

Q; Kendall, Sidney C. Montreal, Q; Lancelley, Ebenezer, Hamilton, Q; Lawrence, Charles, Q; Lawson, Leitch, Malcolm L. Glenwaker, Q; McKell, James, Howick, Q; McLaren, John, Montreal, Q; McLean, Donald, Eldon P. E. I.; McKenzie, Wm. (B. A.) Lanark, Q; Martel, Marvin, George W. Montreal, Q; Moore, Samuel, Mille Isle, Q; Rogers, Isaac, Lakefield, Q; Scott, Charles J. Montreal, Q; Scott, Clifford E.; Scott, Edwin E. Toronto, Q; Skinner, Geo. Melbourne, Q; Smith, Wm. Montreal, Q; Treleven, Dugannon, O; Waddell, Nathan, Metcalf, O; Wallace, William E. Montreal, Q; Weston, Frank S. Windsor, Vt. U. S.

FACULTY OF APPLIED SCIENCE.

FIRST YEAR.

Bath, P. A. Montreal, Q; Burns, J. A. Montreal, Q; Mathewson, E. P., Montreal, Q; McCarthy, J. Sorel, Q; Pitcher, S. H. Constant, St. George, Barbados; Reid, W. M. Montreal, Q.

SECOND YEAR.

Forlong, G. Lachute, Q; Graham, W. Montreal, Q; Green, G. A. Waterford, Q; Hamilton, E. H. Montreal, Q; Hislop, J. L. Strathburg, O; McDonald, J. Cornwall, P. E. I.; McKenzie, J. M. Stellarton, Pictou, N. S.; Ogilvy, D. Montreal, Q; Saunders, B. J. Walkerton, O; Smith, C. B. Winona, O; Walters, H. McD. Montreal, Q; Robert, J. A.

THIRD YEAR.

Dawling, D. B. Napanee, O; Howard, W. H. St. Andrews, Q; McEvoy, J. Billings Bridge, O; Moffatt, J. Walkerton, O; McMillan, D. E. Montreal, Q; Smith, R. F. Montreal, Q; Street, H. March, O.

FOURTH YEAR.

Barland, J. H. Montreal, Q; Colling, J. J. Manitowick, O; Drummond, T. Manitoba; Foster, P. L. Longueuil, Q; Green, L. D. Brantford, O; Low, A. P. Montreal, Q; Miller, F. F. Napanee, O.

OCCASIONAL.

Brand, Adams, R. C. Montreal, Q; Lesage, F. W. Montreal, Q; Macy, E. McC. Melbourne, Mignault, Montreal, Q; Molsen, Montreal, Q; Murray W. L. T. Camp Creek, Oregon; Routhier, J. Vankleek Hill, O; Roy, J. Montreal, Q; McTaggart, D. D. Montreal, Q.

GRIMALDI SR. AND HIS WIFE.

A CASE OF POISONING.

I cannot refrain from telling a story, which I know to be true, of the oldest Grimaldi, the first of the race. Grimaldi and his wife were occasionally in the habit of quarrelling. At length their feuds assumed a very serious aspect, and after communing together upon their most miserable state of "incompatibility of temper," they resolved to destroy themselves, as the only means of relieving themselves from their most miserable condition. In accordance with this extraordinary resolution, Mr. Grimaldi proceeded to an apothecary's shop in the neighbourhood, and asked for an ounce of arsenic "to poison rats." The "culler of simples" obsequiously bowed, and delivered to the devoted Grimaldi the dose that he trusted would emancipate him from all worldly ills. Firm to their purpose, the illustrious Punch and Judy swallowed, in tumblers of water, each a moiety of the deadly "drink," and then embracing, retired—one to their hymeneal bed in the bedroom, and the other to a sofa in the sitting-room, both rooms communicating, the door between them being left open. The pair of suicides then lay down, tears filling their eyes. A long and solemn pause ensued. No sound of groans, no sigh of anguish was heard; all was still as night. At last, wearied out with expectation, Grimaldi raised his head from the pillow, and in the deepest possible tone of voice, cried out, "Mrs. Grimaldi, are you dead, my love?" upon which Mrs. Grimaldi, in the highest possible squeak, replied, "No, Mr. Grimaldi." The rejoinder sounded something like "dom," what it meant the imagination of the delicate reader may supply. At the end of another half hour it became Mrs. Grimaldi's turn to be anxious as to the success of the potion, and she, hearing nothing in the next room, raised herself in the bed, and said in her squeak, "Mr. Grimaldi, my dear, are you dead?" To which the gruff reply was, "No, Mrs. Grimaldi." And for two hours these questions and answers went on periodically, till at last, the lady's turn coming again, she repeated the inquiry in a somewhat more excited and exalted tone, and almost screamed out, "Mr. Grimaldi, are you not dead?" "No, my dear," said Grimaldi, "I am not; nor do I think I can die to-night, unless it be of starvation. Mrs. Grimaldi, get up out of the bed and see for some supper, for I am very hungry." So ended this fatal performance; the apothecary, who had heard of the perpetual bickerings of Punch and Judy in their ménage, having prudentially given him a small parcel of magnesia, which the unhappy pair had divided between them.

