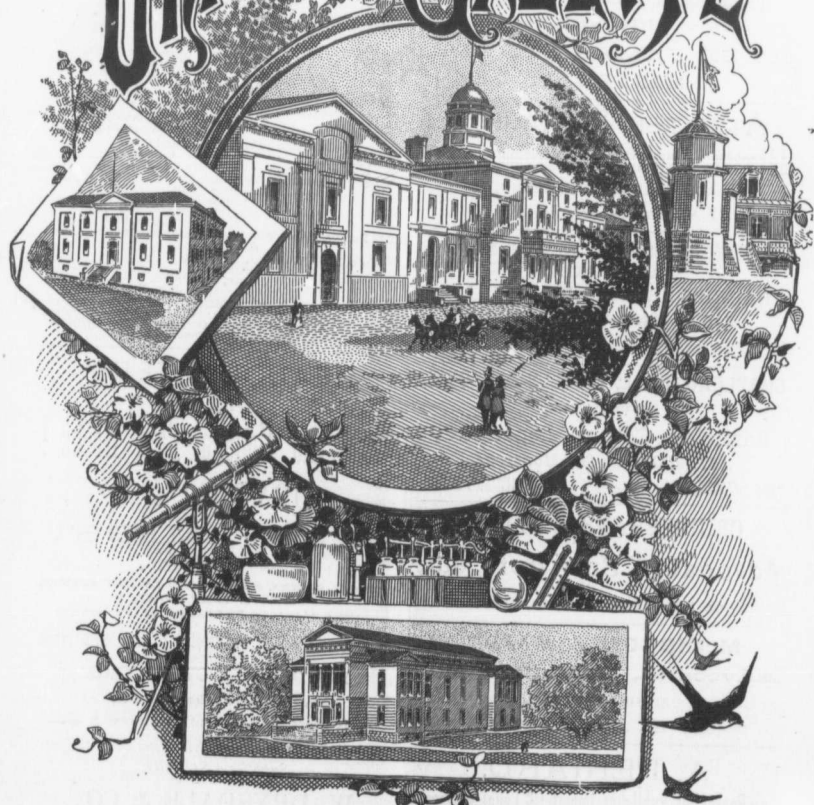


# UNIVERSITY GAZETTE



1887-88

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## University Gazette.

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Rejected communications will not be returned, to which rule no exception can be made. The name of the writer must always accompany a communication.

All communications may be addressed to the Editors, P. O. Box 1290.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents.

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### Editorials.

Even were it not customary, it would be necessary in view of the position which the GAZETTE has taken during the past year upon many important University questions, to review briefly the year's work.

We are satisfied to be judged as to our aims and motives by later years and unprejudiced minds. We are conscious of many defects and of not a few mistakes; but we assume no mock humility, we are assured on all hands of the confidence and support of the great bulk of the students and the best friends of McGill, and in this assurance we can afford to disre-

gard the sneers of prejudiced minds, even though they be in high places.

Our agitation in favour of improvement in the Law school has already begun to have its effect; quite a respectable space was devoted to this faculty in the last annual report, whereas in former years its very existence was ignored; lectures in Municipal Law, first suggested in the GAZETTE, are now a part of the course; we hear of an effort being made to secure better lecture rooms.

At the Law and Science Convocation Sir William Dawson devoted a considerable portion of his address to law; and, though some of his sentences, to put it mildly, could scarcely be considered complimentary to this journal, yet we are not disposed to quarrel with him on that head; it is a question whether his references to us were in good taste at that time; but the great point is, we have succeeded in awakening a certain amount of interest. The Law Faculty has been unfortunate this year in not being represented on our staff; if any one listening to the law valedictory would, probably, come to the conclusion that the GAZETTE was not in touch with students. We presume the Valedictorian spoke for the four men who graduated with him, but he certainly had little sympathy from the larger number of Science graduates, which fact would have been impressed upon him had he witnessed their dinner at the Windsor a few hours later. In this connection, it is not out of place to remark that a year ago the law Valedictorian advocated many of the very changes that the GAZETTE has since that time been so persistently urging, and the late Dean Kerr, who addressed the graduating class, opened by saying that the Valedictorian had said much that it had been his intention to say.

We have said little during the year about the other faculties, because little was to be said. They are admittedly in good condition; we consider it to be our place to draw attention to any evils which may exist rather than to flatter what may be good, and which we have a right to expect to be so. It is remarkable, however, how our professors fume and fret under criticism; they do not take very kindly to opposition; the late Mr. Mathew Arnold's strictures upon this failing of Americans should be carefully read by them. There is a ludicrous side to all this which only the editors see; while the college paper is not worth giv-

ing advice to, is not recognized, is treated with scant courtesy, yet it is sufficiently important to be scolded, on even state occasions, and no doubt to be read in secrecy and alone!

A great source of strength to us this year has been the accession of a corresponding editor from the Donalda department. We hope next year that some means will be devised to give this department more control over the matter sent in for publication. The last year's work has, we think, shown the necessity for this; the board, as now constituted, has no very exact means of arriving at the actual sentiments pervading the students in that department, upon questions of very grave importance, and should not have the power in itself to reject or insert matter of its own will.

As to the financial condition of the paper, it is in the highest degree satisfactory; the value of our shares has increased fifty *per cent.* within the past two years, so that those who shall take our places will have absolutely no difficulties, from a monetary point of view. Bespeaking for the editors of 1888-9, the same generous support which has been extended to us, we close Volume XI. of the University GAZETTE.

#### NOTARIAL STUDENTS.

In this Province of Quebec the profession of the Notary is one of the most honourable, most responsible, and most highly regarded. The place and functions of the notary, as distinguished from those of the lawyer, are clear and well-defined. It is in the interest not only of legal business, but of every branch of mercantile and social life, that the notarial profession should be educated in their particular sphere of law.

It is probably in acknowledgment of these facts that McGill has, in her Law Faculty, what is called a Notarial Course. She recognizes that they have needs which the ordinary law course does not supply. This recognition, however, consists in name only, and not in fact. The calendar publishes the name of a lecturer in the notarial course who never puts in an appearance in the lecture-room, and who never delivers a lecture. Notarial students are forced, in order to obtain their degree, to take up the ordinary branches which the lawyer studies. There is not one reference made, throughout the whole course, to the special work of the notary.

It is, no doubt, no disadvantage to a notary to have a knowledge of all branches of law; but the absolutely needful should be his first care. It is absurd to compel notarial students to cram up criminal law, and give them little help upon the first book of the Civil Code; or to force them to read up Roman Law

while they get no instruction or direction on the principles underlying notarial forms.

This year the Law Faculty graduated five men, of whom three are to be notaries; not one word, throughout the course, specially to this majority of the class; not one word in the lectures specially directed to them; not one word of recognition at Convocation. This state of affairs must cease.

#### THAT INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

The Investigating Committee has not yet reported to the Graduates' Society. We trust their report will be full, ample, and candid; their powers are very extended, and apparently both those who opposed and those who favoured the appointment of the committee do not wish technicalities to prevent a complete statement of the whole question. There must be no pains spared to arrive at all possible information, and to that end it is the duty of the committee to call before them all those whose names have been mentioned to them, and who are resident in the city.

#### ELECTION OF REPRESENTATIVE FELLOWS.

This election has resulted in the return of all those holding office for the expiring term. As our readers know, there was no contest except in Science, Mr. J. Fraser Torrance opposed Mr. Jeffrey H. Burland; the latter was elected by a majority of 120 in a total vote of 190. Mr. Burland polled, besides, a majority of the Science votes.

#### Poetry.

##### IF YOU SHOULD DIE.

If you should die, who have absorbed my soul,  
And, nesting where it dwelt, its loss conceal,  
Whose virtue is the shrine at which I kneel,  
Whose praises are my labor's utmost goal,

If you should pass away, nor more control  
The thoughts I think, the joys and griefs I feel,  
Then would the fountains of my life congeal,  
Death be a friend whose kind touch makes me whole.

'Twas your eyes taught me sight; your ears, to hear;  
Your tongue, soft speech; your grace and goodness, God;  
Your trust, my weakness; and if you should die,  
Then were I nothing but a soulless clod,  
Dumb, blind and deaf, barren of laugh and tear,  
Half doubting if there ruled a God on high.

Montreal.

ARTHUR WEIR.

The Graduates' and University Literary Societies held their joint dinner at the Windsor on Monday evening, the 30th April. Dr. Stewart, President of the Graduates' Society, presided. Principal Anderson, McGill's new LL.D., was present, and delivered a stirring address in favour of the co-education of the sexes.



## MY FLOWERS.

"From me to thee  
As a friendly token."  
She gave some flowers to me,  
With these few words spoken.  
The blossoms are faded  
And fallen to mold,  
But the speech, as she made it,  
Endureth like gold.

From thee to me!  
Oh! those generous maiden,  
Those flowers have bloomed for thee  
With affection laden,  
Though dead is each rosey  
Leaf and each white,  
Yet the ghost of the poetry  
Shall never know blight.

Montreal.

ARTHUR WEIR.

## Contributions.

## A COUNTRY BOY.

[WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERSITY GAZETTE.]

BY NIKIL V. EMBUS.

## CHAPTER X.

"No one is so accused by fate,  
No one so utterly desolate  
But some heart, though unknown,  
Responds unto his own."

People do not change rapidly, so it would be absurd to say that Peter returned to Montreal a changed man. But there is no doubt that new thoughts had been put into his mind, and for the first time he entertained humility as a guest. Contrary to the expectations of Charley and others, he made no effort to see Edith, but settled down doggedly to work. The approaching year was that of his graduation, and he labored to make himself a record that he could carry away with him. He met Charley several times, but there was a too apparent constraint between them to make the meetings pleasant. Self was still predominant, and he chafed at the thoughts that assailed him. For Lizzie his heart had infinite pity, but in this case pity was not akin to love. Edith had whatever of his heart he could spare from himself.

The news of Bolton's death was a blow to him, although he knew that the fatal hour could not have been far distant, after such an injury as Bolton had received. Peter did not blame himself for the death of his old foe, yet he now hesitated to approach Edith more than he had done before. At the same time there was a secret and intense desire in his heart that the meeting might be brought about by chance, and he was enabled to defend himself from any accusations that might have been made against him; for, of course, he took it for granted that Edith had been kept informed of all his movements.

His wish was destined to be granted. He had been made resident physician in one of the hospitals; and, besides attending to such cases of accidents as

came in by chance, he devoted much of his time to the care of those patients who were suffering from illness in the wards.

He was in the sick wards one day when one of the nurses informed him that a lady had called to inquire about the condition of her maid, who lay ill in the hospital.

Peter descended to the reception-room which contained but one visitor, whose back was towards him. It was a long time since he and Edith had met, but the man is no lover who cannot recognize his sweetheart by the slope of her shoulders.

He stood still, and the blood left his face. Then it returned and dazed him. Yet his brain grew clear, and the whole possibility of the meeting—the possibility for good or for evil—flashed across him. In an instant he weighed his chances and made his decision.

"You sent for me?" he asked.

Edith turned suddenly. She was older now, but the same brown eyes, broad brow, and coral lips faced him, and forced upon him the bitter conviction that his life's happiness lay within the compass of her arms. Away from the sight of her, in the loneliness of his room, he had thought he knew what it meant to lose her, but now that he was with her, he knew that he had never experienced half the pain there would be to see her and yet not have her.

"You wished to see me?" Peter asked again, his voice falling to almost a whisper.

"No," answered Edith, slowly; "I wished to see the resident physician."

"I am he, Edith," he said.

She started at the name.

"You must not call me that," she said.

"Edith," he repeated, slowly; "I will call you Edith as long as I live. Why should you wish me to call you anything else?"

"Because you are not an honorable man," she replied, bitterly; "because you have already broken one heart, and would gladly break another."

"I love you," was Peter's answer, "and would have broken the heart of every other woman on earth to win you."

"You were dishonorable towards me."

"I was not," returned Peter. "I told you all at Ste. Rose—of my love for you, and my dead love for her; and you understood me, and—you and you let me hope."

"And if I did!" said Edith, pantingly. "Do you think me a stone, that my heart could not be won by what seemed nobility? You made me love you; yes, I loved you!—I was younger then. Back, sir! your arms shall never touch me! I tell you this, that you may taste the bitterness that I have known. I despise you! I will never know you again!"

