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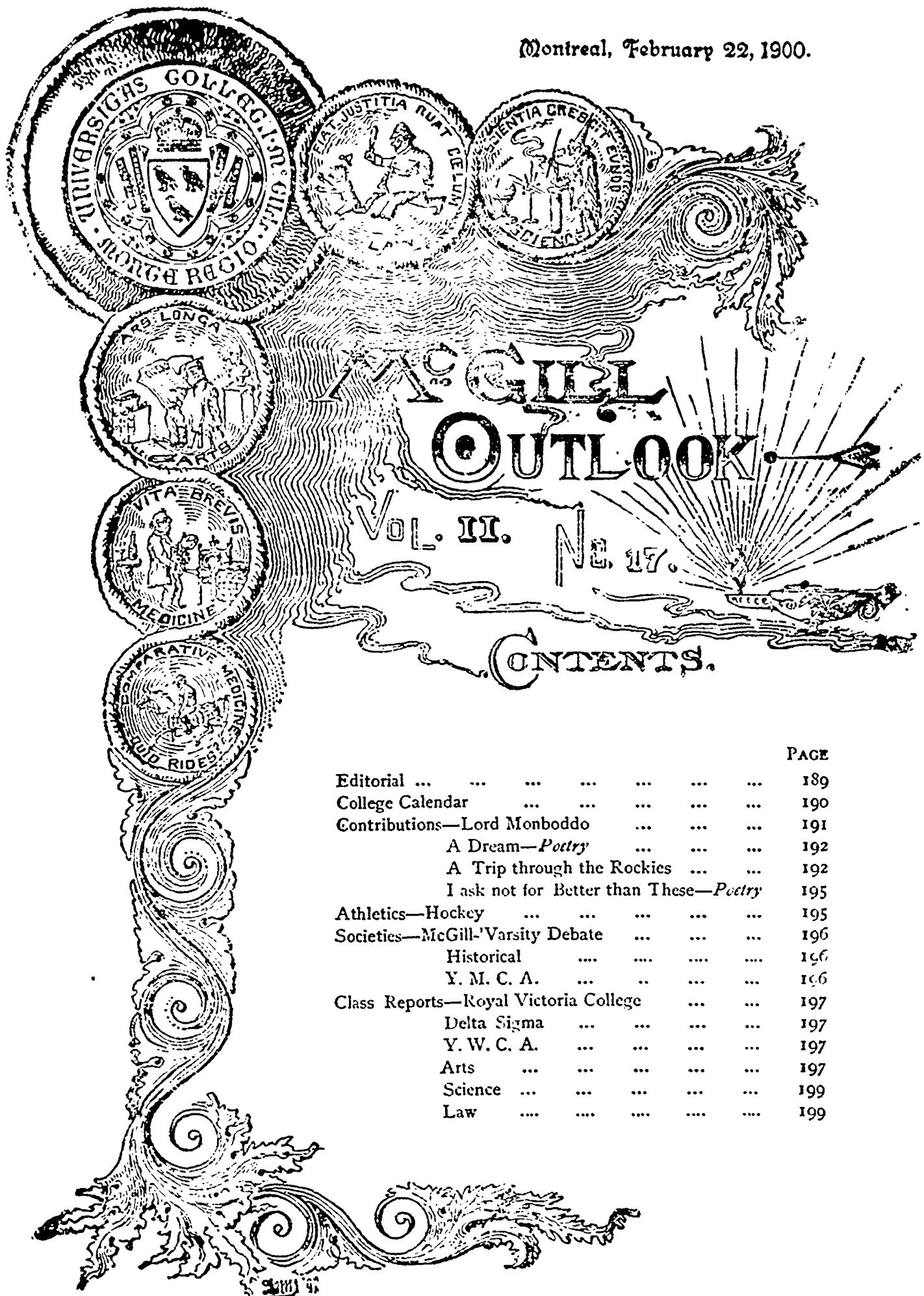
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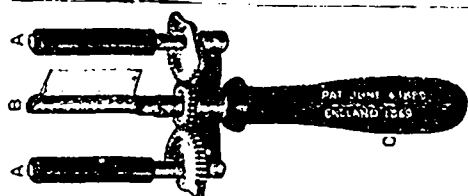
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McGILL OUTLOOK

VOL. II.

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 22, 1900.

No. 17

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The MCGILL OUTLOOK is published weekly by the students of McGill University.

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Editorial.

PERHAPS the most essential part of a University is its Library, for without a well-equipped Library the students' work cannot proceed regularly. It is admitted by all that the Redpath Library is one of the strongest links in McGill University chain. Year after year its volumes have increased in number, and it has long been felt that some adequate room should be found for the valuable collections that McGill has been gradually acquiring. In a recent issue of the OUTLOOK it was announced that a generous donor had munificently undertaken to overcome this difficulty by enlarging the present stack-room.

The addition to the stack which Mrs. Peter Redpath of the Manor House, Chislehurst, is so generously proposing to build is to be erected on McTavish street, adjoining the present stack. In appearance it will of course harmonize with the remainder of the building, and will add greatly to the architectural effect of the whole. The present stack has four

stories; the new one will also have four, the levels being the same in both, so that when the dividing fire-proof doors are open, the two stacks will form a single large one. The extension will, however, be half as large again as the present stack, and, in addition to the ordinary shelving, will contain shelves of unusual width for very large books, as well as special arrangements for the storage of maps, charts, etc. Besides this, there will be a finished basement, or fifth story, which will afford still more space for shelves, and will give additional room for administrative purposes, at present so greatly needed. Above the new stack room will be seminary rooms and a very beautiful and commodious Law Library, with a reading room for professors and students. The plans provide for still further extension in the future, if necessary; and when completed the building will be one of the most convenient and best equipped Library buildings in America.

It is perhaps not yet too late to offer our congratulations to Messrs. McMaster and Carlyle, upon their success in the Annual Intercollegiate Debate with Toronto University. They have worked faithfully and well for the honour of their University, and have proved themselves worthy of the confidence placed in them by their fellow students. These annual contests with Toronto University are always looked forward to with great interest, and they have done much to strengthen the bond of friendship existing between the two Institutions.

We may well take pride in our Literary Society, which has for years struggled bravely on, overcoming all obstacles, and has given to many students that very desirable accomplishment—training in the art of public speaking; from year to year it reflects more and more credit upon its members, and has gained for

McGill no little honour, in its victories and even in its defeats.

THE fate of the University Dinner has at last been decided, and it will not be held this year. Owing to his very urgent duties at the present time, Lord Strathcona, Chancellor of the University, could not possibly be present, and, under the circumstances, professors and students were unanimous in deciding not to hold the Banquet this session, but to devote the money subscribed to it to the Patriotic Fund. At a mass meeting to be held in the Molson hall, Thursday evening, Feb. 22nd, on which date the Banquet was to have taken place, professors and students will contribute their offerings to the Fund. McGill men have entered heartily into the scheme, and, by this practical demonstration of their loyalty to the Empire, they have only followed in the footsteps of their beloved Chancellor, Lord Strathcona.

AT THE THEATRES.

When the Students of McGill give a helping hand to any charitable entertainment, they are, with little trouble to themselves, doing much towards making the affair pass off successfully. The ambulance fund of the Montreal General Hospital is an object that will undoubtedly appeal to the medical men.

