

that many of the students, through a lack of regular attendance at its meetings, lose altogether the advantages which the society is calculated to occasion. They thus serve to narrow its influence and power for service, instead of sustaining it by hearty interest and support.

The same general truth holds in regard to the Y.M.C.A., the Reading Room, and the various other societies of the University. If these are not so successful as it is desirable they should be, the onus of the fault lies with those who either neglect them altogether, or give them only a meagre assistance. That they are useful institutions, no one denies. Theirs would be a loss seriously felt in McGill, and would assuredly give rise to objectionable comparisons between this and other universities. They fill a useful place, indeed a necessary one, in collegiate life. We therefore urge a greater attention on the part of all the students to their claims. If each man felt that upon him devolved the duty of aiding and sustaining the various societies which have been mentioned, we should hear less of deficient finances and restricted usefulness.

STUDENTS AND POLICE.

The different accounts of the encounter between students and police are so contradictory that it is difficult to form an opinion as to what a correct version of the affair is.

Two facts, however, are pretty well established—the students did some things in the Academy for which no excuse can be offered; for example, lighting fire-crackers in a crowded house is so reprehensible an act that the wonder is the great body of students did not themselves punish the offender for such an insane deed. The other fact well established is that the police made a most unprovoked attack on the students outside the Academy. We have it on the best authority that neither the police, the onlookers, nor the students, had the remotest idea why the *bâtons* were used so freely.

Contributions.

A COUNTRY BOY.

[WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERSITY GAZETTE.]

BY NIEL V. ERIUS.

CHAPTER II.

"All the world loves a lover."—Emerson.

Mr. Nettleton James was a man of about five-and-forty, portly, merry, and rather above than below medium height. He could do the work of three men, and made all his employées do the same. Keen to

the last cent in business, he was nevertheless charitable to a degree in private life. His motto was—"When money's to be made, use all legitimate means; when it is made, make it useful to help your fellows."

Mr. James had a family, as all men worth anything do have. "A family," he told a young man once, "is the best anchor to hold one to respectability. Beyond a certain point a man can get neither wealth nor position without a family." His family consisted of a wife and three children. Mrs. James' age was so unimportant a matter to everyone but herself, that it is not worth while risking her anger by revealing it. The children were nineteen, seventeen, and fifteen. Mr. James called them children, but Charley, the eldest, who carried a cane, smoked cigarettes, and supported his neck with a three-inch collar, thought that his father and the law were singularly ignorant of the time when manhood arrives. The other members of the family, Alice and Edith, were familiarly known as "Dawn" and "Dusk," names given them one day by their father, when in a merry mood, and which clung to them on account of their appropriateness.

Dawn was the elder. The sunlight sparkled in her hair as through the golden clouds of morning. Her eyes were like the sea where it meets the sky, and her figure excelled that of Cleopatra, the world ruler, for it actually exceeded five feet in height, while Cleopatra's only reached four feet six.

And yet Dawn was by no means as changeable as the sea or as happy as the sunlight. She was a sedate, motherly body, who just doted on babies, and who was known to every one of these creatures in the neighborhood. And as for common sense, beyond her unpardonable love for infants, there wasn't a person in the world had more.

Dusk was already a dangerous creature for a man with feelings to meet. She had all the seductive langors of a summer night about her, with its fire-fly flashes, lulling the heart into fancied oblivion, and stealing its strength the while. She was nearly a head taller than her sister, of exquisite figure, and with a great square head set in a frame of dark brown curls, that fell heavily and thickly upon her shoulders, and swept in a wayward throng of tiny ringlets over her high, smooth forehead. Her eyes, like her hair, were dark brown, and of great size and brilliancy, with a world of feeling, and strength, and soul in them. Her's was a lion's head, one that, when she should reach womanhood, would awe, not by its beauty alone, but by its quiet power. She reminded one of that brave-hearted queen whose tender arm was broken in the staple as it barred the way to her husband's life, for there was that in her eyes sometimes that told she would do the same if need be.

And as yet she was only fifteen. It was a few days after the farewell walk of Lizzie and Peter that Mr. James came home from work with a frown upon his usually happy face. He ran up the steps of his house on Sherbrooke street and rang the bell violently. The door was almost immediately opened by "Dusk," who had been watching for him, and who now placed herself in his way demanding toll.