Peter had started forward at her first avowal of love, but she had thrust him back. Now, he stood looking down upon her as she crouched among the cushions of the shabby sofa, her form trembling with the intensity of her feelings.

Peter advanced a few steps, and stood beside her.

"Edith," he said, "is there no forgiveness in your soul? Can no change in me, no sacrifice, no probation, obtain mercy for us both?"

Edith rose, with her hand to her heart, and replied, brokenly—

"Nothing can excuse you. The thought of that miserable girl suffering through you, and the knowledge of your selfish, cowardly, ignoble soul, will haunt me for ever. Leave me, if you have a spark of honor. Leave me; for the sight of you makes me hate and despise myself for having loved you!"

Peter winced beneath her scorn. But he saw that she loved him, and determined on a great venture. He advanced a step, and took her in his arms.

"You are mine," he said, "and I will keep you in spite of yourself!"

For a few moments she lay in his embrace, quietly, and he kissed her. But the kiss changed her. With a shudder she woke from the seeming trance, and slipped from his arms, her eyes blazing with anger.

"Coward!" she said. "True to your character to the last, you take advantage of a woman's heart, even of the heart of her you claim to love! Oh! I could strike you dead, only that I should be then like you—a murderer!"

Peter was cowed, and actually trembled before the girl who, not deigning to notice him again, left the room and sought her carriage. He was filled with a terrible sense of what he had lost, and turned mechanically away to the drug-room. Here the laudanum bottle met his eye, and he took it down. His face was pale and his eyes sparkling. He handled the bottle lovingly, and pouring some of the fluid into a glass, held it up to the light.

"Poison," he whispered—"death! no, this is death I live; and life is the death that lurks in every drop of this. Ah! my pretty Edith, I could tear your heart with this, if I but drank it! Proud heart, that will not stoop to the man it loves!"

He raised the glass to his lips, when a strong hand detained his wrist, and he set the glass down again.

"That is laudanum, Dr. Simson," said the nurse. "Is it?" he replied; "I was wondering if it was. It is careless to leave it out like this."

"Yes," was the reply. "I came to tell you, doctor, that there is a new case in the accident ward. You are wanted at once."

Peter left the room, followed by the nurse, who locked the door and pocketed the key.

The first use to which Mr. Forbes put his new fortune was to purchase the old homestead of the Tiltons, and he removed Lizzie and her mother thence soon after the burial of Bolton and old Mr. Tilton.

Lizzie entered the old house with a strangely tumultuous heart. The old mossy well recalled those forever departed days of first love, with its perfect truth and ideality. The rooms were full of ghostly voices of her former joys, and her greatest and smallest griefs came back to her. There was the corner in which she had sobbed all one summer afternoon away because her dolly had fallen into the well, and was fished up limp and colorless. There were more griefs than that connected with the well now, and yet she did not sob so much.

The shadow of death still hung over the ill-fated family. Mrs. Tilton, who had lived chiefly for her husband's sake, now drooped. Her death took place a year afterwards, and was quiet and painless. It had been so long expected, that Lizzie's grief, while deep and sincere, was not poignant, and did but make the girl's face graver and her smile sweeter. She was a woman now, by right of love, of years, and of troubles, and her heart was sympathetic and self-reliant.

After the death of Mrs. Tilton, Mr. Forbes was faced by a dire necessity. Every day, instead of growing older, he felt himself becoming younger in feeling, and he saw that for Lizzie and him to remain now under one roof would create talk among their coarser fellows. Perhaps he deceived himself, and could have constituted himself her guardian without comment. It may have been the wily influence of the master passion that made him think he was too young still. If so, Lizzie must have been deluded by the same deceiver, for it was scarcely a week after her mother's death when she quietly prepared to remove from the old home once more.

A schoolmaster is not much use if he cannot circumvent a woman. Mr. Forbes noticed her actions, and before she could speak he told her he was going up to the city for some time, and wanted her to remain in charge of the house in his absence. She could have Granny Smith say with her if she liked.

What could Lizzie do but accede to Mr. Forbes' wishes? Her heart clung to the old house with double tenderness now that it was all that was left her of her earlier life. So Mr. Forbes went away, and Lizzie took charge, with Granny Smith as lieutenant.

Mr. Forbes was bad tempered all the time of his absence. Even Dusk and Dawn could not enliven him. Poor Dusk! her efforts may have been sham, but Dawn's certainly were not. Mr. James took his old friend in hand, but could get nothing out of him.

"I cannot understand Forbes," he said one day to Edith; nothing seems to please him now. He's not nearly so sweet tempered as he was."

"Do you know, father, I think he is in love!"

"I never was that way, Dusk."

"You won, father. Loss may make a woman sweet tempered, but it spoils the temper of most men."

The words were very grave, and her father bent down and kissed his daughter's brow.

"You brave, true-hearted dear," was all he said; and they understood one another.

"But Mr. Forbes, papa, whom can he love?"

Mr. James mused a few moments. "It is no one he has met in town," he said at last. "It must be some country girl. I have it!—at least, I think I have. That fellow Simson had a sweetheart—the girl he deserted—and Mr. Forbes was terribly incensed over it. Could he be in love with her?"

They could not decide that, but the more Mr. James thought the matter over, the more convinced he was that Lizzie was the cause of Mr. Forbes' new develop-

ment of petulance. He resolved to follow up the clue, and see what would result.

"Forbes," he said—after he had deceived his friend into his library—"have you heard anything of Simson lately?"

"No," gruffly responded the schoolmaster.

"By-the-bye, what became of the girl he jilted?" asked Mr. James.

"She's at home, still," replied Mr. Forbes.

"Not married yet?"

"No!"

"How's that? Surely she's a worthy girl? You should get her a fine young fellow to console her."

Mr Forbes sprang to his feet.

"Young fellow!" he said, scornfully. "Has a girl no aim in life but to be won by the first young fellow that whistles at her? Do you think she has any reason for loving a young fellow?"

"Well, then," said Mr. James—hiding a smile by stroking his face—"let us say an old fellow. Will that suit you better?"

Mr. Forbes' face flushed. He looked at Mr. James earnestly, and meeting the laughing eyes of his friend, dropped his own in some confusion.

"Ho, ho!" laughed Mr. James. "I have caught you at last, have I! 'Didn't know the girl,' you told me, and here I find everything settled between you. Well, bring your wife here, and if Simson was too proud to recognize her, we will not be."

"But I haven't won her!" exclaimed Mr. Forbes. "I'm too old to try even."

"Look here, Forbes, when it didn't matter much, I let you rant about your patriarchal age. Now, tell me honestly, how old are you?"

"Thirty-nine."

"And the girl?"

"I don't know; I should say twenty-four."

"H'm."

Mr. James did not like the difference in the ages. But he stretched a point for his old friend.

"Well," he said, "she's old enough to be her own judge. Go and ask her, and if she refuse you why you are not the first unfortunate, nor will you be the last."

"Do you think me too old to marry?" asked Mr. Forbes, eagerly. "Would a woman be throwing herself away in taking me?"

"Not a bit," said Mr. James, heartily. "She has had her romance"—("Tut, tut," said Mr. Forbes)—"and knows what she is doing."

"I'll ask her," said Mr. Forbes, "and if she take me, I'll never forget your kindness."

Mr. Forbes went back to Frankville, and took up his residence in the old house again, with Granny Smith to play propriety. In spite of his bold declaration to Mr. James, he hesitated to declare himself. He realized that Lizzie was, to a certain extent, dependent upon him, and could not bring himself to take advantage of her dependency, and, as he thought, buy her.

He went away again, and again returned, when he was met by Granny Smith with no very good show of kindness.

A day or two after his second arrival, the old lady came courtesying into his study.

"Well, Granny," he said, "what can I do for you?"

"I'm thinkin' of leavin', Mr. Forbes," she said.

"But you can't do that!" he exclaimed, aghast. "Lizzie wants you here. You cannot leave her alone."

"Why can't I?" she said.

Mr. Forbes was silent. He did not feel equal to explaining.

"Why can't I?" she repeated. "Isn't there one here who can take better care of her than an old woman like me?"

"What do you mean, woman?"

"What do I mean? I mean that you're treating the poor girl like a brute, and I won't stay to see it. She's dying for a smile from your lips, and you steal away from her as if she was the plague."

Mr. Forbes rose; he always did when excited.

"Hush! hush!" he said.

"I'll not hush," said Granny. "When you went away first she was like a moulted bird, and never sung a note. Then you came back, and the house was full of her songs. You went away again, and the same thing happened. She drooped like a parched flower. And now you are back—hark! there she is singing again. But there's sorrow in that song, too, and it breaks my old heart to hear it; for I love the girl."

Mr. Forbes stepped forward, and took the old dame's hands in his.

"You are sure of this?" he asked, tremblingly.

"Ay," she said, "I am."

He parted the white hair and kissed the withered brow.

"Then, Granny," he said, "there will be no more sorrow in her song through me, for I have loved the lass for years."

His courting was simple. It always is simple when the lover knows the prize is already his. He feared a little, and took occasion to tell her of his love in song. It was a bright autumn day, and the three were sitting on the broad verandah. Mr. Forbes had his violin with him, and turning to Lizzie, he said—

"Would you like me to sing you a song, Lizzie?"

"One of your own?" she enquired.

"Yes."

"Please."

It was a simple song—no a poem by a great master—yet, with the music wedded to it, sweet and touching.

"I have given it no name," he said, as he prepared to sing. "You may do that for me afterwards."

Granny settled herself well back in the shadow—old women smell a love-scene very far off—and he began to sing:—

"She's a young thing and a sweet thing,  
Like a spray of Christmas holly;  
She's a dear thing and a nest thing,  
And I love her—is it folly?  
Yet she fears me, and I tremble,  
Like a leaf, when she is nigh.  
Tell me, why does love dissemble?  
Tell me, dearest, why?"

She's so merry and so kindly,  
And so gentle to all others ;  
Why does love still act so blindly !  
Tell me why his fire he smother's ?  
Wherefore do I dwell in sorrow,  
When joy hovers ever nigh !  
Wherefore do I fear the morrow ?—  
Tell me, dearest, why ?

I'm unworthy—that's no answer,  
Else to all men she's forbidden ;  
Love's a very necromancer—  
Finding worth when most 'tis hidden.  
If she love me, she will dow me,  
With the worth the Fates deny ;  
Wherefore, then, should fear o'erpower me ?—  
Tell me, dearest, why ?

I will hide my love no longer ;  
I will all my heart discover ;  
I will say, my soul grew stronger  
From the day it learnt to love her :  
Say my life is in her keeping ;  
Say I wait for her reply—  
Darling, you are laughing, weeping—  
Tell me, dearest, why ?

Lizzie had begun by listening eagerly, as the rich notes came, but as the song proceeded she leaned her head upon her arm, and sorrowful thoughts flooded her heart. She identified herself with the song naturally and without pride. She saw herself the sweet young thing, but young in one sense no longer. She remembered how she had dowered Peter with all the worth the fates denied him, and while he was no longer in her heart, there was still a tender spot for the old passion. Then she heard the last verse—"I will hide my love no longer"—and felt Mr. Forbes' burning eyes upon her.

He laid the violin aside, and bent down to Lizzie. "You are weeping, Lizzie," he said. "Is there any need to tell me why ?"

Granny rose from her retreat in the corner, and glided into the house. Her woman's heart was still warm, and she left the lovers to themselves.

The next visit of Mr. Forbes to town was with Lizzie, who was taken charge of by Mr. James, whose daughters assisted her in choosing her trousseau.

Mr. Forbes was in anything but bad humor during this visit.

Edith showed a feverish desire to give Lizzie pleasure, and insisted upon being one of the bridesmaids.

The marriage took place in the country, and the stately town beauty, in her perfect attire, completely dazzled the inhabitants of Frankville. It got whispered about—strange things are often whispered—that the magnificent stranger was interested in Lizzie through Peter, and that she was anxious to get the old sweetheart married to ease her conscience.

Peter himself nursed this opinion, for on the morning of Lizzie's marriage to Mr. Forbes, he wrote to Edith, pleading for forgiveness now. He begged another interview, which she granted him, and at which he pleaded passionately to be taken back to her heart.

