

## OBITUARY.

We record with deep regret the death of Mr. J. H. Rodgers, one of our graduates, and late member of the firm of Leet, Smith & Rodgers. When a boy at school he had the misfortune to be struck by the master with a heavy ruler on the thigh bone. Shortly after the bone became diseased, and at intervals he was troubled with it. This, however, was never serious enough to prevent his participating in athletic sports, including football, of which he was one of the best players in the city. On Thanksgiving Day he went out shooting, tramping through the bush and covering many miles over a heavy country. Since then the disease broke out with increased virulence, and the doctors in attendance decided that the leg would have to be amputated at the thigh. Mr. Rodgers was too weak to undergo the operation, which was delayed, and efforts made to build up his strength. He had been delirious for some time past, and died on Saturday night, Jan. 8th, without recovering consciousness. The funeral took place on Monday. His *confrères* at the bar and his many friends heard of his death with deep regret.

## Poetry.

TENNYSON.

The noble lion growth old,  
The weight of years his eyesight dims  
And strength deserts his mighty limbs  
His once warm blood runs slow and cold.

The sunlight of another day  
Shuts through the jungle's tangled mass.  
He marks the shadows, but, alas!  
Sees not the sun among them play.

His massive head lies buried deep  
Between his paws; his reign is o'er;  
His great voice stirs the world no more,  
And round his lair the jackals "reep."

They scent their prey, and with the joy  
Of meaner natures, far and wide  
From deep obscurity they glide,  
The dying monarch to annoy.

With naked fangs they circle round  
And snarl and bark, until once more  
The thicket quivers at his roar  
And all their paitry yelps are drowned.

The woodland with his voice is thrilled,  
Though hope abandoned man the strain.  
But echoes cease, and then again  
With jackal barks the air is filled.

Though dying, he is royal yet:  
Even now, earth does not hold his peer.  
Bark! jackals, bark! ere dies the year  
The world your tumult will forget.

ARTHUR WEIR.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said a counsel in a suit about a herd of hogs, "there were just thirty-six hogs in that drove; please to remember that fact—thirty-six hogs; just exactly three times as many as there are in that jury box, gentlemen." That lawyer did not win his case, and he thought the jurors were very pig-headed.

## Contributions.

A MCGILL MAN.

BY JAY WOLFE.

Written for the UNIVERSITY GAZETTE.

## CHAP. VI.

That hour, o' night's black arch the keystone.—Burns.  
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul.  
And wait a sigh from Indus to the pole.—Pope.

"Well," said Clooney, "one of us had better stay on guard while the other hunts for a bobby. I'll stay here; I'm lazy, you know, and you hurry off. This bar may be useful if any burglar turns up, so I'll keep it."

It was about the only thing to do, and I set off on what is usually a long quest. Fortunately I found a policeman after a quarter of an hour, and after explaining the facts to him, he consented to extend his beat to take in the house where Clooney was on guard. We were just turning the corner to come into Sherbrooke street when we heard cries for help and the sound of a fight in progress. We broke into a run, and saw Clooney struggling with two men before the house. As we got close, I saw Clooney raise his hand with the iron bar in it and bring it down heavily upon one of his antagonists, but the other, hearing our approaching footsteps, redoubled his efforts to escape, and I just caught the gleam of a weapon as he drove it into Clooney's side. In another instant we were upon the scene, but the burglar, taking advantage of Clooney's relaxing grip, tore himself away and fled at a speed that defied pursuit by the already winded policeman. Clooney pressed his hand to his wound and would have fallen only that I caught him in my arms.

"Too late, old boy," he whispered, "I had all the fun to myself. I've laid out one but the other has settled me."

In the meantime the neighborhood was aroused. The master of the house that had been burglarized came down to the street airily attired in a night-shirt and a gas-pipe, and excitedly demanded what was the matter. I was busy staunching Clooney's wound, and the policeman took it upon himself to explain.

"Matter, is it, your honor! Sure them spalpeens has been thyring to rob your mansion. If it hadn't been for them gentlemen there"—pointing to us—"you would all have wakened up dead in the morning. Troth, it's an illigant knock he gave him, the darlint. I couldn't have done it better meself, and I sarved two years under Capt. Williams in New York."

The bewildered householder looked from one to the other of us, and I called him hurriedly.

"Sir," I said, "my friend has received a stab in saving your house from burglars. I hope you will have him taken into your house and cared for until I can get a carriage and take him to his home."

"Bless my soul, yes," responded the gentleman, "let us take him in at once. And this other?" he enquired.