men arrive, and, placing many lodges upon the plain, set to work to cover up with earth all the pegs the other white men had put down. It was past understanding. Pig-Eye, Black Pup and Spotted Bull held council together. They decided the white men must be crazy to try and get rid of the stakes that way, when it would be so much easier to just knock them down. That night they knocked down a few, and next morning were visited by some pale faces who said things violently in a strange tongue, so that they were alarmed and struck out for home.

Shortly afterwards as they were smoking in the lodge of The-Man-Who-Eats-Raw-Dog, and discussing how the crazy white people had covered up so many sticks that they had made a long bank of earth which reached to the end of the world; an Indian arrived with a tale of fear upon his lips. He had found out the reason of that bank of earth.

Riding afar, he said, and returning northward, he had come to the strange thing; and behold, wood was laid upon it, and upon the wood two long lines of iron. At first he was afraid, not knowing what medicine was there, but at length, being weary, ventured upon it, leading his pony. The day was hot and the bank of soil, the iron lines and the wood, were warm; therefore, seeing that no evil befell himself or his horse from contact with these mysterious objects, he lay down in the sun and presently slept. It was dusk when he awakened, and the earth was trembling in fear of evil. The iron lines made noises as though they were being struck; a roar—growing ever louder—filled the air. His soul melted within him. He looked toward the east, and beheld a roaring devil rush towards him with smoke and fierce hissing; having an eye that blazed and glared evilly upon him in the gloom. Being much afraid he rolled from between the iron lines, and fell down the steep bank to the ditch beneath. Not so his pony; for, seeing the approaching devil, it fled along the bank. The evil thing did not stop to take him; but rushed after his mount, and with prodigious shrieking overtook it and ground it to a pulp. The white men—he assured his listeners—had trained this devil to run across the land upon the bank of earth with the iron lines laid upon it; and he had no doubt that in time it would prove to be the curse of the Indian and all his generations. Thus ended the tale; and it was for the fear of this evil that Pig-Eye, Black-Pup and Spotted-Mule had watched the long bank of earth with dark foreboding, and, having heard the distant shriek, had decided to take a long journey to the southward.

The summer was old when they returned to the village, and many things had happened. All their enquiries regarding the devil were met with superior airs by the head man; who pretended to be au fait with the white man and all his works. Nevertheless, Pig-Eye was not deceived by these people, his ideas on the subject were conservative. Day by day he rode northward and watched the devils rush along the lines of iron, shrieking as they went; and day by day he saw the evil spirits that rode upon them work amid a glow of supernatural fire. Also these devils sent out white smoke with the black; and Pig-Eye knew that nothing but very bad medicine could ever turn smoke that color. The white men, too, did another nefarious thing. They built a great round box, and beside it erected a wooden hut, in which they chained a little devil that had no wheels.

This smaller imp pumped much water out of the dry ground up into the round box, for the big devils to drink out of a pipe when they came roaring along. Pig-Eye pondered deeply and was troubled. He took Black-Pup and Spotted-Mule into his councils. What, argued he, would the end of these sinful proceedings be? Who knew what else the white people would do in the way of importing devils. Could the pale-faces be relied upon to control the fearsome things? At present, it was true, they ran along the lines of iron upon the bank of earth, but just imagine what a deuce of a time there would be if they got tired of that and decided to go roaring and shrieking all over the country, destroying lodges, killing cattle and ponies, and chasing Indians. Pig-Eye decided that it must be stopped and that he was the huckleberry who was destined to do it, and be the saviour of his people. So it came to pass that one night when the village lights were out, and the teepees rose darkly against the dark sky; that he, with his two chums, made great medicine over an ancient buffalo gun and a few cartridges. He had hired the services of a gentleman, of much piety and odor, to help out on the



HE BANGED AWAY.

job. His name was Ecutotukin, or "The Healer." The proceedings were in this wise:—Ecutotukin placed the rifle upon the ground and the cartridges beside it. Pig-Eye, Black-Pup and Spotted-Mule sat at a short distance away. Then the medicine man began a chant, low and wearisome, the burden being to the effect that a devil had come, and praying for the cartridges to be effective. Stooping and picking up the ammunition, he offered it north, south, east and west. The same performance followed with the old buffalo gun. Replacing all, he began a dance about them; in which as each point of the compass was reached, a stab with a spear towards the centre seemed to bear an important part. Then, taking a medicine bag and holding it on high Ecutotukin's chant grew louder as he sang of the disappearing of all devils from the plains, and the final triumph—by virtue of his own great medicine—of the Indian's dream. Each cartridge was taken and addressed in turn; the buffalo gun also came in for an oration. Finally every object was touched with some mysterious potion, or ointment, and the process of making the gun and ammunition devil-proof was completed.

