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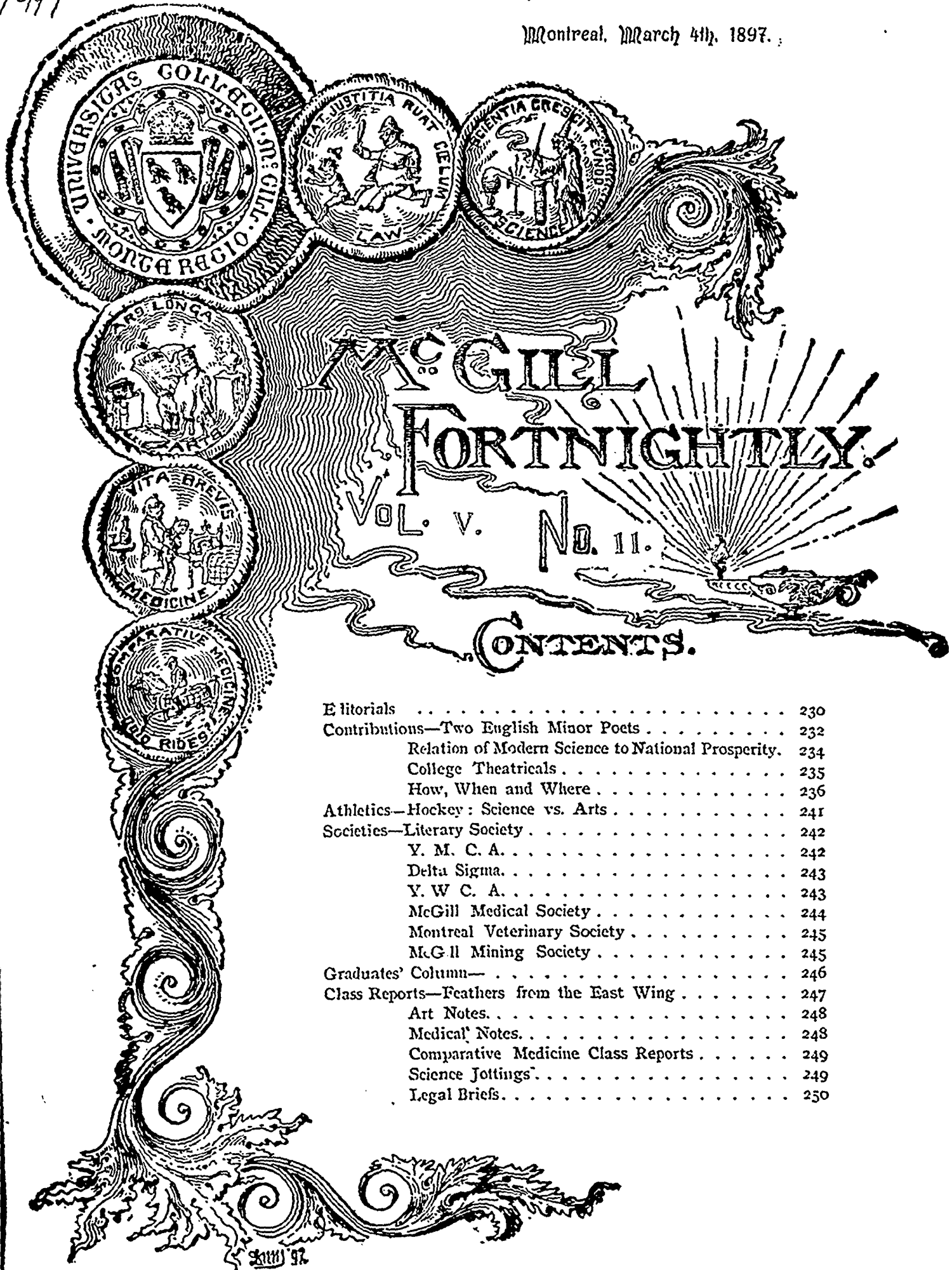
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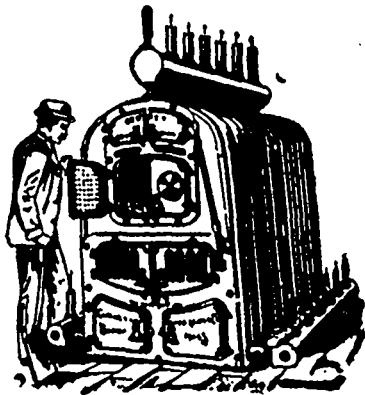
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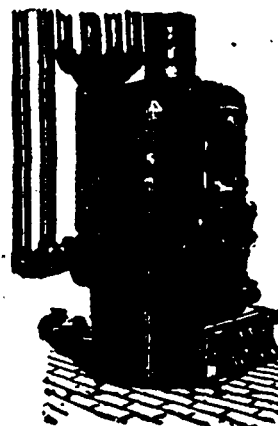
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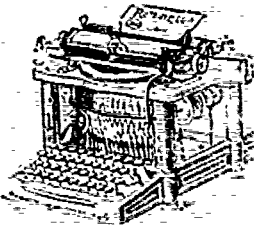
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Editorial.

AT a meeting of the Athletic Association held a short time ago, only seven members presented an appearance—twenty-five being necessary to form a quorum. Such an attendance at this, the most student of all student bodies, is nothing short of disgraceful, and we are inevitably led to ask ourselves what can be the cause which has produced this general apathy among the students. Money is the root of all evil—either by its presence or by its absence. In this case it is the lack of funds which is handicapping McGill. The students pay two dollars a year for grounds and athletics, but instead of the major part of this going to athletics, more than half goes to the permanent improvement of the grounds.

In competition there is life, and without it there is danger of stagnation. This year the Football Club was unable to play a single match outside of the league, not even our annual game with "Varsity." Not only was this so, but the Football Club ended the season with a deficit and was obliged to ask the students to help them out of it. This be it said, on the part of the students, was most readily done. Such a state of things, however, should never have existed, and we think it short-sighted policy on the part of any university to consider the phy-

sical well-being of its students as a matter of minor importance. The athletic feeling ought to be fostered and developed to the highest degree consistent with its position in regard to the college curriculum.

The ancient Greeks thought the physical training of their youth no less important than the mental training, and we may be sure that they who had such unerring discrimination in everything else, did not err in this.

Our gymnasium is useless. The men take no pride or pleasure in it, and indeed few of them attend it. What is perhaps the worst sign of all is that those who did attend it in their freshman year, generally drop it long before they have finished their college course. The students have done what they could to show their feeling in the matter, and indeed we understand that a considerable sum of money has been subscribed both in Arts and in Science towards the establishment of a gymnasium fund. This, however, is only a nucleus and serves merely as a strong expression of opinion on the part of the students. It is to be sincerely hoped that some one will be found able and willing to take up this scheme so dear to every student's heart.

THE "Latin Play" has come and gone, and the excitement over it is beginning to cool down. We are now reaching the retrospective stage, when we can attempt to generalize in a certain measure at least. It seems to us that McGill has made a stride forward and a long stride too, in her onward march of progress. By such a presentation of the *Rudens* as was given on February 20th, she has established her claim to a position in the classical world of America, and it only remains with her to better that position through the efforts of those in charge of the classical department. The authorities of the University were astounded at the amount of dramatic talent found ripe in the college. From the amateur standpoint the act-

ing was of the highest order, and we think that the members of the cast in general and in particular are to be heartily congratulated on the possession of histrionic ability of no mean order.

A new door has been opened at McGill, and the general impression seems to be that both professors and students ought to enter in at it. We have no dramatic club in McGill, yet we feel sure that if such a club were properly organized next fall, it would prove the most attractive of all our college clubs and societies. We think that the dramatic ability displayed by the students in the performance of the *Rudens* justifies the organization of such a club, and the FORTNIGHTLY would be pleased to open its columns to any discussion on the subject.