The Garrick Club are to give a performance of the military play "Ours" in Her Majesty's Theatre next month in aid of this charity, and the students if in any way their work permits of it will do well to help along so deserving an affair by their attendance and support.

COLLEGE CALENDAR.

- Thursday, Feb. 22nd :—Hockey—New York vs. McGill, Arena Rink, 8 p.m.
 Med. '03 vs. Med. '02, 7 p.m.
 Science Bible Class, Y.M.C.A., 7 p.m.
- Friday, Feb. 23rd :—Undergraduates' Literary Society, Arts Bldg., 8 p.m.
 Medical Bible Class, 7 p.m.
- Saturday, Feb. 24th :—Hockey—Med. vs. Law, 2.30 p.m.
 Y.M.C.A. Weekly Social, 8 p.m.
- Sunday, Feb. 25th :—Y.M.C.A. Gospel Meeting, 3 p.m., to be addressed by
- Monday, Feb. 26th :—Delta Sigma Society, Royal Victoria College, 5 p.m.
 Applied Science Society, 8 p.m.
 Paper on "Thermal conducting of metals," by G. R. Duncan.
- Tuesday, Feb. 27th :—Meeting of Skating Committee, Arts Bldg., 6 p.m.

Contributions.

LORD MONBODDO.

A PRE-DARWINIAN EVOLUTIONIST.

An old judge in Scotland, who flourished in the middle of the 18th Century, was best known in his day as the man who believed that men used to have tails and that there were tribes in modern times possessed of these appendages. Endless were the jests made upon this absurdity. A little girl in a drawing-room pins a fox's brush to the judge's coat and the company is convulsed with stifled laughter. Lord Kames prays Monboddo to enter a room first that he may see his tail. Dr. Johnson said, "Other people have strange notions, but they conceal them. If they have tails they hide them, but Monboddo is as jealous of his tail as a squirrel."

In Kay's *Edinburgh Portraits* there is a sketch called Demonstration, in which Dr. Hutton is depicted making some point clear to Lord Monboddo. A little imp which seems quite irrelevant is explained in the text. "The small figure with the tail in the background is an illusion to Monboddo's eccentric notions as to the original state of the human species." The tailed man of modern times rested chiefly on the report of a certain Keoping, a Swede, who went out to the East Indies in 1647 as a Lieutenant in the service of the Dutch East India Co. He says on the coast of an island in the Gulf of Bengal, called Nicobar, they saw men with tails like those of cats. Linnaeus, to whom Monboddo wrote for information about Keoping, believed the story, and gave in an interesting Latin letter other instances, especially accounts by Brad, a merchant then living, who had seen tailed-men in Molacca, and by Bontius, who describes *homines candatos et nocturnos*.

Whether these were really orang-outangs or gorillas I do not know. Monboddo was not an anatomist, and always insisted that an orang-outang was really a man. For he says the orang-outang is like a man both outside and inside; it uses a club as a weapon, it walks upright, it makes huts, it is tame and gentle, and has a sense of honour, for did not one die of shame at being made a show of? and is musical, for he has heard of one which learned to play the flute.

Although in this point Monboddo may have erred, his error, if it is one, leaned to virtue's side. It proceeded from his firm grasp of the truth of the development of the species. He shows in his books his true strength in his insistence on the progress of the human species from utter and speechless savagery when men ran naked and marticulate in the woods. With all his queer credulity he has a clearer and more philosophic vision of the course of human history than any of the high-falutin *a priori* philosophers, who write as if man had sprung like Minerva in full armour from the brain of Jove. He tries to imagine the beginnings of things. He is not blind, as so many are, to the importance of origins. He feels that, when first the light of history dawns upon man, he has already survived perils greater than any he will afterwards have to face. But for Miltiades

and his men at Marathon, London might have been as Constantinople and Paris no better than Bagdad. Gibbon says of the battle of Tours, that, if the Saracens had gained the day and overthrown Charles Martel, "the pulpits of Oxford might now be demonstrating to a circumcised people the sanctity and the truth of the revelation of Mohammed." These are, no doubt, two of those few battles of which Hallam truly says "A contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent scenes." But we may be sure that in these "dark ages" of human story there were pre-historic battles upon the issue of which hung not the prevalence of a western over an eastern type of civilization, nor of Christianity over Islam, but the continued existence of the animal man upon the earth. A "contrary event" would not have varied the drama. It would have brought it to a sudden and inartistic conclusion. Man, the animal, had to fight for his life against fierce animals, swifter, stronger, and not much less intelligent than himself. The man who invented the first rude bow and arrow possibly did more to preserve the race from extinction, as I think Mr. Frederick Harrison has somewhere said, than any of those whom we count the world's great benefactors.

Monboddo's keen and genuinely scientific interest in all that could throw light upon the primitive condition of the species led him to pay great attention to the wild men who were occasionally discovered even in Europe. One, he says, was "caught" near Hesse Cassel in 1344, and was taught to speak. Another was found in 1694 in the forests or Lithuania and two more in the Pyrenees in 1719. All of these were without the faculty of speech. But his two prime favourites were Peter, "the Wild Boy of Hanover" and a girl generally called "La Fille Sauvage," of whom Condamine wrote a long account. Both of these he made journeys to visit, and he collected all the information he could about them. Peter was caught in a wood near Hanover, then subject to the English crown, and was brought to the English Court in 1726. His manners, however, though interesting enough, were ill-suited for the life of a courtier, and George I. sent him to a farm, near Berkhamstead, to be taken care of. Here he lived for thirty years or more roaming about at will. He learnt to understand a good deal that was said to him, but never was able himself to say more than "Peter" and "King George." Monboddo calls Peter "this extraordinary phenomenon, more extraordinary, I think, than the new planet, or than if we were to discover 30,000 fixed stars besides those lately discovered."

His chief interest in these isolated savages was the support they lent to his theory, at that time regarded as ridiculous, that man as man has not necessarily the gift of speech, and that long ages went to the building up of the first human language. The popular view was that Adam and Eve were given a language in the Garden, and that all other languages were corruptions or modifications of this one. In his

view, on the contrary, language was slowly evolved in different parts of the world. He does not think that all tongues spring from one original, though he believes this is true of the languages of Europe, and he suggests the search for affinities between Celtic and Gothic. That society can exist without language is, he thinks, demonstrated by the beavers. "They are as much a political animal as man, only much better policed." The huts of the beavers are better than those of the New Hollanders. "The sea-cats of Kamschatka without language can practise the most difficult of human arts, that of government, and of government over females in which most men have failed."

He is quite angry with those who will not believe that people used to go naked in Scotland. In the time of Severus, the Maeatae are said to have been absolutely naked. Their territory, according to Professor Rhys, corresponded with the modern counties of Forfar and Kincardine—not an exceptionally balmy clime. "There are, however," the old judge says, "men in this country who will not believe, notwithstanding these authorities, that men ever lived naked in so rude a climate, and they have, as is very common, some miserable system of philosophy to support their own practice against facts so well attested." For those who argue that a bear can afford to dispense with a top coat, because it has a thick fur, he is ready with the pointed query: "How do we know that man needs so much heat as a bear?"

