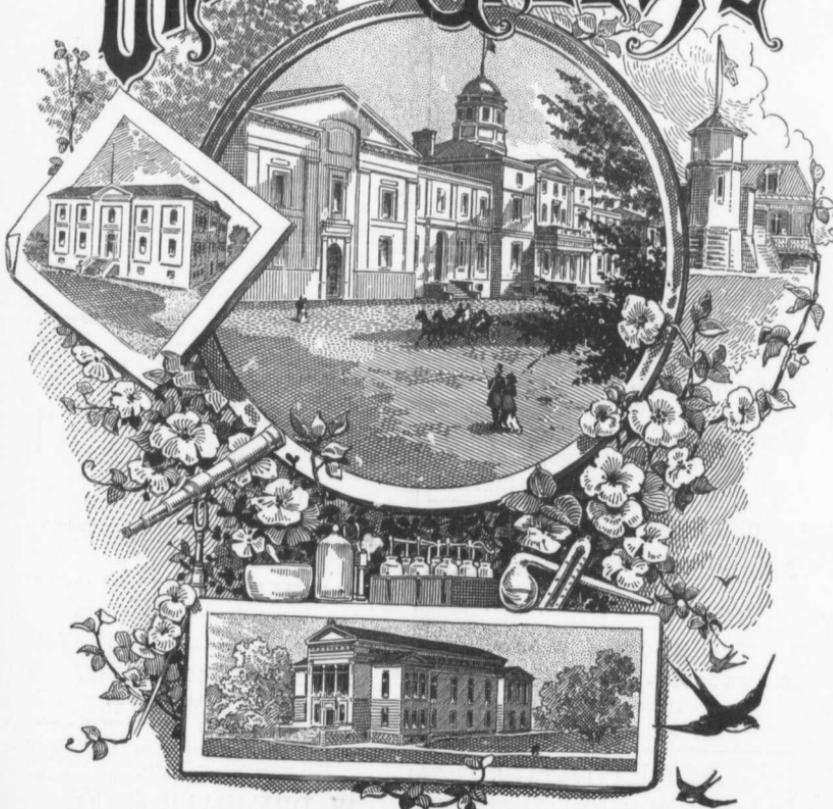


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Editorials.

THE MEDICAL FACULTY.

Already the Medical Faculty of McGill has distanced all professional competitors, and can now afford to pursue medical truth for the sake of truth. It is also forging its way ahead of the other faculties in the University, so much so that it is severing the ties that bound it to the old body, and acquiring an independent existence of its own. There is a possibility of danger here, that instead of having a broad

University standing, it may become a mere specializing, theorizing school for experimenting in new and untried doctrines. Towards this end everything is tending. It has the stimulus, novel views and promising theories to give. There is an expectation about Medicine, a seeking and a gaining of some new thing that always yields a stimulus, artificial it may be, but none the less impulsive. With Arts and Applied Science it is different—these must hold always the same ground. The teaching of Euclid and of Socrates, the methods and versification of the Greek and Latin poets are still the same and the best in their respective fields. If the Medical school were to found its existence on the systems of Galen and Æsculapius, it, too, would be in danger of being regarded as somewhat slow. It has in its favor what the other faculties lack, expectation and novelty; and any one who demands such a manifestation of interest from these faculties, is asking for that, which in the nature of things, cannot exist. They never can have a like interest in the practical sympathies of men, because they stand on their merits simply and appeal more to their abstract conceptions than to more material and less high motives. The Medical school has not yet, however, reached that stage in which it can afford to give all its time and interest to theorizing, however praiseworthy in the abstract this may be. There is a prevalent opinion that one object, by no means unimportant, for which a medical school exists, is to cure disease and alleviate distress, and it is upon this principle it must be based. Some day McGill will awaken to this fact, and will find that it is losing itself in the sand and vanishing in the thin air of unreality. Much of the good work done in the highest professions is due to the fact that men cannot do without bread and butter, and in any school there must be a certain amount of "bread and butter medicine." It would be a fine thing if this country could afford to have one school which placed this matter secondary to a more abstract standard, but, unfortunately, things have not come to such a pass that McGill can assume this rôle. For the first two years of the course no Medicine is taught, the atmosphere in which the student moves is not even medicated to the extent of a homoeopathic pill, and the student might as well be in any school of technology, which a medical school should not be. McGill has overstepped the mark, and this tendency

is to turn out men weak in the *practice* of medicine, the very thing they come to fit themselves for. Students, from the very first, should be imbued with their mission, that chemistry, anatomy and all the rest of it, are subsidiary to the prevention and cure of disease. When two years are passed and this impression not given, who can blame a student for thinking that hospital work is merely an accomplishment, useful for graduating day. Special subjects must be taught by specialists, but in such a manner that their bearing is perfectly plain, and if specialists think that students come to McGill for the sole purpose of making themselves experts in that particular subject, then an element of weakness is introduced into the study of a profession, which is practical or nothing. We are pleading for the newest and latest teaching, and warning McGill that it, too, can be too zealous in a cause confessedly good.

A good many people will admit that the success of the school is bound up in the students, and when a student is commanded "to go and he goeth," that something yet remains. The teachers are not autocrats, teaching what seems good in the individual eyes of each, but discharging an obligation to teach the most useful and best things in the best way to each student who signs the register of the school.

PROFESSOR AND STUDENT.

In the medical faculty, the professors hold varying respect from the different students. A strong vein of fear runs through their respect for a few professors, who hold the prerogative of life and death to their college career.

Others are accorded a temporary semblance of esteem from those students directly under instruction, but the moment the pedant's usefulness is gone, and the student free from his subject, a large amount of this respect goes also. Several others among the professors are passive to the average student, and one or two next door to detested. Happily there are also professors in the faculty who command the highest respect from the students, and whose presence, moreover, is not necessary in order to demonstrate this. They are revered for their labour and anxiety in the interests of their pupils, not mere automatic workers, talking for dollars. If an alien to the college were casually to walk among the boys he would invariably hear the above men spoken of in golden terms, proving the respect shown to them to be grounded on love instead of fear. It is truly a pitiful fact, that some among the professors know little more than one-fifth of the students by name, even in their final years, and, what is still worse, there are students in the graduating

class unknown to their professor by sight, through no fault of theirs. One of the professors has been a brilliant exception to this estrangement between tutor and pupil. He has, by bringing the students to his home, broken down the frigid formality that is rampant, banishing all distinctions, and met the boys as friends and guests without detracting any from his dignity, but on the contrary, winning the respect and goodwill of all.