Obituary.

It is with the deepest regret that we record the sad and untimely death of our confrere, Mr. John S. Seaton, which took place at the General Hospital on Thursday, Feb. 11th, after an illness of only sixteen days duration. In the last week in January he developed an attack of pneumonia which proved to be of a most severe type, and although everything possible was done, it was of no avail and he quietly passed away.

The deceased was very popular with his fellow students by whom he will be very much missed.

Mr. Seaton's father arrived in the city some days before his son's death and took the body back to St. John, N.B., with him. The funeral took place from the General Hospital at 7 p. m. on the evening of his death and was largely attended by the students of all the years in medicine. A very beautiful wreath was placed on the coffin from the students of the final year.

At a meeting of the final year students, resolutions of regret were passed, respecting the death of their classmate, and the secretary was instructed to draw up these resolutions and forward a copy to the family of the deceased.

Contributions.

TWO ENGLISH MINOR POETS.

There is at present, and has been for some time past, in England and Scotland, a numerous class of what are known as "minor poets." These are, generally speaking, young men of more or less literary ability, who produce verses which, though they cannot be placed in the first rank of poetry, are yet very often of high merit. It is of the poetry of two such men that I wish to speak here; one of these is the late Robert F. Murray, and the other is Lionel Johnson.

Murray was not what is known in Fleet Street as a "literary success," and he did not go out of his way to be one. As Richard Le Gallienne says, "he had a genuine indifference to fame and was quite content to be known as the poet of his university town of St. Andrews." St. Andrews had for him indeed a fascination, which no other place possessed; he could not live away from it, try as he could, and always returned to live there in the end. Murray died when he was but thirty years of age with a promising future before him for few, if any, of the younger English poets, showed such talent as he who was known as "the Poet of 'The Scarlet Gown.'" Murray's poems have recently been admirably edited, with a charming introductory sketch of the poet, and his work, by Mr. Andrew Lang, and this little book should be known to all lovers of good English verse.

What strikes one most in reading Murray's poems is their charming simplicity. He deals with "the love of simple natural persons," and deals with it in such a way, that we are unconsciously carried back in thought to the seventeenth century lyrics. What, for example, can be sweeter than the following:—

AT A HIGH CEREMONY.

"Not the proudest damsel here
Looks so well as does my dear.
All the borrowed light of dress
Outshining not her loveliness,

A loveliness not born of art,
But growing outwards from her heart,
Illuminating all her face,
And filling all her form with grace.

Said I, of dress the borrowed light
Could rival not her beauty bright?
Yet looking round, 'tis truth to tell,
No damsel here is dressed so well."

In his love songs we find an under-current of longing and wistfulness, what one critic calls "the unsatisfied incompleteness which marks the rest of his life," and which the love songs I am about to quote show to the fullest extent:

"I feel so lonely,
I long once only
To pass an hour
With you O sweet!
To touch your fingers,
'Where fragrance lingers
From some rare flower,
And kiss your feet.

But not this even
To me is given.
Of all sad mortals
Most sad am I,
Never to meet you,
Never to greet you,
Nor pass your portals
Before I die."

And again in the beautiful lyric of

"HOPE DEFERRED."

"When the weary night is fled,
And the morning sky is red,
Then my heart doth rise and say,
'Surely she will come to-day.'

In the golden blaze of noon,
'Surely she is coming soon'
In the twilight, 'Will she come?'
Then my heart with fear is dumb.

When the night wind in the trees
Plays its mournful melodies,
Then I know my trust is vain,
And she will not come again"

Some of Murray's poems strike a lighter vein however, and Mr. Lang seems to consider his *vers de société* very highly, saying that Murray, compared to Calverley or J. K. S., was "endowed with their humor, their skill in parody, their love of youth, but (if I am not prejudiced) with more than the tenderness and natural magic of these regretted writers." Space forbids that I should give any lengthy quotation so I will simply quote the following sparkling epigram, peculiarly fitted to appear in this article, entitled "A Coincidence":—

"Every critic in the town
Runs the minor poet down;
Every critic—don't you know it?—
Is himself a minor poet."

Murray's verses are full of natural magic, and bear the classical stamp of which Richard Le Gallienne, in his criticism of Murray, says: "When poetry has it, it can never quite die. The world at large may forget it, but there will always be a warm corner for it in the heart of the student of poetry; that is to say, a warm corner in the warmest heart."

Lionel Johnson is a poet who deserves mention for this, if for no other cause, that he is one who upholds the great and noble tradition of the past in opposition to the "modern," and socialistic, tendencies of many of the writers and poets of to-day.

Johnson was educated at St. Mary's College, Winchester, to which we find constant reference throughout his poems. He is proud of being "a Wykehamist come of Wykehamists." He went later to New College, Oxford. He is an English Roman Catholic, but strong in his loyalty to "England's excellence." Previous to the publication of his poems, in 1895, he had contributed several striking pieces of verse to the "Book of the Rhymers Club," and also published an essay in criticism called "The Art of Thomas Hardy." It is with his poems, however, that we are chiefly concerned, a limited edition of which (750 copies) appeared in 1895, and is now somewhat rare.

Lionel Johnson is above all "a poet's poet," but this fact does not detract at all from the charm of his verse. As an example of his old-time loyalty, nothing better can be cited than his lines "To the Statue of King Charles at Charing Cross."

Sombre and rich, the skies;
Great glooms and starry plains.
Gently the night wind sighs;
Else a vast silence reigns.

The splendid silence clings
Around me: and around
The saddest of all kings
Crowned, and again discrowned.

Comely and calm he rides
Hard by his own Whitehall:
Only the night wind glides;
No crowds, nor rebels, brawl.

Gone, too, his court: and yet,
The stars his courtiers are:
Stars in their stations set;
And every wandering star.

Alone he rides, alone,
The fair and fatal king:
Dark night is all his own,
That strange and solemn thing.

Which are more full of fate:
The stars; or those sad eyes?
Which are more still and great:
Those brows; or the dark skies?

What could be nobler or higher than the tribute of such a poem?

In another place we get a charming picture of an English sea-port, somewhat idealized, it is true, but yet not too much so:—

Harbours of swaying masts,
Beneath the vesper star:
Each high-swung lantern casts
A quivering ray afar.

From round the ancient quay,
Ring songs with rough refrains:
Strong music of the sea,
Chaunted in rusty strains.

Freshness of early spray,
Blown on me off the sea:
Morning breaks chilly gray,
And storm is like to be.

A light prow plunger: red,
Red as the ruddy sand,
The tall sail fills: well sped,
The fair boat leaves the land."

He is English above all else, and one of the longest poems in his book is devoted to a series of pictures of the English and he concludes:

"These joys and such as these,
Are England's and are mine."

His poetry is distinguished by its harmonious rhythm and smoothness, and it has a dignity and sweetness of its own which appeals to the lover of true poetry. In conclusion I will quote his short poem, "The Bells," which has a spirit of wistfulness and enquiry about it:—

"From far away! from far away!
But whence, you will not say:
Melancholy bells, appealing chimes,
Voices of lanes and times!

Your toll, O melancholy bells!
Over the valley swells:
O touching chimes! your dying sighs
Travel our tranquil skies.

But whence? And whither fade away
Your echoes from our day?
You take our hearts with gentle pain,
Tremble, and pass again.

Could we lay hold upon your haunts,
The birthplace of your chaunts:
Were we in dreamland, deathland, then?
We, sad and wondering men?"

Cambridge, Mass.

N. M. T.

THE RELATION OF MODERN SCIENCE TO NATIONAL PROSPERITY.

