

## COOK'S REPLY.

GENTLEMEN,—Again it falls to my lot to thank you from the bottom of my heart for the generous expression of goodwill made by you, the members of the Primary years, to me, Jas. Cook, janitor of McGill Medical School.

Gentlemen: Need I tell you that I am proud to be your janitor—everyone in this great institution goes to make upon me grand and glorious whole. What would McGill be without her students? What would McGill be without her professors? And, janitor me if once again I question what would McGill be without her janitor?

The immortal somebody has said—

"All the world's a stage,"

And each one plays his part from the janitor downward.

This school, gentlemen, has given birth to an Osler—to a Roddick—to a Howard—to a Shephard—to a Stewart—and to a Mills—and are there not many standing before me to-day who will walk in their footsteps and be burning and shining lights in the profession—a credit to this, your Alma Mater, and an honour to me, your janitor.

Gentlemen, I can sympathize with you—I know you have hard lines—I know how your landlady grumbles about the midnight oil. You may depend on me making the road as smooth as possible for you. The old chestnut still holds true—"there's no royal road to learning."

This winter, owing to circumstances over which I had no control, I have been unable to give you that attention which the important office of janitor of this institution demands—but as long as I have strength and health—you can rely on old Cook every time.

Gentlemen, I must congratulate you on the profession which you have chosen—which, next to being janitor of this school, is one of the grandest and noblest there is. When you become proud possessors of a McGill M.D., fame and fortune waits within the boundless limits of our fair Canada.

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead  
Who never to himself hath said  
This is my own, my native land."

In conclusion, gentlemen, it remains for me, your humble janitor, to wish you all success at the approaching ordeal.

"When the leaves begin to turn  
And the summer days are gone,"

I shall hope to see you all back once more to drink from the fount of knowledge and to cause these halls to resound with the joyful songs of old McGill.

"And when into the world you're gone  
Freeriding base and pill,  
May you never forget the happy days  
You spent at old McGill."

## AN ALLEGORY.

Once upon a time there was a student at McGill, who had many talents.

He found favor in the eyes of women, could play the piano, violin, banjo, guitar and flute, and sing a comic song like the end man in the angelic choir.

He knew of every bar, music-hall, theater and dive in the city, and was noted by all who knew him to be the prince of rounders and the best of fellows.

After her examinations, he stood on the threshold of the Molson Hall, and remarked that examinations were no test of a man's ability.

When the lists were posted, he read them from the bottom upwards, but saw not his name.

Then he buttoned his coat up to his neck, and strode down the campus, while the wind wailed through his whiskers.

THE MENTOR.

## THE BELLS.

In the North Flat hear the bells—

Brass bells!

What a tale of mischief now their turbulence tells!

In the startled ear of night

How they ring out their delight:

Rousing student with their din

Rousing student pale and thin

Out of bed.

In a clamorous defiance of their fast increasing ire,

In a mad expostulation with their hot and wrathful fire,

Sounding higher, higher, higher,

With a desperate desire,

And a resolute endeavour,

Now—now to play or never,

A trick on the North Flat men,

Oh! the bells, bells, bells,

What a tale their ringing tells

Of baffled rage!

How they clang, and clash, and roar:

What defiance they outpour

On the yells and the threats of student rage.

Hear the louder tower bells.—

What a racket with the Faculty their monody foretells!

Night before Examination!

How they start with irritation!

At the bold and daring menace of their tone:

While every sound that floats

From the rust within their throats

Mocks the groan

And the students,—ah! the students—

They who acted with such prudence

They are flown:

But who elsewhere, ringing, tolling,

In that muffled monotone

Feel a glory in so rolling

On the theology a stone.

Presbyterian College,

67 MacTavish St.,

Montreal, Que.

MACK.

## Societies.

## THE DELTA SIGMA SOCIETY.

The closing meeting for the session took place on Thursday, March 22nd, and the attendance was remarkably good. The proceedings opened with interesting essays on "Miss Herschel" and "George Eliot," by Misses Mattice and Robinson, respectively. The next item was an extempore debate upon the topic: "Are separate classes preferable to mixed?" Miss McLea led on the affirmative, supported by Misses Smith and Richardson, while the speakers on the negative were Misses Reid, Wilson, and I. Botterell. The secretary then announced the result of the prize essay competition, and the hearts of the graduating class rejoiced, when they heard that Miss McFee, President of the 4th year, was the successful competitor. At the close of the meeting Miss Ritchie, the retiring President, made a few appropriate remarks, wishing the Society every success in the future. A vote of thanks to the retiring officers brought to its close a pleasant gathering, which, however, to some was tinged with sadness, for as undergraduates, they had answered their last "present" to the Delta Sigma roll-call.

LATEST FROM WALL STREET, NEW YORK.—It is said that if the Legislature at Washington takes any step towards curtailing the monopolies which are cropping up all over the State, the great sugar "combine" may become a crushed sugar trust, and the trust-ees may loaf for a while.