The Morrice and College arms are cunningly cut in stone over the respective entrances to the Hall and corridor.

And here just a word about the wood-cut on our cover. It doesn't do the building justice at all! The draughtsman did not hold the mirror up to nature, for the simple reason that an architect's perspective drawing cannot be spelt n-a-t-u-r-e. The view is supposed to be from McGill College gate but when you get there don't stare in every direction. Look towards the north-west, where the original building used to be and still is!

Entering the Hall one's breath is well-nigh taken away, so great is the surprise at seeing such a vast expanse of floor and ceiling. It convinces us more than ever that "Mr. Morrice is a man who never does anything by halves." In the back of the Hall which has a seating capacity of about 700 there is what the plans call a "band gallery." Happy thought! We must have an orchestra organized at once, and an overture composed in honour of the Donor! (The Secretary of the Alma Mater Society should attend to this, for it is an open secret that he is a fiddler of no mean order!)

Passing through the reading room, which opens from the Hall, we turn into the library. This when finished, will be inferior to none on the continent. Space forbids our going into details. Octagonal in form with the book cases round the sides of the room, and a substantial gallery, it will be unequalled for convenience. We believe the ceiling is to be particularly chaste and artistic.

From the door of the library we get a good idea of the long stretch of corridor connecting the two buildings. Passing down stairs we find ourselves in the dining-room—hall we should rather call it, for it is 36 feet in diameter and 14 feet in height. Mr. Browne is credited with saying that there is only one other octagonal dining-room in the world—that at Charing Cross. But this must be swallowed cum grano salis, for we have seen it stated somewhere that the Queen's palace dining room at Windsor is octagonal.

The kitchen is one that would set the average Bridget in ecstasies; and we sincerely hope no one will ever get lost in the labyrinth of cellars, and pantries, and larders, and laundry, and bedrooms, and steward's suite of parlours, and—and—and—and so forth! This region is very complete, and even magnificent—from a cook's point of view!

In its resent state of cold stone and brick walls one might be pardoned for nicknaming this ground flat "Inferno." Ascending the staircase that winds round the chimney and ventilation flue we reach the first flat—" Purgatorio." Mounting higher and higher we (at last!) find ourselves in "Paradiso"—the student's dormitories—fully convinced that the aspirants after learning will get about all the exercise they will need when going to and coming from classes and meals!

The dormitories number thirty, each measuring 10 by

14 feet. The ceilings are very high, and the windows unusually large.

It may be mentioned that all the floors are "deafened" in a simple but ingenious manner with Portland cement.

Work is creeping on slowly but steadily, and there is every prospect of the building being ready for use by next January. The window sashes have been placed. The plastering has not been commenced yet, but we understand this will not require much time.

DOHNEY VARIETAS.

Fame, Duty and Love.

Fame has a power to fire the soul, To do and suffer mighty things; To gain the honour which it brings, Men seek to pierce the icy pole.

And some in daring deeds of war, Have sought to win a lasting fame; And some to make themselves a name, Have travelled on through lands afar.

And duty too has wondrous power, To make men bear the toil and fight; It gives to them superior might, In many a sore and trying hour.

At duty's call through weary days, Some labour on obscure, unknown, And carry burdens not their own, Without reward of well earned praise.

But love's attractions far excel, The power of Duty or of Fame; More deep devotion does it claim, From those o'er whom it casts its spell-

Love nerves the weak and trembling hand; It makes the timid strong and brave, To scale the height and breast the wave; Makes cowards among heroes stand.

J. B. S.

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