"I did not wrong her, after all!" he cried. "She has married another. We could never have been meant for one another. Why will you torture both

of us for a sin now entirely wiped away? Pity yourself, if you will not pity me!"

"The righting of the sin was through God, Peter," replied Edith, "and does not lessen your responsibility. Your soul is no better, and you would act the same again to-day with me, even me, if the fancy took you. You were born for self, and self will rule you always."

"If I should prove myself," still Peter pleaded. "If I could convince you how bitterly I repent my selfishness; if I could make myself worthy of you, will you forgive me?"

Edith shook her head.

"Who can rebuild the spider's web?" she said, "or put the dew-drop back upon the lily's leaf?"

## CHAPTER XI.

"Time cannot sever, nor space keep long apart,  
Those whom Love's sleepless yearning would draw near;  
Fate bends unto the indomitable heart  
And firm fixt will." \* \* \* \* \*

—Roberts.

Five years have made some change in Frankville, which is now a manufacturing town of some importance, but the people are little changed. Here and there only is a familiar face missing and a new one seen. The school-house in the dell had had a new master for some years, it is true, but if we stroll up the road once more we shall soon see that the old teacher has settled down into a still better situation.

The old farm-house is unchanged, and its trim fields slope downwards to the river, as green as of yore. The cattle are standing in the water, as if they had never come out of it since Peter Simson saw them as he went to meet his sweetheart ten years before. The girl that stands by the well, however, is not Lizzie. She is scarcely big enough to peep over the box into the dark waters beneath, and she has a greater fancy for buttercups and dandelions than Lizzie ever showed while we knew her. And yet she looks like Lizzie, whereupon we may conclude that she is Lizzie's child. We may come to the same conclusion with respect to a pair of sturdy-legged boys who are tumbling in the sand with a huge dog, to the dusty delight of all parties concerned.

The dog stops in the midst of his play and cocks up his ears, which the boys immediately seize and pull down. He ignores them and stares down the road, and they turn their eyes in the same direction. There is a wild scream and howl that brings Lizzie to the door, but only in time to see eight feet, of which the dog has the half, scampering down the road, with another pair woefully in the rear, and flashing in a way that Lizzie junior wouldn't think of letting them do if she had ten years more over her pretty head.

"It's father," said Lizzie, and she waited for Mr. Forbes to approach. His progress was difficult for a time, as he had a youngster clinging to each leg, and Lizzie junior had just run plump into him as the easiest way of stopping her flying feet. But he was not far from home, and was very soon there.

"Well," said Lizzie, "have you any news?"

"Yes," he replied, "the disease is unchecked, in spite of all their efforts."

"And how is he?"

"Still working on. The city is full of his name, and the poor people think him a god."

"He has atoned, has he not?"

Mr. Forbes was silent. Then he said—

"Yes, he is a noble fellow now. He has won his character by suffering, and I will not bear him malice. Besides, dear, his conduct gave me you."

"What of her?" asked Lizzie.

"Still the same—proud, unyielding, yet suffering. She has watched his career for years; has seen the change in him; knows that he is no longer the selfish Peter of old; yet cannot bring herself to reward him."

"Poor thing," said Lizzie, "I can understand her."

Before returning to the plague-stricken quarters of the city, it will be well to see what changes have taken place on Sherbrooke street during the past five years. One change is at once apparent. Alice is not to be seen there so much as formerly, though she does drop in once in a while when the cares of her own household are not weighing heavily upon her. Although she used to consider herself fated to be a maiden lady all her life, she has turned out even better fitted for the position of wife and mother, she now occupies. Peter unconsciously altered her life, as he did that of Edith, but in this case for good, not evil. He it was who had introduced Harry Small to the James, and Harry and Alice had been drawn to one another almost at once. When Charley broke with Peter he did not break with Harry, and the natural conclusion of the visits of the latter to see Alice, was to take her away altogether. Harry, it will be remembered, was the companion of Peter and Charley at Bow Lake. But Charley was also gone from the house, and it is currently reported that Mr. Hartley is as well off in the company of Mr. and Mrs. James, junior, as he was when Bertha was his sole companion in the modest house in which he lives.

Thus, of the young members of the James' family, she alone, whom all had thought would have been the first to go—she was so bright and attractive—was left.

Edith was not one of those to let her life sour through any disappointment. Sorrow had simply stirred up the fertile soil of her heart, and sympathy, devotion, and love flourished stronger than ever before. When the small-pox attacked the city it was all her parents could do to prevent her from devoting herself to nurse work. She was one of the leading spirits in the committees for relief, and in that connection heard much of her former lover that gave her joy.

The small-pox, brought from Chicago by a Pullman car porter, had found, in certain quarters of the city, rich soil upon which to thrive. Hearses rolled along the streets all day long, and the yellow signs put upon houses wherever was the disease, were in some localities as plentiful as house-to-let placards in April. Business suffered, the rich classes fled the place, and those whom, through duty or fearlessness, remained,

were vaccinated or revaccinated, and often carried little sachets of camphor or other supposed disinfectants, in case they should pass an infected person.

In one of the vilest quarters of the city, amid filthy tenement houses, facing upon lanes, filled with garbage that reeked in the sultry summer air, the small-pox had made sad havoc. Every day saw a victim carried away, and would have seen more, but for the sleepless efforts of a physician who had devoted his energies to the assistance of the poor at this crisis. He had his reward in every blessing poured upon his head by his patients or their anxious friends, and in his heart he had a greater reward—the reward that she who had despised him, and who despised him still, would know of his doings, and give him credit for his sacrifice.

Peter and Edith had never met since the time she granted him an interview and declined his love. The change in him, which had begun at the time of Bolton's injury, had continued. He never abandoned hope—few men need do so when the woman they love loves them—and had set himself persistently to atone for his previous life of selfishness. In the solitude that was constantly about his heart he made the atonement of suffering, and by his deeds, wherever practicable, he atoned also. At first he worked merely from the selfish desire to win Edith. But his constant contact with sorrow and pain slowly worked out this unworthy leaven, and he began to seek to fit himself for her, rather than merely to win her.

And thus it is we find him risking his life every day amid the plague.

It was early morning when he left the tenements to snatch a few hours' sleep. He was known now, and received respectful salutations wherever he went. As he was turning the corner, he had an encounter that made even him shudder. A loathsome creature, just risen from a bed of sickness, and still tottering from weakness, crossed his path and vanished down one of the side streets.

A few moments afterwards he heard a shriek, and, thinking at once something had happened the poor thing, he turned back and went quickly down the alley she had entered. There was a throng on the sidewalk that seemed more afraid than otherwise, and had drawn away from two women. Peter approached, and recognized in one of the women the sick person who had recently passed him. She was angry, and talking loudly to the other—

"What brings you here in your finery," she cried, "to spy on us? Do you want to gloat over such as I, with your pretty face? Look you, if I but kiss you I would put these marks upon you, and what would your fine lover say then?"

The other drew back a step before the infuriated wretch, and said—

"I came here to care for one who is sick. I cannot think that you could be so wicked as to harm me."

"Ho! ho!" laughed the hag. "Wicked! There is no wickedness on earth; it is in heaven! What had I done, my lady, more than you, to deserve this? Why are *my* children in the cemetery, and not yours? Come, I will give you a sweet kiss, whose mark you will carry on your lips for ever!"

The half-frantic woman seized the other by both arms, and would have kissed her had not Peter thrown her back.

"You hag," he said, "is this my thanks for saving your miserable life?"

He turned to the other.

"You!" he exclaimed; "you!"

"Yes," replied Edith, "it is I."

"Oh! Edith, what brought you here? Why do you risk your life like this?"

"I have the same right as you have to do so."

"I am a doctor, and my duty is here to be done, but you are a woman——"

"Give me your arm," she said, "and lead me out of here. I am faint."

Peter did so, and they escaped from the wondering crowd.

It is not easy to tell which was the more affected. Peter's superhuman efforts had almost exhausted his wonderful strength, while Edith's recent encounter had unnerved her.

She looked up into his face and said—

"You are ill. You are killing yourself with work."

"No," he replied sadly; "I would die if I did not work. There are more woes within a heart than without it."

Then he added—

"But what brought you there? You must promise me never to expose yourself again to such dangers."

"I heard you were ill," she said, simply.

The blood surged into Peter's cheeks.

"You came for my sake?" he faltered.

"Why not? I know it is through me you are where you are, and what more could I do than see that you wanted for nothing in your illness?"

"Edith!"

"You are not ill, so I will leave you. But you will send me if the worst happens!"

"Edith! can I hope you have forgiven me?" he cried.

But she was gone.

He turned to seek his lodgings, when he met the woman who had attacked Edith.

"You here?" he said. How dared you follow us?"

She sank upon her knees in the roadway.

"I came for pardon," she wailed. "You were so good to me, doctor. How could I know it was the lady who loves you!"

He caught at the words.

"The lady who loves me!" he repeated, bitterly; "there is no love for me there."

The woman understood him, and replied—

"She worships the ground you tread. I saw her blench when your hand touched me. She was more afraid of your falling sick than for herself."

"Go!" said Peter, "I forgive you, unless something happens her. If it does," he said, hoarsely, "I will strangle you!"

The plague continued unabated for some weeks more, and Peter grew more and more fatigued. Yet he gloried in his sufferings, and the blessings of the poor were to him so many more stepping-stones to

Edith's favor. He did not meet her again, but every morning sent a bunch of roses to her house, knowing she would understand from them that he was well.

She did so understand the gift, and while no one else in the house knew whence the roses came, she knew, and kissed them many times when, in the secrecy of her room, she threw off the pride that had so long ruled her.

At last her father asked her whence the roses came. In that house there had never been a secret, and she told him.

"My child," he said, "you do not hear of him as much as I. He has been doing noble work, and I am again growing proud of him."

"But, father, that stain?"

"My daughter," Mr. James replied, "I do not wish to influence you; but every brave warrior has his scar, and every shield its dint."

One morning the roses did not come. Edith was very anxious, but did not make up her mind what to do. The next morning was the same, and the last roses she had received fell to pieces in her hand as she moved them to put fresh water in the vase. She was not superstitious, but her nerves were so unstrung that she could not refrain from crying out.

Idleness was bitter to her, and she sought her father and asked him to make enquiries about Peter. He did so, and returned with the information that Peter was, indeed, ill.

"I am going to him," she said.

"You cannot," her father replied. "I will not permit you to risk your life like this."

Edith smiled.

"I am going," was all she said, and her father saw that she was in earnest.

"Then I am going also," was his reply, and the two set off together.

They had been preceded, however, first, by the poor people among whom Peter had lived so long; and, secondly, by trained nurses from the hospital, sent to him by his confrères.

He was unconscious. His malady was not the terrible disease itself, but typhoid fever. He was to be moved that morning to the hospital, for the doctors had declared his recovery in that district well-nigh impossible.

Edith at once took quick command, and her father acted as a passive lieutenant. She ordered the immediate removal of Peter to her father's house, which most delicate work was safely performed without allowing him to catch cold, and she and her mother, assisted by the nurses, took charge of him. For many days he hovered between life and death, and for many days the house was surrounded by the scum of the city, who read the little bulletins it was necessary to post up, and wept or laughed as these were hopeful or not. Then it was, with Death's arm interposed between her lover and herself, with the blessings of the poor falling upon his head, that Edith felt the strength of love, and was vanquished.

On the night of the turn of his illness, the poor people formed a guard about the house, and permitted no carriage to pass at a rapid pace, nor would they permit the slightest disturbance.

At last the turn came, and Edith, sitting at the window, could hear the glad cries of the poor people whom he had befriended.

Peter's first enquiry was—"Where am I?" and being told, he made no further remark, but passed into a quiet sleep. For two or three days he slept much, and ate what food was allowed him, with a good appetite. The nurses, who had watched him in his delirium, when he had been constantly calling upon Edith, were surprised that he did not ask for her, who now no longer hovered about his bed. The reason was not so far to seek. For the first time he had realized his utter unworthiness, and feared to meet her.

Mr. James had visited him early in the period of his convalescence, and cheered him with kindly words. At last he found confidence to ask of Edith, and her father sent her to him. There was little said on either side, and nothing of love; but she often repeated her visits, until, finally, when the nurses left him well enough to be up, she was his almost constant companion.

It was a great day when he was able to go down stairs, and yet it was a solemn day for him; for he began to realize that he could not much longer trespass upon the hospitality of his host. He had resigned all hope of winning Edith now, but when the day of his departure came, and he sought her to say farewell, he found her crying.