The next afternoon saw Pig-Eye, with the buffalo gun and with charmed ammunition, lying near the tracks where the devils daily passed. He could see one

coming from afar and his heart waxed big as he shoved in the cartridge, which, he had been assured by Ecutokin, would cause the devil to disappear with a clap of thunder into thin air, that is if he, Pig-Eye, only had faith enough. Goodness knows Pig-Eye had all the faith necessary, and when the devil rushed by he banged away bravely. He could see the evil spirits hop about and wave their arms at him; also he saw clearly a pane of glass broken on the back of the devil, where the evil spirits were, but the devil itself failed to go off into thin air with a bang, but proceeded along the top of the bank at added speed. Pig-Eye's heart was as melted wax. He knew that it was all his fault and that he hadn't faith enough to make such great medicine; so he returned sadly to the village.

Not many days after this occurrence Pig-Eye, sit-

built for the devils to drink out of; and there, with its eye glaring stood a huge demon breathing hard. The Indians rode a long way around, and looking, saw that there were no evil spirits about the water box or the devil itself. They were also very hungry and very cold, and knowing that it was only a white man and not an evil spirit who lived in the little house by the big round box, and tended the little devil without wheels which pumped the water out of the dry ground, they deputed Pig-Eye to go over and try to secure some grub. Pig-Eye started, leaving his pony with the others. He approached the hut by the big round box gingerly, for the devil hissed and panted up above on the high bank, and he was nervous. Arrived he peered in the window, and behold, not only was the man who cared for the little devil without wheels within, but also the two evil spirits



AND THERE, WITH ITS EYE GLARING, STOOD A HUGE DEMON BREATHING HARD.

ting outside his lodge, saw two Mounted Police ride into the village, and a council was held. The police said that someone had shot at the people who made the great machine move over the bank of earth, and demanded the delivery of the culprit to justice. All the chiefs spoke, denouncing the deed. Finally Pig-Eye spoke. He said that the act was a scoundrelly one and should be punished forthwith. He also said he had an idea who did it, and offered his services at so much per day to find the culprit and bring him to justice. So he chased himself for many days, in company with the police, but did not find himself.

The year waxed old, the Christmas season arrived, and Pig-Eye and his chums were returning from a hunting trip. The night was dark and stormy as they approached the great round box which the white man had

that lived on the big devil. Pig-Eye felt sore afraid and dared not knock to ask for grub. He crouched close to the wall, on the sheltered side of the building, and waited for the evil spirits to leave. They would not go; he could hear them laughing and talking within. So, as he sat, his foot touched something hard underneath the sill of the house, and drawing it out, he found it to be a bottle. Of course, he, not being aware of the evils of white men, could hardly be expected to know that that bottle had been carefully cached by the man who looked after the little devil in case of a lengthy drought. Now Pig-Eye knew what liquor was, and also was cold and in need of a nip; so, drawing the cork, he took a goodly pull. Immediately he felt warmer and things assumed a different aspect. He took another. The world seemed to be a pretty good place to

be in, and he was not cold or hungry any more. Then he decided not to ask for grub because they might take his bottle away from him; so instead, being further fortified with liquor, he walked around to inspect the panting devil upon the bank of earth. Gradually, by the help of the bottle, his fear fell from him like a cloak.

In the meanwhile Black-Pup and Spotted-Mule, becoming impatient forced their ponies closer to the tank and got a good view of the lighted cab of the dread object, but could not locate Pig-Eye. Suddenly both started; for there on the bank of earth, in the full glare of the evil eye walked their companion.

They were too afraid to call; and besides surely Pig-Eye was bewitched, for his gait was unsteady; the light must have been too much for him. In breathless dread they watched him disappear into the shadow of the huge mass, and when next they caught a glimpse of him

friends mourned him as dead. All that winter the tale of his disappearance grew in detail, and added horror to horror. There were those who scoffed and said that the devil was no devil at all, but both Black-Pup and Spotted-Mule knew better, for did they not see it run away of its own accord with Pig-Eye, leaving its own evil spirits behind; and did not the man who attended to the small devil without wheels, in the hut by the round water box, call after it in vain. Of course the devil had taken Pig-Eye.