The smallest waist of the year and the loveliest young wife, not combined in one person, were the admiration of Goodwood visitors. Even book-makers paused in the wild excitement of their vocation, and poised the pencil for a moment for just one glance at this one, then at that. It is said that the beauty is Lady March, and that the waist belongs to the charming Miss B——.

AN HONEST NATION.

The traveller in Sweden and Norway sees many customs which indicate that the people are unusually courteous and honest. At the railway dining stations, a large table is set in the centre of a spacious room. Upon it are displayed a variety of tempting dishes and piles of warm plates, with knives, forks, and napkins.

The passengers enter without confusion, walk around the central table, select what dishes they like best, and then seat themselves at little marble tables scattered in the room. Every person, remembering that his neighbour may fancy the dish of which he partakes, helps himself with moderation. For the dinner a fixed sum is charged, about thirty-nine cents; but wine, beer, and coffee, being extras, the guest tells how much of each he has drunk. His word is taken without question, as no one watches him.

On board the steamboats three meals a day are served, which, however, are not included in the price of the passage. After each meal, the passenger who has partaken writes his name in a large book, and records under it what he has eaten or drunk.

When he is ready to go ashore, he calls one of the waiters—a girl—who puts the price against every item, adds up the amount, and puts the sum she receives into her pocket. When the money becomes too heavy, she gives it, without counting, to the stewardess.

All is left to the honesty of the people. Instead of this confidence begetting laxity, it makes every one careful to the uttermost penny. His honour is at stake; therefore he feels obliged to be very particular.

Du Chaillu tells of a servant-girl who brought him a gold locket, which he had dropped on the kitchen floor the previous evening, while displaying his curiosities.

"Why did you not keep it?" he said, playfully.

"How, then," she answered, "could I ever walk erect and look people in the face?"

He once had hard work to make a man accept a small sum of money which he had earned. The honest fellow had travelled on snow-shoes in the soft snow for an hour to restore to Du Chaillu his gold watch and chain which he had left under his pillow at the house where he slept the evening before. Only by showing him that he was paid for his loss of time and not for returning what did not belong to him, could he be persuaded to accept the money.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

London, August 5.

LORD COLERIDGE is said to have been invited by the New York Bar to visit the United States. He will go next year.

THE Duke of Hamilton was in luck at Goodwood. He won six races, the value of which was, net, over £4,000. Of course a few pounds might be added for betting foresight.

It may be interesting and useful to state that Coteway has been paying his addresses to an English widow with a view to matrimonial alliance. This may explain the absence of the ladies in his retinue.

MR. CHARLES COLLETT, "The Colonel," is just finishing his summer tour of fifteen weeks, during which time he will have performed *The Colonel* in over fifty towns, without losing a single night—a feat, we believe, unprecedented in theatrical travelling.

THE censorship over things written about army doings not yet extending to this country, we may mention that the other day a cargo of horses and some mules was shipped, and orders were given to proceed to sea at once, when it was providentially discovered that there was no fodder on board.

STRAWBERRY HILL has really been sold to an American company, and the *ou dit* is thus substantiated. A great spirit of enterprise, we are told, is to be brought to the work of making the place popular and paying. With cash and courage everything is possible, and the Americans may be sure of every desire to support them.