He looked down at her, and once more a great hope thrilled him.

"Crying, Edith?" he said. "What sorrow can touch you here?"

"It is nothing," she said. "I am tired and weak, that is all."

She rose, and gave him her hand, with face averted.

"Good-bye," she said.

"Good-bye," Edith.

He turned to go, and she sank down sobbing among the pillows of the sofa. He hesitated, and then swiftly approaching her drew her hands from her face.

"I cannot go, Edith, until I know your grief. Can it be that you are sorry to have me go?"

She did not reply, and her eyes fell before his.

"Edith!" he cried; "Edith! answer me! I would never have spoken love to you again, but I cannot—I dare not—leave you with this hope in my heart. Am I at last forgiven?"

And this time she did not say him nay.

THE END.

#### WOMAN'S HIGHER EDUCATION IN RELATION TO HER FUNCTIONS IN SOCIAL AND DOMESTIC LIFE.

That knowledge is power to man, has been admitted by all civilized races in all ages of the world's history, but to the 19th century belongs the honor of having recognized it is power to woman also. On a subject already so fully discussed and of so many sided a

character, it is difficult to offer any new thoughts, but from the standpoint of one who has felt the benefits of a higher course of study, I may be able, at least, to attest the truth of much advanced in his favor.

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The rapid sketch we have taken of the relative position of woman in the East and West to-day, has sufficed to show how degrading is the effect of ignorance upon social and domestic life. It has been said, the state of a nation's civilization is truly indicated by the position of its women, and experience everywhere teaches us that ignorance is too often the handmaid of vice, and, where ignorance is found, there we find also a proportionate degree of moral degradation. It was Christianity that first taught the doctrine of individual responsibility, and to its teaching woman owes her present exalted place. With the progress of Christianity, therefore, we see a gradual improvement in the position accorded to woman, till to-day, in civilized Europe and America, we find her placed on an equal footing with man, with all those spheres of usefulness open to her, in which, for so many centuries, he has held undisputed sway. And why should it not be so? When the realm of knowledge is so vast that the longest and busiest life is all too short to compass it, why should the means of satisfying these innate cravings of our nature be denied to one-half the human race, being reserved as a right to the other half alone.

This brings us to the sphere of our subject proper, which deals more particularly with the influence of woman's higher education on social and domestic life in our own country. Let us see what advance has been made in our own city to keep abreast of the age in this great movement. But a few years ago, the highest education open to women here was that given in our public or private schools, the former affording only an elementary training; the latter offering a somewhat more advanced course, but too often giving what is commonly called a fashionable education, sadly lacking in that systematic thoroughness so essential to a truly useful education. About ten years ago, a high school for girls was opened, to give a training similar to that provided for young men preparing to enter the University. This was thought a great step in advance, and its advisability was gravely questioned by many, but its unqualified success has shown these doubts were wholly unfounded. Within the last four years, a still more progressive step has been taken, and Montreal has thrown open to women the doors of its University also. The success attending this movement has been thus far most satisfactory, and no doubt the privileges thus extended to women will prove a lasting benefit here as they have elsewhere in Europe, and more especially in the United States.

Men's actions always tend to the accomplishment of some end or purpose desired by the agent who performs them, and on the character of this end depends the morality of all our actions. We can conceive no condition more sad and hopeless than that of the man or woman whose life is lived without an aim, and whose talents are wasted to no purpose. As some aim is essential to life in its truest sense, let us look for a



little at the life of the average girl on leaving school, to see what aims and possibilities lie open to her, and what pursuits claim most of her time and attention. Having completed the course of study laid down in any of our public or private schools, she graduates, generally about the age of sixteen or eighteen. Her parents, pleased with her success, now begin to wonder what is to be done with her next. She herself is happy at the prospect of freedom from the restraint and dull routine of school life, and fondly tells her friends she is going to "come out," next season, as her education is finished. Her education is finished! Who ever heard this phrase applied to a boy! No, it is not applicable to him; his education need not finish with his school-boy days, for before him is the University, and a long course of professional study, if he choose to avail himself of it. Of his sister, however, it has been in the past but too true, for, until quite recently, nothing beyond a high school education was open to her, unless she wished to prepare herself to enter the teaching profession. Her school days ended, society claims her attention, and her mornings are spent preparing for the pleasures of the evening, or resting after those of the evening before; her afternoons, in a round of fashionable calls and afternoon teas. She may chance to have musical or artistic talent; if so, she devotes some time to its cultivation, but too often the means at her disposal are quite insufficient to allow her to cultivate it to any extent, for, in this country, a thorough artistic training is, as yet, the luxury of the few. In household affairs, all responsibility devolves upon her mother, while to her are entrusted only those trivial duties that require no mental effort to perform, and leave no scope for the exercise of those higher powers, in the development of which alone is found the truest happiness. The novelty worn off, society soon loses its charm, and, after a few seasons, even its most favored votaries begin to feel the irksomeness of that round of social gaiety, which has then become a wearisome monotony. In addition to this, there is an overpowering mental and physical exhaustion, arising from the strain of late hours and constant excitement, from which few constitutions can escape unimpaired.

Can we wonder,—a life thus devoted to the pleasure of the moment, and filled with no high aim for self-improvement or the good of others, should bring with it nothing but discontent and bitterest disappointment? Society has been perverted from its true object, and is made an end to be sought after, instead of merely a means to recruit our energies, in the struggle towards a higher end. I do not mean to say a life such as I have pictured is the only alternative to a life of study and intellectual culture, but I do say, a life thus wholly given to pleasure, with no definite aim or responsibility, can never satisfy the higher cravings of our nature, or give free play to our higher intellectual powers. The mind is left to prey upon itself, and denied the stimulus of healthy occupation, it soon sinks into hopeless melancholy. That lives such as these are not rare, the experience of each of us will show. Who has not known bright, intelligent girls, whose youth and talents should make them the sunshine of the households to which they belong, instead

of this, sunk in morbid discontent? Dissatisfied with themselves and others, they become not only sources of misery to themselves, but casting a gloom over all with whom they come in contact. Would not higher education have a most beneficial influence on the life we have just sketched? Its failure is due to its utter aimlessness, and to a mistaken conception of what life really means. For these evils, there is no surer remedy than a judicious course of study, such as is laid down in any of our colleges. It not only affords a definite aim for a few years at least, but gives a truer view of life, and fills the mind with higher and nobler aspirations. Just as our bodily organs are weakened by disease, so, too, our mental faculties, if denied their proper exercise, become dwarfed and weakened, if not wholly destroyed.

Education must not be looked upon as a system by which the mind is stored with an accumulation of facts; this is a grossly false conception of it. True education is a training of the intellect, by which it is rendered better able to meet the difficulties and solve the problems of everyday life, because made familiar with the laws of its own working. The mind of the school-girl is too immature to receive the full benefit of such a training, and its higher power of generalization is not sufficiently developed to grasp those great principles which form the basis of all knowledge, and which are so necessary to guide us in after life. When, therefore, girls are forced to enter life but half equipped for its duties, it is little wonder so many allow themselves to be conquered by circumstances, instead of bravely rising above them. Every one admits we learn much by experience, but, if a sure teacher, it is also a slow one, and the narrow range of individual experience is far too limited to meet the demands of a busy life, so that we require to enlarge it by access to books, which are the storehouses of the accumulated experience of all ages.

An erroneous opinion is now prevalent that higher education will unfit a woman for social and domestic duties, or, at least, will render these distasteful to her. This is a most mistaken notion, for all knowledge, if properly used, must prove an influence for good in any sphere of life. A glance at the list of subjects taken up in any collegiate course, will convince us they can be made most helpful in the sphere of home life, and are capable of adding a new charm to every household duty. The study of chemistry should give new interest to the Art of Cookery, and a knowledge of Hygiene and Domestic Economy should make a woman better able to look after the sanitary affairs of her house, and more competent to manage, to the best advantage, the income at her disposal. Science and Philosophy unfold before the student a new world of wonders, or, at least, present the old world under an entirely new aspect. A knowledge of Botany and Zoology must add greatly to our interest in the objective world around us, and revealing, as they do, how complex is the structure of even the minutest organism, and how beautiful its adaptability to the use for which it was designed, they teach us we should never despise even the humblest things of life, whose usefulness may have failed, perhaps, to overcome our contempt for their insignificance. Mental and moral



Philosophy reveal to us that world of subjective phenomena, which is the counterpart of the objective world without us, making known to us the laws which govern our mental life, and teaching us those great moral principles, upon which alone we can build up a truly noble character.

Discontent is the greatest enemy to human happiness, but give a woman a mind well stored with useful knowledge, and she is no longer dependent on external circumstances for her happiness, but has within herself a source alike of pleasure and profit. Such a woman never feels the sphere of home life too cramped, for her mind is not confined within its limits, but carries her above and beyond those petty cares and worries which rob life of so much of its brightness, and fill with misery so many homes. Life after all, and especially home life, is made up of little things, and on a true estimate of these, depends our own happiness and the happiness of those who come within the range of our influence. If those little things, which add so much to the comforts of home, be overlooked or neglected, and the little crosses be unduly magnified, much of the sweetness of life is lost. Moral science will teach us we should despise no duty, however trivial, if only it be helpful to ourselves or others; for, it is not the duties we perform which degrade us, but we who ennoble them, by the spirit in which we perform them. Knowledge should tend to make us more humble, as in presence of the vastness of the universe, we cannot but feel our own insignificance; but yet, it should keep us from the folly of self-abasement, because it reveals to us man's great superiority over the rest of creation, and the great responsibility resting upon him in consequence of this.

We cannot over-estimate the influence of a refined and cultured woman in every sphere of life, and especially in all the relations of domestic life, as daughter, sister, wife, or mother. She is fitted to become the pleasant and profitable companion of her husband, or her sons, and thus she retains that hold upon them which has too often been lost by ignorance or idle frivolity. It is too common to-day to find young men, flushed with pride in their newly acquired knowledge, stooping to apologize for their mother or sisters, as not intellectually equal to themselves, and looking down upon them as incapable of entering into, or understanding, the pursuits in which they themselves delight. While the spirit which prompts such base conduct calls forth our severest censure, we cannot overlook the fact, that it leads to grave results, young men being thus led to seek, elsewhere, that sympathy and congenial companionship which they find wanting in their home life. Educate our women, therefore, that men may find in them their equals, if not their superiors, and then we shall no longer hear complaints of the weakness of home influence; for home, then presided over by women of culture and refinement, will become, as it should be, the most delightful and attractive of places.

Turning now to Society, we find there a wide field for reform, which can be effected by woman only, for her hand holds the social sceptre. Conversation seems about to become a lost art, and its place is very often supplied by what is little better than idle chatter. Many

of our amusements also lack the healthy tone which intellectual culture is calculated to give. When woman's higher education has become general, men's education will receive a new stimulus, and young men will then eagerly grasp the advantages, which now they often set aside unappreciated, lest, indeed, their sisters put them to shame by their superior mental attainments. In studying the characters of the men and women we meet, we cannot fail to notice how easily women are disturbed by little trifles, which men pass over unremoved. The reason of this is not far to seek, for men are always occupied with things of greater moment, while women, shut out from all the higher interests of mankind, are kept within a sphere made up wholly of little things, which, under such circumstances, are apt to assume undue importance.

Before closing, it may be well to say a word on the much-controverted question of woman's higher education in its relation to health. This is not properly speaking a part of our subject, but the connection of mind and body is so intimate, the health of the one is impossible without the health of the other, and the health of both is the great essential to happiness in any sphere of life—social or domestic. In this connection, however, I will only say, that psychologists admit purely mental work is in no way prejudicial to bodily health; on the contrary, healthy activity of mind is most beneficial, but it is the phenomenon of worry, which so often accompanies close study, that ruins the health of so many students. This, however, should be no argument against education, for, we know, many persons are naturally predisposed to worry, and will not be free from it in any pursuit in life, imaginary difficulties giving rise to it quite as often as real ones, and indeed in proper mental activity the victim is more likely to overcome this unfortunate disposition than in any less absorbing pursuit.