Modern science is to national prosperity as knowledge is to power. Of the three great laws which govern our social and political privileges,—the Law of Right, the Law of Cause and Effect, and the Law of Supply and Demand, the second, that of Cause and Effect, bears chiefly upon our theme. Knowledge is the Cause; Prosperity the Effect. This fact is fully demonstrated by the evidences of observation and history. Science, then, which is classified knowledge, is a factor of prosperity.

The rise, growth and power of the great nations for two centuries, and the results of scientific discovery and invention. These conditions are ordinarily due to individuals rather than to classes. Simple facts of experiment and observation are at once accepted and their discoverers duly honored. But the grander efforts in the interests of science require careful thought. For this reason, great scientists, like great artists and poets, seldom reap immediate practical results from their discoveries.

But "Metamorphosis," says Herbert Spencer, "is the universal law." In science, then, change is inevitable. Among some peoples it is more rapid than among others, but no matter what the speed, the ultimate result is progress. Daily observation, and history, which is the record of the ages, teach us the influence of scientific progress upon the civilization and prosperity of the world.

Let us go back to the reign of Edward IV. The printing press, which under William Caxton, began its work in England in 1474, was the most potent means for the extension of the great reformation under Luther and Calvin. What an advance has been made in 400 years. A printing press to-day will print, cut, fold, count and deliver in package, 36,000 complete eight page papers per hour. Who can estimate the result upon a nation, of such a rapid distribution of literature? Education and the printing press advance together.

"Commerce," said Carlyle, "is the life of a nation." England and America are evidences

that this is true. The steam engine accelerated our industries, the cotton gin in a period of one hundred years, increased the exportation of cotton from 8 bales, to 6,000,000 bales.

Eriesson, in his invention of the Monitor, opened up a new scheme of naval architecture. Gunpowder first applied to the art of gunnery at the Battle of Crecy, in 1346, ushered in a new era of naval and military power. What would the soldiers of the German army say, if instead of the rifle, the Kaiser should place in their hands the flint lock musket of a century ago? Or suppose Pres. Faure should provide his troops with cannon used in the French Revolution, instead of the mitrailleuse?

Who doubts that the power of Niagara will soon propel cars from New York to Buffalo, yes, from Buffalo to Chicago? Who doubts that the same power will soon run the motors which produce the illumination of our largest cities in the North and East?

Note the discoveries of Edison. Who will estimate the influence of such discoveries and inventions upon the prosperity of a country? Yet electricity is still in its infancy. Fifty years ago, the people generally, were laughing at Prof. Morse; mark the results of his experiments as seen to-day,—over 200,000 miles of telegraph lines on this continent, and submarine cables to nearly all the civilized countries. The Bell electric telephone, invented in 1874, as now perfected, enables the merchant in Boston to talk with his customer in Chicago. By those and other means there is instant communication with all parts of the civilized world.

We can reach San Francisco by means of the fast train service in four and one-half days. Is it any wonder then, that a country is prosperous, with its streets lighted and street cars run by electricity, and with a thousand common devices, which minister to the comfort, convenience and safety of its citizens? The skill of the mechanic has improved every implement of both peace and war, from the telescope to the cannon. The records of the Patent Office show over 22,000 patents in a single year. And not alone in England and America, but in all the civilized countries, is the increase of prosperity

marked, in proportion to the scientific development of the people.

Science is not a narrow path through which we may walk, but it is like the broad and open ocean. There are many courses, there are many ports. One course intersecting another, but at the end a harbor of safety; each port having within itself some scene of beauty, some center of attraction. So it is with science. It is divided into many branches,— these branches similar in nature and yet running in different lines. Although starting from various places, and having different destinations, each accomplishes the purpose for which it was planned. It alone remains with us to choose which path we will take, but these paths united, are means of attaining the same result,— the uplifting, the upbuilding and the prosperity of our country and our fellowmen.

PAYNE, App. Sci. '99.

COLLEGE THEATRICALS.

The Fortnightly has been imitated. The Fortnightly has been successfully imitated. Where? In the Redpath Museum. When? Saturday afternoon, Feb. 13th. By Whom? By the Sophomores of the east wing. How? Ah! that takes time for the telling.

Freshmen, juniors and seniors, seated in semi-darkness were wondering "what next," when a pathetic scene was revealed upon the stage. The editor of the Fortnightly at work, hard at work, surrounded by books of reference, papers, rulers, scissors, etc. With a brow furrowed with care, he proceeded to arrange his paper. First there was the cover. As the editor discussed the various illustrations for the cover-border, a curtain at the rear of the platform slowly rolled out of sight, and lo! tableaux representing the cuts to perfection. We trembled at the explosion when *Scientia* was exhibited. We trembled more at "*Fiat justitia*." *Vita brevis* gave us the blues; but the cheerfulness of the company returned when the "one-horse faculty" was represented. Satisfied at length with the cover, the editor proceeded to get up his editorials. He wrote about "glorious rush of half-

back" and about being "covered with mud and glory" also how "the flying wedge flew with earthly wings." The stage illustration of this able editorial quite took our breath away. We saw the "glorious rush." We saw wings and wedges and circle and pyramids. The only two things lacking were mud and gore. The editorial on the Glee and Banjo Club was appreciative and encouraging. But oh! The Glee Club which we saw and heard when the curtain rolled up. Black robes, dazzling linen, McGill ribbon and Paderewskian hair. The class poet belongs to their number, and there was a pleasing newness about the selections. One stanza of "The Glee Club" will give a slight idea of the merit of the songs.

Air: "Henriette"

Oh! The Glee Club, have you heard it? heard it?
Oh! its praises can't be worded, worded,
Oh! the songs they've not yet murdered, murdered,
When they wear their gowns down youder
And the students' money squander;
Yale and Harvard are not in it, in it,
Princeton never for a minute, minute,
For McGill's powers are infinite, 'fizite.
Loves the Yankee while they're here,
Borrows songs to sing next year!

What! The Glee Club.

Encores for the Glee and Banjo Club were specially requested, and were given with a will.

The editorial on the "cake-walk" and the accompanying illustration were masterpieces. A white wig lent dignity to the judge. The cake was adorned with candles. The old plantation fiddler tuned and scraped; and the costumes of the promenaders filled all beholders with admiration.

Among the advertisements Pear's soap-bubble blower and Chocolate Menier were received with exceptional approbation.

For originality and for successful acting the Sophomores have certainly taken the palm. It is not often that we have an afternoon of such genuine fun. The girls of '99 spared themselves neither time nor labour, and the dainty refreshments and pretty souvenir programmes showed that their talent was not all confined to one sphere.

HOW, WHEN AND WHERE?

"A history of how and where works of imagination have been produced would often be more extraordinary than the works themselves," remarked L. E. L. Inspired by her happy thought, it has occurred to me to lead you to a mental journey to the *adyta*, whence issued some of the *chefs d'œuvres* of literature, and to recall the circumstances which brought them into existence. Evidence as to when and where of the work's production is often obtainable; but what first suggested it, and by what processes the airy nothing gradually took a local habitation and a name, is rarely known, and can but be surmised. Whence came Mrs. Browning's earliest idea of "The Lost Bower," or what suggested "The Raven" to Edgar Poe: whether Motherwell's "Jeannie Morrison" was a real personage, and Beranger's house keeper the original "Lisette," may be impertinent curiosity to enquire: but, rightly or wrongly, the public will peep and pry into the *sancta sanctorum* of the *genus irritabile*, and, whether helped or hindered, will deem all the belongings and surroundings of authors, their incomings and their outgoings, their words, their deeds, and even their very thoughts, common property. Whether this be only justifiable hero-worship, or morbid inquisitiveness need not now be debated. We only request the reader to grasp our hand, and, for the nonce, assuming the character of Asmodeus, we will lead him "where they did it."