In his day this old Edinburgh lawyer was universally ridiculed and misunderstood. But he was in a humble way a precursor of a great movement of thought.

It seemed to him that man's nature was not to be understood by *a priori* speculation. It was important to observe his rude beginnings and to study how he had come to be what he was. In this Monboddo was before his age, and he merits, I think, the name of a pre-Darwinian Evolutionist.

A DREAM.

From the German of Uhland.

One night I had a dream—
High on a rocky steep,
Close by the Ocean's edge I lay,
Where I could all the land survey,
And far out o'er the deep.

A ship down by the sea
Lay ready decked since dawn,
Its gaily colored flags waved high,
The boatman near the helm stood by
Impatient to be gone.

From distant mountains came
A merry land to view,
Like angels were they radiant fair,
Horned with wreaths of flowers rare,
And towards the Sea they drew.

Before them children ran
In groups all glad and gay,
The band bore goblets which they swung,
And some made music, others sung,
The while in dance and play.

They to the boatman spake
"Wilt thou convey us o'er?"
"Life's pleasures and life's joys we are,
We wish from Earth to part far, far,
From Earth forevermore."

He took them in his ship
Across the seas to sail,
And spake "Oh! joys, but tell me, pray,
Have none remained bound to stay
On mountain or in vale?"

They cried "we are in haste,
Steer out, all, all are here."
And so they sailed in light-fresh wind,
All Earth's delights and joys combined,
I saw them disappear.

M. MARTIN.

A TRIP THROUGH THE ROCKIES.

It is a very commonplace truism that in order to fully appreciate and form an adequate idea of anything, be it in the sphere of human genius and creative art or in the wider realm of nature, a person must look upon it with his own eyes. Men may describe it in such glowing terms, with such lofty eloquence, that we may think that we can behold the object of our quest minutely, clearly and in full detail emblazoned on our inner sight. Yet, when we have actually looked upon the subject in question, how different from the reality we invariably find our conception of it to be, how very far short of the ideal is the picture we have formed in our minds.

Very striking indeed appears the truth of this theory in the case of that vast range of mountains, unsurpassed in grandeur and sublimity, which form the backbone of the Continent of America. Such were my feelings when having crossed the vast plains of the West, I had the great privilege of gazing upon those gigantic monuments of Nature's prehistoric upheavals. All the descriptions I had read had given me but a faint inkling of that region of lofty snow-tipped mountains, of deep valleys and deeper canons, awful in their sombre gloom, of its dancing streams and placid lakes, of its vast fields of ice.

The grandeur and beauty of the mountain region far surpassed my most enthusiastic visions, and in like manner are affected all who see for the first time the varied beauties of the Rockies. Every one is charmed, awed, enraptured, and so will it ever be while man has any emotion in his nature.

The first impression of the mountains is one of delight at their beauty as they sparkle in the sunlight. There in the distance they stand, a line of apparently low peaks, regular in form, and all arranged in shimmering white as the rays of the afternoon sun shine upon them. They possess a strange fascination. We gaze earnestly at them, but we cannot appreciate to the full their exquisite beauty and the subtleness of their coloring. For a moment we feel like abandoning our task and allowing the whole fairy vision to pass away unnoticed. But their fascinating influence is great, and we must look again and still keep looking till our mind is satisfied with the beauty of the scene. Then happy and at rest, at peace with the world, we sink back in our seats as the shades of the evening begin to fall, ob-

scuring for the time the still distant peaks. In my opinion that view of the distant range of glistening snow is the finest picture of all from the standpoint of pure æstheticism. As we approach the mountains they seem to increase in size more and more, to become more and more distinct, more and more varied in shape and form. The seeming straight row of peaks which first confronted us is converted into a concave line towards the centre of which we appear to be rushing. The several peaks begin to reveal their shapes. Some of them appear to be perfect cones or pyramids isolated from all others. Some again are fashioned in the most fantastic shapes, and again many seem to be linked together forming long ranks of sister summits. When the range is finally encountered, and the train is about to make its plunge into the darkness ahead, we are struck forcibly by the seeming impenetrability. The huge dark mass seems effectively to bar all further progress. The dark masses of mountains seem now to be hurling themselves at the tourist about to invade their sacred precincts. It requires no very fertile imagination to regard them as some huge, mysterious monsters guarding the gates of another world. But now we are at the very entrance of the mountains. A river, hurriedly forcing its way amongst the boulders of its bed, is crossed, and in an instant the plunge at the dark monster is made and we are in "the Gap" with high mountains of rock on either side and in front of us, and with the Bow river rushing swiftly along at our side.

The scene which now presents itself to our eager gaze is one of awful, yet calm—almost tragically calm—grandeur. All around, as the train speeds onward and upward, are huge mountains scattered about in wilful disarray, casting their dark, black shadows in grotesque images over the rushing waters at the base. Clearly delineated against the moonlit sky they stand exhibiting only their rugged, irregular profiles. The novelty of the scene gives to it an immeasurable charm, to which is added the weirdness of it all. Every tourist is forced by these silent witnesses of Nature's grandeur to become for the time *Il Penseroso*, and to give himself up to the all-absorbing power of the strange region into which he has been transported as if by magic.

It is all too soon that the train stops, an hour or more after entering the mountains at Banff. We are forced to part with those grim giants who have been our companions, and who have figured so largely in our deep, earnest thoughts. We soon realize, however, that we have been removed to a scene of surpassing grandeur, eclipsing, if that be possible, that of the late journey. The station, a little log-cabin affair presenting a quaint rustic appearance, is in the centre of an extensive circular, slightly wooded valley, which is enclosed on all sides by an amphitheatre of lofty hills and mountains. Through this valley the Bow river winds its way, now lazily, again rushing headlong in pretty cascades and rapids. Away ahead the lights of the hotel are to be seen gleaming through the trees like fire-flies. Behind us stands Castle Mountain in all its magnificence, wreathed in a silver sheen of moonlight gleaming on its smooth, bare rocks from its base to its summit, 3,000 feet above. To say that this fair scene, con-

trasted as it is with the sombre gloom of the neighboring peaks not favored with fair Luna's coquettish smiles, is beautiful in the extreme, gives but a faint idea of its magnificence.

Banff, seen by moonlight, is very different from Banff in the daytime. The silver of the moonlight gives place to the ruddy glow of the sun, in whose light all the details of the scenery may be seen and the wondrous colorings noted. From the balconies of the hotel the view is charming, looking as one does down over the river, across the valley, to the many mountains on the other side, each one presenting to the eye its own particular characteristics. On the other side one may look back up the wooded mountain on which the hostelry is prettily perched, and away far up the valley of the little stream called the spray. It would not be fitting to omit to mention the hot sulphur springs which are so refreshing to bathe in after a ride through the park. Besides the hotel baths there are two small and exceedingly picturesque places owned by the Government. The "Cave" is subterranean, and is essentially a cavern in the rock, into which bubbles a stream of sulphur water. Bathing here with the strong sulphuric odor which permeates the place, in the strange unearthly glow caused by the light coming in through a small crevice in the rock, is sufficiently romantic to please the most imaginative visitor. The sister spring flows into "the Basin," a small cup-shaped pocket in the rock. It is open overhead, and bathing there in the sunlight is very pleasant. Probably the most unique feature of the country about Banff is the presence near there of Lord Strathcona's twenty buffalo. They are kept in a very large fenced enclosure, in which they run about at will. A visit to them is very interesting, and is always long remembered by the tourist.