SCIENCE FACULTY.

The facilities at the disposal of the engineering students of McGill have been increased very much, even within the last two or three years. Perhaps the greatest advantage among these is that derived from the meetings of the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers. The students have the opportunity of attending lectures given by our most eminent practical engineers on works carried out by themselves. These lectures take place every fortnight.

The training in McGill is necessarily theoretical to a great extent, owing to the short time students spend here, and, moreover, the best place to learn the practical details is in the field, where it is very inconvenient to have to study the theory.

Considering this, what could be more useful to a student of engineering than a description of the actual manner in which the stresses in the Lachine bridge were calculated, and how the bridge was erected and the foundation laid, and this by the engineer who had the work under his immediate care, and who illustrated his remarks by carefully prepared drawings?

After each of these lectures there is a discussion, among all present who know enough about the subject, and some take part who don't.

These meetings are very interesting, and students should make it a point to attend them.

This is one of the things among others which help to raise the standing of McGill Science Faculty, in which the ever active Dean has taken a leading and initiative part.

Poetry.

THREE VERSIONS.

*Ille mi par esse deo videtur
Ille si fax est superans deos,
Qui sedens adversas identidem
Spectat et audit dulces ridentem.*

*Heureux, qui près de toi pour toi seule soupire,
Qui joint du plaisir de t'entendre parler,
Qui te voit quelquefois docement lui sourire
Les dieux dans son bonheur peuvent-ils l'égal.*

*Blest as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And sees and hears thee all the while,
Softly speak and sweetly smile.*

RENUNCIATION.

Do you remember, Sweet, when earth was bright with flowers,
Together how we walked amid the laughing bow'rs,
Hand claspt in hand, nor dreamed of parting days to come,
Or eyes grown dark with tears and lips with sorrow dumb?

Sweet, does it wound you still, the mem'ry of that time,
Or have you ceased to fret over life's broken rhyme?
Ah love, once mine, the paths of your eyes, sweet eyes
And true, without the need of words the hope denies.

Can love die with the years? Do you remember how,
Defying fate, we said with kites and plights a vow,
Till sudden, sharp, as when on some fair starfall night
One hears the fire bell the restful silence smite.

Rude, jangling, into all our lives' sweet harmonies
Came duty's despot call and fiery sacrifice!
What would we but obey? Not mine or thine the choice,
Cravens might falter, we would suffer and rejoice.

'Twas well, ah Sweet, 'twas well. Surrender is not loss;
And surely that we gave, as gold refined from dross,
Out of the crucible divine will yet be giv'n
Back to our hearts on earth, or in God's far off Heav'n.

EMUL GERVAISE.

Contributions.

A COUNTRY BOY.

[WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERSITY GAZETTE.]

BY NIHIL V. ERUIS.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

"Quick, Bolton," said Mr. Tilton, "there's Mr. Simon; go and tie up his horse in the stable."

Bolton got up and went out, muttering to himself—

"D— his airs; why can't he tie up his own horse? One would think he was a king from the way he orders us about."

A few moments later, and a tall figure entered by the kitchen door and shook himself free of the snow that encumbered him, for it was now snowing. He looked around the room a moment, and, entering, gravely approached Mrs. Tilton, saying—

"How do you do, madam?"

Mrs. Tilton was not a woman to get into a flurry over anything, but with the rest of her neighbors she shared in an awe at Mr. Simon that annoyed her when he was absent. She rose and bustled about the room to find him a seat, while he turned and greeted Mr. Tilton with the same grave courtesy which he had treated Mrs. Tilton. To the others he bowed, not haughtily, but distantly, and then turning to his son, extended his hand to him, saying—

"Ah! Peter, I did not expect you, my boy. Your mother will be glad to see you, when you go home."

There was just a slight tone of reproach in Mr. Simon's voice, but he was too self-controlled to utter a word to hint that Peter lacked in filial duty in passing his father's house to seek another's. He sat down in the corner, and began gently stroking the sleeping dog, which soon rose and put its head upon his knee, the better to enjoy the process.

"How is your lake getting on, Tom?" he asked. "Have you told Peter about it yet?"

"Oh! ay," said Tom, with a short laugh. "We're going out to see it soon."

"Indeed! Then I hope Peter will bring me back a deer's head. And you, Mr. Tilton," he continued, addressing Hal, "how is your patent water-supply drill getting on?"

"Famously, sir, famously. We have formed a company with a capital of half a million, and expect to have the drill all over the country in three weeks. It is a most wonderful thing, sir; and such a necessity that I expect to sell one to every farmer in America. I will show you a model to-morrow. It only wants a few touches to make it marketable. Brother, here, is going to take some shares in the company."

"I don't know about that, Hal; you have had so many inventions, that I doubt if this one will amount to anything. What about your patent miller now?" said Mr. Tilton.

"Oh! that; well, I haven't had time to touch it since I showed it to you. But it worked."

"Worked! yes, and made Daisy kick the back out of the shed."

"But the miller wasn't perfect, you know," broke in Hal.

"No, that's what is wrong with most of your fads, Hal. That self-opening gate kept me half-an-hour trying to open it once."

"But it did open of itself."

"Yes, and let the cattle into the garden. But we'll see, we'll see."

Mr. Simon, in the meantime, turned to Mr. Forbes and said—

"Forbes, have you heard of this new theory of evolution, or whatever it is? I have the fellow's book at home."

"Darwin, you mean," responded Mr. Forbes. "No, I have only seen a review of the book. He tries to prove that we all come from the inferior animals, doesn't he?"

"Yes."

"What," said Mrs. Tilton, sharply, "me come from an ape or a frog, or something like that! The man's a fool."

"What do you think I come from, Peter?" whispered Lizzie behind the stove.

"A lily," was Peter's reply.

"Well," said Mr. Simon, "the chief objection I have to the theory is that it does away with the divine hand."

"Not at all," said Mr. Forbes, "it indicates a greatness in power and mind far beyond what we are giving to God. Give even a child the power of working miracles, and he could keep the world moving by correcting all his errors by fads. But to plan out a creation so vast as this, and which will continue on its course, when once started, without the necessity for a miracle—that needs a mind far beyond that of man. I see nothing objectionable to the theory from a theological standpoint."