Dr. Johnson is reported to have said that after the "Newgate Calendar," the biography of authors is the most sickening chapter of the history of man, and a considerable portion of Johnson's own life goes towards corroboration of the truth of the dictum. It was while residing in Gough Square, says Chalmers, where "his house was filled by dependents, whose perverse tempers frequently drove him out of it," that Johnson wrote his only imaginative work "Rasselas," and it was written with a view to raise a sum to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral, and to liquidate

some little debts which she had contracted.

Turning to a story of a far greater man, and a far more unfortunate one - is it not humiliating to learn that the author of the "Divine Comedy," even whilst that magnificent masterpiece of the human intellect was seething in his brain, was wandering to and fro on the earth homeless, and it is not improbable, a beggar? For there is one awful passage in his poem which would lead one to deem that Dante himself may have had to stand in the public way, and "stripping his visage of all shame," may have had to hold forth his hand for charity! "How hard it is to climb other people's stairs," he hath told us himself, and "how salt the taste of bread that is not our own."

It is needless to linger over Tasso's cell, or to take more than a momentary peep into the shut-in Valley of Provence, where the greater part of the works were composed by Laura's lover, that said Petrarch, who died with his head upon a book.

Let us pass to Recanti. In the March of Ancona, where in a decayed palatial residence, is beheld Leopardi, the greatest literary genius modern Italy has produced. Hopeless and companionless he sought and found temporary solace in the solitary library of that secluded town, which henceforth the glory of his name will cause to be a "Mecca of the mind." If ever poet did "learn in suffering what he taught in song," Leopardi was he: and what he taught in song was chiefly wrought out in the precincts of that gloomy book-world of "old and forgotten lore in Recanti.

Homeward to England, and another poet is discovered. "The sleepless boy who perished in his pride" is beheld engaged in manufacturing his manu-cripts. Poor child! but scant justice has yet been meted out to him, whilst laudatory lives and reviews of his contemporary Walpole are issued from the press with undeviating regularity. The room in which Chatterton wrote the Rowley poems is octagonal-sided, and stands over the north porch of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, justly deemed one of the finest specimens of ecclesiastical architecture in England. This

apartment was styled the "monument room," because it was the depository of several huge coffin-like chests containing the records of St. Mary's monastery. Their grim appearance would, one would deem, alone have sufficed to deter the nervously sensitive boy from lingering there, had he not already have "drunk the world's cruelty," and had he not determined, at all risks, to obtain a place of unmolested solitude. But the scene changes. In a wretched garret of a poor lodging-house the boy lies dead on his miserable mattress. Scattered about the room are fragments of manuscripts: and that torn paper is all now remaining of the poor anguished mind.

Shake the mental kaleidoscope: the figure changes and behold Leigh Hunt in his study. The genial author of "Rimini" pictures his *sacrum*—perhaps only an ideal one—for us, himself, and introduces us into a room such as real live authors love to labour in. "We like a small study," says Hunt, "where we are almost in contact with our books. We like to feel them about us: to be in the arms of our mistress Philosophy, rather than to see her at a distance." "When I speak of being in contact with my books, I mean it literally, I like to lean my head against them. Whilst writing this, I am in my study, on the right and left of me are book-shelves: a book-case is affectionately open in front of me, and thus kindly enclosed with my books, I write. I like a great library near me, but for the study itself give me a small snug place, almost entirely walled with books."

But Leigh Hunt did not write all his works in such snuggeries: he was one of that glorious army of literary martyrs who wrote in prison, not always, perchance, the worst places to compose in. Has not some of the world's most famous literature germinated within the precincts of a gaol. Noblest and best of human creations, thou peerless knight errant, Don Quixote de la Mancha, did not thy immortal chronicler pass many years of his embittered life in durance vile? Did not the gallant Sir Walter Raleigh write his

stately "History of the World" in confinement? Was not that sweetest of lyrics, "To Althea," written within the stone walls of a prison? Was it not in Newgate's gloom that Daniel de Foe first projected his *Reveries*—the prototype of periodical literature? Was it not in gaol that André Chenier was composing his last mournful stanzas when he was led away to death? Alas, in all times and climes, have not the dungeon and the cell, the prison and even the scaffold, been the home of poesy and the haunt of genius?

What contrasts do we see in the localities where they did it! What a prodigious stride from some grand old writer lolling in his easy chair—a Bacon or a Burton, perchance, indulging sonorous sentences, each sentence a sermon in itself—to your modern journalist, scribbling as he goes in balloons, steamboats, express trains, and the like! But the man of genius is always the same! From Homer to Victor Hugo, genius has been regularly irregular. For instance, Dickens, as his biographer tells us, excited himself to an extraordinary degree over the composition of "The Christmas Carol," and "walked, thinking of it fifteen and twenty miles about the back streets of London many and many a night after all sober folks had gone to bed." It was the work of such odd moments of leisure as were left him out of the time taken up by two numbers of his "Chuzzlewit."

Secluded, but far from gloomy or hateful, was the literary life depicted by Alexander Smith in "Dreamthorpe." A garden, the young Scotchman found the best place to think out his thoughts in: but they had to be wrought into shape in his library, an apartment into which he himself introduces us, calling our particular attention to a book-case standing there. It is surmounted by a bust of Dante, and a certain shelf in it holds, as he tells us, "a number of volumes which look somewhat the worse for wear. Those of them which originally possessed gilding have had it fingered off. Out of the world of books have I singled them, as I have singled my intimates out

of the world of men. First on this special shelf stands Hawthorne's *Twice Told Tales*.

Let us flit to other climes and seek out the veritable builder of the seven-gabled house himself. In the *Blithedale Romance*, in his post at the Custom House, and elsewhere, Hawthorne has left us such minutely drawn sketches of himself that one seems to see and know all the most secret chinks and crevices, not only of his studio, but even of his mind. In that old manse where he manufactured his Mosses, his study was in the rear of the house: "a little room that contained, with some additions and alterations, the furniture of my bachelor room in Boston, but there is a happier disposal of things now," he added, in sweet ignorance of the future. "There is a little vase of flowers in one of the book-cases, and a large bronze vase of graceful ferns that surmounts the bureau. In size the room is just what it ought to be, for," declares Hawthorne, "I never could compress my thoughts sufficiently to write in a very spacious room." Veritably, the teller of *Twice Told Tales* lines were cast in pleasant places.

Sweeping backwards a few years we find ourselves in the weird companionship of Edgar Poe. Several interesting peeps have been permitted us into the various workshops where the *Raven's* author wrought his mournful dirges, and his melancholy chimes. There is a little room in Amity street, New York, into which we are introduced so daintily by Mrs. Osgood, and by her told so charmingly of his literary ways: there is the editorial room of the *New York Mirror*; and we have had many glimpses into the picturesque little cottage at Fordham, where the latter years of the poet's life were passed, and where, often when engaged in composition, his favorite cat,— "Catarina," he called it,—would seat itself on his shoulder, purring, as if in complacent approval of the work proceeding under its supervision. But those who wish for a poet's ideal apartment, for the real too large, perchance too tidy and too real, must peer into that room Poe

saw in his "mind's eye," and portrayed in his "Philosophy of Furniture."

