

lectures in English are obligatory, not optional, as before. McGill students, therefore, not be required to study Spalding in future.

CON. ED.

To the Editors of the MCGILL GAZETTE.

Sirs,

In the last issue of the McGill Gazette, I noticed that the sports committee of Harvard University has adopted a plan to prevent the contestants from obtaining professional assistance in their training for the various College sports; and, in order that this arbitrary measure may not creep into our College rules, I wish to point out how inapplicable such an enactment is.

Is besides being a severe rule, it seems to be *ultra vires* of the Committee inasmuch as it restricts the liberty of the student. It has, moreover, a tendency to diminish the interest and enthusiasm of the students in these Athletic contests.

To say nothing, however, of its disadvantages, I would simply ask the question, how is it to be effected? For my part, I cannot answer it. To exact an oath from each of the Athletes that he has not received hints respecting his training from some professional source or another, would not only be most impracticable, but degrading.

One may inadvertently obtain from a professional trainer sufficient information to disqualify him from competing; while another may acquire knowledge from, or even practice with, an amateur who is equally proficient in these matters, and yet be not subject to such regulations.

To my mind, it is of little importance how many suggestions a man may get in order to render him a good athlete. If he have not the mettle in him, he will gain little for his trouble; and this will be illustrated by the fact that no matter how thoroughly you train a *Clydesdale* horse, he will never be able to compete with a *Black Hawk* in the qualification of the latter. Though this be said of horses, it also holds good for men.

Notwithstanding what I have said, why debar anyone from soliciting aid from his superiors? When persons of equal skill go to that length, it shows they pride themselves in their skill, and should consequently be encouraged and handsomely rewarded rather than excluded from the sports.

The insertion of that clause in the University Athletic Association Rules, is surely the outcome of jealousy on the part of some unsuccessful candidate, who afterwards exercised his influence in working the exclusion of the more successful competitor. No honest minded man would think of debarring another on such trivial grounds as these referred to.

Hoping I have not taken up too much space,

I remain,

Your obedient servant,

R. A. K.

## Poetry.

### SQUANDERED LIVES.

(Written for the MCGILL UNIVERSITY GAZETTE.)

The fisherman wades in the surges,  
The sailor sails o'er the sea,  
The soldier steps bravely to battle,  
The woodman lays axe to the tree.

They are each of the breed of the heroes,  
The manhood attempted on strife,  
Strong hands that go lightly to labour,  
True hearts that take comfort in life.

In each is the seed to replenish,  
The work with the vigor it needs,  
The centre of honest affection,  
The impulse to generous deeds.

But the shark drinks the blood of the fisher,

The sailor is dropped in the sea,  
The soldier lies cold by his cannon,  
The woodman is crushed by his tree.

Each prodigal life that is wasted,  
In many achievements unacted,  
But lengthens the days of the coward,  
And strengthens the crafty and mean.

The blood of the noblest is lavished,  
That the selfish a profit may find,  
God sees the lives that are squandered,  
And we to His wisdom are blind.

### SONG FROM THE NEW COMIC OPERA, "PATIENTS."

(As given in Montreal by Doctor Bouthorpe, A.S.S., Member Homoeopath. Soc., &c., &c., *ad lib.*)  
(REPORTED BY ANNE-ANNE'89.)

[Enters and sings.]

I.

If you're eager for to shine in the Homoeopathic line as a man of wondrous skill,  
You should write a little *Manual* and give a little granule alternately with a pill.  
You should talk with all the ladies and tell them that to Hades the allopaths will send them sure,

With their complicated mixtures and apothecaries' fixtures, which may kill but cannot cure.

[Chorus.]

And every one will say, when you drive about each day,  
If he is so much better than the ortho-Docs, and they can cure me,  
O, what a very super-extra kind of Doc,

A Homoeopath must be.

II.

If they're feverish at night, give a touch of Aconite,

No other drug is worth *shucks*;

If they're simply feeling ill-a, a little touch of Pulsatilla,  
Followed up with a dose of Nux.  
If you do yourself the honour to prescribe some belladonna,  
Or a pile of Rhus-Tox:  
Or in giving out Mercurius, shun the imitations spurious,  
Which all druggists keep in stock.