* * * * *

Springtime came and Black-Pup and Spotted-Mule rode to the settlement with ponies for sale. There, as they passed the fort, they saw the prisoners at work on the woodpile, with police guards over them. One figure seemed familiar, so they rode close. Having solemnly completed sawing through a stick the prisoner straight-



'04-'05 Arts Rugby Team, winners of Mulock Cup, 1903.

their horror was intensified by seeing him climbing, slowly but surely, up the steps to the place where the evil spirits were wont to stand. They saw him drink something out of a bottle; they saw him, with sacrilegious hands, commence to pull things about. Suddenly the devil gave a sharp shriek, and they could hear Pig-Eye's wild reckless yell in defiance. The door of the house by the big round box flew open and out rushed the evil spirits. Pig-Eye saw them coming and emitted another unearthly howl, at the same time hurling his, now empty, bottle towards them. Then a strange thing happened. Pig-Eye lurched and nearly fell, and, to save himself, caught at a long bright piece of metal; the great devil plunged forward and fled with Pig-Eye aboard, shrieking into the storm. Frozen with sickening horror Black-Pup and Spotted-Mule made their way to the village and related the fearful tale of how the devil had run away with Pig-Eye.

All that winter Pig-Eye did not return, and his

ened up and looked at them. It was Pig-Eye, and his one optic gleamed a confident light such as is born of much new experience. They gazed at one another with impassive countenances.

Simultaneously all three grunted.

INTER-COLLEGE ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

The Inter-College Football Association held its annual meeting last Saturday afternoon in the Gym. President Patton was in the chair. Other officers present were: Vice-President Pearson, Secretary-Treasurer Hayes, and Messrs. Gilchrist, Chilvers, Armstrong, McNeil, McElhaney, Hosterman, Howson, Cairns, Mitchell, Roberts. The constitution was amended, so that now senior teams of a college which has also an intermediate team must play two games before the intermediate team can play in the series. No officers were elected, as the Athletic Directorate have made a proposal with regard to taking over the association.

THE COLLEGE GIRL

MISS J. A. NIELSON, Superintending Editress.



"Sweet is the smile of home; the mutual look,
Where hearts are of each other sure;
Sweet all the joys that crowd the household nook,
The haunt of all affections pure."

"Study rather to fill your minds than your coffers," a wise man hath said. As I am a firm believer in the theory that people should always practise what they preach, and what is preached, for the matter of that—I sat down with the firm determination to make of myself a practical demonstration of the above practical advice. But thoughts are so incomprehensible; in some unexplainable manner they always seem to have a way of their own—especially at this season of the year. "Lives there a girl with soul so dead, who never to herself hath said," thus much translation will I do to-night, and then to her utter chagrin find she has wasted valuable time day dreaming?

With grim determination and more or less appreciation of the delights to be found in a quiet evening's study I commence: "Labor omnia vincit." A strain comes faintly to my ears from a distance. I gaze absently out of the window, through the leafless branches of the old apple tree; I watch the tiny clouds scudding across the gray sky. How dreary things are beginning to look here. Thank goodness in a few days I shall be home again! What a relief it will be to feel that I need not so much as think of, not to speak of mentioning 'Varsity and the things of 'Varsity for a day or two anyway. I really must cut my holidays short this year. I have always heard it stated as an undeniable fact that there is a tremendous amount of reading to be done in one's fourth year; it was an old song long e'er I attained to the dignity of a senior. What a pity it is, that "forewarned" does not always mean "forearmed!" If it did "all were won, all were done and got were all the gain."

But as things have a knack of being what they are, instead of what they ought to be, I'll simply have to stay with my work till the 24th. It is childish to run away and leave it undone. It is something like an ostrich burying its head in the sand when the hunters are upon it.

I smile involuntarily. Outside the bare branches are beginning to sway backwards and forwards in the rising wind. The clouds are larger and are scudding faster. Something over three years ago I was not quite so conscientious and philosophical about finishing up my work. What a time we had that first Christmas I went home! How important and self-conscious I felt! Wherefore not? Had I not spent three whole months boarding—and going to college? True, I had heard and read a good many funny things about "boarding," but I soon found that for all that

the reality was not funny. It isn't funny to have a man rooming in the same house as yourself whose chief business seems to be to play the bagpipes any and every time during any and every evening of the week. It isn't funny, either, to have a weary round of dessert consisting of combinations and permutations of dried apricots, or, for a change, of dried apples. In spite of myself, one comes to feel in course of time, that variety may be the "spice of life," but it is certainly not of the alimentary kind. It is really wonderful how the "comforts of home" rose in my estimation after a three months' trial of "the other things." How eager I was that first Christmas to leave for home the moment I had succeeded in securing my "students' rate" ticket! Indeed, after I had spent the greatest part of my time for the last six weeks in selecting and purchasing Xmas boxes, it could hardly be wondered at that I was somewhat anxious.