An English writer often, but unjustly, compared in style with Poe, is Thomas De Quincey, and in his *Confessions* the English Opium Eater affords us this interesting glance into his *sanctum* at Grasmere: "A room seventeen feet by twelve, and not more than seven and half feet high. This, reader, is somewhat ambitiously styled, in my family, the drawing room; but, being contrived 'a double debt to pay,' it is also and more justly termed *the library*, for it happens that books are the only article of property in which I am richer than my neighbors. Of these I have about five thousand, collected gradually since my eighteenth year. Therefore, painter, put as many as you can into this room. Make it populous with books: and, furthermore, put in a good fire, and furniture, plain and modest, befitting the unpretending cottage of a scholar. And, near the fire, paint me a tea-table, and place only two cups and saucers on the tray; and an eternal tea-pot, for I usually drink tea from eight o'clock at night to four o'clock in the morning." A pleasant picture, truly.

We may flit no further than into the next county: to a desolate, moor-side dwelling, to dreary Haworth Parsonage,—clasped in the embrace of a graveyard,—fit abode for a race of consumptive geniuses. In this oblong stone-house dwelt a family of authors,—the celebrated Brontes lived here, with the exception of short intervals,—from the earliest days of childhood, when, as six little playmates they rambled hand in hand, towards the passionately loved, heathery moors, until one by one they unclasped hands, and were carried to a premature and undisturbed re-ting-place. Here lived—and here died—Branwell Bronte, the only son,—the poor, aspiring boy, whom an untimely fate hurried out of the world before he could fulfil the promise of his youthful years. Here lived, and labored, and died those saddened sisters, Anne, Charlotte and Emily; the last-named of whom, the authoress of

that weird, wonderful *Wuthering Heights*, could not live away from the moor, where, as her sister said, "flowers brighter than the rose, bloomed in the blackest of the heath for her: out of a sullen hollow in a livid hill side, her mind could make an Eden." Mrs. Gaskell, in her biography of Charlotte Brontë, tells how, after nine o'clock the sisters "put away their work, and began to pace the room, backwards and forwards, up and down,

as often with the candles extinguished, as not, for economy's sake,—their figures glancing into the firelight, and out into the shadow, perpetually." At this time they talked over past cares and troubles: they planned for the future, and consulted each other as to their plans. This was the time for discussing together the plots of their novels. Still later, this was the time for the last surviving sister to walk alone, from old accustomed habit, round and round the desolate room, thinking sadly upon "the days that are no more."

Away, and we wing our flight over the gay city of Paris. We peer into a certain chamber and behold one of the strangest sights the sickening chronicles of literature record. Upon his couch is beheld, paralyzed and nearly blind, so blind that he has to hold up his eyelid with one hand, whilst with a pencil in the other, he writes on toolscap—Heinrich Heine—the sweetest singer Germania ever bore. Despite all his pangs, he goes on writing a woven web of satire and pathos, in which he spares nothing, not even his own racked and anguished frame. In the preface to *Romanero*, that mingling of shadow and sunshine, he says: "But do I really still exist, my body has gone to rack and ruin, so that almost nothing is left but my voice, and my bed reminds me of the melodious grave of the enchanter Merlin, which is in the forest of Brocéliande, in Brittany, beneath lofty oaks, whose topmost branches blaze up like green flame to the sky.

Ah! colleague Merlin, I envy you those trees and their fresh waving boughs, for no green leaf rustles here in my mattress grave, a grave without rest, death without the privileges of the dead,

who spend no money, and have no need to write either letters or books. I have been measured for my coffin some time ago, and my obituary written, but I die so slowly that this becomes a tedious affair for myself, as well as for my friends. Patience, however: there is an end to everything. One morning you will find the book closed where the puppet show of my humour so often amused you."

One night, indeed, it was so, but not until after long years patient endurance of his "mattress-grave" was Heine moved into that last and best bed, where the "weary are at rest."

Back to British soil and our *diable boiteux* shows us another saddened sick room interior, where, lying on her couch, apparently a chronic invalid, is beheld England's greatest female poet, Elizabeth Barrett. Happily for her, and happily for the world, she, who is said to have written "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" in twelve hours, did not find a "mattress grave," for "Love as strong as Death," wooed and won her to life, and although now, alas! Mrs. Browning has sought that ne'er-backward travelled bourne: still, during the latter part of her life, she was not one of those who was forced to learn

"How dreary 'tis for woman to sit still
On winter nights by solitary fires,
And hear the nations praising them far off."

But away from the peaceful abodes of man, to fields of battle and carnage: to that war plain on which fell the poet-hero Körner, and where, the night before the fatal engagement, he wrote his famous "Sword Song." He wrote it in his tent, intending to send it to a friend on the morrow, which never came. Being suddenly called by an attack of the enemy he placed the song in his pocket-book, where it was afterwards found. A chance shot gave him instantaneous death, and with the glow of inspiration still beaming upon his unchanged countenance, his body was borne from the fray.

A similar fate is attributed to the national poet of Hungary, Alexander Petöfi. This gallant patriot was present at the fearful slaughter of

Segesvar, and is supposed to have been trampled to death in the *melée*. His body was never discovered, but is supposed to have been thrown undistinguished into an enormous trench, which received the corpses of many who perished in the fight. Up to the very moment of the disastrous conflict, Petofi was pouring forth his immortal lyrics in ceaseless profusion. In his early days, when he fled from school, and enlisted as a common soldier, he was wont to cover the walls of the barracks with his wonderful verse; afterward his lyrics were written in all kinds of nooks

and corners, in huts and garrets, and in the high-ways and byways of life.

As Keats hath told us: "The very trees which grow around a temple soon grow dear as the temple's self," and thus the memory of poets and their works linger about some places until they appear to throb with "the thoughts that breathe and words that burn" of those who have made them "Meccas of the mind to us." The theme is as infinite as our space is limited, so we must pull down the curtain over the captivating vision.

H. M.

The Latin Play.

The long and careful preparation of the Latin play, the *Rudens* of Plautus, has been amply rewarded by three most successful performances. No time or energy has been spared to make such a production successful. Both the promoters and actors deserve hearty praise for the skillful manner in which they have carried through their ambitious enterprise.

The Greek hymn to Apollo, which was very sweetly rendered with harp accompaniment, formed an appropriate overture to the play. The acting was exceedingly good throughout. The cast was as follows:—

Arcturus, Prologue	Campbell Howard
Dæmones, an aged Athenian	Edwin E. Howard
Pakestra, discovered to be his daughter	McDermott C. Hettie
Ampeliscæ, her companion	Tudor Serlunge
Labrax, a slave dealer	W. W. Craig
Charulides, his friend	Huntley Duff
Pheidippus, a young Athenian	Harold Ker
Trechatus, his servant	Percy C. Moore
Sceparulo, slave of Dæmones	John G. Saxe
Gripus (a fisherman), slave of Dæmones	MacKay Edgar
Ptolemæ crata, priestess of Venus	Samuel Archibald
Lorath or Whip-ling Slaves	Norman MacLeod
	Robert Patterson
	M. Burke
	W. Ness
	C. Morrison
	J. Lamb
	P. Duboyce
Chorus of Fishermen	J. Farmer
	J. Capel Prince
	R. Patterson
	R. Henderson
	J. A. Macgregor
	F. Haszard
Three young men, friends of Pheidippus	Norman MacLeod
	J. Lamb
	R. Patterson
Flute players	G. S. Rutherford
	S. F. Rutherford
Scenery designed by	S. H. Capper
Musical accompaniment by	Horace Reyner
Costumes	M. Beaulac
Ushers	Members of the Classical Club

The costumes of all the actors were very effective and in strict accordance with the ancient Greek dress. Those of Pakestra and Ampeliscæ

(after they had doffed their dripping garments and donned those with which the priestess furnished them), were generally admitted to be amongst the most picturesque. We understand they were the handiwork of Professors Capper and Armstrong, assisted by various other members of the Faculty of Applied Science. It must not be inferred from this that the new professors include dressmaking in the application of science taught in the Engineering building; it was for the beautiful border designs of their garments that the fair maidens were indebted to our professors. The actual designs were extremely effective in red and black, meant to reproduce embroidery, but in reality stencilled on the dresses in the architectural museum. All the patterns were authentic and are to be found in Owen Jones' *Grammar of Ornament*: the Greek honey-suckle and palmette and a very beautiful flowing pattern taken from conventional foliage and berries were the basis of the design.