"But," said Mr. Simon, "does it not do away with life? Do we not become automatic? We cannot claim to have a soul."

Mr. Forbes put his hand down and drew forth his fiddle.

"Do you see this?" he asked. How matters it how it was made. If I play upon it, do I not give it something that it had not by nature? Music is the violin's soul, and the soul of man is like it. Without the master-mind to originate it, the violin would be silent for ever."

"By the by," interjected Mr. Tilton, "now that you have it out you must keep your promise, and play for us."

"Oh! do," said Lizzie, clapping her hands."

Mr. Forbes smiled, and began tuning the instrument.

"What shall I play, Lizzie?" he asked the young girl, while the others became silent in expectation.

"Anything you like, but let it be something of your own," Lizzie replied.

"Well, then, I will play you the 'Secret of my Life;' see if you can guess it."

The music was soft and faint, as an air that is recalled by the mind. Gay and gayer it became, and soon a solemn tone mingled with the gaiety, interwoven inextricably and seeming to form part of it. The music flowed like a mighty river, that yet had such force as to toss its waves to the sky, though already the sunlight fails to touch its bed. Everyone was interested, and the musician bent over his violin, his lithe fingers caressing the strings like serpents. Suddenly there was a crash, almost as of a broken note, and Lizzie gave a little scream. The discord was the key note to a new melody, slow and sad in the extreme; then followed a rippling, as of brooks, and the whispering of the wind in the trees, the hum of summer afternoons; and here the listeners detected chords from the harvest songs sung in the district. But through it all ran the one current of sadness, slowly losing itself in the ocean of melody in which it was. Whether in the music there was a tone of yearning for sympathy, or whether in the feelings of the girl there was an intense love of melody, cannot be said for certain, but she slipped from Peter's side towards Mr. Forbes; his eye caught hers, but there was no expression in it. The music swept on, but it had lost its melancholy strain, and was once more joyous—as joyous as before the crash that altered the symphony. Louder and louder grew the music, until it became a peon of triumph, when all at once it ceased on a high note, and the musician laid the instrument upon the table and sauntered to the window.

The applause came from the farm hands who were present. Several minutes elapsed before any of the more educated listeners spoke, and when they did so it was with few words. Lizzie did not speak of the music at all.

Mr. Forbes turned from the window, and replaced his violin in its case.

"I must go now," he said. "Will you come to see me before you go, Peter? I wish to have a talk with you."

And he was gone.

The departure of Mr. Forbes was a signal for that of the others. Mr. Simson, who had come on horseback, left Peter to follow, and Peter took the advantage of this, known to all lovers. While he was doing so, Lizzie took the opportunity to tell him

of something she had noticed in the early part of the evening. While the others had been conversing, Bolton and Jim had been more interested in a conversation of their own. Their talk was of the kind to which Lizzie had caught one or two words of. Lizzie had caught one or two words of Jim.

"Peter," she said at parting, laying a hand on each of her lover's broad shoulders, "be careful of Jim; he has been looking at us all evening, and such looks! He frightens me."

"Nonsense, Liz, he cannot harm you; and as for me, I am not afraid of him in a fair fight."

"But he never fights fair. You remember poor Bob Wakam; how they found him in the bush with his head cut open! They say Jim did that when Bob was off his guard."

"Well, little one," said Peter, lightly, "Jim will never find me off my guard. Besides, we will not meet again after Christmas—at least, not for a long time. Good-bye; I shall see you again in the morning. I have brought you some flowers for Christmas, and hope you will wear them. Do you know, Liz, I wonder how you would look in curls instead of tying your hair back this way."

"Me in curls," said Lizzie, shaking her head; "I am too old for curls."

"Not a bit. I'm sure you would look splendid. Will you not try them?"

Lizzie laughed coquettishly, and would not promise.

CHAPTER IV.

"'Twas the night before Christmas"

"Now, look here, Hal, I'm only a farmer, and don't know anything about any business but my own. I'm not worth more than that, and if I was to lose it I'd never make it up again. No, no; it may be all right, but I daren't risk it. You mustn't ask me."

"But," said Hal, as with Mr. Tilton he sat in the parlor next day, "if I only had that money it would set me up. The capitalists are willing to join in with me, if I could finish the invention, and then you will get thousands back for your hundreds."

The two were talking about Hal's patent water-supply-dill, and Hal was trying to get his brother to invest two thousand dollars in the invention.

"No, no," said Mr. Tilton, firmly; "I cannot do it. If I lost the money they would sell the house over my head to pay it, and my wife and children would be beggars. When a man reaches a certain point in his career, he must give up taking risks, and be satisfied with slow profits, if they are sure."

"Then I am ruined!" said Hal, bitterly.

"Surely not, lad," said the other, "surely not. Wait a bit and work at your leisure, and you must get it done at last. You have always a welcome home with me and mine. Come to us, and you can work your fads to your heart's content."

"Millions! millions! and all that!"

paltry two thousand," exclaimed Hal. "The chance of a life time, and you do not seize it. You and yours might dress in broad silks, and yet be poor." "I have opportunities," said Bolton, "for the best of the world." "Remember," said Hal, "that you are now to read at school night fifty years ago? I've worked on that plan ever since, and never dropped a certainty for a chance. You've tried the other way, and what has it done for ye? Your head is gray before its time, and there's wrinkles in your face and heart the greatest success will never rub out. You've no wife and girl to protect, and it doesn't make much odds so long as you are fed to-day, whether you must hunt for your meal to-morrow. But those that are trusting to me must never be betrayed."

Hal was silent, and drummed on the table with his fingers.

"Come, brother," said Mr. Tilton, affectionately, "don't let money come between us at Christmas time. See, there go Liz and Peter over to the church to decorate it. Go with them, and help them. Your inventive talents will be of great use there, and they'll be only too glad to have you."

Hal left the room, but not to join the young people. His heart was too heavy for youth and mirth, and he hastened towards the village.

He went towards the "Eagle's Nest," for, like many men who add worry to their brain work, he often sought stimulation in the glass. He was not a drinker in the ordinary sense of the term, and had never drunk to excess, so that his appearance in the tavern was a surprise to those who knew him. It was, evidently, more than a surprise to two of the frequenters of the place, for they turned pale, and made a motion as though to leave the place. But they changed their minds, and greeted him warmly. These men, it is scarcely necessary to say, were Jim and Bolton.