The mountains and valley at Banff had just begun to be familiar when in the early morning the journey was continued, and immediately Banff was for the time forgotten in the constantly changing scenes of grandeur on the continued uphill climb to Laggan, where the railroad reaches its highest point. Here, at 5,000 feet altitude, it might be expected that the peaks would seem less lofty, less massive, less picturesque than before. But no! Still towering high above the track they stand scattered in disarray, their summits engirdled with snow, while here and there a glacier hangs on the shoulder of some giant of stone.

It is customary for tourists to try some little mountain climbing at Banff on a hill about 800 feet high, but at Laggan this sinks into insignificance before the half-mile direct ascent into air from the station here up to the highest of the three sister lakes, which rejoice in the name of Lakes in the Clouds. Here it is that the beauty of the Rocky Mountain lakes may be truly appreciated with ecstatic delight.

These lakes are in terraces. The lowest of the three, and at the same time largest, Lake Louise, is about 1,400 feet above the railway. From the edge of its superbly tranquil waters, in which the cold of the parent glacier may be felt, rise wooded mountains steep and high. 1,200 feet higher, nestling on the shoulder of a mountain, in a cup-shaped basin, is a

small but exceedingly deep lake fully deserving its name of Mirror Lake. Into this there leaps from a height of 600 feet a pretty torrent which falls sheer from the uppermost lake of all. To look down from above this third lake, Agnes, as it is called, upon the trio lying beneath in perfect tranquility, with waters of the finest shades of blue, is, indeed, well worth the stiff climb up the snowy trail.

It must, however, be made evident that mountain-climbing, although very romantic and always certain to unfold some view of undreamt of magnificence, is no child's play. The mere strain on the muscles which results from a long climb in lower latitudes is quite sufficient to tire a person, but add to this the fact of the extreme variety of the atmosphere and the consequent difficulty of breathing freely, and mountain-climbing in the Rockies becomes an experience not soon to be forgotten. Amongst all the grand scenery of this lake region there is much of an air-sung nature. Snow a foot deep and mosquitoes. I was tempted to say an inch long—make rather a peculiar mixture. But nothing is too wonderful in the Rockies. There is no need to have signs of "No smoking" placed on the walls of the little log-shanty on the shore of the highest of the three lakes. The air itself forbade smoking and with excellent results. It was possible to ignite the "fertile weed" after considerable difficulty, but all the trouble was in vain. Pipes could not stay lit! What an ideal spot for a sanitarium for sufferers from the tobacco habit!

A few miles beyond Laggan there is a stream whose waters after falling precipitately down the face of a mountain, are divided into two streams, one of which sends its waters to Hudson's Bay, the other soon to become the Wampa or Kickinghorse River, sends its small tribute to the Pacific Ocean. Here at the Great Divide, the train stops, every one jumps out to drink of the waters of this unique stream. The more active jump across it, the whole party sing the National Anthem, give the water their blessing, and do such other nonsensical things as only the active mind of a tourist can suggest.

In my opinion the Kickinghorse River is one of the gems of the trip. In the Canon the river rushes along in giddy haste, leaping in spray from rocks or circling with swift current some huge boulder high above, and directly in the path of the turbulent water, again falling sheer over some small precipice. Yet ever huge walls of stone rise perpendicularly from the very edge of the narrow stream on either side. The track crosses from side to side, now clinging to the edge of the rock a few feet from the water's edge, again rushing through tunnels cut in the mountain side. Yet ever are the angry waters churned white in their mad haste to pass the boulders in their tortuous channel. Constantly they dash blindly against those walls of solid stone which hem them in their narrow prison and hurl them off disdainfully. At length the river leaves the railway, and for a time we lose sight of it and can merely hear its dull murmuring.

Suddenly there bursts on the view a scene, startling in its vivid contrast to what has been before. The deep, narrow canon has been left behind, and now a deep, wide amphitheatre of woods lies open to the view. Below us, hundreds of feet, is a level

expanse of sand through which the water in numerous channels moves sluggishly along with scarcely enough current to prevent its stagnation. On either side rise high wooded mountains, on the side of one of which we hang. Here is a scene which in its silence, calm and grandeur is most striking. After the rumble and rush of the noisy canon its quietness is all the more marked, all the more attractive. The sense of calm and peace is rendered the more sublime by the distant rumble of the angry waters as they make their last great plunge into the low valley.

We can now ascertain why the river has received such a peculiar name. On a cliff on one side of, and in full of, the valley there is what looks like the figure of a man riding on horse back—a perfect copy one instantly thinks of some pilgrim of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. The figure is black, and stands out in broad relief on the brown stone around it. But, while this explains satisfactorily the mystery of the horse, we are left to our imagination to explain the kicking part of it. Our noble animal seems to be as meek and mild as those unfortunate specimens of horse flesh which in a degenerate age were familiarly seen dragging along the slow-moving horse-car.

Our meditations in regard to our equine friend are soon cut short by our arrival at the Mount Stephen House, a neat little hostelry at the base of the huge mountain of the same name. We are now getting near the glacier region and the Selkirks.

A certain contrast is forced upon us at this point. Here in the Selkirks the mountains are more wooded than in Rocky range. The cascades are more numerous and more picturesque, the chasms deeper and more frequent, the avalanches and snow-slides much more dangerous. The difficulties in the construction of the road are greater, as the bridges, tunnels and snow-slides testify.

There is a certain sameness about such a huge pile as the Rocky Mountains which is at times apt to become oppressive. So many wonders occurring in such close succession are bound to have a tiring effect on the mind. The sameness is however, more superficial than lasting, and the fatigue of the moment is forgotten in the delights afforded by some new attraction. Every mile has its fresh beauty to charm the eye. The same mountain seen from different points reveals astonishing differences. The eye is constantly on the alert to discover some unexpected object of attention, the ear is continually listening for some previously unheard sound.

The great feature of the region is its vastness and complexity of scene. Here in a vast illimitable whole gathered, even hurled together, almost every variety of nature, single objects of wonder and admiration, which even if isolated would attract the tourist, are here in profusion, and are constantly recurring.

The solitude of the mountains cannot fail to be noted. It is ever present, and forces itself on the notice of the traveler. All around him are the mighty rocks, stern, silent monitors standing for ages immovable, inexorable, inexpressible, yet seeming to be endowed with almost lifelike majesty and power. Yet through it all there is no noise except the murmur of the streams as they flow and fall. Not

even a bird breaks the stony silence. How great is the feeling of exultant calm and peace that is felt when the engine's whistle is heard echoing among the hills and dying gradually away unbroken by jarring discord.

Here we cannot fail to think often and seriously of the greatness of the Creator of all this grandeur. Here, if nowhere else, we realize how great He is and how small and insignificant we are ourselves, and it seems to me that no one can cross the Rockies and not return a better man.

R. J. H.

I ASK NOT FOR BETTER THAN THESE.

Sunshine is better than wine,
Give me the soft-blowing breeze;
Let the green meadows be mine,
I ask not for better than these!

