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Johnson, F. M. G.

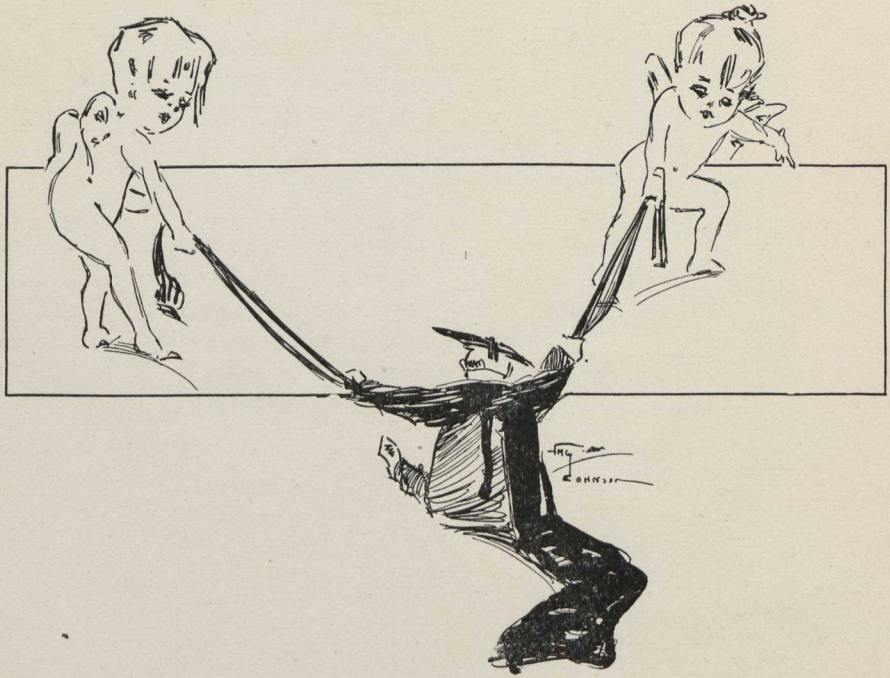
PEOPLE WE MEET

Drawn by
F. M. G. JOHNSON



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People We Meet



TO THE FRESHMAN YEAR.

*C*hildren, we may say with truth
That you often show your youth,
And, perhaps, your worst offence
Is your lack of reverence.
By this work that we've provided
Let your future life be guided,
And you soon will know the features
Of your kind and thoughtful teachers.
Make a good impression NOW,
Never grudge a graceful bow,
And, your days of freshness o'er,
Each MAY be a sophomore.

PEOPLE WE MEET, I.

*Inadequate these feeble ditties
His grandeur to recall ;
But here's the man who forms committees,
And arbitrates them all ;
He spreads our fame through distant cities.
Hail to our principal !*



William Peterson

PEOPLE WE MEET, II.

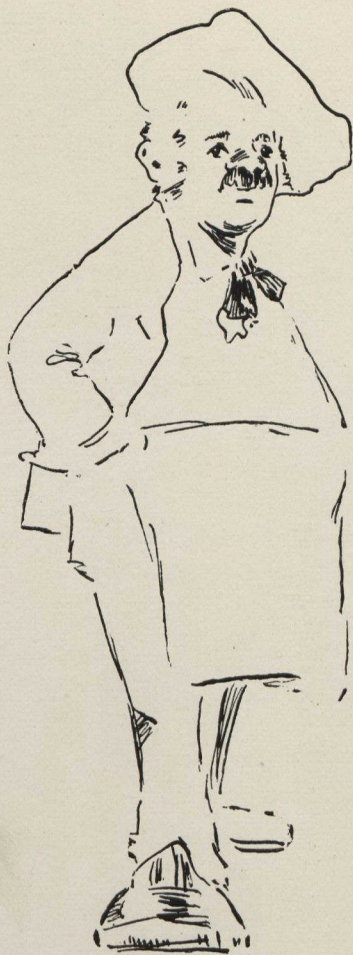
*Farewell, O Faculty of Arts,
I leave thy precincts soon,
My students mayn't be men of parts,
But each has got a "goon."*



Alexander Johnson

PEOPLE WE MEET, III.