"How do you do, uncle?" said Bolton. "What brings you here? Has father lent you that two thousand dollars?"

Hal put down his glass quickly, and turned to Bolton, angrily.

"What is that to you?" he said. "Have you been telling him not to give it?"

"I like that," said Bolton. "When there are millions to be made, I don't think I'd stop him."

"That's just it, Bolton," responded Hal. "I've tried time and again to get him to come in with me, and he won't. Why, it's a dead sure thing. Every farmer must have water for his stock, and is bound to take the drill. Yet your father won't touch it. It's too bad for all of us."

Bolton, the reader doubtless knows, was not a man calculated to set the St. Lawrence on fire with his intellect. He had listened to his uncle's persuasive talk, and to his mind nothing seemed more certain than success. If there were fallacies in the arguments, if hope was the basis, and not certainty, he did not detect the flaw. In fact, so thoroughly was Hal versed in his subject, and so completely did he believe it, that few men could hear him speak and remain unconvinced. He could, or would, have borrowed

the money elsewhere, but he wished to throw the advantage in his brother's way, and was cut to the heart to see it rejected.

"Look here, Bolton," he said, "cannot you persuade your father?"

Bolton laughed. "Not I," he said. "There's only one way of reaching a man's heart, and that is through his women folk. Get mother or Lizzie on your side and you are all right, but don't ask me."

(To be continued.)

DANIEL DEFOE.

(Continued from last issue.)

But his spirit could not be restrained, if there were any pamphlets to be written, or a shindy going on, away went his apron, and he was in the middle of the fray. He was a regular Ishmael—his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him. He was one of those uncomfortable men who never made a good partisan, and so fell on all sides. He could see the speck on the church steeple, but could perceive, likewise, the dust on the table of the conventicle. He was plentiful of his satire on occasional Conformity, and did not spare any man.

Sir Humphrey Edwin, while Lord Mayor of London, carried the regalia to the conventicle at Pinner's Hall, and great was the outcry made by the Churchmen. One said that he had been guilty of a horrid crime, inasmuch as he had dared to carry it to the hated conventicle; but Defoe did not rush in to defend Sir Humphrey. In his rough way, he denounced this "playing at bo-peep with the Almighty," as he called it. Not polite, but very forcible this.

He next wrote his "Reformation of English Morals." Such a reformation was a giant's work. Hercules and his stable was nothing to it, and Defoe was not a Hercules. He began by attacking the stage, but the stage lived longer than he, and its reformation did not ensue. Then came one of his great books. The people were beginning to tire of their King William, and hankered after the Stuarts again. They got up the popular cry—"He's only a Dutchman, and we want a true-born Englishman." And "true-born Englishman-ship" soon became the cry. Then Defoe was told they were laughing at King William, and he sat down and wrote his "True-born Englishman," and very clever it was. He completely knocked the bottom out of the "true-born Englishman," and showed him how nice a mixture they were—Picts and Scots, and aboriginal people, who dyed the last pattern into their skins; Saxons and Normans, Huguenot refugees and Vaudois exiles. This was the true-born Englishman. "Stand up and let us look at you," he said; "there are not two of you alike—you must all have come out of the cave of Adullam."

King William knew the immense service he had done him, and took him into favour, making him his personal friend. King William went and Queen Anne came; with a small head and tender conscience; very scrupulous, very stupid; a Churchwoman one day, a Dissenter the next; a Divine-right woman one

day, a popular election woman another—a poor, well-meaning, feeble kind of woman. She was a fine piece of background, neutral tint—a capital chance for any pen to scribble a pattern on. And, as might be expected, out came the Jacobite to scribble his pattern, and the Churchman to scribble his. Sacheverell was for putting down “these Dissenters” with a high hand, and preached—“he cannot be a true-born Englishman who does not lift up the bloody flag and banner of defence against Dissenters.” Defoe heard of it, and as King Alfred sought the Danish camp as a harper, so he wrote his matchless pamphlet—“The Shortest Way with the Dissenters.” The clergy were delighted with it, and one went so far as to say that “next to the Bible and the Holy Commentaries this is the very best book I have ever read.” It was this consummate piece of irony that saved English Dissent. He had gone into the Churchman’s camp, and fooled them “to the top of their bent,” and great was the outcry on the discovery. The House of Commons took the matter up, and ordered the book to be burned. Defoe fled, but when the printer and publisher were arrested, he pluckily came back to bear the brunt. “I wrote the book,” he said, “there is no mistake about it.” As the author, he was fined 200 marks, ordered to stand three times in the pillory, and to be imprisoned during the Queen’s pleasure, and to find sureties for seven years. All these punishments were carried out. But in the pillory the people did not pelt him; they wreathed the pillory from top to bottom with garlands, and came forth from public-houses and drank his health from foaming flagons. It was his day of triumph, and no man pelted him.

But Alexander Pope did throw mud at him in his “Dunciad.” He wrote:—

“Earless on high stood unabashed Defoe.”

But Pope’s mud stuck to his own fingers, and Defoe’s character was unstained. Defoe wrote a hymn to the pillory when he came out; he set the pillory to music—a common metre, perhaps, but there it was. He went to Newgate, and there, in that vile place, among pirates and pickpockets, he made the best of circumstances, and gathered information from their lives and their wickednesses that served him as subjects for his pen afterwards.

The *Review* he brought out was the precursor of all *Reviews*, and was earlier than the *Spectator* and *Letter*, but not a single complete copy is now known. The booksellers served him very badly, and often put his name on the title-page in order to sell a bad book. Defoe himself wrote a preface to a most dull and stupid work on death, and entitled it—“Mrs. Veal’s Ghost,” than which few things were more humorous. By the intercession of a political enemy, Harley, he was released from Newgate, and through Harley’s influence he was sent to Edinburgh, where he took part in some of the negotiations relative to the union of England and Scotland. In connection with this mission he issued a large book, which contained most valuable information touching the Union.