What an inspection I had to undergo at home! I'm quite sure dear mother thought ten weeks' "hard work" would surely have worked dire havoc with my constitution. I can remember yet the shout that went up from those incorrigible boys of ours when Matilda Ann, who had been standing in awe-stricken curiosity in the doorway, admiringly voiced her opinion in audible soliloquy: "Well, I declare, if she ain't jest the limit, now!" Of course the neighbors all "ran in just for a moment," they came outwardly indifferent and mightily independent, but inwardly convinced that 'Varsity had beyond a doubt utterly changed and spoiled me. I would not be the same girl. I would do just the same as "May So-and-So," who, after spending six weeks in a "Ladies' College," had spelt her name with an "e" instead of a "y," and after eight weeks had come home to talk volubly and incessantly ever after on every conceivable and inconceivable occasion of "when I was at college, don't you know!" How hard a time I had to convince my friends that I was just "the same," and how utterly impossible it was for me, in spite of every effort, to keep from telling of all the wonderful happenings at 'Varsity! Ah, well! I did not find it so hard the next year to keep 'Varsity and the affairs of 'Varsity at a respectable distance, when I went home. I was beginning to find out that that of a verity "all is not gold that glitters." If the people at home only knew just how hard we have to work sometimes, they would not live much longer under the mistaken impression that a college girl's education consists of fads, fashions and fancies. I was not so anxious to leave home in time to get back for a social function that year, I remember. I was painfully aware after having undergone one examination ordeal, that I had undeniably proven by practical experience that bliss is not always a necessary consequence of ignorance. And as for feeling elated over the honor of being a 'Varsity girl—ah, well, after all "a rose by any other name—"

The snow is beginning to come down in a few wandering flakes. The sky is now a dull leaden color. The branches look bleaker and drearier than ever. How ironical it seemed last year, and yet, after all, what a compliment it was, when the lady across the road incidentally passed the remark to mother that "really, from Mary's manner one would not know that she had ever gone to college." I had, then, passed the stage when a girl thinks it necessary by voice and manner to proclaim to all the world that she does not yet know "that she knows nothing!"

How perfectly humiliating it now seems that I

could ever have been guilty of such egregious conceit as once fell to my lot! Truly,

"To say well is good, but to do well is better;
Do well is the spirit, and say well the letter."

The one thorn in my going home last time, I remember, was the fact that after buying the photograph of the Year Committee, paying my subscription to VARSITY and sundry society fees, I found my funds for buying presents rather low. That reminds me, I really must try to get a few little trifles as remembrances this year. I simply have not had time to think of anything but "books." Yet I suppose I'll have to do my shopping on the way to the train.

But dear me, this is not getting that translation done. Well, I declare, two whole hours wasted! Plague on that hand-organ with its "Home, Sweet Home"!

The regular meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held on Tuesday afternoon at four o'clock, the President, Miss Hattie Latter, in the chair. The topic of the meeting, "The College Life," was treated in a most interesting manner by Miss Crampton, '04, who discussed college girls' fads and fashions, and Miss Rankin, '04, spoke admirably on the college girls' friendships and ambitions.

On Wednesday evening the Mission Study Class was addressed by Chancellor Wallace, of McMaster University. Unfortunately the west hall was in demand and the meeting had to be transferred to room 4, and the singing conducted without the piano. The attendance was much larger than usual, however, and all felt amply repaid by the Chancellor's excellent address. It was a very enthusiastic meeting, and the words spoken left an indelible impression on the hearts of those present.

The one condition, fortunate or unfortunate, as the case may be, of the Christmas holidays, is that they compel a retrospect of our work. The ghosts of the books on the curriculum rise before us, and to the dutiful they say: "Quiet, untroubled soul, dream of success and happy victory," but to the slothful comes the words: "Let us sit heavy on thy soul next May. Think on us then, with guilty fear; let fall thy pen, despair and die!"

The *Outlook* agrees with those who are advocating an increase in the length of McGill's session. It gives a list showing the number of lecture days, including Saturdays, in the sessions of eight universities: Harvard and Chicago, 205; Pennsylvania, 200; Cornell, 185; Toronto, 150; Dalhousie, 145; Queen's, 137; McGill, 135.

SPORTS

P. J. MONTAGUE, Superintending Editor.

SIXTEENTH CENTURY FOOTBALL.

Prof. Phelps, of Yale, has made a study of early football with especial reference to protests made against the roughness of the game. One of the most remarkable of these protests is found in the "Anatomic of Abuses," written in 1583, by Philip Stubbs, a Puritan.