The scenery was the handiwork of Mr. Garraud, scene painter of Montreal, working under the directions of Dr. Eaton and Professor Capper who, however, we believe, disclaims the authorship and authenticity of the porch of Dæmones' cottage. The drop scene represented the coast near Cyrene—the sea no longer wildly storm-tossed, though still broken with the upheaval of Arcturus' tempest. On the spectator's right was the temple of Venus, from which Ptolemocratia comes forth at the invocation of the two ship-wrecked maidens. It was a small Greek Doric

temple ('tetrastyle' we learn from a student in architecture) reached by a flight of steps and with a simple altar standing in front. In the pediment was to be seen some sculpture apparently representing the bath of Venus. We judge however that the simple sculpture of Cyrene in the time of Diemones was not on a level with the work of a Phidias or a Calliades. On the spectator's left was the cottage of Diemones distantly recalling the little octagonal building at Athens, known as the tower of the winds. In front was a porch of somewhat local architecture presumably, but of great service in the play when S. eparnio gets upon a ladder against it to repair the roof and gibe at Plesidippus all the while.

HOCKEY

ARTS VS. SCIENCE

"Before you judge vouchers be to understand"

—BEN JONSON

The above game would seem to need some word of explanation for, on Saturday the unexpected happened and no mistake. Few Arts men had the courage to attend and meet their men to defeat, while Science only furnished half a hundred enthusiasts who know how to enjoy a walk over to the right side. But here be it said, Science made a bad blunder. Lacking Drink-water, Davidson and McLaren a default to Arts would carry less diminution of prestige than did the actual defeat. Even at the end of half time, however, with a score of 2-0 against them, Science men were unwilling to acknowledge the mistake. In the second half a good many hot shots for Arts' goal seemed to the enthusiastic to count for Science, but the whole moral force of any protest against the umpire was lost when cries of "game, game" followed every shot no matter how far off the goal.

Play began shortly after one o'clock, and for a time neither side appeared to have advantage over the other, for the puck divided its time about equally between the two ends of the rink; but about fifteen minutes before half-time was called, Arts made a rush, the puck was passed to Bishop, who was directly in front of the Science goal and who scored the first game of the match for the would be B. A's. The Arts' supporters, as well as the team, were jubilant for they had hardly ex-

The presentation of this play is certainly the most important event of the year at McGill. The production of such an ancient play in modern times involved much patient work. The text had to be prepared to meet the demands of a modern audience. Of all the cast there was but one man who was on the stage before. Almost daily rehearsals were held and the actors were carefully drilled in pronunciation and elocution.

Those who have entertained the idea of the presentation of a German or French play by McGill students must now feel doubly confident in proceeding to carry out such plans after the brilliant success of the Latin play.

Athletics.

pected to score first against Science. When the puck was again put in play, both sides began work in earnest, but Science could not prevent Arts from scoring again before half time was called. For a while after the teams again appeared on the ice Science had decidedly the best of the play and had soon evened up the score and before long had added another game to their credit which made the games 3-2 in favor of Fac. App. Sci. The Arts men now brace up and, for the remainder of the game, played as they had never done before. The 3 games of Science were equalled; soon another was scored, and before time was called yet another had been made by Arts. And so ended the match, Arts winning by a score of 5-3. The game was played in a gentlemanly way and, although the checking was hard at times, no unnecessary roughness was indulged in by either side.

Rupert Howard played a grand individual game for Science, but one man can never win a match, especially if he only begins to work in the second half. Bishop and Rowell were the bright particular stars on the Arts team and were a decided surprise to the Science boys. Though generally "Science wins the game," this time Art had its say in the matter. The teams lined up as follows:

ARTS		SCIENCE
Baker	Goal	Hamilton
Archibald	Point	St George
Reford	Cover-point	McLaren
Bishop	Forwards	R. Howard
Rowell	"	Montgomery
Howard	"	Ewan
Rhinehardt	"	Balfour

Societies.

UNIVERSITY LITERARY SOCIETY.

The meeting on Friday, Feb. 16th, as is known to most, was thrown open to the public and conducted in the Molson Hall with the result that we feel much benefit has accrued both to the society as a whole and the debating powers and platform conduct of its members. The subject was one of interest to all, and of a class that has largely occupied the attention of the society during the session, viz: "Free Trade vs. Protection." Mr. Rogers, B.A., Law '98, occupied the chair, and opened the meeting with a few introductory remarks, after which Mr. Shaw, Arts 1900, gave a piano solo, Mr. Ed. Burke then following with a song, which was enthusiastically encored. Now came the subject for debate, "Resolved, that the introduction of a free trade policy would be in accordance with the best interests of the Dominion."

Mr. McMaster, Arts '97, opened for the affirmative. He set forth free trade, claimed that it we admitted the theory we should try its practice. Free trade is natural, protection artificial. He spoke of its inconsistency, and showed its influence on the natural development and shipping interests of the country.

Mr. Horsfall rose for the negative. He claimed that protection advocated an equitable adjustment of trade and commerce. He showed how the question should be discussed only as applied to Canada, and stated that protection was in the interest of the majority of Canadians, and therefore the individual must be sunk in the whole. He raised the question of the unemployed, and contended that while protection could show its benefits, free trade could only point to what might have been.

Mr. Robertson, Arts '99, followed for the affirmative. He spoke of the unequal distribution of wealth engendered by protection, its effect on the criminal rate and on the political demoralization,

bringing British and Canadian statisticians to bear him out.

The negative was now supported by Mr. Ives, Law '00, who raised the question of the keeping of money in the country, and the farmer, and further stated that in Canada we pay a smaller tax per capita than any other country.

He was followed by Mr. Ewing, Law '97, on the affirmative, who, in the same manner in which he astonished Toronto, flung his arguments into protection and did much to win the debate. The last speaker on protection was Mr. Ball, Law '00, who, in regular stumping style, pounded out his arguments and pounded into those of his opponents.

Mr. Horsfall now closed the negative and Mr. McMaster for the affirmative.

The question was then put to the vote, and the result being recorded by the scrutineers, it was announced that the affirmative had won.

The meeting dispersed after singing the national anthem.

This open debate has taken the place of our usual final lecture, and therefore with this report the literary must take a final farewell to THE FORTNIGHTLY for '97.

MCGILL Y. M. C. A.

The 15th annual meeting was held on the 6th of February, when reports of the work done by various committees were received and officers elected for the ensuing year. The reports show steady progress. The statement of the Treasurer shows a small balance on the right side. The membership, including the Graduate members, is slightly in advance of that for last year. The Undergraduate roll is about the same as in the year preceding.

There was a good representation of members present at the annual meeting and besides a number of friends of the association, among whom we

would mention Mr. George Hague, Dr. Johnson, Dean of the Faculty of Arts; Professors Carus-Wilson and Armstrong, Mr. H. M. Tory and Dr. Hamilton, Chairman of the Graduate Committee.

The following Committees reported: the reports were adopted:

Executive Committee—E. M. Campbell, President.

Religious Meeting—H. P. Stockwell.

Bible Study—Alex. R. Ross.

Social Committee—Chas. Ogilvy, B.A.

Musical—H. N. Thomson.

Membership—N. D. Keith.

Finance—R. C. Paterson.

Graduate—Dr. W. F. Hamilton.

Handbook—N. D. Keith.