The benefits of woman's higher education have already been proved beyond question by the large number of educated women who now make their influence felt in every department of life. It remains for those who now enjoy the advantages McGill is offering to women, to prove their appreciation of them by using well the privileges extended to them there, and showing, as others have already done, that knowledge in the hand of woman is indeed a power for good to herself and others.

D. McFEE.

## OUR MARITIME POET.

### I.

The rector of Westcock, New Brunswick, was working in the parsonage garden one hot summer day in the year 1864, looking up every once in a while to watch the movements of a four-year old child who was playing about the same garden, or to admire the scene that lay spread out before him.

It was a scene well worth admiration. The rectory stood—I use the past tense, for the house was unfortunately destroyed by fire sometime afterwards—on a hillside, its solid, quaint, parti-coloured brick walls

flecked with the shadows of the trees that clustered about the house. Around it on every side the fields lay shimmering in the heat, and beyond to the south and east sparkled the waters of Cumberland Basin and the sea, rimmed with the dim shores of Nova Scotia. Between the fields and the sea extended broad marshes—

"Shorn of the labouring grass, bulwarked well  
from the sea,  
Fenced on its seaward border with long clay  
dikes from the turbid  
Surge and flow of the tides, vexing the  
Westmoreland shores."

But to a father's eye a child is a still fairer work of God, and the rector's glances turned oftener to the little fellow than to the sea. The lad was running from flower to flower, peering into their chalice and asking eager questions to which, if his father did not reply, himself framed quaint answers. By and by, the rector became absorbed in his work, and the boy's mind turned in another direction. He lagged in his play and approaching his father, watched him at his work. His look became wistful, and then with a sudden start he ran towards the rector, saying:

"Papa, what was that voice that spoke to me just now?"

"No one spoke to you, Charley," was the reply.

"Yes, papa, somebody did speak to me; right in my ear. He said 'What a selfish boy that Charley Roberts is, to let his poor papa work so hard, and not help him.'"

The child whose imagination was so vivid as to make the voice of conscience seem audible, and whose sympathies were already those of the poet, was Charles George Douglas Roberts, son of the Rev. G. Goodridge Roberts, rector of Sackville and Dorchester, New Brunswick.

The boy, like Robert Burns, was born under a January sky, the exact date of his birth being January 10th, 1860. He was not born in the parsonage just described, but in the rectory of Douglas, a parish only separated from Fredericton by the river St. John, in which, however, he spent only nine months, as his father removed to the Westcock parsonage in September of the same year. During the first thirteen, and most impressionable, years of his life, Charles Robert lived at Westcock, and it is easy to trace in his verses the influence of his surroundings there, as for example in the "Tantram Revisited."

In a kindly letter, in reply to an inquiry of mine, his father writes me that "Even at this early age he was a reader of many books, and indeed the greater part of his education, until I removed to Fredericton as rector in 1873, was obtained simply by following a course of reading under my direction."

The instructor, however, was himself no ordinary man. He was the eldest son of George Roberts, Ph. D., who had been head master of Fredericton Collegiate School and Professor of Classics in the University of New Brunswick, and was but one in a long line of ancestors of our poet, conspicuous for learning. The poet's mother—and poets generally owe more to their mothers than even to their fathers—was the daughter of the late Judge Bliss, of Fredericton, of a loyalist

family and connected with the American philosopher, Emerson. Up to 1873 young Roberts had only received three months' schooling, and only such informal instruction as his father's time permitted. As the rector had the duties of a large parish to attend to, this instruction was irregular, and could never have been very great. It took the direction chiefly of Classics and French, the former of which, at least, has borne good fruit in his poems.

Either the boy was very bright or the father a thorough master of the science of teaching, or, perhaps, both suppositions are true, for on going to Fredericton, the boy was competent at once to enter the Collegiate School of that town. Two years later he won the Douglas Medal, as head boy of the school. He then went to the University at New Brunswick, taking a classical scholarship with honours in Greek and Latin in 1877, the Alumni gold medal for Latin prose essay next year, and graduated in 1879 with honours in classics, metaphysics, and ethics, getting the appointment of Head Master of Chatham, N.B., Grammar School in the same year.

Poets marry young, as a rule, or not at all. Roberts was one of the fortunate poets. He sung in "A Ballad of Three Mistresses."

"Fill high to its quivering brim  
The crimson chalice, and see  
The warlike and white rose of limb  
Light draped luxuriously;  
Hark! the voice love-shaken for thee,  
My heart—and thou liest ere long  
In the close captivity  
Of wine, and woman, and song."

And, though it should not be taken that a poet's love songs are personal affairs, we may not unaturally expect him to follow with a "Ballad of a Bride," which he does:—

"Bring orange-blossoms fairly twined,  
Fair-jointed wreaths to wreath her hair,  
Sweet-smelling garlands meet to bind  
Her brows, and be outgloried there;  
Bring radiant blooms and jewels rare.  
Against the happy bridal day:—  
A sound of parting fills the air:—  
Harken a little to my lay."

His marriage to Mary Isabel Fenety, daughter of George E. Fenety, Queen's printer, of Fredericton, took place on December 29th, 1880, the same year in which his first volume, "Orion and other Poems," appeared.

A year afterwards he took his degree of M. A. from his *Alma Mater*, and in the following year was appointed Head Master of the York Street School, Fredericton. He retained this position only three months, when he touched Fame's shield with the point of his spear, and entered the literary lists as editor of the *Toronto Week*, then just about started by Goldwin Smith. Professor Smith is a man who wants things his own way, and it is not strange that he and his editor disagreed on various matters. Our poet's connection with the *Week* lasted only four months.

Returning to New Brunswick he continued his literary labours, and in 1885 was worthily called to the

post of Professor of Modern Literature in King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia, with which he is still connected. Professor Roberts is, evidently, a hard worker. He is president of the Haliburton Society, and connected with societies too numerous to mention. His lectures are looked forward to by Nova Scotians, and his recent contribution to the N. Y. Canadian Club essays is well-known.

Of his pleasures I can say but little. His verses breathe love of Nature, and in "Birch and Paddle" he has evidently given us his soul. He is an enthusiastic fisher. His home life I would not, if I could, profane with prying eyes. Let "In Notre Dame" answer for him. He has three children.

## II.

It scarcely required the assurance of his father to convince me that Professor Roberts possesses the art of wielding the brush, as well as the pen. He carries his palette into his study and lays on his colors in his verse with a lavish hand. He seems to have a preference for striking combinations, but his shading is no less delicate or suitable, and his colors harmonize with the sense, where harmony is needed. As examples of this, I may refer the reader to several of his sonnets:—"Rain" is a study in gray; "The Potato Harvest" a study in sombre tints, such as gray and brown, relieved by an amber sky; "Before the Breath of Storm" is a study in blue and gold; "To Fredericton in May Time," and also "In September," are studies in green and yellow.

The Canadian flag that Professor Roberts (like many another patriot in the future of our beloved land) anxiously awaits, will be a maple leaf on "blood red folds." Perhaps no poem of his is so full of color as Actæon. The woman of Plataea works "In purple on the himation's saffron fold." He speaks of "apples summer flushed," the "strange red hungry eyes" of Actæon's dogs, "scarlet pomegranates," "a yellow sanded pool," "brown about the further bank from scarlet berried ash trees," of maids who "uplifted white arms to grasp the berried ash," thus contrasting the flesh tint with the ruddier berries.

In describing the dawn, he writes:—

"Men of Elisis look toward north at dawn  
To see the long white fleeces upward roll,  
Smitten aslant with saffron, fade like smoke,  
And leave the gray-green dripping glens all bare."

In the "Tantramar Revisited," where he describes the scenery made dear and familiar to him in boyhood, he has such lines as "When past the dikes the red flood glides," "Up the green plains of Tantramar," "The strip of red clay at the water's lip." "In the Afternoon" contains such couplets as "Of blue vetch and convolvulus and matted roses glorious," and "In sudden long pale lines that flee up the deep breast of this green sea."

With him Tempe is "Threaded with amber of brooks, mirrored in azure of pools," while by Pœnëus the "sward breaks into saffron and blue."

In the comparatively short poem, "Out of Pompei" we have "a dreary gleam of white light," "white

sparkles" of the waves, "dark vault" of night "the red mount" of Vesuvius, and the woman lies on "scarlet stuffs" with a "white arm" hanging over the water, while she wears "yellow sandals."

I will not multiply illustrations of Professor Roberts' love of color, but I cannot leave this subject without quoting two verses from "Off Pelorus," the first, noteworthy for its richness of stated color, and the second, for its suggestiveness of color. The opening verse runs as follows:—

"Crimson swims the sunset over far Pelorus,  
Burning crimson tops its frowning crest of pine,  
Purple sleeps the shore and floats the wave before us  
Eachwhere from the oar-stroke eddying warm like wine."

The fifth stanza is—

"Idly took we thought, for still our eyes betray us.  
Lo, the white-limbed maids, with love-soft eyes aglow,  
Gleaming bosoms bare, loosed hair, sweet hands to slay us,  
Warm lips wild with song, and softer throats than snow!"

In this stanza every tint in the human body, of limb, lip, hair, and eye, is suggested, as well as the softer tones of throat and bosom.

Professor Roberts is one of the few who

"Deem not the framing of a deathless lay,  
The pastime of a drowsy summer day."

He has seen the necessity of "labor timæ et moræ," as my kind friend, Mr. John Reade, advises, and his verses are consequently a delight to the educated reader, through the thorough marriage of sound and sense.

Professor Roberts owes much to his study, not merely of the classics, but of contemporary poets. If I mistake not, he has been a deep student of Swinburne, as well as of Tennyson and Longfellow. We are too apt, however, to call every one who essays the Hexameter, a disciple of Longfellow, and I am of opinion that Professor Roberts' debt to our greatest American poet is not very great. His style is more luxurious than Longfellow's. Tennyson is plainly seen in portions of Professor Roberts' blank verse. The closing lines of "Actæon" are sweet echoes of Tennyson, and might have been inserted in the Idylls of the King without the joint being visible. The wind

"Stirred  
The branches down the valley: then blew off  
To eastward toward the long gray straits, and died  
Into the dark, beyond the utmost verge."

"Waist-deep in dusty-blossomed grass" is distinctly Tennysonian. Compare with this Tennyson's "Brook":—

"And even while she spoke, I saw where James  
Made toward us like a wader in the surf,  
Beyond the brook, waist-deep in meadow-sweet."

Swinburne, I should say, has been Professor Roberts' supreme master. In one case he mimics what, I confess, seems to be an unparadoxably bad rhyme. He says in "Out of Pompei"—

"On heaped-up leopard skins she crouched  
Asleep, and soft skins covered her,  
And scarlet stuffs where she was crouched  
Sodden with sea water."



followed, upon a subject quite appropriate to May, the month of household changes, viz: "Resolved, that co-operative housekeeping will be for the world's advantage in the future." Miss Hunter, the leader on the affirmative, explained the plan upon which co-operative housekeeping was based. She was answered by Miss Murray, who pointed out many disadvantages likely to arise from such a system. Miss Reid then dealt with the subject from a financial standpoint, and Miss Derick closed the debate on the negative, with some well-put arguments. An address by Rev. Dr. Murray, entitled "Vassar College," brought the proceedings to a close, and after a vote of thanks to Dr. Murray, the guests partook of five o'clock tea.

Unfortunately, as the daily papers tell us, "the press was rigidly excluded" from the Lady Graduates' Supper, so as yet no authorized account has appeared in print. Shortly after eight o'clock on Convocation night, McGill's first daughters assembled at 57 Union Avenue, whither they had been kindly invited by Miss Reid, '89, Arts. The supper table did not groan under the weight of good things. Had this been an ordinary occasion it would certainly have done so, but what table would have dared to groan under the circumstances? Did not the smiling faces of so many feminine B.A.'s fully compensate for any personal inconvenience it might experience? A message arrived from the Graduates' Dinner at the Windsor, signed by the Directors of the UNIVERSITY GAZETTE, expressing a wish that the lady graduates might have a "jolly good time" that night, and every success in the future. The message boy was regaled with oranges, to curb his impatience while a suitable reply was prepared. A number of toasts were proposed, and drank in lemonade. Among them may be mentioned: "Our Hostess," "The Professors," "McGill," "THE UNIVERSITY GAZETTE," "The Regulation Toasts." These were replied to by the ladies, and their speeches are deserving of commendation, inasmuch as they were short and to the point. Miss Murphy, secretary of the graduating class, was requested to continue her office and keep the addresses of the graduates, who will write to her once a year. The supper broke up at eleven. It will ever be remembered with pleasure, as the first affair of its kind in this city, albeit we cannot help feeling a little sorrowful when we reflect that possibly it is the last social gathering of the class of '88.