THE engagement of Marian, the young German giantess, has been a decided success. Her presence has sent the treasury total up to a very high figure, and the takings during the first week reached the really wonderful sum total of £2,649 3s. 3d., the largest sum ever taken at the Alhambra, or any other London theatre in an ordinary week.

It has been decreed that bonnet and hats are to be worn of portentous size, profusely trimmed with ostrich plumes, tropical birds and variegated ribbons. The brims will be of the widest and the crowns of the highest, while velvet and felt will be the favorite materials. Long-napped felts and plush will still be employed, but more rarely. Double-faced ribbon, either in velvet and satin, or silk and satin, will be almost exclusively used for bonnet-strings.

DOCTOR ZAY.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

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IX—(Continued.)

"I have a diphtheria case that is going hard," she said, wearily. "It is Johnny Sanscrit, the minister's little boy,—his only child. I never stand it well with only children. They sent Doctor Adoniran off, in their extremity, which makes it worse. That is too often the way; the patient comes into our hands just in time for us to sign the"—

"Death warrant?" interrupted Yorke. "The technical expression is death certificate; you can take your choice. This is the house. I must stop here first."

Yorke did not experience that acute anxiety in behalf of Johnny Sanscrit which perhaps should have been expected of a humane neighbor. He occupied himself with dwelling upon the modern disadvantages attending an interest in the Useful Woman, who has no time to be admired, and perhaps less heart. It occurred to him to picture one of Scott's or Richardson's stately heroes stranded meekly in a basket phaeton, with matters of feeling trembling on his lips, while the heroine made professional calls and forgot him. How was a man going to approach this new and confusing type of woman? The old codes were all astray. Were the old impulses ruled out of order, too?

But Johnny Sanscrit, as fate would, was better, and the doctor returned to the phaeton, transformed.

"It is a remarkable adaptation of *Lachesis*," she said, with a radiant smile.

"Is it?" said Yorke.

"And I hope you haven't got chilly?" She looked at him absently, with her hazy, happy eyes. She began to sparkle with conversation, and overflow with good humor. Yorke reminded himself that it was owing to Johnny Sanscrit.

She had regained herself, and looked superbly. The opacity of the white dress softened in the softening light. As the sun dropped, she drew over her shoulders a fine Stuart plaid shawl which he liked. He welcomed her moody beauty with exultance, as he had protected its absence with tenderness.

They drove to poor Molly's, who proved to be better. Everybody was better. The doctor was girlishly happy. They rode past the mill-pond and the silent wheel, and through the well of trees, and up the darkening hill; and she said she had but one more call to make, and then they would go home. There was a wood-cutter's wife who expected her, if Mr. Yorke felt able to go. Mr. Yorke felt quite able, and they turned from the road into the narrow cart-path, that wound at that hour like a blazing green and golden serpent through the late light and long shadow, towards the forest's heart.

"Are you never tired of it?" asked Yorke, suddenly, as they entered the cart-path.

"Of my work? Never!"

"I don't mean that. It would be like tiring of a great opal to be fickle with usefulness like yours."

"What a pretty thought!" she interrupted, with that delicate and gradual expression of surprise by which a poetic image always overtakes her practically occupied imagination.

"I meant," explained Yorke, "don't you get tired of the surroundings you have chosen for it? Do you never feel the need of resetting it?"

"What could be better?" She pointed with her whip down the sinuous, shaded driveway. The trees met above it. The horse's feet sounded softly on the grass. The great shadows from the forest advanced. The great glory of the receding sun struggled through the shield of fine leaf-outlines. The entrance to the road, like its termination, was blotted out in splendid curves and colors, which seemed to bar the intruders, as if they had trespassed upon some sweet or awful secret of the woods, with which they could not be trusted if set free. It was one of those scenes, it was one of those moments, when the power of the forest overshadows the soul like the power of the Highest, and when Nature seems to approach us on her knees in the service of a Greater than herself, bearing a message too mystic for any but our unworldly, unspotted selves to receive.

Yorke looked from the face of the wilderness to the face of the woman.

"It is very beautiful," he said, "but it is very lonely."

She did not answer him, but, turning a sudden soft grassy corner, came to a halt at her wood-cutter's, and forsook him for her patient with that easy adaptability to which he never became accustomed. She was not gone long, but it was darkening rapidly in the woods when she came out, and she drove slowly through the looming shadow, over the rude road.