Missionary—A. H. Grace.

Building—Prof. C. A. Carus-Wilson.

The Association was pleased in having Mr. Hague present. He made a short address, pointing out the responsibility that lay upon the individual members. Dr. Johnson and Dr. Hamilton also spoke very kindly of the work done.

The election of officers resulted as follows:

Hon. President—Sir Wm. Dawson.

President—H. P. Archibald, Sci. '98.

First Vice-President—R. C. Paterson, Arts '98.

Second Vice-President—A. H. Gordon, Med. '99.

Recording Secretary—W. B. McLean, Sci. '99.

Treasurer—W. S. Galbraith, Med. '99.

Assistant Treasurer—J. G. Greig, Arts 1900.

Representative from Law—K. H. Rogers, B.A., '98.

Representative from Comparative Medicine—Mr. Delanoe, '98.

After each election, speeches were called for and the officers-elect responded with grace and brevity.

If the Young Men's Christian Association is anything, it is social, and so after the business of the evening was gone through, an adjournment was made to the parlors. The odor of coffee was already distinctly perceptible. It was construed into a promise of good things to come.

The Social Committee was alert. The Chair-

man is bound to close the year's work with a climax.

The parlors resound with music and song and laughter. No one seems in a hurry to leave; studies are forgotten and other engagements are not in mind.

It is the annual meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association of McGill University and is acknowledged to be one of the most successful ever held.

DELTA SIGMA.

At the meeting of the Delta Sigma society held on Thursday, Feb. 11th. An essay on the Greek's ideas about a future life was read by Miss Louise Smith. The essayist touched also on Roman ideas, illustrating her remarks from ancient authors, and bringing vividly before us, the visions of a dim and shadowy underworld that haunted mankind there.

Instead of the second essay appointed for that day, an extra impromptu debate was given. The subject of the first impromptu was: Resolved that debating is more beneficial to the student than essay writing. Miss Galt and Miss Frances Cameron spoke on behalf of debating, Miss Armstrong and Miss Hurst on behalf of essay-writing, and the former won the day. Resolved that patients are better cared for at home than in hospitals, fell to the lot of the sophomores to discuss. Miss Reynolds and Miss Holiday spoke on the affirmative, Miss McDougall and Miss Brodie on the negative. One vote decided the debate in favour of the negative.

Y. W. C. A.

The annual business meeting of the Y.W.C.A. was held on Wednesday, Feb. 10th, at 4 p. m. Reports were submitted from: Miss Smith, of the membership committee; Miss Armstrong, recording secretary; Miss McBurney, corresponding secretary; treasurer, Miss King, Miss Stephen, of the relief committee, and Miss King of the missionary committee. Miss Brodie then gave the report of the nominating committee. After ap-

proval of the various reports had been signified, the retiring president, Miss Ross, spoke a few words, expressing her gratitude to the committees for their hearty co-operation, and her hope for the still greater success of the association in the future. The election of officers for 1897-98 was then proceeded with, the result being as follows : President, Miss A. L. Shaw ; vice-president, Miss C. King ; corresponding secretary, Miss E. Seifert ; recording secretary, Miss L. Smith ; treasurer, Miss M. Dey ; reporter, Miss Rorke.

At the close of the meeting, Miss Shaw was chosen to represent the Y.W.C.A. at the Northfield convention.

At the meeting held Feb. 12th, Miss Armstrong was our leader, and took for the subject a discussion on how we could best serve Christ by "doing." The text was taken from James I, 22-27. She showed how our first duty is to let our hearts be cleansed by the Spirit of our Lord, and then let it be filled with love to God, so that it may be indeed a joy to us to do our work unto the glory of God.

The conveners chosen for the various committees are . Missionary committee, Miss King . membership, Miss Scrimger . relief committee, Miss Reynolds ; devotional and bible study, Miss Steen.

MCGILL MEDICAL SOCIETY.

The tenth regular meeting of the Society was held as usual in No III Lecture Room of the Medical Building, on the evening of Feb. 19th.

The President in the chair. In the absence of the Secretary, Mr. Barlow (who, we regret to say, is seriously ill with pneumonia,) the minutes were read by the Assistant Secretary, and confirmed.

The President announced that the papers entered in competition for the Societies' prizes have been delivered to the following committees which were appointed at the last meeting of the Faculty.

For the Junior Competition : Professors Mills, Blackader, and Shepherd.

For the Senior Competition : Professors Lafleur, Adami, and Stewart.

The programme was then proceeded with. F. T. Tooke, B.A., for three years Resident Medical Clinician under Dr. Burgess, at Verdun, read a very excellent and well prepared paper on "General Paralysis of the Insane." For descriptive purposes Mr. Tooke divided his discussion of the disease into three stages, and illustrated these by typical cases which had come under his observation.

Having described the clinical conditions met with in this disease he then took up the etiology, pathology and treatment.

A. S. Loeb, the teratologist of the Society, was then called upon for a paper on "Monstrosities" and was given a very enthusiastic reception. Mr. Loeb read a short essay on the causation of monstrosities in general, giving the various theories advanced for their explanation, and then devoted the rest of the evening to a description of over forty lime light views illustrative of the most noted monsters known to the scientific world.

A novel feature of some of these views was their representation of the skeletal forms of human monsters, double vertebral columns, united femurs, &c., &c.

As Mr. Loeb has put himself to great expense of time and money to procure the materials for the paper, which was a very excellent one, on motion of E. J. Williams, B.A., and A. Smith, B.A. the very hearty thanks of the Society were tendered to Mr. Loeb, also to Mr. Tooke for their interesting and instructive entertainment, after which the meeting adjourned.

For the next meeting which takes place March 5th, the following programme is prepared .

1. Paper—"Our Native Poisonous Plants."

H. B. CUSHING, B.A.
2. Paper—"Functions of the Thyroid."

F. M. McNAUGHTON, B.A.
3. Paper—"Emesis."

H. M. STANDFIELD, B. A.

MONTREAL VETERINARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.

The regular meeting of the society was held on February 11th. The president, Dr. Baker occupied the chair. Dr. Duncan McEachran and Dr. Dawes were also present.

Owing to his approaching departure from Montreal, the librarian tendered his resignation to the society. This was accepted with much regret, and a vote of thanks to Dr. Thurston for the excellent order in which the library had been kept during his term of office, was carried unanimously.

Mr. Spanton was elected to fill the vacant position, and subsequently reported a most interesting case of tracheotomy performed on a cocker spaniel. As Mr. Spanton had no tracheotomy tube with him, and there was no time to obtain one, he used the handle of a metal teapot, which he inserted in the usual manner. This was kept in for three days, and when removed the wound was stitched with silk, the result of the operation being that the animal made a good recovery.

Dr. Baker complimented Mr. Spanton upon his ingenuity and the success of his operation, and after the case had been discussed, called upon Mr.

Moore for his paper. The subject chosen by Mr. Moore, "Breeding and Care of Dairy Cattle," was very successfully dealt with, and included breeding, watering, feeding, stabling and general management.

An active discussion followed, in the course of which many important questions were raised, many of them being answered by Dr. McEachran and Dr. Dawes. Before closing the meeting, Dr. Baker thanked Mr. Moore for having brought a subject of such great interest to the profession, before the society.

MCGILL MINING SOCIETY.

The usual fortnightly meeting of the McGill Society was held on Friday, the 12th February. The president in the chair.

A most interesting talk was given by Mr. Hardman on the mining regions of British Columbia. Mr. Hardman has recently returned from a visit to that district and while there met several of our mining graduates of '96, all of whom he reported were doing well. At the close of this, one of the most interesting lectures of the year. A hearty vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. Hardman and the meeting was then adjourned.