This protest, quoted from Prof. Phelps' paper, is given below, and may give comfort to those who believe football is becoming less brutal:

"For as concerning football playing, I protest until you it may rather be called a friendly kinde of fight, than a play or recreation; a bloody and murthuring practise, than a fellowly sporte or pastime. For dooth not euery one lye in waight for his aduersarie, seeking to ouerthrow him & to picke him on his nose, thought it be upon hard stones? In ditch or dale, in valley or hil, or what place soeuer it bee, hee careth not; so he haue him down. And he that can serue the most of this fashion, he is counted the only fellow, and who but he? so by this meanes sometime their necks are broken, sometime their backs, sometime their legs, sometime their armes, sometime one part thrust out of joint, sometime another. Sometime the noses gush out with blood, sometime their eyes start out; and sometimes hurt in one place, and sometimes in another. But whosoer scapeth away the best, goeth not scot free, but in either sore wounded, craised ond bruised so that he dyeth of it, or else escapeth hardly and to no meruaille, for they have the sleights to meet one betwixt two, to dash him against the hart with their elbowes, to hit him under the short ribbes with their griped firsts, and with their knees to catch him vupon the hip, and to pick him on his neck, with a hundred such murthuring deuices; and hereof groweth enury, malice, rancour, cholor, hatred, displeasure, enemie, and what not els; and sometimes fighting, brawling, contention, quarrel picking, murther, homicide, and great effusion of blood, as experience daly teacheth."

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

MEDS II. 4, ARTS II. 0.

The final game in the intermediate division of the Association football series was played on the campus on

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Those who recall the delightful singing of the boy sopranos, the brilliant work of the male altos, and the delicacy of light and shading in the part songs and madrigals, will gladly welcome the opportunity of hearing this famous organization. They will be assisted by Madame Marie Mooten the famous contralto. On their return from Australia they have been appearing in the cities of the United States with marked success, and the metropolitan critics have spoken of them in the very highest terms.

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Monday between Arts II. and the Meds. II. The Arts team won the toss, and tried to win against the wind, but it took Allison just half a minute to get the ball and score for the Meds. Bryans and Slemon, by a fine combination, scored again inside of three minutes. Lepatnikoff scored a third, and Fowler a fourth. In the last half Organ made a sensational corner kick that passed through the goal untouched. The Arts men made some splendid rushes, but were effectually checked by Organ, McPherson and Rogers. Bell, Dowling and Gilchrist played a swift game for University College. At the close of the game the score stood 4-0 in the Meds.' favor. Captain Bryans' team had done their work. The teams:

Meds. II.—Goal, Robert; backs, McCormack, Richardson; halves, Organ, McPherson and Rogers; forward, Bryan, Allison, Fowler, Lepatnikoff, Slemon.

Arts II.—Goal, Wright; backs, Ellis, Johns; halves, Oliver, Harrison, Motherwell; forwards, Bell, De Lury, De Lury, Dowling, Gilchrist.

MEDS II. 2, BROADVIEWS 2.

Saturday afternoon was a bad day for football, yet the College intermediate champions played for the Ontario championship at Sunlight Park. The game was hard throughout, but the large amount of snow made scientific Association impossible. The Meds. won the toss, and kicked with the wind, and scored from a scrimsit at his feet. There is enticement in his music, engage in front of goal. The Broadviews evened up short-

ly. The Meds. by good combination scored another, and the game looked like theirs until the Broadviews scored two minutes before time, thus evening the score and holding the championship.

Around The Halls

EVERYTHING INTENDED FOR PUBLICATION IN THIS DEPARTMENT
MUST BE RECEIVED BY 10 A. M. SATURDAY
Address—Editor, THE VARSITY, Main Building, U. of T.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

Congratulations, K---g.

Invitations to the Freshmen's reception were in such demand that an extra hundred had to be printed.

We have received a pun for publication in this column:

Professor (at Ethics lecture)—Can anyone give me the beginning of the 100th Psalm?

(Confused babble of voices.)

A gallant junior has adopted the plan of preceding his lady love to the dance, where he fills up her card and thus spares her a painful half hour.

Last week "Freddie" Overend walked the corri-

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S. M. EARLY

Principal

dors of Knox College in the capacity of representative of U. C. W. N. Harrison dined at the expense of the Science men and "Lockie" Gilchrist helped to put the Medical Banquet in the hole.

Prof. G. M. Wrong suggested to the Political Science men of the third year that they might be able to write more essays if they had typewriters. The supposition is that a pretty typewriter would be an incentive to work.

A pair of fair-haired Juniors held a shady turn in the stairs for about six promenades at '06 reception.

On account of the cold weather one of the men of '05 is wearing red hose to raise the temperature.

A promising book for the Xmas trade is one by G. W. Co—t, '05, entitled "A Sigh of Relief" or "How I Lost Fifteen Dollars."

A. L. Bitzar, '05, came down from Berlin to attend the Arts Dinner on Tuesday.

It is understood that the Vigilance Committee is looking after the Freshman who had ten promenades with one Freshette.

Is George Cl—k satisfied?

