

Graduates' Column.

ANNUAL DINNER OF THE MONTREAL GRADUATES' SOCIETY.

It might seem strange that the McGill Graduates' Society of Montreal should be the very last to institute an annual function in connection with the Association. We have received and published reports of banquets held in the farthest extremities of Canada by our fore-runners in the halls of McGill. Nay, many who have changed their flag and country were among the foremost to thus testify that change of latitude and nationality had not dulled the ardor of the loyalty to Alma Mater: "*Cedant, non animus, mutant.*"

Perhaps is it that we in Montreal, so near the focus, living in the strong light of her fame and greatness, do not feel the same need of fostering such sentiments by means which a carping critic might, with some share of reason, stigmatize as fictitious.

Last Thursday, on the 18th instant, took place the first annual dinner of the Montreal Society. Many factors contributed to make it a success. The Windsor cuisine—and cellars—supplied the wants of the inner man; the company was made up of men of all ages, strangers largely the one to the other, but bound together by the fact that the same hand had given them the right to add to their names those mystic letters which form the envy of the "vulgus." The elite of professional society was present; leaders in judicial, scientific, medical and literary circles, with many of a younger generation, who are fitting themselves for future command by present obedience.

Tables were laid in the Ladies' Ordinary. The room was gay with flowers in profusion, College colors and national standards and the arms of the various provinces.

The menu was simply pretty; printed in red on rough cream paper, with the arms of McGill on the cover.

An excellent string orchestra enlivened the evening, with selections from the latest operas. Fully one hundred and fifty guests sat down together.

That the menu was faultless, all those who have dined at the Windsor can testify. The speeches that followed were remarkable for one quality,

that is too commonly lacking in postprandial efforts: the speakers were mindful of the axiom that "Brevity is the soul of wit."

Mr. Peers Davidson, the Chairman, set the ball rolling by proposing the time-honored toasts of "The Queen" and "Alma Mater." He explained the *raison d'être* of the present reunion, namely, the desire to introduce a little recreation into the serious pursuits of the Society. He apologized for the absence of the lady graduates, and referred to the great strides McGill had made in the past few years, and to the illustrious list of benefactors, professors and graduates that glorifies its annals.

The task of responding on behalf of the governors and teaching staff fell to Principal Peterson. In his accustomed happy style, he dwelt on the changes of recent years. He praised the work of the Graduates' Societies in behalf of Alma Mater, and pointed out various outlets for their money and their energy. A fact he deplored was the absence of chairs of sociology, political science and economics. By the addition of such courses, McGill would become something more than a mere educational machine; it would be truly a centre of learning.

Sir Melbourne Tait followed on behalf of the Graduates. Mr. S. Clay, Law '98, aptly expressed the sentiments of the undergraduates, and Dr. Ruttan proposed "Sister Societies," represented by Mr. Conroy, President of the Ottawa Valley Graduates' Society.

The speeches were agreeably interspersed by songs and readings, given by Drs. Fry, Wilson, Lauterman and Mackenzie, and Mr. G. McDougall. The gathering broke up about midnight, unanimous in the conviction that the Graduates' first dinner was something worthy of annual repetition.

Robert Bell. M.D. (1878), B.A.Sc. (1885), (McGill), Assistant director of the Geological Survey, and one of Canada's greatest explorers in the far north, has been elected a fellow of the Royal Society of Great Britain, one of the highest honors attainable by scientists. The vacancies by death in the restricted membership of the Royal Society are few, and the list of scientific men of a class eligible for election is always large.