It is good that the old effluence of the University should be sustained in the Faculty of Arts by the lustre of *Day* and *Martin*.

## EXAMINATIONS.

### FACULTY OF ARTS.

PASSED FOR THE DEGREE OF B.A., IN HONOURS.

(Alphabetically arranged.)

First Rank.—Evans, C. Blanche B.; Giles, William J.; Hunter, Georgina; LeRossignol, James E.; Martin, Charles F.; McFee, Donald; Pedley, Hilton; Ritchie, Octavia G.  
Second Rank.—Lindsay, Norman.

### ORDINARY.

(In order of merit.)

#### McGill College.

75% and upward.—Macallum, Frederick W., with special certificate; Bryan, Andrew C., with special certificate; Mason, Horace E. C.; Naismith, Peter L.; Massé, Arthur E.; Howitt, William, MacPhail, John A.

Class II.—Cross, Eliza C.; Palmer, Jane V.; Laikin, Frederick H.  
Class III.—Murray, Alice; Murphy, Martha; Bryson, Alfred P.; Thuriow, Harold M.; England, George P.; Sweeny, George R.

Ager.—Morison, John A.

### BACHELORS OF ARTS PROCEEDING TO THE DEGREE OF M.A., IN COURSE.

MacFee, Kutusoff, N. B.A.; MacFarlane, James, B.A.; Thompson, G. J., B.A.

### ADMITTED TO THE DEGREE OF LL.D., "Honoris Causa."

Heneker, R. W., D. C. L.—Chancellor of the University, Bishop's College, Lennoxville.

Anderson, Alexander.—Principal of Prince of Wales' College, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Fream, William, B. S. C. (London).—Principal of Natural History. The Royal Agricultural College, Leicester, England.

### PASSED THE INTERMEDIATE EXAMINATION.

#### McGill College.

Class I.—Daley, James T.; Williams, Annie; Derick, Carrie M.; Nicholls, Albert G.; McDougall, Robert; Abbott, Maude E.; Fraser, Daniel J.; Sutherland, Andrew A.

Class II.—Scott, Sarah B.; Mack, Silas W.; Botterell, H. Inez R.; Colclough, William T.; Davidson, Peers; Botterell, James T.; Tolmie, Alexander; Hall, Alexander K.; Elliott, Jeanie A.; McGregor, A., Tory, H.; Richardson, P. L.

Class III.—Mathewson, George H.; MacFarlane, Mira; McDuffie, Lewis P.; Hall, Richard S.; Walsh, Alexander W.; Kinghorn, Hugh M.; Trenholme, Edward C.; Cameron, J. Alexander; Fry, Frederick M.; Ross, Joseph J.; Finch, C. W.

#### Morrin College.

Class I.—Brodie, Charles E.

Class II.—Hunter, Alexander.

Class III.—Anderson, Duncan P.; Craig, Hugh; DesBrisay, Charles; McCullough, Robert.

#### St. Francis College.

Class I.—None.

Class II.—Farnsworth, R. H.

Class III.—Elliott, E. A.; Jones, Arthur; Reid, W. D.; Dresser, J.

### FACULTY OF ARTS.

#### GRADUATING CLASS.

##### B. A. Honours in Classics.

Day, John L.—First Rank Honours and Chapman Gold Medal.

##### B. A. Honours in Natural Science.

Le Rossignol, James E.—First Rank Honours and Logan Gold Medal; Giles, William J.—First Rank Honour; Evans, C. Blanche B.—First Rank Honours; Ritchie, Octavia G.—First Rank Honours.

##### B. A. Honours in Mental and Moral Philosophy.

Pedley, Hilton.—First Rank Honours and Prince of Wales Gold Medal; McFee, Donald.—First Rank Honours; Lindsay, Norman.—Second Rank Honours.

*B. A. Honours in English Language, Literature and History.*

Hunter, Georgina.—First Rank Honours and Shakespeare Gold Medal; Martin, Charles F.—First Rank Honours.

*Special Certificates.*

Macallum, Frederick W.; Bryan, Andrew C.

THIRD YEAR.

Deeks, William E.—First Rank Honours in Natural Science; First Rank General Standing; Prize in Zoology; Gibson, William D.—First Rank Honours in Classics and Prize; Prize in English; Truell, Harry V.—First Rank Honours in Mental and Moral Philosophy and Prize; Robertson, James H.—First Rank Honours in Mental and Moral Philosophy; Stevenson, James H.—First Rank General Standing; Prize in English.

PASSED THE SESSIONAL EXAMINATIONS.

Wilson; Reid and Squire, equal; Gibson, Deeks, Stevenson, Truell, Robertson, Rogers, Garth and Meighen; McKenzie; Holden and Walsh, equal; Jamieson, McCusker, Read.

SECOND YEAR.

Tory, H. M. (Gyusberø Academy, N.S.) First Rank Honours in Mathematics and Prize; Hall, Alexander R. (Gananoque High School), Second Rank Honours in Mathematics and Prize; Daley, James, (Uxbridge High School, Prize in Rank General Standing; Prize in English, Prize in German; Nicholls, Albert G. (High School, Montreal), First Rank General Standing; McDougall, Robert, (Huntingdon Academy, P. Q.) First Rank General Standing; Prize in French; Fraser, Daniel J. (Prince of Wales College, Charlottetown, P. E. I.) First Rank General Standing; Prize in Logic; Sutherland, Hugh C. (Private Tuition), First Rank General Standing; Prize in Hebrew; Robertson, Andrew A. (High School, Montreal), First Rank General Standing; Mack, Silas W. (Stanstead Wesleyan College, P. Q.) Prize in Botany; Colclough, William F. (Middleton Grammar School, England), Prize in Classics; Davidson, Peers, (High School, Montreal), Prize in English.

PASSED THE SESSIONAL EXAMINATIONS.

Daly, Williams, Derick, McDougall, Abbott, Fraser, Sutherland, Robertson, Scott, Mack, Botterell (H. I. R.), Colclough, Davidson, Botterell (J. T.), Tolmie, Hall (A. R.), Elliott, McGregor, Tory, Richardson, Matthewson, Macfarlane, McDuffee, Hall (R. S.), Walsh, Kinghorn, Trenholme, Cameron, Fry, Ross, Finch (C. W).

FIRST YEAR.

McMillan, James (Private Tuition), Second Rank Honours in Mathematics and Prize; McGregor, John M. (High School, Montreal), Second Rank Honours in Mathematics and Prize; First Rank General Standing, Prize in French, Prize in German; LeRossignol, Walter J. (High School, Montreal), First Rank General Standing, Prize in Classics, Prize in French, Prize in Chemistry; Gunn, William T. (High School, Montreal), First Rank General Standing; Warne, James F. (Stanstead Wesleyan College, P. Q.) First Rank General Standing, Prize in English; Harris, William, (Collegiate Institute, St. Catharines, Ont.) Prize in Hebrew.

PASSED THE SESSIONAL EXAMINATIONS.

LeRossignol, McGregor, Gunn, Warne (J. F.), Ellenwood, Reeves, Oliver, Mooney, Dobson, Hall; Harris and Mewhort, equal; Robinson, McAlpine, Flinn, Finley, Warne (W. A.), Mattice, Smith, McMillan (H.), McMillan (J.), Young, Tees, Russell, Cole, Walsh, Cooper, Colquhoun, Allen, Baillie, Hipp, Moffatt, McDougall, Moore (L.), Whyte.

*Professor's Prize for Collection of Fossils, LeRossignol J. E.—Fourth Year Student*

*Professor's Prize for Collection of Insects, Giles W. J.—Fourth Year Student.*

*Neil Stewart Prize in Hebrew, Macallum F. W.—Fourth Year Student.*

*Early English Text Society's Prize, Martin, Charles F.—Fourth Year Student.*

At the Examinations in September, 1887, the following Scholarships and Exhibitions were awarded:—

SCHOLARSHIPS—TENABLE FOR TWO YEARS.

THIRD YEAR. *Classical and Modern Language Scholarships*—\*Truell, H. V., †Deeks, W. E.

THIRD YEAR.—*Natural Science Scholarship.*—\*Gibson, W. D.

EXHIBITIONS—TENABLE FOR ONE YEAR.

FOURTH YEAR.—\*The Exhibition of \$125 yearly awarded in 1886 for Natural Science to Giles, W. J., was continued for another year for distinguished progress in Second Year Studies.

SECOND YEAR.—\*McDougall, Robert, (Huntingdon Academy, P. Q.); \*Robertson, A. A. (High School, Montreal); †Nicholls, A. G. (High School, Montreal).

FIRST YEAR.—\*McGregor, J. M. (High School, Montreal); \*LeRossignol, W. J. (High School, Montreal).

SPECIAL COURSE FOR WOMEN (DONALDA ENDOWMENT)§

PRIZES AND STANDING, GRADUATING CLASS.

*B. A. Honours in Natural Science.*

EVANS, C. BLANCHE B.—First Rank Honours in Natural Science.

Ritchie, Octavia G.—First Rank Honours in Natural Science.

*B. A. Honours in Mental and Moral Philosophy.*

McFee, Donald.—First Rank Honours.

*B. A. Honours in English Language, Literature and History.*

Hunter, Georgina.—First Rank Honours and Shakespeare Gold Medal.

THIRD YEAR.

Wilson, Alice Maude. First Rank Honours in Mental and Moral Philosophy and Prize; First Rank General Standing; Prize in Zoology; Prize in French

Reid, Helen E. Y.—First Rank Honours in Modern Languages; First Rank General Standing; Prize in German; Prize for Collection of Plants.

Squire, Maude M.—First Rank Honours in Natural Science; First Rank General Standing; Prize in Classics.

*Passed the Sessional Examination of the Third Year.*—Wilson; Reid and Squire, equal.

*Passed in Certain Classes as Partial or Occasional Students.*—Johnson (H.), Kennedy (M. L.), Kirk.

SECOND YEAR.

Derick, Carrie M.—(Normal School, Montreal).—First Rank General Standing; Prize in Botany.

Abbott, Maude E.—(Misses Symmes' and Smith's School, Montreal).—First Rank General Standing; Prize in Classics; Prize in Logic.

Williams, Annie.—(Girls' High School, Montreal).—First Rank General Standing; Prize in Latin; Prize in English; Prize in German.

*Passed the Sessional Examinations of the Second Year.*—Derick, Abbott, Williams, Scott, Botterell (I. R.), Botterell (J. T.), Macfarlane.

\*Value of Scholarship or Exhibition, \$125 yearly; founded, W. C. MacDonald, Esq.

†Value, \$125 yearly; donor, George Hague, Esq.

‡Value, \$120 yearly; founder, Charles Alexander, Esq.

§The prizes in this department are from income of Hannah Willard Lyman Memorial Fund.

*Passed in Certain Classes as Partial or Occasional Students.*—Kennedy (M. L.), Krus, Vipond.

## FIRST YEAR.

Mooney, Caroline J.—(Girls' High School, Montreal).—Prize in Chemistry; Prize in German.

Mattice, Brenda L.—(Girls' High School, Montreal).—Prize in English.

*Passed in the Sessional Examinations in the First Year.*—Mooney, Hill, Newhorth, Robinson, Moffatt, Finley, Mattice, Smith, McMillan, Bailie.

*Passed in Certain Classes as Partial or Occasional Students.*—Beard, Evans, Krusé, Michaels, Murray (E.), Waud (E. M.), Stevenson.