J. S. Ja—n—"Oh, I'm pretty wise; I looked up the Freshette's address in the Directory. I haven't far to walk."

First Freshman—"Have you one of those Students' Directories?"

Second Freshman—"Yes."

First Freshman—"Where does Miss H— live?"

First Freshman—"Near St. Mike's Hospital."

"First Freshman—"Just two miles to walk, and I had ten promenades with her."

The sympathy of everyone is extended to J. D. Munro, '05, whose father died recently in Manitoulin.

We understand that the room-mate of the Freshman's President was not allowed to enter the East Hall as he carried a spurious invitation. Pretty good for Robert!

SCHOOL OF SCIENCE.

The Principal (in his after-dinner speech)—"The staff are stretched beyond their limit of elasticity."

The civil engineer makes railroads.

The electrical engineer makes dynamos.

The mechanical engineer makes locomotives.

The architect makes houses.

The chemist makes messes.

We all hope to make money.

We all make mistakes sometime.—Dr. Ellis.

Dr. Galbraith—"We strive to excel—"

Sam. Trees and Chorus—"—eration!"

Ding-a-ling-a-ling!

Mr. J. H. Jackson, O.L.S., of Niagara Falls, paid the School a visit last Friday.

Owing to arrangements being postponed until the last minute, the graduating class of last year were unable to hold their class dinner. '04 should see that a committee be appointed early in January, so that all arrangements may be made before examinations.

Mr. Peter Gillespie reports a most enjoyable time at the Medical dinner. Nevertheless, he was able to be around on Friday.

School will have several representatives on the University hockey team. Housser and Broadfoot are likely candidate for positions. Dilliabough and Evans express their intention of retiring from the game.

Biddy McLennan (about 1 a.m.)—"This is my third successive 'last' dinner."

MEDICAL FACULTY.

There were two orchestras at the dinner, the one engaged by the committee, and the Chinese band conducted by members of '07 in turn.

Mr. Coone, '05, enlivened the intervals between courses by an exhibition of Swiss bell ringing. This was done to turn attention from the allegation made by Mr. Campbell, that he had eaten the Freshmen's toast.

Hon. Mr. Harecourt said that Arts men took their dinner too seriously, and did not make sufficient noise. He had not the same complaint to make on Thursday evening.

Generally speaking, the applause and cheering was well taken, but the ill-timed plaudits emitted from the brazen lungs of a youthful member of '06 were enough to damage the reputation of Medical students permanently had there been any more of his kind at the table.

The sale of tickets reached the four hundred mark, in spite of a bad prognosis for the dinner. When the committeemen first offered them the parable was repeated, for "they with one accord began to make excuse." Some persisted in believing their excuses valid, while others came in on a second invitation.

Mr. Traynor would sooner live in Ward 3 at the General Hospital than in the King Edward. He finds

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aid in his study and the most congenial companionship in his lonely hours. Messrs. Spence and Evans make their daily visits longer in the hope of sharing for a moment the same comfort, but beyond a fleeting smile or two have been unsuccessful.

"Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." No one need move to have lectures or examinations declared off this term, for the faculty on the representations of the class officers, decided to change the dates of examinations from December 21 and 22 to December 17 and 18, thus setting the students free on Friday evening.

Are the other colleges aware that the Meds. have the intermediate championship in Association football; that their team has not had one goal scored against them this year, and that they are closing the season in a struggle for the championship of Ontario?

This choice quotation from Horace graced the menu card on Thursday: "*Nunquam animus sed ignis caput.*" The selection was made by Mr. W. C. Fall from certain unpublished works of the Sabine farmer.

The balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet" was given with touching effect by a fourth year Med. *et al.* before a select audience of surgeons, nurses and students in the operating theatre of the General Hospital on Friday afternoon.

DENTAL COLLEGE.

Those who were absent from the R. D. S. meeting on Thursday night missed a rare treat. Mr. E. E. Shepard's address on "Good Citizenship" was not only instructive and entertaining, but humorous. He has made many friends among the Dental students, and should he come to us again, would be assured of a large audience.

The musical part consisted of songs by Messrs. H. Henry, R. Heath and W. C. Davey, a number by the Glee Club and an instrumental by Mr. M. Braddon. The College Quartette also gave a selection, for which they received a hearty encore.

Dr. Proudfoot read a very instructive paper on "The Bleaching of Teeth." A Japanese paper contest between Lappen and Kenny was very amusing.

On Monday evening the "Litandeb" meets, and if one can judge from the programme, ought to be well worth attending.

The "Litandeb," though in some respects similar to the R. D. S., will appeal to all classes equally, and so should receive good support.

Morley Braddon seems to be a great favorite with his patients. How did she know what you needed most, Morley?

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A number of the boys attended the At-home in the Conservatory on Monday. Is it any wonder that we have so much musical talent in our college.