I crave neither honors nor wealth,
Good things, in their way, I've no doubt—
Yet if Providence grant me both shine and health,
Methinks I can reckon without.

Let sumptuous tables be spread
For those who love delicate fare,
So I dine out of doors with the sky overhead,
For none of their dainties I care!

Sunshine is better than wine—
Give me the soft fanning breeze;
Let the green meadows be mine,
I ask not for better than these!

Sing hey for a line and a hook!
With a bright twinkling stream running clear,
And a soft grassy seat in some cool little nook
With the sound of a trout plashing near.

With the call of the birds sweet and shrill,
The scent of the moss and the pine—
O, let every man choose his own pleasures at will
So long as he leaves me to mine!

Above spreads the wide-circling sky
With the blue of its banner untrudled;
And I envy no monarch his kingdom—not I,
While I reign in my own little world!

Sunshine is better than wine—
Give me the soft-lulling breeze;
Let the green meadows be mine,
I ask not for better than these!

FROM A CONTRIBUTOR.

Athletic Notes.

HOCKEY.

MONTREAL vs. MCGILL.

Montreal 5, McGill 4.

McGill's hopes for the Intermediate championship were finally shattered Saturday afternoon, when her team was defeated by Montreal in the last game of the central series. The result of the match should have been different, for in the second half the McGill men were much superior to their opponents. In the first half the play was very slow, one sided and uninteresting, to say the least, Montreal scoring four goals while McGill was not dangerous at any time. The McGill men played in a weary half-hearted manner, with an utter absence of that "snap" and determination which characterized their play in the second half. The team was not by any means up to its usual standard, the forwards playing in a listless way, as if defeat were inevitable, while the defence was at times very weak, the puck sliding into the net on two occasions in a rather easy manner. The half ended with the score standing Montreal 4, McGill 0.

In the second half, however, the result was different, McGill scoring four goals and Montreal one. The McGill men played their customary good game, but they roused themselves too late, and Montreal's lead could not be overcome. Mussen and Montgomery on the forward line played their hardest for their team and did very effective work. A number of excellent opportunities were missed by the forwards not keeping their places and not aiding the man with the puck at the critical moment in front

of goal. The defence did good work, especially Herbie Yuile, and Blair stopped a number of very swift shots. In the closing minutes of the game McGill, in the face of defeat, made heroic efforts to even the score, but the game ended Montreal five, McGill four. Had the McGill men played in the first half with the same spirit with which they went into the second half, the result of the game would certainly have been different. They did their best, however, and deserve the praises of every student for their plucky and rather up-hill fight in the Intermediate series.

The teams lined up as follows:

McGill—Goal, Blair; Pt., Yuile, M.; C. Pt., Yuile H.

Forwards—Mussen (Capt.), Montgomery, Deianger, Andrews.

Montreal—Goal Nicholson; Pt. Bellingham; C. Pt. Hodge.

Forwards—Christmas, Garner, Campbell, Smith.

Referee—C. McLean.

Thursday evening McGill plays the St Nicholas team of New York in the Arena Rink.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION MEETING.

The annual general meeting of the Athletic Association was held Monday evening, and was fairly well attended. The reports of the Secretary and the Treasurer for the past year were very encouraging, the latter's report showing a small surplus.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Hon. President—Principal Peterson.
Hon. Treasurer—Dr. Osler.
President—J. H. Boulter, Arts '01, Med., '03.
Vice-Pres.—F. J. Tees, Arts '01.
Treasurer—P. K. Robertson, Sc. '00.
Secretary—L. H. Redon, B.A., M.Ed., '01.

It was decided that the Executive Committee be instructed to arrange a cross-country run in connection with the annual sports.

A vote of thanks, moved by Mr. Haszard, was tendered the retiring officers, after which the meeting adjourned.

Societies.

MCGILL-VARSITY DEBATE.

MCGILL WINS.

The long anticipated debate took place Friday evening in the hall of the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Chief-Justice Sir William Meredith, who has been nominated Chancellor of the University, acted as chairman and judge. Aside from the main event of the evening, the Committee had arranged for some excellent musical selections, and Mr. Russel—who so ably represented 'Varsity in last year's debate—presented the medals won by Toronto men in the Intercollegiate sports.

The audience, which was composed mainly of 'Varsity students—and, be it said that those of the gentler sex approach even nigh unto our Donaldas in surpassing fairness—was exceedingly generous in its applause of the McGill men. And the men in the gallery were unusually anxious to know "what was the matter with Old McGill."

Of the debate itself nothing need be said save that McGill won. Their opponents were fluent and well prepared, and handled their subject extremely well. And the respect with which their ability in this direction filled us was heightened by the ability they displayed as hosts after the debate "at Mc-Conkeys."

In short, every possible courtesy was extended to the McGill men, not only during the debate, but throughout their stay in Toronto. And 'Varsity may be assured that when the debaters come down next year to change the score from 6-4 to 6-5, they will receive a cordial welcome.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the Historical Society took place on Thursday evening. The meeting was an unusually large one. Before the evening's programme was given, the following were unanimously elected as officers for the ensuing year.

President—H. S. Williams.
Vice-president—Arthur Locheid.
Secretary—Sydney Mitchell.
Treasurer—C. A. Adams.
Committee—Dr. Colby, Ed. C. Woodley, E. G. Place. The following papers were then read:—

Early history of the Puritans, by Mr. Crowell; the Gunpowder Plot, by Mr. Mackinnon, and Peter the Great, by Mr. Cohen. After some discussion the meeting adjourned.

Y. M. C. A.

The announcement that Mr. George Irving, General Secretary of the McGill Y. M. C. A., has tendered his resignation, came as a surprise to many. For nearly two years he has held that position with great acceptance, having been appointed to it in the fall of 1898, when the former Secretary, A. H. Grace, 1898, received a call to Cleveland, O. As General Secretary Mr. Irving has more than justified the expectations made of him previous to his appointment to office, and it was with sincere regret that the Executive Committee felt the necessity of accepting his resignation. In doing so a resolution was passed expressive of the Committee's appreciation of his work as General Secretary.

Nothing definite has been done towards filling the vacancy that will be left at the end of the present session. The probabilities are that efforts will be made to secure the services of a graduate of the University who will be able to devote his whole time to the Secretary's work.

Last Sunday's meeting was one of the largest this year. After Kipling's "Recessional" had been sung as a solo, Prof. J. Clarke Murray addressed the meeting, giving a continuation of his last year's address, the "Race of Life." In commencing he said that the metaphor comparing life to a race was well known and often found in literature, especially in the Bible. Taking Hebrews xii 1 and 2, as a centre round which to place his remarks, he said that we should lay aside every weight, be temperate and not let our body overcome us. We train and exert ourselves to win a corruptible prize, what should we not do to gain an incorruptible one. The race we are called upon to run is a long, fatiguing one—that of a lifetime—and so we ought to husband our energies and run with patience. The most valuable products of nature have taken long to grow, and we also must work patiently and win thus and not by a spurt. It is the man who works at his college studies steadily who wins, the man who only crams at the end may remember his work for a short time, but he is not getting that training of the mind which is true education. A runner should never look behind, so a man should not let the memory of any fault or great sin hinder him, but he should live that he may have a pure and pleasing past. The attitude of the runner should be looking unto Jesus. In a sense He is our goal, and we are striving to be like Him. This is the greatest prize.