He was now 60 years of age, and had had a touch of apoplexy. His right hand began to fail him, but

then came out the golden book “Robinson Crusoe,” the boys’ darling, the delight of the world; the most consummate tale, perhaps, that was ever written. It came from the pen of a man empty in pocket, bankrupt, broken down, and who had been in the pillory and in Newgate twice. He sat down after all, and wrote that auspicious book, a book that all wise men should read twice; a book that had taken more boys into the British Navy than the press-gangs ever did. What a curious problem it was. What a singular proposition it set itself to work out—given a man born under the circumstances of civilization to be suddenly put into a condition of barbarism, what will become of him! As a work of art, its liveliness, its evenness, its simplicity, plainness, and minuteness of detail need not be dwelt upon. This extreme minuteness is remarkable in his other works too. More people have risen up from reading “Robinson Crusoe,” “Memories of a Cavalier,” and “History of the Plague,” believing they had read a veritable narrative, than from any other novels. He did not see the Plague of London, and was never a Cavalier, notwithstanding his most detailed relations. Many books followed his “Robinson Crusoe;” some that rather shocked us. These were gatherings from Newgate, and Newgate flowers were not all sweet.

He retired at last, in the hope of closing his troubled life peacefully; but it was not to be. He had gathered together a little money for the sake of his family, and of this he made his son trustee. His son earned traitor, and made away with the money; and the man’s tough British heart, that had stood the attacks of the clerical and political enemies, unmoved, and had withstood the pillory and Newgate, this great heart broke at his son’s treachery.

He was buried in Bunhill Fields, the *Campo Santo* of English Dissenters, where Isaac Watts was first silent, and Bunyan ended his pilgrimage. His very name has been perverted to Dubow, most probably by the stupidity of the sexton, and, as such, it appears in the books. His death occurred in 1731. In his works, his capacity and knowledge were fully shown. The whole system of savings banks were there, the idea of the idiot asylums, free trade, and the whole practice of so-called modern political economy were set forth. As a specimen of his popularity, it is worthy of mention that 80,000 copies of his “True-born Englishman,” were sold.

His personal description might be seen from the following police warrant:—

“Whereas, Daniel Defoe, or DeFoe, is charged with writing a scandalous and seditious pamphlet entitled ‘The Shortest Way with the Dissenters.’ He is a middle-sized man, about 40 years old, of dark complexion, and dark brown colored hair, but wears a wig; has a hooked nose, a sharp chin, gray eyes, and a large mole near the mouth. Whoever shall discover, etc., shall receive a reward of £50.”

Defoe deserved more regard from the courtly historians who found Addison, Swift, and others deserving of far higher praise, than they could find it in their hearts to bestow on Daniel Defoe, who stood in the pillory, and who learned much of his wisdom in the dark cells of Newgate. QUERIDO.

BACON VS. SHAKESPEARE.

Owing to the lively interest which, at the present time, is manifested in the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, a brief and concise contribution advocating the Baconian authorship may not be inopportune.

The doubts as to Shakespeare's authorship have arisen from the difficulty of reconciling the facts of his life with the literature which has been attributed to him. "In every case," says Mrs. Potts, "the conviction that Francis Bacon was the real poet has grown out of a knowledge of the prose works, legal, scientific, and literary, and the plays and poems which include every peculiarity of Baconian language, science, philosophy, and belief." If there be strong reason to doubt that Shakespeare wrote plays which he himself never claimed, and which none of his relations ever claimed for him, surely there is no reason why we should not seek the real author. This latter, indeed, through the evidence as to life, circumstances, and studies, is, on the other hand, clearly shown to be none other than Francis Bacon himself.

Baconians, in adducing their proofs, generally make use of both internal and external evidence.

With respect to external evidence:—

That Bacon was strongly addicted to the theatre is seen from the active part he took in theatrical performances at Gray's Inn, and elsewhere; also, from the fact that we have three pieces known to have been written by him, viz., "The Conference of Pleasure," "The Gesta Gregorum," and "The Masque of the Indian Prince." The plays attributed to Shakespeare were courtly pieces, intended not for the playhouses, but for private representation before Elizabeth, and were performed at the houses of Bacon's personal friends, such as the Earls of Leicester and Essex, and particularly at Wilton, the seat of William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, Bacon's life-long friend. Many of the plays were first produced in the Middle Temple and Gray's Inn, where Bacon enjoyed the reputation of being the chief wit of the day.

In attempting to arrange the plays chronologically, it has, of course, been the aim of Shakespeareans to assume that they were all written before 1616 (the date of Shakespeare's death), yet nine of these plays were never heard of before the publication of the first folio, 1623.

Again, it seems to be little known that seven plays, published before 1598, did not have the author's name on the title page. Besides these, six editions of *Venus and Adonis*, and four of *Lucrece*, were also anonymously published. Is it not then strange that a man like Shakespeare, at that time in the most abject poverty, should act in this way, when he would necessarily be desirous of making a name and fame for himself, and thus become more opulent?

In addition to these external evidences already set forth, might be included one whose significance has been by no means fully appreciated. But a single author, within the compass of a few pages, has endeavoured to give it lucid exposition. I refer to the autograph of William Shakespeare. No handwriting of Shakespeare has ever been discovered except five autographs, of which three occur in his will. Every-

one of these strongly suggests that the writer was extremely illiterate and unaccustomed to the use of his pen. The mere fact that 56 ways of spelling his name have been discovered, furnishes abundant testimony of the truth of this statement. It may be said, however, that illegible signatures are characteristic of many eminent men. While this may be true, yet none are so destitute of character, so labored and indecisive, as that of Shakespeare. On the contrary, his autograph betrays puerility in the formation of every letter.

Now, had Shakespeare written these plays, they would only have presented a bewildering mass of confusion, and we would be unable to distinguish one word from another. Yet, we have an excellent and universally accepted copy, containing but few disputed words. As an illustration of his defect, might be cited the conclusions at which two different critics arrived in their endeavour to decipher a phrase (beneath the signature of his will), which was found capable of being read to mean either "By me," or "25th March." The meagre means which Shakespeare possessed exclude the supposition that he ever employed the services of an amanuensis. Thus, the conclusion must of necessity follow, from external evidence, that Shakespeare could not have written those plays attributed to him. C.

(To be continued.)

GLEANINGS.

It often happens that men come to regard their own wills as subsidiary providences for the moral government of the community. A year or two ago a graduating class, with something of this tendency, embodied their opinion in a memorial to the Faculty on the vexed question of supervision in examination. The Faculty at the time resented the implication that it was unfit to discharge its own special function, but now it acknowledges that some additional precaution is necessary.