The Dean (indignantly)—“Gentlemen! Is it possible?”

Voice—“Guess so; sounds like it.”

We were quite surprised to see Harold around so early on Friday morning after the Medical dinner. He says it was a great dinner, and that he enjoyed it from start to finish.

“Hya Yaka” will be out early this month. The editors have been rushing it through so that they might get away on their holidays.

The members of the Hockey Club have been getting in a few practices lately. After Christmas we will hear more from them, for they expect to make things interesting for their opponents.

It is rumored that some of the “notables” have started to “play.” We won’t publish any names this time, but don’t forget that old adage, ‘Verb. Sap.’

COLLEGE OF PHARMACY.

The class of '03-'04 is the largest that has ever gathered within the walls of O. C. P., and is composed of students who evidently know how “To work while they work and play while they play.” Every seat in the lecture rooms is taken, and the percentage of passes promises to be larger than in previous years. Next to getting through his exams., it has been the aim of every member of the class to make this a record year in the history of the College, and we are glad to say that the efforts have been crowned with success. On Field day Pharmacy headed the parade, having every member of the class in line, and, headed by the Body Guards' Band, greatly improved the appearance of the procession. The addition of the band was an entirely new feature in student parades. In the hustle on the Campus at the conclusion of the sports, although greatly outnumbered by our opponents, we more than held our own, and few wearers of the red, yellow and black went home without some trophy of the fray in the way of canes and colors.

On Hallowe'en the class attended the Princess Theatre in a body and after the show kept the policemen guessing until midnight.

In sports we are laboring under a great disadvantage owing to the long distance between the College and the

Athletic Field. Consequently the football team was unable to make as good a showing as would otherwise have been the case.

A basketball team has entered into the struggle for the intermediate city championship, and have won all their games thus far, having defeated some of the best teams in the league.

Prospects are very bright in the hockey line. A team is being entered in one of the city leagues, and with the material at hand there is good reason to believe that Pharmacy will finish in the finals.

We are pleased to include in our number this year two young ladies, and the addition is a most welcome one. Some classes of previous years have been favored with one member of the fair sex, but '07 holds the record.

Mr. Pierce, the president of the class for the Junior term, has proven himself the right man in the right place, and much credit is due to him and the other class officers for the success of the year.

The College closed on Dec. 5th, and opens on Jan. 5th. Here is hoping that every man will be back in his place, and that the year yell may ring as loudly in the Senior term as in the Junior.

Pharmacy, Pharmacy,
Rouge, jaune, noir,
P-H-A-R-M-A-C-Y.
Pharmacy, Pharmacy,
Nineteen four!

KNOX COLLEGE.

The last regular meeting of the “Lit.” was quite up to the mark in interest, although the form was somewhat different. It took the form of a debate between the second and third years in Theology, on the subject of Canada's treaty-making powers. Messrs. Amos and Kerr represented the third year, and Messrs. Grant and Myers the second year. The debating was, on the whole, of a very high order, and although Mr. Fasken, the judge, found it exceedingly hard to decide, he gave the decision in favor of the second year.

Some of the sayings at the “Lit.”:

Myers—“In opposition to the authority of Borden, Laurier and the English papers, we have that of the two members of the affirmative to-night—and they are honorable gentlemen.”

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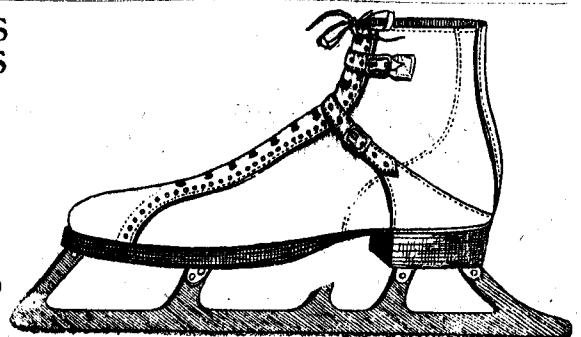
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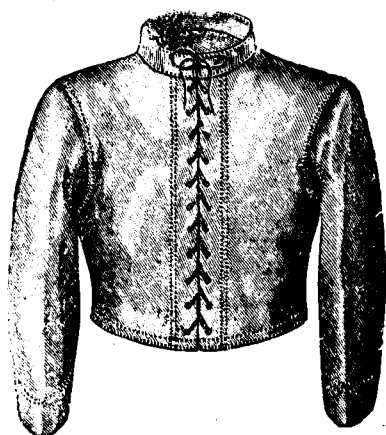
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Myers—"The gentlemen on the affirmative have clearly either come to deceive you, or they have come in ignorance."

Myers—"There are always drags on progress, and we have them here to-night."

