

A NOVEL.—NOT BY LYTON.

There was once a bad little boy who, even from the cradle, was accustomed to play tricks, and as he grew older, desiring to perfect himself in that art, sought the classic shades of McGill, and became a self-constituted medical student. Amongst other places to which he had resort, was a large tri-winged nursery, in which babes of all ages were admitted to be taken care of and properly nursed.

Here reigned supreme a fair-haired maiden, who only wants a Homer to make her share the fame of Oculapius. In an airy chamber in the centre of this great edifice, was to be found, like Penelope of old, one wielding not the ancient distaff, but its modern substitute, the sewing machine. Hither the fair goddess was wont to resort and survey with matronly care, the piles of snowy linen.

Now, this *enfant terrible*, one day after following the Wright course, was prompted by his ever present evil genius to turn the key of the chamber which contained the queen of the domains. In an instant the passers by beheld the door quake as if human, and upon one more venturesome than the rest, (although warned of the dangers to be encountered from invading forbidden ground) animated with a spirit of chivalry, tremulously stepped forward and released the fair prisoner. As the lioness leaps forth from her broken cage, so sped she forth to light and freedom, seeking, but unable to find, that naughty little boy.

APPLIED SCIENCE.

The McGill Association of Engineers held its annual meeting on Saturday, Nov. 11th.—Mr. W. J. Sproule in the chair. About twenty-five members were present, five of whom were graduates, and letters were received from some others. The meeting proceeded to remodel the constitution, which business proved to be so lengthy that the association was compelled to adjourn till Nov. 17th, after appointing a committee of three, Messrs. McLeod, Boswell and Sproule, to consider further alterations and report accordingly. On the 17th the members reassembled, and the constitution, as altered and amended, was adopted. The alterations were very important, and changed the association into a graduate's instead of a student's society. Undergraduates now join as "student-members." The election of officers was then proceeded with, three of whom must be graduates, and the president a graduate of three years' standing. The following gentlemen were elected: President, Mr. C. H. McLeod, B.A.Sc.; 1st Vice-President, Mr. J. Frazier Torrance, B.A.Sc.; 2nd Vice-President, Mr. W. J. Sproule, '77; Sec.-Treasurer, Mr. J. J. Frothingham, B.A.Sc.; Assistant Sec.-Treasurer, Mr. P. D. Ross, '78. After some further business the meeting adjourned.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Our subscribers will greatly oblige us by remitting their subscriptions before the Christmas vacation. We also desire that immediate notice be given us if the GAZETTE is not received regularly. Our next Number will be issued during the holidays, and will be ready for students when they return. It will contain several select Christmas articles from Graduates and others, and a full report of the Examinations.

FASHION, FOLLY AND FALSE HAIR.

The minor miseries superinduced by fashion, that queen of fools, can hardly be conceived by those who live in the present day, when common sense is invalidating every hour the authority of this silly despot, and confirming the rational distastes of comfort; and one of these miseries in the shape of false hair, we are sure if our fair readers will only see with our eyes, will soon be a thing of the past. A German doctor has discovered that several grave diseases, such as affections (we ourselves can testify to severe heart affection produced by a very small ringlet of false hair,) and consumption, may be cut-off by the parasite found in the false hair, with which ladies so largely supplement their natural supply. Under the influence of heat and moisture, these parasites swell and burst, their nuclei float in the air and penetrate with it into the body, introducing disease. It is estimated that in a ball-room fifty ladies with false chignons may set free no less than forty-five millions of the lethal germs.

WHAT holds all the snuff in the world? No one nose.

A HEAVY MAN will grow round on square meals.

Student (to Professor).—"Sir, I have received your requisition to write five hundred lines, but I shall report the circumstances to the pupil!"

Fond Papa (reading a book).—"Dolphus, my boy, what's a gulf?"

Dolphus.—"They call it a gulf, papa."

Fond Papa.—"Well, what's a gulf?"

Dolphus.—"I don't know."

Ring Master (to).—"When your beast throws up his heels, you have only to hold on tight with your knees, and throw yourself backward."

Unfortunate Rider.—"Yes, but suppose you can't!"

Some bright Junior has placed a notice on the students' bulletin board, in four different languages, to the effect that the rascal who made away with a certain memorial fund had better return it, as the aforesaid Junior has his eye on him, and will, sooner or later, bring him to justice.

SISTERLY AFFECTION.—The memoir of Caroline Herschel is a charming tribute to the devotion of a sister to her favourite brother. She lived in and for her brother William, the great astronomer, finding her highest joy in doing menial service for his comfort, and in aiding him in his scientific studies. She was the patient helpmate of a great mind. Such complete absorption in another is rarely seen, even in a wife, and proves that disinterested love is not wanting in our selfish age. The "Life of Lord Macaulay" also records illustrations of ardent affection on the part of his sisters, though manifested in a different way. They idolized their brother, and, even in their married life, were never happier than when studying with him, and discussing the books and questions in which he felt an interest. One of the most beautiful eulges in literary history is the story of Macaulay's life with his sisters; of his knightly devotion to them, and their adoring affection for him, and pride in his literary and political success.

SCIENCE AND POETRY.—Science is destructive of poetry,—at least of so much of it as is founded on error of fact. At a dinner-party given by Haydon, the artist, where Wordsworth and Keats were guests, the latter proposed as a toast, "Confusion to the memory of Newton!" Wordsworth insisted upon an explanation before he drank to such an absurd toast. "Because," said Keats, "he destroyed the poetry of the rainbow by reducing it to a prism." Poor Keats! his toast illustrated Pope's lines:

"A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
Their shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again."

If he had known more of science, he would have discerned that while it, by its great discoveries scattered illusions, yet it brought out facts and laws far more suggestive of true poetry than they. Keats may have had as great poetical genius as Tennyson, but Tennyson is the greater poet, and one reason for his superiority is that he knows more of mental, moral and physical science than did Keats.