Class Reports.

ROYAL VICTORIA COLLEGE.

On Friday evening, February 2, a fashionable (?) audience met in the Redpath Museum, being the presentation of Mr. Mitchell's (or) play, "A Missing Myth," by the members of the Omega-Alpha Club to the staff and students of the Royal Victoria College. Though it was a first night the critics were unusually kind and only praise was heard. Mr. Mitchell as Jupiter and Mr. Ainley as Vulcan received special commendation. All the actors took their parts well, though one did observe a little coldness in the love scenes. There was a clever interweaving of local and college allusions which were particularly pleasing to the audience. After the curtain went down upon the last act, the audience were requested to partake of some refreshment, and an enjoyable half hour was spent in chit-chat with the actors and their friends. The guests extend very sincere thanks to the Omega-Alpha Club for an exceedingly pleasant treat.

[ED. NOTE.—We regret that this article was mislaid and did not appear in the last issue.]

Why so cruel?

"Well, I don't understand it."

"I don't see how you can help understanding it. It's as plain as your face."

DELTA SIGMA.

The regular meeting of the Delta Sigma Society, held Feb. 19, was chiefly devoted to historical subjects. Miss Molson read an interesting paper on Mlle. Mance, which gave an insight into the struggles which the young colony and the City of Montreal underwent in the beginning of their life-history. Miss Dease followed with a short essay on various women who played an important part in early Montreal life.

Miss Gairdner then gave an informal talk upon some of the changes which well-known parts of our city have undergone since the early part of the century. Among others, she mentioned the great change which Sherbrooke Str. has undergone. In the "twenties" it was a summer resort for people living in the fashionable parts of Montreal, at that time St Paul and Notre Dame streets.

Miss Dey, the president, then read a humorous paper on Catherine LeKakwetha, about whose canonizing so much discussion is now going on at Rome. The meeting then adjourned.

REPORT OF THE Y. W. C. A.

The annual business meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held Feb. 14th. After prayer and a Bible reading by Miss Gariick, the minutes of the last meeting were read and adopted.

Reports were then received from Miss Bennett, convener of the Devotional Committee; Miss Page,

convener of the Missionary Committee; Miss Smith, convener of the Membership Committee, and also from Miss Smith, corresponding-secretary, and Miss McLachlan, treasurer. It was then moved and carried that the reports should be adopted.

Before retiring from office the president spoke a few earnest words to the members of the association, thanking them for their co-operation during her term of office, and wishing them continued success.

It was moved by Miss H. Dey, and seconded by Miss Flint, that a vote of thanks should be extended to Miss Gariick for her efficient services throughout the year.

The following officers were elected: Miss Bennett, president; Miss Irving, vice-president; Miss Hadrill, recording-secretary; Miss Page, corresponding-secretary; Miss Woodley, treasurer; Miss Wales, reporter, and Miss McLachlan, Northfield delegate.

ARTS.

1900.

A movement has been started in the Class to have the colours of the Strathcona Horse presented by McGill. It would be a most graceful thing to do, and the project will likely prove to be the most popular ever undertaken by the students.

Whatever studio we patronize this year for the Class group, the bulk of the grumbling will likely come from those who failed to turn up at the meeting. The matter was voted on, but we broke even. One or two playful incidents took place which we will record for the benefit of the above-mentioned gentlemen. According to our time-honoured custom, each man stands on a desk when about to speak and stays there till the meeting is over; man after man was moved to eloquence, until the house became a sort of standing committee; then Gui got up to deliver his maiden speech; heretofore he has done nothing but collect ballots in an old hat and yell "put him out;" like Zaccheus, he wasn't visible over the heads of the rest, so he shinned up an iron pillar and started off with a regular sky-rocket of eloquence:—"No self-respecting professor would be seen getting his face took at your bally little Caughnawaga studio down in Griffintown!" but here his metaphor became incoherent, and he collapsed amidst a perfect torrent of applause.

We mark with considerable apprehension the tendency of class-reporters to soar into verse whenever they have discovered a new freak in their respective Years. The favorite model of these occasions seems to be the unfortunate gentleman from our Provincial capital who was experimenting on freezing mixtures. At least we presume this is the model they work on, for, after an exhaustivesearch through ancient and modern literature, we can find nothing similar except the lines anent the famous Wangerian elephant:

"But do what he would
To furnish him food,
The cry was 'still more hay!'"

Scarcely a number of the *OUTLOOK* appears but we get one of these to chortle over:—

“Whenever a reporter feels chirpy,
He prays to the goddess Euterpe;
And calls up the shade
Of old Kip, to his aid,
And scribbles the baldest doggerel e'er manufactured by
budding spring poet;
Verses that even old Kip, in his sanest of moments would
blush to have written.”

To the uninitiated we would explain that the latter two lines are blank verse; they are very easy to turn out, and merit consideration as a model for future efforts.

1901.

Neither of arms nor men I sing, but of a deed of might,
Compared with which the valiant strength of ancient men
Is insignificant.

It was about the lovely close of our dear Wednesday loaf,
And naughty ones from every side were gathering to where
We learn the rules of nature,

How that we do ever kick with both our feet at once,
And if we spurn a man in front, with equal force
We spurn the earth behind,

And other things both strange and marvellous,
A lusty wind was blowing, and it caught
The shining tarpot from our Dickey's head,
And sent it whirling through the air on to a sheet of ice,
Which glare and smooth doth veil with cold deceit
The cinder surface of the Tennis Court.

The mighty heroes stood aghast, and none would dare
To tempt the dangerous deep until
Chormakick stepped into the van, a hero he
Of no mean order, for in any scrap

His brick red tie and plastered hair are e'er conspicuous.
A calm brave smile was hovering round his lips
Like flies around molasses, and with jaunty step
He stepped upon the dark, deceitful surface of the pool.

But, oh, my friends, we e'er must bear in mind
That pride full often goes before a fall,
Conceit before a ducking.

For, as soon as he placed foot upon the ice
The dark and lurking waters underneath
Heaped up, the ice gave way, and with a hoarse and sob-
bing laugh

Their black jaws rose from out the deep
And wet his feet.

A cry of horror rose, and Dicky wailed
“My hat, my hat, my dear beloved hat, wilt thou come
back to me?”

But answer there was none, and then he said
“For weeks to come I'll have to stay in bed,
For I can plainly feel the pinions' dread
Of grippy microbes hovering round my head.”

And this is now the moral of my tale,
That in a name doth less than nothing dwell,
For one that long hath dwelt among us all unknown,
And whom we ever basely called a Scrimmer now has proved
Himself the greatest hero of us all, for while the rest
Were chained with horror or did take
Limburger's Heart and Nerve Pills for the grip,
He, with unerring hand did launch across
The dark, deceitful surface of the pool
A missile at the tarpot, and it slid
In perfect safety to the other side.