Kerr—"The members on the negative profess their inability to follow Mr. Amos. There are only two reasons, either their own lack of comprehensive power or the marvellous ability of my colleague."

If Chamberlain had Billy Amos over in England along with Tupper and Tarte, there would certainly be a quartette such as never man saw before.

Everyone was "at-home" on Friday night for the first time since the opening. Of course, there was the "upper ten" and the "submerged tenth" struggling for survival, but really so perfectly at home seemed all, that one could scarcely spot the Freshman, excepting occasionally in the "cosy corners"—but we have all been there. It was a delightful evening—we think, indeed, the most brilliant and successful of late years. There was nothing left to be desired in concert, refreshments or promenades. The College complacently yielded to the deft touches of decorative art, and presented such an altogether charming appearance that one would never for a moment think it to be the home of Calvinistic theology.

Would that "At-homes" came oftener. "Variety is the spice of life;" yes, and often, too, the nectar.

The Alumni Conference, which closed on Thursday evening, was one of the brightest and most profitable for some years. The papers read were of an exceptionally high order, and bore upon problems that are engaging

every thoughtful mind at the present time. The attendance was better than usual, and the keenest interest was sustained throughout.

F. W. Broadfoot, on the morning after the At-home, was heard to sigh in a dreamy way:

"So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought she bade me return."

W. McD. McK., earnestly studying the pensive face of a wall-flower, was heard to remark: "Alas! her beauty took vacation at creation."

Ask George Little if "Love's Labor's Lost."

On Wednesday night Messrs. H. R. Pickup, Henderson and Hofferd were making night hideous with ecstatic expressions of irrepressible hilarity. At the zenith of their somewhat meteoric enterprise Henderson exclaimed with all the exultant buoyancy of the Xmas season, "Come on! I could keep this up for two hours yet." But alas! the fates are hard. They had rough-hewed the ends of these midnight revellers, and suddenly a swish, swish, indicated catastrophic designs on their youthful play.

Scene II.—The silence was as oppressive as it was sudden.

WYCLIFFE COLLEGE.

An excellent programme was given at the meeting of the Literary Society on Friday evening, December 11th. Mr. Smith, the college representative at the Victoria conversat, reported a splendid time. He says that he did many things that he should not have done and left undone many things that he should have done, which the men can readily understand. Solos were

rendered by Mr. Earp and Mr. Bilkey, and recitations by Mr. Briscoe and Mr. Bell. The news items, read by Mr. Connor, were especially interesting, giving, as they did, the inner history of the college, and men for the past two or three weeks. The meeting was closed by a very instructive discourse in German by Mr. Jones, the critic, on the merits of the respective contributions to the entertainment of the evening.

Mrs. O'Meara entertained the students in the Dean's house on Thursday evening, December 10th. All spent a good time.

The Rev. W. T. Hallan, B.A., represented the college at the convention of the Church Student Missionary Association, held in London, Ont., December 8th, 9th and 10th.

The second debate in the inter-college series took place in Victoria College December 9th, between Victoria and Wycliffe. The subject, the proposed fiscal

policy of the Empire by Chamberlain, was an interesting one. Victoria, who supported the ex-minister's policy, succeeded in establishing their side of the argument.

The men are working hard, preparing for the examinations to be held the last of this term.

The Mission Society Executive has made its appointments to three parishes for Christmas vacation work. Mr. Perry goes to Stewarttown, Mr. Raymond to Hall's Bridge, and Mr. Bell to Cannington. There are other places yet to be provided for.

Rumors are abroad concerning a Christmas dinner to be given next week. The men are carefully preparing.

"No checkee no coatee." Our sympathies go out to the young lady who had to wait until our representative at Victoria conversat got his coat.

Mr. Wagner had a swell affair in room 40. Brown's Throat Liniment is bringing the swelling down.

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Nov. 9.—King's Birthday.

Dec. 1.—Last day for appointment of School Auditors by Public and Separate School Trustees Municipal Clerk to transmit to County Inspector statement showing whether or not any county rate for Public School purposes has been placed upon Collector's Roll against any Separate School supporter.

" 8.—Returning Officers named by resolution of Public School Board. Last day for Public and Separate School Trustees to fix places for nomination of Trustees.

" 9.—County Model Schools Examination begins.

" 14.—Local Assessment to be paid Separate School Trustees.



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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 vast 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 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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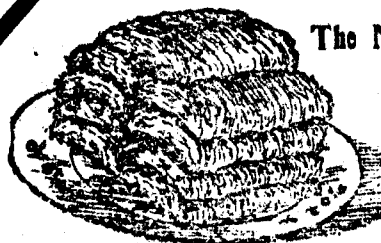
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