## FACULTY OF MEDICINE.

The following gentlemen, in number, have passed their Primary Examination, which comprised the following subjects: Anatomy, Practical Anatomy, Chemistry, Practical Chemistry, Physiology, Histology and Botany:—

Addy, G. A. B., St. John, N.B.; Ayley, W. W., Aylmer, Q.; Bissett, C. P., River Bourgeois, N.S.; Bowes, E. J., Ottawa, Ont.; Broderick, E. J., Fredericton, N.B.; Burritt, C. H., B.A., Mitchell, Ont.; Clark, J. W., Tatamagouche, N.S.; Clune, P. J., Warkworth, Ont.; Coleman, A. H., Belleville, Ont.; Corbin, F. G., Bedford, N.S.; Curtis, I. B., Hartland, N.B.; Evans, D. J., Montreal, Que.; Ellis, T. H., Pembroke, Ont.; Esson, A. C., Halifax, N.S.; Esson, F. G., Halifax, N.S.; Haldimand, A. W., Montreal, Que.; Hamilton, H. D., Montreal, Que.; Hayes, J., B.A., Nelson, N.B.; Inksetter, W. E., Copetown, Ont.; Irwin, W. T., Pembroke, Ont.; Jente, C. P., Brockville, Ont.; Kerr, N., Holywood, Ont.; Lang, M. W., St. Mary's, Ont.; Liddell, G. L., Cornwall, Ont.; Low, D., Glen Buel, Ont.; Main, C. G., Canterbury, N.B.; Murray, M. W., Beechwood, Ont.; Morris, O., Pembroke, Ont.; McEwen, G., Carleton, Ont.; McDonald, M. S., Scotchtown, Ont.; McKee, G. L., Coaticook, Que.; McKinnon, G. W., Sunnyside, P.E.I.; McKee, R. E., Winnipeg, Man.; MacPhail, J. A., Orwell, P.E.I.; McLellan, A. C., Indian River, P.E.I.; McManus, H. D., Fredericton, N.B.; Morphy, A. G., B.A., London, Ont.; Noble, C. T., Sutton, Ont.; Robertson, W., Chesterfield, Ont.; Reid, T. J., Winnipeg, Man.; Ross, J., Halifax, N.S.; Ross, H. R., Quebec, Que.; Smith, W. D., Plantagenet, Ont.; Telfer, W. J., Burgoyne, Ont.; Thompson, F. E., Quebec, Que.; White, D. D., Montreal, Que.; Wilson, W. A., Derby, N.B.; Wheeler, C. L., B.A., Montreal, Que.; Yorston, F. S., Truro, N.B.

The following gentlemen, in number, have fulfilled all the requirements to entitle them to the degree of M.D., C.M., from the University. In addition to the Primary subjects mentioned, they have passed a satisfactory examination, both written and oral, on the following subjects: Principles and Practice of Surgery, Theory and Practice of Medicine, Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children, Pharmacology and Therapeutics, Medical Jurisprudence, Pathology and Hygiene,—and also Clinical Examinations in Medicine and Surgery conducted at the bedside in the hospital:—

Baer, D. C., Summerfield, Ill.; Bell, J. H., B.A., Montreal, Que.; Berry R. P., Lindsay, Ont.; Bradley, W. L., B.A., Ottawa, Ont.; Cameron, J. J., Lancaster, Ont.; Carter, E. H., Fletton, Ont.; Castleman, A. L., East Williamsburg, Ont.; Chalmers, W. W., B.A., Huntington, Que.; Clouston, J. R., Maple Hill, Que.; Conroy, C. P., Martintown, Ont.; Desmond, F. J., Newcastle, N.B.; Dewar, C. P., Ottawa, Ont.; Ferguson, W. D. T., Cumberland, Ont.; Frits, H. D., B.A., St. John, N.B.; Goodwin, W. W.; Baie Verte, N.B.; Gunne, N. D., Seaforth, Ont.; Haenschel, C. W., Pembroke, Ont.; Hewitt, J., Quebec, Que.; Hoare, C. W., Strathroy, Ont.; Haldimand, A.

W., Montreal, Que.; Hopkins, H. J., Cookshire, Que.; Hubbard, O. H., Gilsam, N.H.; Kennedy, J. H., Lindsay, Ont.; Kenney, F. L., B.A., St. John, N.B.; Kincaid, R. M., Clarenceville, Que.; Kirkpatrick, E. A., Kentville, N.S.; Lang, W. M., St. Mary's, Ont.; Metcalfe, F. T., Buffalo, N.Y.; Moffatt, R. D., West Winchester, Ont.; Morrow, C., Russell, Ont.; McDonell, A. E. J., B.A., Morrisburg, Ont.; McDougall, D. S., Russell, Ont.; McCarthy, J. G., Sorel, Que.; McFarlane, M. A., Arnprior, Ont.; McKinnon, G. W., Sunnyside, P.E.I.; McLennan, D., Dunvegan, Ont.; McMartin, D. R., Martintown, Ont.; Orr, A. E., Cookshire, Que.; Orr, J. E., Mount Elgin, Ont.; Park, P. C., Durham, Ont.; Pearman, H. V., Aylmer, Que.; Roberts, A. G., Belleville, Ont.; Quirk, E. L., Arundel, Que.; Stewart, W. G., Iroquois, Ont.; Stewart, A. D., Arundel, Que.; Thompson, J. H., Gananoque, Ont.; Weagant, A. A., Hosaic, Ont.; Westly, R. A., Lancaester, P.E.I.; Wetmore, F. H., Bloomfield, N.B.; Woodruff, T. A., St. Catharines, Ont.; Wyde, C. F., Halifax, N.S.; Young, H. E., B.A., Napanee, Ont.

The Holmes Gold Medal, for the best Examination in all the Branches comprised in the Medical Curriculum, is awarded to Neil D. Gunne, of Seaforth, Ont.

The Prize for the best Examination in the Final Branches is awarded to William Grant Stewart, of Arundel, Que.

The Prize for the best Examination in the Primary Branches is awarded to Robert Edward McKechnie, of Winnipeg, Manitoba.

The Sutherland Gold Medal, is awarded to Charles Peter Bissett, of River Bourgeois, Nova Scotia.

The following gentlemen, arranged in order of merit, deserve honourable mention:—

*In the Primary Branches.*—C. P. Bissett, E. J. Bowes, E. G. Broderick, G. L. McKee, M. W. Murray, W. E. Inksetter, A. H. Coleman, T. H. Ellis, C. T. Noble, W. A. Wilson.

*In the Final Branches.*—J. E. Orr, R. M. Kincaid, J. R. Springle, A. E. Orr, H. D. Frits, H. V. Pearman, J. H. Thompson, H. E. Young, A. D. Stewart, D. McLennan, P. C. Park, O. H. Hubbard.

## PROFESSOR'S PRIZES.

*Botany.*—W. A. Farwell, Lennoxville, Que.

*Anatomy.*—Demonstrator's Prizes: 2nd year, P. E. McKechnie; 1st year, E. A. Grafton.

*Obstetrics.*—W. G. Stewart.

*Pathology.*—N. D. Gunne.

## FACULTY OF APPLIED SCIENCE.

## GRADUATING CLASS.

Arthur Lenox Drummond—Lansdowne silver medal, prize for summer report, certificates of merit in designing, steam engines, hydraulics, machinery, millwork, and mechanical work. Edgar Sydney Montgomery Lovelace—British association gold medal; certificates of merit of designing, applied mechanics and hydraulics. Marshal Willard Hopkins—Certificate of merit in applied mechanics and designing. Alfred Joseph Tremblay—Certificate of merit in astronomy. Arthur Edward Childs—Certificate of merit in practical construction; prize for summer report. Aubrey George Eneas—Certificate of merit in practical construction. Charles Herbert Macnutt—Second rank honors in natural science.

*Passed Sessional Examinations.*

Civil engineering, advanced course, in order of merit—Edgar Sydney Montgomery Lovelace, Marshal Willard Hopkins.

Civil engineering, ordinary course, in order of merit—Edgar Sydney Montgomery Lovelace, Marshal Willard Hopkins, Alfred Joseph Tremblay.

Mechanical engineering, advanced course—Arthur Lenox Drummond.

Mechanical engineering, ordinary course, in order of merit—Arthur Lenox Drummond, Arthur Edward Childs, Robert Forrest Ogilvy, Aubrey George Eneas.

Mining engineering, ordinary course, in order of merit—Charles Herbert Macnutt, François Xavier A. Roy.  
Practical chemistry, ordinary course, in order of merit—William Joseph Hamilton, Chas. Langlin Walters.

## THIRD YEAR.

Allan Wilmot Strong, prizes in applied mechanics, descriptive geometry, surveying, mathematical physics and mathematics; James Preston Tuplin, prizes in mechanical work, machinery and millwork; Ester Lawrence Naismith, prize in experimental physics; Milton L. Hersey, \$15 prize for summer report, prize in practical chemistry; George Morse Edwards, prizes in theoretical chemistry, zoology.

*Passed the Sessional Examination.*

Civil engineering (advanced course), in order of merit—Allan Wilmot Strong, John Holden Antliff.

Civil engineering (ordinary course), in order of merit—Allan Wilmot Strong, Peter Lawrence Naismith, John Holden Antliff, Malcolm C. McFarlane, Murdy John McLennan, George Kyle Addie.

Mechanical engineering (advanced course)—James Preston Tuplin.

Practical chemistry, in order of merit—George Morse Edwards, Milton L. Hersey, Andrew Young.

## SECOND YEAR.

Edward Ernest Mattice, prize in mathematics and mathematical physics; G. Sinclair Smith, prize in descriptive geometry; Percy Norton Evans, prize in experimental physics; Orrin Rexford, prize in materials.

*Passed the Sessional Examinations.*

Civil engineering, in order of merit—Edward E. S. Mattice, Herbert Elliott, Orrin Rexford, Albert Howard Hawkins, William Simeon Denison.

Mechanical engineering, in order of merit—G. Sinclair Smith, George W. Mooney, Peter Whiteford Redpath (sgr).

Practical chemistry, in order of merit—Percy Norton Evans, Sidney Calvert, Arthur E. Shuttleworth, Robert Henry Jamieson.

## FIRST YEAR.

E. A. Stone, prizes in mathematics, French and German; John Edward Schwitzer, prize in practical chemistry; William H. H. Walker, prize in general chemistry.

*Passed the Sessional Examinations.*

In order of merit—E. A. Stone, William Henry Hamilton Walker, Thomas Henry Wingham, William Jardine Bulman, Abraham Bowman Clemence, Percy Howe Middleton, John Edward Schwitzer, William Russel, Hugh Yelverton Russel, Henry Martyn Ramsay.

## SUMMER REPORT.

Third year—Class I.—Hersey (prize) (destructive distillation of wood), Antliff (lock gates), McFarlane (surveying), Tuplin (boiler repairing). Class II.—Addie (laying out a tramway), McLennan (laying out work) and Naismith (levelling) and Strong (indicators), equal. Class III.—Edwards (sodium carbonate), Hunter (levelling) and Young (electrometallurgy), equal.

Fourth year—Class I.—Childs (prize) (locomotive crank axles) and Drummond (prize) (slide valves), equal; Lovelace (Montreal and Maskinonge railway), Macnutt (exploration of islands on east coast of James Bay, etc.), Hopkins (house drainage) and Ogilvy (surface and jet condensers) and Tremblay (the system of surveys in the Northwest Territory), equal. Class II.—Eneus (sugar mill and trifle effects). Class III.—Roy (Distribution of natural gas in the United States), Hamilton (aniline and some of the aniline colors) and Walters (the manufacture and use of ammonia), equal.

## SESSIONAL EXAMINATIONS, 1888.

Freehand drawing.—First year.—Class I.—Middleton (prize) Turner, Russel, (W). Class II.—Ramsay and Lucas, equal; Walker, Wingham. Class III.—Stuart and Stone, equal; Clemence, Russel (H.T.) and Schwitzer, equal; Bulman, Kloch, Fraser.

Descriptive geometry.—Second year—Class I.—Smith (prize); Mattice and Redpath, equal; Evans; Jamieson and Mooney, equal. Class II.—McMillan, Elliott; Reid and Rexford, equal. Class III.—Denison, Monk; Calvert, Small and Shuttleworth, equal. Third year.—Class I.—Strong (prize). Class II.—Tuplin; McFarlane and McLennan, equal; Antliff, Naismith. Class III.—Addie.

Surveying and geodesy.—Second year.—Class I.—Elliott and Smith, equal. Class II.—Hawkins, McMillan, Mattice, Denison, Rexford, Reed. Class III.—Mooney, Williams, Redpath, (sgr). Third year.—Class I.—Strong (prize). Class II.—None. Class III.—Addie; McLennan and Naismith, equal; Antliff and McFarlane, equal.

Geodesy and practical astronomy.—Fourth year.—Class I.—Tremblay.