Then, let us all with one agreed accord,
Raise our melodious voices to the skies,
And let us sing in praise of him
Who did this mighty deed,

Hail to our “Scrim,” who in triumph advances,
Honour be given to Scrimmy '01,
The fellow who never would scrimmage with chances
Nor ever discriminate danger from fun,
Our cool-headed Scrimmy will ever be for us,
A model of courage well hid from the view,
So let us all roar in a Cataline chorus:
May heroes like Scrimmy be plentifully few.

But answer there was none, and then he said
“For weeks to come I'll have to stay in bed,
For I can plainly feel the pinions' dread
Of grippy microbes hovering round my head.”

And this is now the moral of my tale,
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“For weeks to come I'll have to stay in bed,
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Of grippy microbes hovering round my head.”

1903.

The First Year desire to inform all interested that the doggerel verses which appeared in a recent issue of the *OUTLOOK*, in the space devoted to the class report of Arts '03, were quite unauthorized, and were published without the knowledge of the class reporter.

A STUDY OF CONSOLATOR'S.

“'02.”

Among the many poetic contributions which have appeared in the *OUTLOOK* during the present session, few are more interesting, and certainly none have caused a greater stir among local literary circles, than Consolator's “'02.” The columns of the *OUTLOOK* are not unacquainted with the writings of this author, who, however, usually writes over a pseudonym suited to the occasion.

It may be remarked that he possesses a peculiar faculty for making many ideas serve a single end; and this feature is very prominent in the present poem, where he assumes the rôle of “consolator.”

In the opening stanza, the effect of the direct question is at once noticeable, and it arouses an interest which is well sustained throughout the poem. The form of anaphora here employed is decidedly artistic, and illustrates Consolator's mastery of verse. Poetic taste, in a high degree, is exhibited by the last line of this stanza. Who could imagine anything more pathetic than the line.

“What is wrong within the hut?”

In the second stanza, the change of metre shows that Consolator is not rigidly conservative, but rather seeks to introduce into his verse a variety which spares us the monotony of regular metrical construction. In this stanza there is a fine touch of sarcasm, for the special benefit of '02.

Yet he would not have them to despair. In the last stanza he sounds a clear note of encouragement. The second line is essentially stirring.

“Let them be up and at it.”

The noble spirit of the final couplet is deserving of special notice. It cannot fail to induce lofty aspirations on the part of the reader—

“Ambition still may win a crown,
Other worlds perchance may fit.”

It is thus evident that Consolator is a firm believer in the doctrine of “final perseverance.”

Consolator is distinctively a “rhymer.” An example of his skill may be found in the second and fourth lines of the last stanza, where the ingenious management of words results in a very poetic and musical rhyme.

But the two most important characteristics of Consolator's verse are his pleasing rhythm and the faithfulness with which he holds to the main idea of the poem. The stanzas under consideration are also possessed of a quaint humor, which will well repay the reading.

E. H. G.

SCIENCE.

1903.

THE SUMMER SCHOOL OF MINING.

Dr. Porter announced to the Third Year miners a few days ago that travelling arrangements had been practically completed with the Canadian Pacific Railway, and that this year's trip would be to British Columbia.

Since then, however, the labour troubles in Rossland and vicinity have reached so acute a stage that many mines have shut down and others threaten to do so at an early date, and it begins to look as if the shut down might become so universal as to force a change of plans.

It is greatly to be hoped that the troubles will soon be settled, and that mines, mills and smelters will be running again long before May, as no other trip that is practicable will give so great satisfaction to the men. At the worst, however, there are several interesting mining districts within reach, and plans are already being made to go to one of them if the more desirable expedition is prevented.

 1901.

Our friend the "Prince" is now engaged in investigating the advantages of a new form of water jacket. We hope his investigations will not produce an accumulation of water in the Cronial County.

Is a man who has a Government job necessarily actively engaged? Our Rock man seems to have some doubts on the question.

We regret to say that wee Tonal's first plunge in the gambling field was successful as the Shamrocks won out. He tremble at the result, for he may have caught the fever.

Herbie was somewhat disturbed by the little *billet-doux* he received from head-quarters the other day. Attendance on lectures seems to be one of the chief methods of obtaining a standing.

 1902.

Some of our fellows seem to think that the *Outlook* is run for the special benefit of our Year, and want to have all the space devoted to Class reports. But fair play, boys, we have our share of the space, and I think there is only one thing that we have to kick about, and that is the fact that some of us have not paid our little subscription fee yet. Let's pay up our subscriptions, and then we can call the Reporter, Editor and every one else all the nasty things we please.

We are very much pleased to see Mr. S. Barwick back again after his illness.

Since our Scotchman's knee has healed, he has again taken up the business of carrying school bags for the fair ones.

A gentleman (?) entering the Carpenter Shop last Saturday, and not responding to the requests to remove his hat showered on him from all sides, was seized by half a dozen stalwart men of '03 and gently but forcibly given the G. B. But, like the cat, he came back only to have the operation repeated in a little more forcible manner.

What's the matter with the Class hockey matches? Still another week has passed and our Year has had no matches.

Only six weeks more and we will again visit the Carpenter Shop and Molson hall, not to make joints or to listen to University lectures, but to fill with knowledge foolscap paper nicely fastened together at one corner and small books with bright coloured covers.

A meeting of the Four Years was held on Friday, at which after some discussion it was finally decided to not hold a *conversazione*. Messrs. Byers and Gillean spoke regarding the Patriotic Fund, and the former gentleman was elected to represent the Science undergraduates on the platform in the Molson hall on February 22. On the motion of Mr. Cary, Mr. Robertson was unanimously elected to represent McGill at the Kingston School of Mines' banquet, the Committee being empowered at the same time to make the grant necessary to cover the expenses. Mr. Ewart gave notice that the revised constitution would be read at the next meeting, and that it would be advisable for all the members of the Science Undergraduates' Society to be present.

With regard to meetings of this Society, it may perhaps not be out of place to state here that if the men took more interest in them and turned out in respectable numbers and spoke as they felt, Science might just as well have had her annual dance as not. At the previous meeting, however, so few were present that those in attendance did not feel justified in taking definite steps, and decided to defer taking action until this last meeting when it was found, to the regret of the majority, that it was too late to make arrangements for a successful dance before Lent.

Consequently, though most of the Science men really desired the annual *conversazione*, yet through sheer procrastination and negligence it was allowed to drop.

 FOR THE LAW MEN.

A suggestion to the Law Students by one of their number was sent in in the regular budget of class notes this week. It is of more than ordinary interest to the legal "gents" and worthy of consideration. The contributor, whom it is hoped will do something towards the carrying out of his practical and helpful idea, says:

"It is a lamentable fact that quite a large proportion of us have to remain in attendance at the office for a long time after exams are over. Would it not be a good plan for such of us as have to stay in the

city to form a little club to discuss interesting points in procedure, which arise from time to time in the offices to which we are indentured? Procedure is one of the things which have largely to be learned by practice. On a great many points the code is as clear as mud; and on a great many other points it helps it by saying nothing at all.

At the meetings of the club, if one were formed, copies of the pleadings and abstracts of the arguments might be produced. This would certainly help us to get a practical knowledge of many unusual proceedings, and would also give us practice in presenting cases which we certainly would not get in any other way. It is worth thinking over even if not worth doing. The knowledge we could gain in such a way might save us from serious mistakes after we begin practice for ourselves."

APPLIED SCIENCE SOCIETY.

