

marked, in proportion to the scientific development of the people.

Science is not a narrow path through which we may walk, but it is like the broad and open ocean. There are many courses, there are many ports. One course intersecting another, but at the end a harbor of safety: each port having within itself some scene of beauty, some center of attraction. So it is with science. It is divided into many branches,—these branches similar in nature and yet running in different lines. Although starting from various places, and having different destinations, each accomplishes the purpose for which it was planned. It alone remains with us to choose which path we will take, but these paths united, are means of attaining the same result,—the uplifting, the upbuilding and the prosperity of our country and our fellowmen.

PAYNE, App. Sci. '99.

COLLEGE THEATRICALS.

The Fortnightly has been imitated. The Fortnightly has been successfully imitated. Where? In the Redpath Museum. When? Saturday afternoon, Feb. 13th. By Whom? By the Sophomores of the east wing. How? Ah! that takes time for the telling.

Freshmen, juniors and seniors, seated in semi-darkness were wondering "what next," when a pathetic scene was revealed upon the stage. The editor of the Fortnightly at work, hard at work, surrounded by books of reference, papers, rulers, scissors, etc. With a brow furrowed with care, he proceeded to arrange his paper. First there was the cover. As the editor discussed the various illustrations for the cover-border, a curtain at the rear of the platform slowly rolled out of sight, and lo! tableaux representing the cuts to perfection. We trembled at the explosion when Scientia was exhibited. We trembled more at "Fiat justitia." Vita brevis gave us the blues; but the cheerfulness of the company returned when the "one-horse faculty" was represented. Satisfied at length with the cover, the editor proceeded to get up his editorials. He wrote about "glorious rush of half-

back" and about being "covered with mud and glory" also how "the flying wedge flew with earthly wings." The stage illustration of this able editorial quite took our breath away. We saw the "glorious rush." We saw wings and wedges and circle and pyramids. The only two things lacking were mud and gore. The editorial on the Glee and Banjo Club was appreciative and encouraging. But oh! The Glee Club which we saw and heard when the curtain rolled up. Black robes, dazzling linen, McGill ribbon and Paderewskian hair. The class poet belongs to their number, and there was a pleasing newness about the selections. One stanza of "The Glee Club" will give a slight idea of the merit of the songs.

Alr: "Henriette."

Oh! The Glee Club, have you heard it? heard it?
Oh! its praises can't be worded, worded,
Oh! the songs they've not yet murdered, murdered,
When they wear their gowns down youder
And the students' money squander;
Yale and Harvard are not in it, in it,
Princeton never for a minute, minute,
For McGill's powers are infinite, 'fzite.
Loves the Yankee while they're here,
Borrows songs to sing next year!

What! The Glee Club.

Encores for the Glee and Banjo Club were specially requested, and were given with a will.

The editorial on the "cake-walk" and the accompanying illustration were masterpieces. A white wig lent dignity to the judge. The cake was adorned with candles. The old plantation fiddler tuned and scraped; and the costumes of the promenaders filled all beholders with admiration.

Among the advertisements Pear's soap-bubble blower and Chocolate Menier were received with exceptional approbation.

For originality and for successful acting the Sophomores have certainly taken the palm. It is not often that we have an afternoon of such genuine fun. The girls of '99 spared themselves neither time nor labour, and the dainty refreshments and pretty souvenir programmes showed that their talent was not all confined to one sphere.