## FACULTY OF LAW.

The following is the result of the examinations in the Law Faculty:—

Medallists—1, Ferguson; 2, Dunton; 3, Fry.  
Third year—1, Ferguson; 2, Dunton; 3, Fry; 4, Reddy; 5, Budden.

Second year—1, Clerk; 2, Topp; 3, Barnard.  
First year—1, Kneeland; 2, Girouard; 3, Harvey; 4, Henderson; 5, Doherty; 6, Lemieux; 7, Dunlop; 8, Vipond.

## THIRD YEAR.

International and insurance law (Prof. Kerr)—1, Dunton and Ferguson, equal; 3, Reddy and Fry, equal; 5, Budden.

Roman law (Prof. Trenholme)—1, Ferguson; 2, Dunton; 3, Fry; 4, Budden; 5, Reddy.

Municipal law (Prof. Archibald)—1, Ferguson; 2, Dunton; 3, Fry; 4, Reddy; 5, Budden.

Legal history (Prof. Lavaca)—1, Ferguson; 2, Dunton and Reddy; 4, Fry; 5, Budden.

Civil procedure (Prof. Hutchison)—1, Dunton and Ferguson; 3, Fry and Budden; 5, Reddy.

Civil law (Prof. Robidoux) 1, Dunton and Ferguson; 3, Budden; 4, Fry; 5, Reddy.

Commercial law (Prof. Davidson)—1, Dunton and Ferguson; 3, Fry; 4, Reddy; 5, Budden.

## SECOND YEAR.

International and insurance law—1, Clerk; 2, Topp; 3, Barnard.

Roman law—1, Topp; 2, Clerk; 3, Barnard.  
Municipal law—1, Clerk and Topp; 3, Barnard.

Legal history—1, Clerk; 2, Topp and Barnard.  
Civil procedure—1, Clerk and Topp; 3, Barnard.

Civil law—1, Clerk; 2, Barnard; 3, Topp.  
Commercial law—1, Clerk; 2, Topp; 3, Barnard.

## FIRST YEAR.

International and insurance law—1, Henderson; 2, Lemieux; 3, Girouard; 4, Harvey and Kneeland; 6, Dunlop; 7, Vipond; 8, Doherty.

Roman law 1, Henderson and Girouard; 3, Doherty; 4, Kneeland; 5, Vipond; 6, Harvey; 7, Lemieux; 8, Dunlop.

Municipal law—1, Kneeland; 2, Henderson; 3, Harvey; 4, Vipond and Girouard; 6, Lemieux; 7, Dunlop; 8, Doherty.

Legal history—1, Harvey; 2, Dunlop and Lemieux; 4, Vipond; 5, Kneeland; 6, Henderson; 7, Doherty; 8, Girouard.

Civil procedure—1, Kneeland; 2, Girouard and Doherty; 4, Harvey; 5, Dunlop; 6, Henderson and Lemieux; 8, Vipond.

Civil law—1, Doherty and Girouard; 3, Henderson; 4, Kneeland; 5, Harvey; 6, Lemieux; 7, Dunlop; 8, Vipond.

Commercial law—1, Girouard; 2, Harvey and Kneeland; 4, Doherty; 5, Henderson; 6, Vipond; 7, Dunlop; 8, Lemieux.

A Kansas schoolteacher offered a prize to the scholar who would come to school with the cleanest face, and the indignant trustees gave her the bounce on suspicion that she was agent for a soap manufactory.



## PETITIONS

ADOPTED AND FORWARDED TO QUEBEC BY THE GRADUATES' SOCIETY.

*To the Honorable Legislative Assembly of the Province of Quebec:—*

The petition of the undersigned graduates of the faculty of medicine and of other faculties of McGill University, respectfully represents:—

That under the laws as they have heretofore existed, and now exist in this province, the faculty of medicine of McGill University has attained a position as a school of medicine unsurpassed by that of any institution on the continent. That its students are drawn in large numbers from the other provinces of Canada, and from other countries. That the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Medicine in said university are greater than those of any licensing body in America; that it has come to the knowledge of your petitioners that an attempt is to be made during the coming session of the Legislature of Quebec, to obtain certain changes in the law with respect to the profession of medicine tending to bring the said faculty of said university under the control of a central medical board, which it is proposed to invest with the right of prescribing the curriculum to be followed, and of subjecting said graduates, before being entitled to practice, to examinations and conditions prescribed by such board. That your petitioners are strongly of the opinion that the contemplated changes in the law are not in the interest of medical education, or of the province to which they belong, and are, moreover, likely serious to prejudice the interests of the university, and to deter from taking their medical course in said university students who now come from all parts of Canada, and from other countries. Wherefore your petitioners pray, that no legislation, of the character above indicated, and no legislation in any way impairing the value of the degrees granted by said university be passed by your Honorable House.

And your petitioners will ever pray.

MONTREAL, 22nd March, 1888.

*To His Honor the Lieutenant Governor of the Province of Quebec:—*

The petition of the undersigned graduates of the University of McGill College respectfully represents:—

That your petitioners are disposed to think that the time has arrived in the educational history of the Province of Quebec when there should be adopted a more uniform system than at present exists for the examination of students presenting themselves for admission to the study of what are known as "The learned professions."

That your petitioners believe that, as the main end of such examinations is to ascertain the educational fitness of the student so applying, there should be a provincial board of examiners, divided into two sections, one for examination of Roman Catholic students, and the other for that of Protestant students, this being rendered necessary owing to the difference which

naturally exists in the two educational systems, which distinction has been already recognized by the legislature of the province in the division of the Council of Public Instruction into two committees, one Roman Catholic and the other Protestant.

That each of the sections above indicated should be invested with the power of framing regulations for such examination, with the right of recognizing the degree of Bachelor of Arts, from any Canadian or British university, as being sufficient to entitle the holder thereof to admission to the study of any of such professions on the presentation of his degree, and on conforming to such other regulations as may be in force with reference to the study of the said professions.

That the establishment of such a provincial board would render it unnecessary to continue the existing boards, and in the opinion of your petitioners, the effect would be to create and maintain a uniform test of educational fitness on the part of the students, which is the great aim to be sought after.

And your petitioners as in duty bound will ever pray.

*To the Honorable Legislative Council of the Province of Quebec:—*

The petition of the undersigned graduates of the faculty of law and of other faculties of McGill University, respectfully represents:—

That the provisions of section 49 of the Act 49-50 Victoria, chapter 34, Quebec, (1886,) empowering the general council of the bar to determine the subjects to be studied and the number of lectures to be given in universities and colleges to constitute a regular law course, according to the provisions of said section, and the subsequent paragraphs of said section constitute an infringement of, and prejudicially affect, the rights and privileges of the university of which they are graduates, and confer upon the general council of the bar an unwarranted and unconstitutional right of control over the educational work of said university; that your petitioners are of opinion that the rights and privileges of the general council of the bar, and the best interests of law education in the Province, can be more effectually promoted without infringing those long enjoyed by the university, by the repeal of the said portions of said act and their replacement by provisions to the effect hereinafter stated:—

Wherefore your petitioners respectfully pray, that an act may be passed by your Honorable House amending the said section 49 of said act by repealing the third paragraph thereof, beginning with the words "The general council may from time to time determine" to the end of said section, and by replacing the same by provisions to the following effect.—The curriculum to be followed in the law course of universities and colleges granting degrees as aforesaid shall be submitted to the Lieutenant Governor in Council, who shall cause the same to be published during one month in the *Quebec Official Gazette*, and shall appoint the time for hearing objections thereto, after which if no alteration be made, the same shall be by him approved.

If any amendment should be made thereto upon objection from the general council or other interested parties the same shall be published in like manner, during one month, before being approved by the Lieutenant Governor in Council. The Lieutenant Governor in Council, may moreover, on complaint of the general council of the bar that any university or incorporated college entitled to grant degrees as aforesaid does not satisfactorily and effectually follow the curriculum so prescribed, order an investigation to be made, and if the complaint prove to be well founded may thereafter except the degrees of such university or college from the benefits conferred by the foregoing provisions of this act for such time as he may be advised.

And your petitioners as in duty bound will ever pray.

MONTREAL, 22nd March, 1888.

### Personals.

W. A. Cameron, B.A., is studying law at Barrie, Ont.

Mr. McNutt, B.A.Sc., '88, is off with Mr. Lowe's surveying party, to Hudson Bay, this summer.

Mr. Mason, B.A., another of our editors, is out on mission work this summer; he will be back in town in the autumn to finish his theological course.

A. P. Solandt, B.A., one of the assistant-editors of this paper during the past year, has finished his course in the Congregational College, and has received and accepted a unanimous call to the pastorate of the Congregational Church at Brigham, Que. He entered upon his duties on the 6th inst.

### Between the Lectures.

One of the lady undergraduates calls a certain professor "Experience," because he is a dear teacher.

Very Naughty Tommy (who has been severely spanked by his mamma)—"I'm pre'sh'-s-s-sorry"—(sobbing)—"y-you ever m-married pa!"

Said Brown—"The day I was married I quit chewing tobacco, and I tell you it was pretty hard on me that day, but in a day or two I was all right." "Ah, how's that?" "I commenced chewing again."

She (having just finished playing)—"I fear, Mr. Sniggles, my music is too poor to give you enjoyment." He (assuringly)—"Oh! indeed, I did enjoy it. It does not take much to please me in the way of music, you know!"

A work on etiquette says—"A genteel carver always sits when he carves." Perhaps he does, but it is pretty certain that there are times when he yearnfully yearns to put one foot on the table and the other on the bird while struggling with the fowl.

Man of the house (aroused by a knock)—"Come, now, what do you want here at this time of night?" Stranger—"Excuse me, sir, but could you let me have a candle and a couple of matches? My dog and my little girl have fallen into your cistern; and he's a valuable dog, and—There, hear him bark!!!"

An usher at one of our fashionable churches noticed a little tot of a girl waiting about the vestibule, until the bell had stopped ringing and the services begun. Then he kindly offered to find her a seat.

"No, tank 'oo," she said, sweetly; "I want to go in yea late an' make a thenthation, like mamma!"

Here is an extract from the prospectus of a hotel in Switzerland, published in a newspaper of Berne.—  
"Weissbach, in the Bernese Oberland, is the favourite place of resort for those who are fond of solitude. Persons in search of solitude are, in fact, constantly flocking there from the four quarters of the globe."

"Mother," said Miss Clara, "do you think Bobby ought to lounge in that handsome chair?" "Certainly not, Bobby," said his mother reprovingly, "you might break it." "If it's strong enough to hold Clara and Mr. Featherly," argued Bobby, as he slowly slid down, "it ought to be strong enough to hold a little boy."—*New York Sun.*

Young Mr. Featherly (a Theolog.)—"Have you any engagement for Friday evening, Miss Clara?"  
Miss Clara (who is passionately fond of the theatre)—  
—"No, Mr. Featherly."

Mr. Featherly—"Well, I would be very glad if you would attend with me the Friday evening prayer meeting at the Second Baptist Church."

"I don't see why you should sneer at my engagement ring," said a fair girl, with a flush of indignation on her cheek, as she faced a rival belle. "It's a good deal prettier than the one you wore three years ago, and haven't worn since!" "No, dear," replied her friend, with a cool, far-away look; "not prettier, but quite as pretty. It is the same ring!"

### Correspondence.

*Editors of the University Gazette:—*

DEAR SIRS,—In the 12th line of the little article headed "Book-Making" (GAZETTE No. 11), the word *Nile* is substituted for *Hill*, thereby altering the sense, or rather making nonsense of the comparison. In not contrary to your rules, please correct.

EROL GERVASE.

[We are sorry that this mistake should have occurred in the contribution of Erol Gervase, one of our kindest contributors and helpers. In No. 10 of the GAZETTE, the printer made us say *par example* instead of *par excellence*, in one of our editorials; some kind friend sent us a copy with the mistakes in



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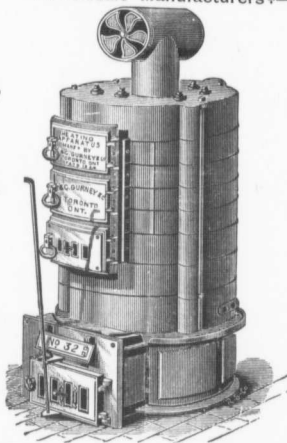
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