On Monday evening, Feb. 12, the Applied Science Society was favoured with a most excellent paper by M. J. Butler, Esq., C. E., who took for his subject, "The Essential Qualifications for Success in the Engineering Profession."

Prof. Bovey, in introducing the speaker, referred

to Mr. Butler's long and varied experience in the field of engineering, and among other things pronounced him one of the foremost authorities on Portland Cement in Canada.

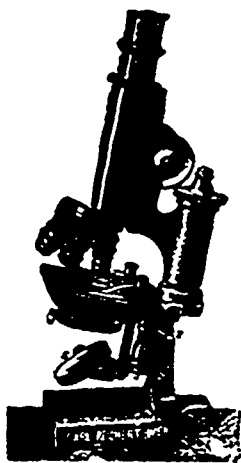
The lecturer began his paper by giving the reasons which actuated men in taking up the profession of engineering: some for the money to be gained thereby, some for the dignity of their position, others for the pleasure of working out problems of a nature scientific rather than practical.

Mr. Butler gave as a short definition of engineering, "Doing for a dollar what anyone can do at some price." He went on to point out the benefit of laying a deep foundation of the general principles which underlie all branches of engineering rather than beginning to specialize at the very outset of a scientific education.

In conclusion, Mr. Butler advised the students when starting out in their professional life to strive after experience rather than wealth for the first ten years or so, and cited cases in support of his argument.

Vice-President Byers, in a few happily chosen words, tendered Mr. Butler a very hearty vote of thanks for his very interesting and instructive paper.

Dr. Bovey, Mr. Sproule and Mr. King also added to the interest of the meeting by a few words of counsel and advice to aspiring engineers.



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JACK ON THE DONKEY.

The characteristic humor of our tars, which, though checked by discipline, could not be wholly subdued, was a constant source of mirth to the more precise and well-drilled soldier. For instance, at Alexandria, on March 13th, 1801, a dare-devil of a boatswain's mate, belonging to the "Figue," mounted on a donkey and charged with the dragoons against a body of infantry.

He was repeatedly capsized, but escaped unhurt, got astride again, and, with nothing but a ship's cutlass, did considerable execution. He was one of the battalion under Sir Sydney Smith, and well did he play his part.

Jack manoeuvred his craft in grand style, till the animal took it into his obstinate head to make sail for the city, when the seaman, wishing to avoid an immediate interview with the authorities, slipped off, and rejoined his party. The French were rather annoyed at this burlesque exhibition, and many a musket was levelled to bring Jack down; but not a ball marked him, and, except a few bruises and scratches from his many falls, he was otherwise unscathed.

The English soldiers cheered him on; and frequently, amidst the roaring of the artillery, and the rattling peals of musketry, loud shouts of laughter arose as Jack manfully attacked a French dragoon, or was rolling upon the ground.

"Oh, pollyvoo Frongsy?" the fair one exclaimed;
But the waiter, with sorrow which nobody blamed,
Replied: "Vat you vant I'm afraid I can't tell;
I've not learn all ze English words yet, Ma'amoiselle."

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PEACHES AND BLUBBER.

Canadians are very touchy on the subject of climate, as Rudyard Kipling discovered when he somewhat thoughtlessly dubbed the Dominion, Our Lady of the Snows. When Arthur Stringer, the young Canadian poet and author, first went to Oxford, he carried with him letters from Professor Goldwin Smith, of Toronto, to Professor York Powell, the distinguished historian of Chris. Church.

The old Oxford don, like one or two other Englishmen, had very vague ideas about Canada, and somewhat surprised the young stranger by inquiring if he got along nicely on English roast mutton, after living so long on frozen seal meat. The young poet gravely protested that he perhaps missed his whale blubber a little, but the next day cabled home, and in less than a week the finest basket of autumn peaches ever grown in Ontario, carefully packed in sawdust, was on its way to Oxford. A short time afterward the young author was again dining with the regius professor at Oxford, and that gentleman produced at the meal a fruit-dish loaded with tremendous peaches.

"Most extraordinary," said the old professor, "but these peaches were sent to me to-day, and I'm blessed if I know who sent them. From the south of France, I suspect, so I saved a few of them for you, Stringer—they will be such a novelty, you know!"

The Canadian very quietly took a steamship company's bill of lading from his pocket, and handed it to the professor. The professor gazed at the bill, then at the fruit, then at the poet. "I had some whale blubber, too, professor," said that young man, "but I simply had to eat that. These other things were grown on my uncle's farm, in Kent County, Ontario, you know. He has two hundred bushels of them every year, and he sent me over a basket of little ones, along with the whale blubber."—From the "Philadelphia Post."

"There's one thing I like in the Boers," said the soldier who had just returned from the front. The reporter, who was on the staff of the leading daily, felt for his pencil.

"Yes?" he said encouragingly. "Yes," the other continued, "and that's bullets." The interview was not printed.



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NICE, CHATTY FELLOW.

Truly the ways of the country green-horn are great. Some time since I was showing a provincial friend of mine the sights of the Metropolis. We were crossing Trafalgar Square and dodging the innumerable vehicles, when my companion suddenly gave vent to several ear-piercing whistles, meanwhile waving his stick frantically in the air. A bus pulled up at his hail, and I looked on in speechless amazement, for our destination lay in the opposite direction. As we coolly marched on, the driver used some choice Billingsgate, and the knife-board passengers tittered.

"I thought you had no other acquaintances in London," I exclaimed sharply.

"More I haven't," he replied.

"Then I should like to know why you whistled."

"Well, you see," he returned, "I know that 'bus driver. I rode on his 'bus yesterday, and he is such a nice chatty fellow!"

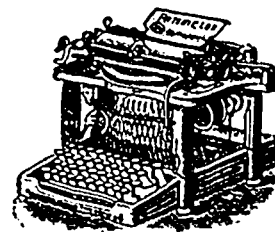
Dorothy had never before seen a corkscrew.

"Goodness!" she exclaimed; "that nail's got spinal trouble awfully."

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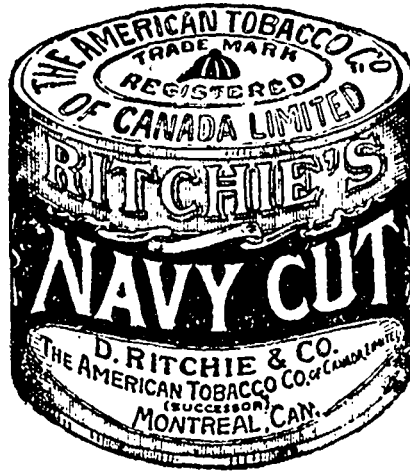
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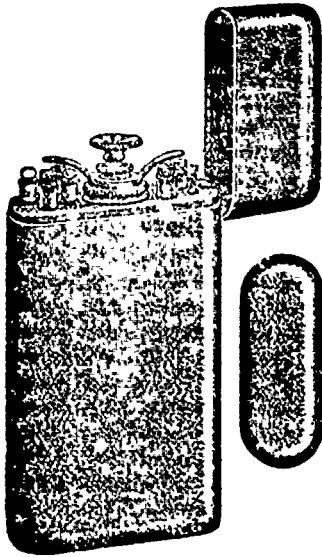
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