There are two ways of securing the utmost fairness in examinations. So long as any system of espionage is followed, be it ever so manly, it is only a question of keenness of vision on one side, and evasive skill on the other, and no examiners can be omnipresent. If, instead of arraying against them native ingenuity, and running counter to that first law of preservation, which even the most delinquent student possesses in common with other "locomotor organisms," the examiners were to approach the question, having on their side the honor that is born of confidence, they would be reaching a difficult end in an easy and natural manner. As it is, the open lines, the labyrinth of promenades, the watch-towers, impress the student that there is somewhere a low conception of moral virtue and of the dignity connected with reasonable beings.

Every man should know some one thing so well that if an Emperor were to stand between him and

his subject, he could with confidence bid him stand aside; and he should know as much of everything else as any other who had not made a special study of it. If it is one man's duty "to cut men, and he cut them straight," it is not to his discredit if he has not an exact notion of Greek roots. He can, at least, refrain from attempting at a special knowledge he is not supposed to possess. A crude derivation, a false quantity or inflexion, is as bad in its own way as a scientific inaccuracy as to fact.

* *

It is a pity to see respectable people and journals discussing, like a debating society, the relative influence on intellectual culture of literary and scientific studies, as if either could be dispensed with. They might as well discuss the relative value of the heart and lungs—it is a comparison between a fish and a dog. It is the same as if some optimistic Roman were to allege, as an offset for the denunciations of John the Baptist, the good effect of extending the franchise to the Ital. in towns.

* *

As usual, the question is made to turn around two men who, from their position, may lend it weight. Of course, Matthew Arnold pleads that "the whole of literature is a criticism of life," and Huxley, that to attempt this criticism without an acquaintance with the bearings of modern science, is like commencing a campaign of the Rhine without military appliances. They both acknowledge, as all must, that these are the two wings by which intellectual heights are reached, and that science and literature can no more be divided than can a house without detriment to the structure.

* *

It is true that a poet, as well as a prophet, is not without honour except in his own country and among his own kin. If one appear amongst us who is essentially one of our own kin, in so far as his note is clear and his singing true, let us shield the singer from those influences that grind us all down to the same dead level.

* *

What is the ultimate analysis of poetry? In the discordant results is there not a suggestion that it takes of the nature of life itself, whose secret no man has been able to pluck out? What is the harmony running through such definitions as these Ly men who knew it face to face? "All feel, yet see thee never;" and, again, "the best and happiest thoughts of the best and happiest minds,"—this was as near as Shelley could come to it. "Poetry is simply the most beautiful, impressive, and widely-effective mode of saying things;" and, again, "It is to the poetical literature of an age that we must in general look for most perfect and most adequate information of that age." This was Matthew Arnold's explanation. Aristotle claimed it was but "Imitation," and Bacon, "that it was ever thought to have some participation of divineness." More recently and more finely—

"poetry is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge, the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science—"

"Lamp of earth, where'er thou movest,
Its dim shapes are clad with brightness."

* *

In the question of the use of the hexameter in English verse, there is a nice instance of how such things refuse to conform to the laws we make for their guidance. The scholars tell us, it is not a musical and natural English form. To Mr. Swinburne hexameters are "ugly bastards of verse;" even those of Matthew Arnold have "no metrical feet at all." Clough's are admirable "studies in graduated prose." Even in Kingsley's "Andromeda"—"the one good poem extant in that pernicious meter"—the feet are but "loose, rhymeless anapaests," or sound like "anapaests broken up and driven wrong." To Lord Derby, "the so-called English hexameter was a pestilent heresy, which could only be pressed into the service by a violation of every rule of prosody." They all imply the same premises that classical analogies should govern our judgment of this measure. But the question ought to be—Should fixed rules of classical verse be put out of mind? Is the verse, in six feet, of such poems as *Evangeline* or *Andromeda* a good, readable measure for an English poem? Even Mr. Arnold—and beyond question he is one of the scholars—admits that the dislike of our present English hexameter is "rather among the professional critics than the general public," and that even now, if a version of the *Iliad*, in English hexameter, were made by a poet who, like Mr. Longfellow, has that indefinable quality which renders him popular—something *attractive* in his talent which communicates itself to his verses—it would have a great success among the general public. The capabilities of the measure have not been developed, nor will be until, with the simplicity of Longfellow and the vigor of Tennyson, without the sing-song of the one and the roughness of the other, some fine poet will bring out its music, sweep and inspiring effect. To much of the mechanical quantitative verse Canning's outburst is, undoubtedly, applicable—"Daetylics call't thou them? God help thee silly one." But even this is only a stage towards a true and idiomatic English verse.

The truth is, the poets themselves, in spite of their rules, have a liking for it. Poe opposed Longfellow, and, at the same time, paid this unconscious tribute—its admirers "are deceived by the ready facility with which some of these verses may be read." Even Longfellow shrank from the discussion, and it was in defiance of many censors that he allowed his convictions upon a point in literary art to hold. He found that his thoughts "would run in hexameters," and that the "measure would take root in English soil." "It is a measure," he added, "that suits all themes. It can fly low, like a swallow, and at any moment dart skyward." There is a sort of poetical mother-wit among educated people that commends to them what they read, and many verses can have given to them a desired measure according to the taste of the reader, and in doubtful cases the hexametrical mea-

sure is always given. Take, as an illustration, any dactylic verse of Homer, and such a line as this:—

"Coral and sea fan and tangle, the bloom and the palms of the ocean,"

and notice how the verse can be modified by the reading. Even in writings where no pretension to meter is made, lines will fall into the measure:—

"Husbands love your wives, and be not bitter against them."

"God is gone up with a shout, the Lord with the sound of a trumpet."

* * *

"There is no remedy against this age of conquering selfishness until it and all the thoughts of this generation are swept away—as all sin and folly must be in our ultimate ruin. Live strongly and kindly, thinking of the cause of the poor always—all victory is in theirs." These are words from an unpublished letter of Mr. Ruskin. In the perplexity attending so many moral questions men seek relief in authority, and comfort themselves in the categorical statements of a book or a man they believe infallible. They obey, with a strange selfishness, the bold injunction to lay up for themselves treasures in heaven, and neglect the collateral teaching, whose tenor is in clear tones—Lay up for humanity treasures on earth.