*My name is Dean Bovey,
I'm just as I look,
For over in Science
I am the chief cook.*

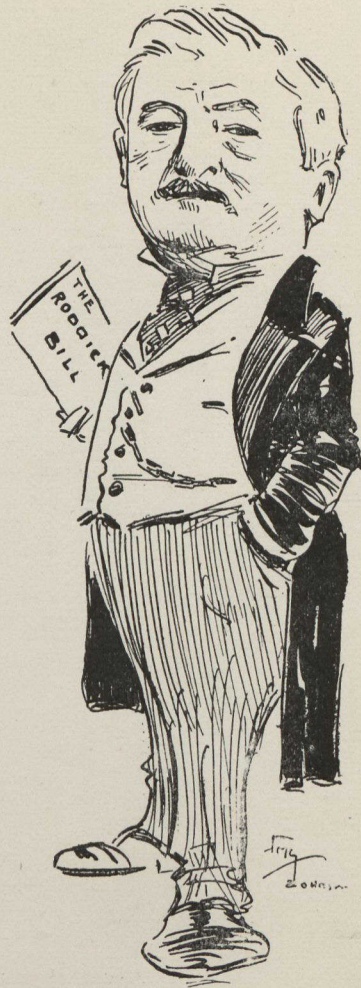


1890
H. T. BOVEY

Henry Taylor Bovey

PEOPLE WE MEET, IV.

*Of Medicine the genial Dean,
High duties I fulfil;
And ere I quit this passing scene,
I hope they'll pass my Bill.*



Thomas George Roddick

PEOPLE WE MEET, V.

*Here is the man who really wrote
The Novels of Justinian.
Who knows exactly how they ought
To govern our Dominion.
That he's a Dean, his stately mien
Would tell you in a minute,
And if you haven't heard his name,
You simply are not in it.*



Frederick Parker Walton

PEOPLE WE MEET, VI.

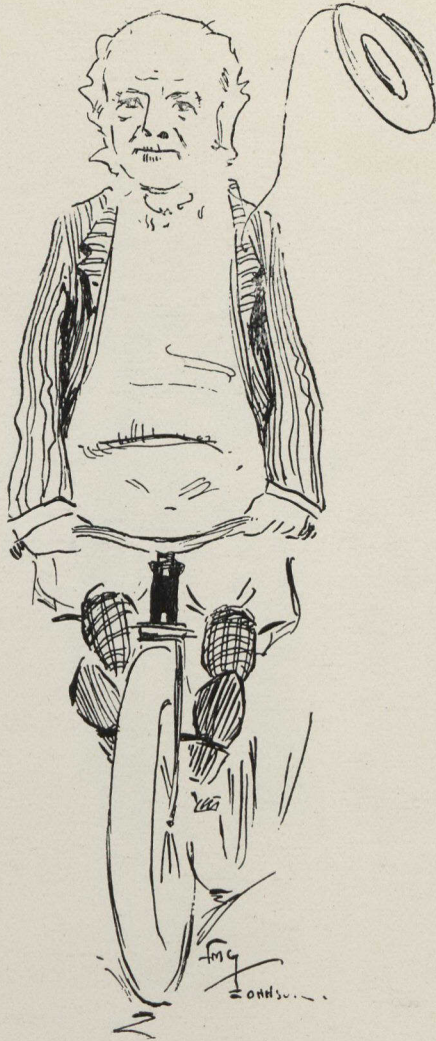
*Oh ! they made a happy choice
When your post they wished to fill ;
Hear us cry with single voice,
"Leading lady of McGill !"*



Hilda Diana Oakeley

PEOPLE WE MEET, VII.

*Some people say I'm getting old,
But I should like to see
Them dance a Highland fling or ride
A bicycle like me.*



John Clark Murray

PEOPLE WE MEET, VIII.

*I hold the chair of Chemistry,
But own I really am surprised
To find so much is thought of me,
That I am thus immortalized.*



Bernard James Harrington

PEOPLE WE MEET, IX.

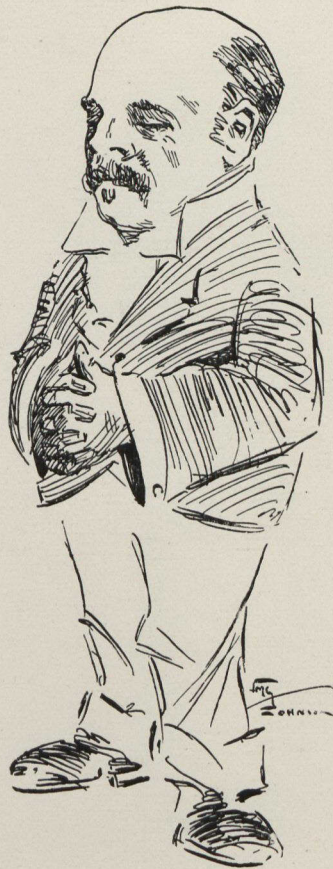
*Peace and goodwill in his features are strong ;
Where will you find a more affable man ?
Never perturbed when reactions go wrong,
Born for a diplomat,—Bobbie Rutlan.*



Robert Fulford Ruttan

PEOPLE WE MEET, X.

*My name is Moyses, but among the boys
My appellation is Charley;
With Tennyson's ghost, with Keats and a host
Of such spirits I hold secret parley,
And give the result of my labours occult
To many an Arts undergrad.
I read with my face, with my hands and—with grace,
My mood varies from cynic to sad.*



Charles Ebenezer Moyse

PEOPLE WE MEET, XI.