[Chorus.]

And every one will say, if you go on in this way,  
If quantities so *very, very* small will really cure me,  
Oh, what very singularly strong kind of drugs,

These Homoeopathic drugs must be.

III.

Speak in no measured terms, of the "*Allopathic*" worms,  
Whose "*similia similibus non powderis et pillibus*,"  
But their Allopathic labors we'll seize upon, Be Jabers,

Since they will not recognize us, we will carry off the prizes,

[Chorus.]

And every fool will say, when we take on in this way,  
Just look at those poor, good, meek men, kept back through jealousy;  
Oh, what hard-hearted probates,

By our persecuted *early Christian* tone.

These Allopaths must be.

[*Double shuffle*, and hurries off to attend an important case of Bilioosness.]

### THE COLLEGE FOP.

(BY HARRY SHORTFELLOW.)

The swell stood in the college hall,  
His watch-guard, purest lead,  
The fumes that left his cigarette  
Rolled round his empty head.

Yet pitiful and green he stood,  
As born to be an ape;  
A creature of infernal cheek,  
A proud though childlike shape.

The fumes rolled up, yet there he stood,  
Chuck-full of self-conceit;  
His scented hair, his big brass ring,  
His sleek, but ill-formed feet

Impressed us all that this *thing's*  
*mind*.

(O, Mind, forgive a joke!)  
Was made of air and chlorophyll,  
And thickened up with smoke.

He tried to speak; once more he tried—  
If that could be called speech,  
Lisped out from somewhere, in his nose,  
Which seemed beyond his reach.

About him was a musky smell;  
But in his face no shame;  
While, in his hand, he swung aloft  
A slender milk-weed cane.

This tight-clad youth in college sits,  
Whom Doctors seek in vain  
To teach, but fail; his skull is filled  
With bran instead of brain.

The learned men may well be wild—  
May well with cholera sigh;  
And long to shoot this o'er-grown  
babe,

Like powder, to the sky.

There'll be a day—and not far hence:  
The fop—where will he be?  
Ask you the winds, that, far abroad,  
Upon the wintry sea,

Hold revel with the crested wave;  
And rend the ships of oak:  
A strange weird answer they will give—  
"He has gone up in smoke".

## Notes and Queries.

What do the words *bourdon* and *pergolas* mean? W.  
The blare of that triumphal *bourdon* of brass instruments" is the phrase from which the word as spelled in the query is taken. The form is incorrect; it should be *bourdon*. *Bourdon* here means a deep bass, or a musical chorus, which is practically the same thing. Chaucer, *Prolog*. 673-4; reads:  
This Sompnour bar to him a stiff bourdon,  
Was never troump of halt so great a soun.

This implies that the *Sompnour* sang, either the bass part of the *Pardoner's* song, or lustily in its refrain. *Bourdon* is the direct source of the word *burden*, a refrain, as in "Sweet sprites, the burden bear."—[*Temp. Act I. Sc. 2.*]

*Etymology.*—The etymology of the word *bourdon*, and its other forms *bourdon* and *burden* is the Low Latin *burdonem*, acc. of *burdo*, [onomatopoeic word] a drone,—the idea of a humming noise being persistent in the word's history, e.g., Fr. *bourdon*, a drone or drone-bee; also the humming or buzzing of bees; also, the drone of a bagpipe." [Coigrave.] c.f. Fr. *bourdonner*, to hum. The L. Latin *burdo* also meant [1] a mule [2] a long organ pipe. Diez [Grammar of Romance Languages] thinks that *burdo*, a mule, is the root-meaning of the word. From it he derives the idea of the pilgrim's staff (this is a very common meaning in Middle English). It, *burdone*, Span. *burdon*, Pg. *burdo*, Fr. *bourdon*. The pilgrim's staff was his mule, his support; so Span. *muleta*, a mule or a crutch. This staff being large led to the signification of a large organ-pipe, giving forth a deep sound, whence *bourdon* and *burden*, a refrain, (c.f. *bourdon*, the instrumental stop).