McGill News.

The meetings of the Undergraduates' Literary Society have been discontinued during the holidays.

A large number of our graduates, along with graduates from other Colleges, who at one time were students in Prince of Wales College, are preparing a testimonial to Professor Anderson, the Principal, and acknowledging their indebtedness in a substantial recognition. Already the subscription is up in the hundreds.

The students in Medicine have obtained the Faculty's consent, to alter the date of their vacation extending now from December 24th to January 5th, originally from December 21st to January 2nd. The last day of the holidays falling on a Thursday makes the chances of a reunion on said day extremely hazy. However, time will tell.

Societies.

McGILL MEDICAL SOCIETY.

A regular meeting of this society was held on November 26th.

A paper entitled "Electricity in Medicine" was given by Mr. G. G. Campbell. The Pathologist exhibited the usual number of interesting specimens, and after ten minutes had been spent in examining

these by members present, Mr. W. G. Stewart reported a case of "Peritonitis," and the Secretary read a letter from Dr. Ed. J. Evans, gold medalist of '87, giving his "Clinical notes on the use of Antipyrin as an Anodyne."

Dr. Evans was a prominent member of the Society during his undergraduate course; and it is to be hoped that other graduates will follow his example, in giving the Society the result of their investigations in cases of agents whose value like that of Antipyrin is as yet a disputed point.

THE LADIES' MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Although this institution is as yet without a name, the College authorities objecting to several that have been suggested, it is by no means standing still. The second regular meeting was held on Tuesday, December 6th, Chinese missions being the topic for discussion. Miss Williams read an instructive paper on China, and not less interesting was Miss Kennedy's account of the life of a Chinese maiden. Miss Richardson also read a poem translated from the language of the "Celestials." A letter had been received from Mrs. Capron of the Madura Mission, India, accepting an invitation from the Society, to address the McGill lady students, during her visit to Montreal.

On Wednesday, December 14th, Mrs. Capron fulfilled her promise, and a number of students assembled in the Museum theatre, to hear her account of woman's work among the natives of India. A full report of Mrs. Capron's address has appeared in the daily papers.

THE DELTA SIGMA SOCIETY.

The usual fortnightly meeting was held on Thursday, November 24th. Miss M. Macfarlane and Miss Vipond read essays on Mary Moffatt and Florence Nightingale, respectively. Then followed an extempore debate, the first, but we hope not the last, in the annals of the society.

The subject, "Does misery or happiness preponderate in life?" and the speakers were chosen by lot. After a short discussion, in which several first year students acquitted themselves very creditably, the vote was taken in favour of "happiness." It would be difficult to persuade McGill ladies that "misery" preponderates in life, even near examination time.

On the afternoon of Thursday, December 8th, the members of this society repaired to the house of one of their honorary members, Mrs. J. Clarke Murray, whither they had been invited, to meet Sir Donald A. Smith, and to initiate him in the proceedings of the society which bears his initials. After the ladies had been presented to Sir Donald, the meeting was opened with a well-written paper by Miss Murphy, entitled: "Vice versa; or a society girl as viewed by a college girl."

The subject for debate was then given out: "Are we better than our grandmothers?" The question was an interesting one, referring, as it did, to the recent stand taken by women with regard to the study of Arts and Medicine in the Universities. Misses Derick,

M. Evans, and Squire supported the affirmative, Misses McFee, Hunter, and Williams, the negative, and the speaking on both sides was particularly good. The debate being decided in favour of the affirmative, an address was read by Miss Ritchie, the President, to Sir Donald Smith. Having alluded to Mrs. Murray's kindness in interesting herself in the Delta Sigma, and to the respect and admiration with which the lady students regarded him who had opened the doors of the Faculty of Arts to their sex. Miss Ritchie proceeded to give a clear and concise account of the society's doings. Since its organization, nearly three years ago, the membership had doubled, debates had been introduced, and it had been recognized by the College authorities. She regretted that there was not more interest evinced by the occasional students in a society, which, supplementing as it did the college course, seemed to be deserving of success; and at the close presented Sir Donald with the address, and a fragrant bouquet. Sir Donald, in reply, alluded to the recent progress in the education of women. He was convinced that those debaters in the affirmative were right, for the education of today fitted woman for all the relations of life. Dr. Murray, whose ready sympathy is ever accorded to the lady students, then made a few remarks on the value and influence of college societies; and after the students had partaken of refreshments at the hands of their hostess, the meeting dispersed.

Sporting.

HOCKEY.

The season has opened very favourably for this fascinating winter sport. The Crystal rink has, as usual, been secured for two practices a week, viz: on Tuesday afternoon, between 5 and 6 o'clock, and Saturday morning at 9.

Most of the old team is back on the ice, and several new men are promising well. In fact, everything points to a good team this year. Our brilliant "point" and reliable "cover-point" are both grasping their sticks with a determination to do something for our college. The club, as a whole, is on a very good footing. Much new blood has been advantageously infused into it, and the officers and committee are energetic workers, so that we may reasonably expect something of "our boys." The championship matches are arranged in a series similar to that of lacrosse this winter, and is a big improvement on the old challenge system.

McGill has been drawn to play as follows:

Jan. 18th.—Victorias, in Victoria rink.
 " 23rd,—Montreal, in Crystal "
 Feb. 10th,—Crystal, in " "
 Mar. 2nd,—Montreal, in " "
 " 12th,—Crystal, in " "

At a general meeting of the Hockey Club held on Saturday morning, the 10th Dec., in the Crystal Rink, Mr. Budden was elected to represent McGill in the Canadian Amateur Skating Association.

Exchanges.

Atlantis.—This is a very readable paper. Its print is good, its articles well arranged, and its advertisements in the right place. The last issue contains a very interesting article on the senior class of '87.

American Angler.—A very interesting paper, but we do not vouch for the truth of all the fish stories related there. The article on the "Intelligence of Fishes," which will be found in the issue of November 26th, is well worth the attention of all sportsmen.

Queen's College Journal.—In the last number we notice a great deal of attention is devoted to athletics. The print of this paper is almost too small to enable one to read with much pleasure. In the editorials alone is the type good. The article on Bishop Cleary's Napance address is cleverly written, but we are of the opinion the comparisons instituted are rather weak.

Knox College Monthly.—The material to be found in this publication is, certainly, solid. The information given in regard to "Home Missions," and the essay on the "Dark Continent," will be interesting to all who have missionary work in view.