*You may talk of Bovey's "Theory,"
Or of "Bunty" and "Descrip.,"
But if it's brains you're looking for,
Then Chandler's the tip;
Just hear him, as his pointer
Solves equations by the bunch,
Murmur softly in his whiskers,
"Hully Gee! ain't this a lunch."*



George Henry Chandler

PEOPLE WE MEET, XII.

*Through the pretty, waving flowers
See him wander merrily ;
Oh ! that we could, through his papers,
Wander just as easily.*



David Pearce Penhallow

PEOPLE WE MEET, XIII.

*Professor Cox, Professor Cox,
We greet thee with acclaim,
What student is there in McGill
Who does not know thy name?
Who has not seen thy lofty form
With air preoccupied,
Coat buttoned tight and downcast eye.
Thus to the college stride?*



J.M.C.
1900

John Cox

PEOPLE WE MEET. XIV.

*Some may be witty,
And some may be wise,
But "Bunty" alone
Is renowned for his size.*



Clement Henry McLeod

PEOPLE WE MEET, XV.

*Every autumn I'm on hand
To instruct the Freshman band,
In my genial way I teach 'em,
Dogfish, Worm and Paramoecium,
All their silly jokes ignore ;
Christmas time is where I score.
Ah ! How it fills my heart with cheer
When I see them back next year.*



Ernest William MacBride

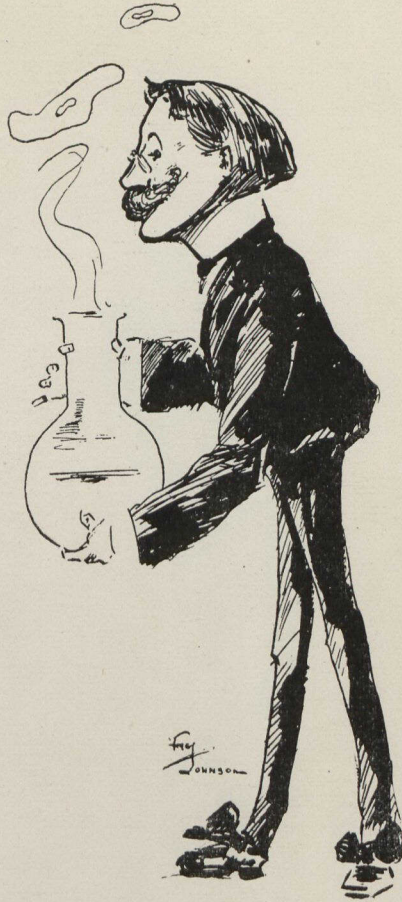
PEOPLE WE MEET, XVI.

*Who is this we meet to-day
In such a VERY queer array?
See his lovely waving tie
And his calm, artistic eye.
Mark his fine "Descriptive" brow.
Coat and trousers graceful flow.
Don't you know who stands before us?
Hark! the Freshies' childish chorus
Gurgling in joy uproarious,
"Henry Armstrong!"*



Henry Fry Armstrong

*Though I've studied in Freiburg,
As all of you know,
And hob-nobbed with Oswald,
Who's quite the whole show,
Yet now as professor
The boys I don't soak,
But just stroll round the lab.
And string off some old joke.*



Nevil Norton Evans

PEOPLE WE MEET, XVIII.

*Here is a doctor with mental agility ;
Surely, his talents bespeak versatility ;
Neat little figures he'll model with ease,
Or do you a stunt on the flying trapeze.
Well may his gifts drive his rivals to frenzy,
For he is the only unequalled McKenzie !*



Robert Tait McKenzie

PEOPLE WE MEET, XIX.

*Ernie Rutherford, you guess,
"What's he doing in that dress?"
Liquifying the atmosphere,
Finding some new substance there.
Theories that have stood for years, —
Pff! they're gone! when he appears.
Scientists all stand perplexed,
What EVER will he tell us next.*



Ernest Rutherford

PEOPLE WE MEET, XX.

*This is "Sunny Dicky" Lea,
Who, no doubt, you're glad to see.
As with soft engaging smile,
He tries to scatter the defection,
Which oppresses Freshies while
They con the cunning Conic Section.*



Richard S. Lea

PEOPLE WE MEET, XXI.

*A student stood before the throne,
Exams were drawing near,
The student pointed to the stack
And wiped away a tear.
"Do you suppose," he humbly asked,
"That I could get in there!"
A shiver ran thro' Mr. Gould,
There came a muttered—prayer,
He looked the student up and down,
He gasped, "What! you in THERE?"
Then called the ambulance, and said
"The General, with care."*



Charles Henry Gould