"There is a short cut home through the woods," she said. "We will take it, unless it seems damp to you."

"No, let us take it," he said absently. They rode through the sweet, dry dusk among the pines. It was too dark to see each other's faces. The consciousness of her presence, their solitude, their approaching separation, arose and took hold of Yorke like a hand at his throat, from whose grip he was struggling. It was to him as if he struck out for his life when he said,—

"Miss Lloyd, I told you I was going home next week. I wish to tell you why."

"Don't!" she said quickly. "Don't!"

He thrust her words aside, as if they had been women, with a fierce gesture of his invalid hands. "It is not for you to tell me what I shall do or not. I am not talking about my ankle or my spine. This is not a case of pellets and bandages and faints and fal-de-rol. I will not have your precautions and advice. I will say what I have to say. I will take no interference. I will speak, and you shall hear."

"If you speak, I must hear, but I warn you. I beg you not!"

"And why, I demand, do you beg me not? What right have you? What?"

"The right of my responsibility," she answered, in a tone too low to be calm, and yet too controlled to be agitated.

"I relieve you of the slightest responsibility!"

"You cannot."

"But I do assume that deadly burden. My shoulders are broad enough yet,—though I am a poor fool of a sick man, dependent on your wisdom, in debt to you for his unfortunate life!"

"Oh, please, Mr. Yorke!"

"I insist. You will oblige me by explaining why I should not say what I like to you, as well as to any other woman."

"Because you are not strong enough."

"I am strong enough to love you, at all events." He drew one great breath, and looked at her through the dark with straining eyeballs, like a blind man. She gave no sign of surprise or frail feminine protest. Although it was so dark, he could see (her long gloves were white) the steady pull of her hand on the reins, at which the pony was twitching and shying over the uneven road. After a moment of oppressive silence, she said, with cruelly gentle sadness,—

"That is exactly what you are not strong enough to do."

"Do you presume to tell a man he doesn't know when he loves a woman?" cried Yorke, quivering, stung beyond endurance.

"You are not in love," she said calmly, "you are only nervous."

X.

They had come out now upon the open road. Faint colors remained in the west,—ashes-of-roses and alloyed gold. There was a young moon sinking behind the forest. The untrodden street stretched on, dimly defined in the immature light. The windows of the near village glimmered ruddily beyond.

"Drive faster," said Yorke. "I must get home." He had the heavy, painful pant of an exhausted man. She gave one glance at him, and one flick of the whip to the pony, who put down her head, and took to her slender feet the wings of the wind. The night air came in warm gusts against their faces as they flew over the solitary road. She drove directly to her own side of the house, tied the horse, and resolutely presented her shoulder.

"I have hurt you," she said gently. "You must let me help you—this once."

He did not repulse her; he felt too sick. It seemed to make little difference what happened, and so he got into the house. She helped him through into the parlor, and shut the outer doors. Only one low lamp burned somewhere; in the office he thought. She groped for matches; he lay and listened to the fine rustle of her linen dress. As more light flashed into the room, he saw her standing in her white clothes. She looked very tall and pale. She brought him a tablespoonful of brandy, which he swallowed obediently, and for which he felt better. Then, without perceptible hesitation, this remarkable young woman took out her medicine-case.

"Are you a woman?" he panted.

"I am a doctor."

"Take away your sugar-plums!"

She drew the rubber strap over the case.

"As you please. Your condition calls for a remedy. I can't have you subject to these nervous sinking-turns."

"I need no remedy—but one. It is the only one,—the Divine Remedy in deed and truth. You refuse it to me."

"I have refused you nothing."

"True; I have asked for nothing. But you would deny me, if I did."

"Yes," she replied solemnly, "I should."

"Sit down by me," pleaded Yorke. "I want to finish this."

"You had much better wait," she urged with decision, but not without tenderness,—that ready, cruel, professional tenderness; he would rather she had poisoned him.

"I will not wait. I am stronger. See!—I am all right now, although, as you said, not strong enough to— What a merciless thing that was to say!"

"I know it must have seemed so, Mr. Yorke. Believe, if you can, that I mean to be kind."

"It seems to me," said Yorke, struggling up against the bright *disarra* sofa pillows, and turning his haggard face towards her, "that the