Varsity.—We welcome this journal, and thank it for the interest it takes in McGill. An editorial on the question of the "Federation of Toronto and Victoria Universities," and a discussion in regard to "Hazing," deserve special notice.

Personals.

A. L. Drummond has been elected Valedictorian for Science.

A. L. Castleman, '88, was chosen as delegate to Queen's College, Kingston.

Mr. Calvin Morrow, '88, ably represented McGill Medical College at Bishop's Dinner.

Stevenson, Arts '89, is called home. We regret extremely the sad cause of it—the accidental death of his father.

J. H. Kennedy and W. W. Chalmers, were the lucky ones delegated by the Medicos to represent them at Trinity and Toronto School of Medicine, respectively.

Mr. J. G. McCarthy has been chosen Valedictorian by the present graduating class in Medicine. The class is certainly to be complimented on its choice, and "Jack" on his enviable position.

M. W. Taylor, Assistant Librarian, is confined to his house with an illness that, we regret to learn, is assuming a serious form. All frequenters of the Library miss his faithful attention. Mr. Lafleur is filling his place at present.

All McGill Medical students, both past and present, will regret to learn of the severe illness of the worthy

old Janitor "Cook,"—the result of blood-poisoning, contracted while faithfully attending to his onerous duties in the dissecting-room.

John P. Ball, Science '87, spent a few days in town with the gang, after his summer work on the river. He left on Sunday, to spend Christmas at home, and from there will go to Nova Scotia, where he has secured a position on the Annapolis Valley R.R.

W. B. Taylor, of the class of '89, in Medicine, was compelled through illness to drop out for a year. He left for California early in October, but sad to say, that famous climate has wrought no change for the better. The latest reports from him are discouraging. Yet every McGill man who knew Taylor will breathe a wish for his recovery. During his two years in Medicine he was one of the most popular students, and won many friends among them.

Between the Lectures.

The freshmen in Medicine think they have a right to the front seats at lectures.

The sophomores think differently.

A short time ago, the sophomores, with a view of instructing the freshmen as to their proper place, decreed that no freshmen should enter lecture-room No. 2 by the front door.

The freshmen held a meeting, and expressed their intention of entering the lecture-room through any door they chose.

Consequently one afternoon, a day or two since, the sophomores massed themselves at the disputed entrance, just before Dr. G—'s lectures, while the freshmen were coming up the hall.

A very previous freshman started the fray by precipitating himself against the crowd of sophomores with a wild war-cry. He was promptly slammed against the opposite wall. His companions, observing with grief and rage, this meteor-like flight, promptly charged his aggressors.

Then ensued a scene which is probably unparalleled in the history of the medical school. A hundred men, shouting, struggling and sweating surged in and out of the door, while Dr. G— vainly endeavoured, by a torrent of alternate prayer and execration, to maintain order and save the elaborate array of apparatus he had arranged for the lecture.

The reverend Mr. Saphir, a freshman, managed to creep between members of the class of '90, and ventured to give a weak cheer at his success. He was promptly seized and fired over the heads of the multitude to rejoin his friends in the hall. His treatment was particularly galling, as he naturally may not swear. Several members of both years had their coats removed in sections, and the floor was covered with collars, cuffs, neckties, studs, and fragments of note-books that had been showered on the contestants by a number of neutral juniors, who were enjoying the fray from the back seats.

A detachment of sophomores slipped quietly out of the back-door and took the freshmen in the rear,

breaking their ranks, and managing to bolt the door.

The lecture was then begun. Hardly had the excited lecturer sarcastically given the usual formula "Gentlemen!"—when the door burst open and the freshmen began a triumphal march in. In a moment, the sophomores had leaped from their seats, and the battle began anew.

Finally, the sophomores managed to drive back their opponents and get into the hall. Then both parties indulged in songs of triumph and even went so far as to chant "Hop along, sister Mary!" in front of the sanctuary of physiology. The presidents of the respective years were hoisted by their followers and endeavoured to quell the tumult amid a shower of ribald remarks.

A very pleasant afternoon was terminated by a meeting in the lecture-room, when an attempt was made to adjust matters amicably.

T. E. GOODWIN.

Correspondence.

Editors University Gazette:—

DEAR SIRS,—Heretofore the election of representative-fellows has given rise to considerable discussion among our graduates; the interest in the subject does not appear to be growing less, but rather increasing. On the 30th ult. a special committee, appointed by Corporation, met to discuss a petition signed by a number of science graduates, praying for a change in the mode of electing these men. I am not now going to discuss this petition on its merits, but I wish to draw your attention to the fact that the party, among the graduates, who has been chiefly instrumental in having this petition presented, has already begun a canvass for next election. You opposed this petition when mooted last year, and in the interest of the position you then took, which I believe is in the best interest of the University, you should keep your readers informed of what is going on, at least as far as in your power.

The history of this petition, taken in connection with the circumstances which gave it birth, is its own condemnation. The chief movers in it have not, even within the past twelve months, been consistent in their actions; until beaten in the contest, they saw no evil in the present mode of election; and railing against the vigorous canvass which their opponents carried on last year, they have begun even a month ago to solicit votes, before it is known who will be the opposing candidates. One of these gentlemen, at least, has now made it very clear that personal interest and a petty spirit of revenge are the main-spring of his action. He has not only, as we have said, begun a canvass in October for an election to take place in March, but is using all his influence to bring out a man whom he opposed a year ago tooth and nail. There is no reason for his change of base, other than a desire to satisfy a personal spite.

Now, I hope the GAZETTE will look into this matter, and lay before the graduates the exact position

of affairs, and especially the interior working of this one-man machine.

Yours very truly,

SCIENCE.

[Since this letter came into our hands, the committee referred to has refused to recommend the change prayed for in the petition.—Eds.]

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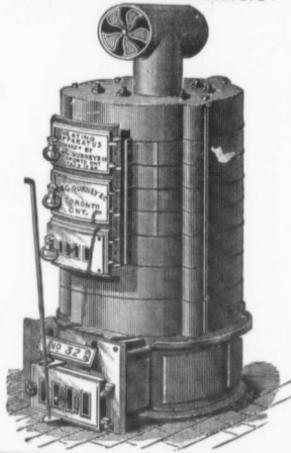
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