

towards assuming the marriage yoke—belong to a high and advanced state of civilization and society.

The *operarii* furnish no examples at all, unless it be an occasional individual, who has been so thoroughly non-suited, and for such good reasons, that his existence as a bachelor possesses no special significance. The *operarii* make a better showing and redeem their credit through an occasional example, whose presence is invariably marked by the possession of fatter bees, swifter steeds and stronger mead than can be found elsewhere in the neighborhood. But not to touch each note in the gamut, the *literarii* develop the bachelor in his full perfection. The clerical side indeed pretend to discern some especial merit of a wholly mysterious nature among the celibates; but let us not stick at this, let us be content with those virtues which are open to the gaze of the world.

The bachelor here is sometimes, though not always, too poor to be otherwise than as he is. More commonly his bachelorhood is a matter of choice, preference or noble resolve. It is a voluntary choosing of the better part, if not half. It notes the high water mark of civilization.

What a delightful man was Hume! how placid, polished and intellectual! How smoothly his prose flows! How gentlemanly! What a mighty mind had Newton! How he grappled with the problems of the universe and solved them. And, here again, mark the repose, amiability, dignity! Truly, these bachelors were fine fellows! Small wonder that Oxford and Cambridge ordained that their fellows should all be bachelors. Saharissa, too, was equally rigorous, and preferred Civil Bachelors. Another doctor thunders from his vantage point on the importance of wedlock and the wickedness of bachelors in general. Happy prophet; when did ever the people fail to swallow a message which tallied with their own belief and wish? But from what data or through what conceivable stretch of invention are bachelors thus slandered? Who ever heard of a rake remaining a bachel? On the contrary, they always marry, fame says with great success, so also do drunkards and other evil members of society.

The inoffensive bachelor, on the other hand, with peaceful serenity and good conscience, continues a triumphant progress through advancing stages of blessedness, undisturbed by domestic trials, and achieves a completeness not attained elsewhere. Let us silence this unseemly parrotting of the voice of the vulgar! Let us give the bachelor his due.

What a lonely life! A single human being steering his way alone through the mysteries of existence: single handed, alone, complete in himself! Does it not excite our admiration and evoke reverent fear? Yet what solace has he in his solitude? Life presents to him facts quite different than to his harassed, perplexed, domestic brother.

It is something for the human family to now and again produce a complete man, who lives for the sake of existence, without reference to the past, present or future of the race at large.

These things trouble the proletariat not the bachelor.

CAELEBS.

## ALL FOR NAUGHT.

She is such a coy though merry  
Little maid,  
That of men you'd think her very  
Much afraid.

But a year ago she doted  
On bravados who were noted,  
And to wicked ways devoted,  
So she said.

There was something so attractive  
In a "tough,"  
That a man in crime inactive  
Was such stuff!  
So she laughed at my emotion  
When I vowed a life's devotion,—  
I had such a prudish notion  
Of a rough!

So I bought a "Colt's" and dagger,—  
Made big bets,  
And began to swear and swagger,  
Ran up debts,  
And I domineered, provoking  
By my actions bitter joking,—  
And I even took to smoking  
Cigarettes.

I was just a mild beginner,  
As you see,  
For I'd vowed that I would win her,—  
But ah, me!  
When I went and gently told her  
I had changed in growing older,  
Her reply was even colder:—  
So had she!

E. N.

## A NIGHT AT THE THEATRE.

The new year has begun well in McGill. The dying days of the old may record some slight differences and faculty rivalry, but the joyous festive season has ushered in that happy state of affairs which should forever characterize the grand old "Alma Mater." On the evening of Saturday, Jan. 7th, the Queen's Theatre was packed to its utmost capacity by students and friends of the University, the former occupying the galleries, and numbering over 500. The play was "Hamlet," with Wilson Barrett in the title role, Miss Maud Jeffries as "Ophelia," and Mr. Franklin McLeay as the "Ghost." Comment upon the acting can only be in the highest appreciative strain, for indeed the student of Shakespeare could not but be satisfied with Barrett's "Hamlet" and Miss Jeffries' "Ophelia." The balance of the company proved themselves also to be at home in their respective roles. During the performance, loud and prolonged applause was of frequent occurrence. Shortly after seven o'clock the long procession of students was seen wending its way from the University grounds, and ere long the mighty throng densely filled the "gods" allotted to them. Then broke forth chorus after chorus, all of which are held dear by many generations of students. Before the curtain ascended after the fourth act, an imperative demand was made for the appearance of Miss Jeffries, and at the same time, as if by magic, an enormous basket of roses descended