Graduate's Column,

GRADUATES COLUMN.

The annual meeting of the Ottawa Valley Graduates' Society of McGill University was held in the Russell House, on Tuesday the 17th inst. at 8 p.m., the President, Mr. Robert Cassels in the chair. There were also present: Dr. R. W. Ells, treasurer; Dr. S. P. Cooke, Dr. F. D. Adams as Representative Fellow, Dr. H. M. Ami, Messrs. Barlow, Dowling, A. P. Low, T. D. Green, W. F. Ferrier, A. A. Cole, W. F. Conner, and others.

After reading the minutes of the previous (sixth) annual meeting, the secretary was called upon to present the report for the past year. As treasurer, Dr. Ells then presented the Balance Sheet for the year, which showed, that after defraying all expenses in connection with the Society and paying \$50 to the University for the O. V. Gr. Sos. Scholarship, there was a balance of \$36 in the bank. The examiners gave in a verbal report of their work last June, in which certain recommendations were made.

Dr. Adams, who took an active part in the welfare of graduates' societies everywhere, gave a most interesting and graphic account of the progress and work done at McGill during the past twelve months. In an exhaustive manner he sketched out the recent gifts to the University and the good work done there. On several occasions Dr. Adams received loud and deserved applause.

Mr. Campbell, an ex-student in the Faculty and Applied Science at old McGill, brought up a most interesting topic, viz.: that of an old but very pretty and good time-piece or clock made at the end of the last century by one of the best makers of the times, and this clock has been carefully traced to have been at one time the property of the "Founder of McGill." That such an heirloom should come into the possession of the University there is only one opinion, and accordingly the members of the Ottawa Society immediately passed a resolution and purchased

the said clock and will present it to the University.

A hearty vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Campbell for his diligence and thoughtfulness in this matter. Before the meeting broke up quite a sum of money was subscribed and the treasurer authorised to purchase the same.

The following is the list of officers for the ensuing year:

Hon. President—Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, B.C.L., &c. &c. Premier of Canada.

President—Robert H. Conroy, B.C.L., Aylmer, Que.

Vice Presidents—C. J. H. Chipman, B.A., M.D., C.M., Ottawa; Robt. A. Klock, B.A., B.C.L., Klocks; W. F. Ferrier, B. Ap. Sc., Ottawa.

Treasurer—R. W. Ells, I.L.D., Ottawa.

Secretary—Alfred E. Barlow, M.A., Geological Survey, Ottawa, Ont.

Committee—R. O. Honeyman, Aylmer; W. C. Cousens, M.D., C.M.; A. A. Cole, B.A., D. B. Dowling, B. Ap. Sc., S. P. Cooke, M.D., C.M.

Messrs. Dowling and Ferrier were re-appointed Examiners for 1897.

A. P. Low, Sc. '82, and now an explorer of no small repute has just returned from the wilds of Labrador. This is Mr. Low's third summer of exploring in that hitherto rather unknown peninsula. During his career at McGill he took an active part in all games of football, hockey, &c., and no doubt built up a constitution capable of resisting the cruel exposures and privations which his party had to endure on several occasions in those, for the most part, inhospitable regions. There is no one living to-day who knows more about Labrador than Low. This year he left Ottawa in May, and travelled north to James's Bay, then the east shore to Hudson Bay for a distance of 400 miles. After that striking out in an easterly direction he crossed the entire peninsula, passing by Ungava Bay, till he reached the Atlantic coast margin. One of Low's reports on Labrador is already published, a second is in the press, whilst we are all anxious to see the result of this his third and probably greatest journey in that *terra incognita*.

A. A. Barlow, Arts, '84, was engaged in a

geological survey of the Lake Temiscaming region and also in work in Central Ontario, in a country where the Archaean rocks are well developed. There are few geologists who are better qualified to undertake a geological survey in the Archaean country than Mr Barlow. His work in the Sudbury district is well known already and in other districts as well. We hope also to see the report of this, another of McGill's sons at Ottawa.

Miss H. Alice Fraser, B.A., and Shakespear, Gold Medalist, '06, sailed for Germany on Feb. 27th. Miss Fraser will study at Liepsic.

Miss Jeanette MacPhail, B.A., '96, is engaged in the noble occupation of teaching near Boston.

The following is a clipping from a British Columbia paper :

The election of Dr. W. J. McGuigan to the position of school trustee is extremely desirable. He is not only a university graduate, but a student who did not feel when he left his Alma Mater that he "knew it all"—he is always progressing. He is a practical man, too, a pioneer, who is heavily interested financially in the future of this city. Besides he, as secretary of the McGill Graduates Society, hopes this year to affiliate the High School with that distinguished seat of learning and if made a trustee he could work this plan out to better advantage. Montreal, geographically is the natural selection, so far as British Columbia is concerned, and occupies a large place in the history of education on this continent. It is hoped that Vancouver will, on this occasion, avail itself of Dr. McGuigan's services, which his friends have induced him to offer for the public good. The doctor will not be here during the election, his duties as medical examiner compelling him to cross the Gulf, but it is hoped that in his absence he will be placed by his fellow-citizens in a position which he will occupy with credit to himself and benefit to them.

Class Reports.

FEATHERS FROM THE EAST WING.

The Donalds have reason to congratulate themselves on the success of the entertainments given by each year to the sister years. The innovation belongs to this progressive session, and seems to have superseded the class luncheons. The chief benefit derived from the latter—that of promoting *esprit de corps*—is more effectually gained by these entertainments, which, in their preparation, involve much co-operation and re-union of any particular year. And they possess the further merit that in their final stage they bring together the whole east wing.

"Doubtless the pleasure is as great of being cheated as to cheat." Similarly, at the recent '98 Arts party, when she had launched out into a discussion on Confucius Buddha, etc., it was as pleasant to remind as to be reminded, that unfortunately the programmes only allowed for a five minutes' chat, and the monitory bell had already rung.

"We have been going up like a rocket all this session," said our gloomy friend, and we thought for once she was seeing the bright side of things,

but she went on to apply the quotation, "And in April we'll come down like a stick."

When the clock above the alcove
Chimed out "four" in tones of silver,
Rose a dozen busy students,
Left their chairs and left their tables,
Folded their black robes about them,
Left the library behind them.
Thro' the snow, the very deep snow,
Over glare and icy pathways
Sought their friends, Plato, the wise man,
Socrates and Theætetus.

And about ten minutes later,
Came they back thro' all the snowdrifts,
Came across the slippery pathways,
Sadly sought their chairs and tables.
They had thought to find the wise man,
Found they only this curt message.
"That you think is not sufficient
For your thinking have some reason."

The subscriptions for the phonograph are wanted now. We have botany, oh yes, but we haven't botany phonographs yet, and our hands ache so and our pens are anything but hallowed, and their fountains run dry long before they ought.

If the sophomores are ignorant of the *unities*, it is not the fault of our English, Latin, Greek and French professors. The general preliminary remarks of each are, "I intend to speak about the unities," etc.

ARTS' NOTES.

The following document was found among the private papers of a deceased law student :

"The undergraduate literary society should receive the support of every student of this faculty. It claims many of us as its friends, as literateurs; as embryo orators; as law students; this society can educate can teach, can instruct. Those who cannot tell when it meets; don't know when it meets; are not aware when it meets should be informed that its meetings are held at 3 o'clock p. m. on the sixth day of each week; on the day before Saturday of each week; on the Friday of each week.

All law students ought to get to these meetings of the literary, they should hoof it; should go on foot; should, in fact, walk; students who do not belong to such a society; adhere to such a society; attend such a society, become silly in manner; simple in conduct; simple in style.

George Browne represented the faculty at the Law "dance" on Feb. 24. He reports a very pleasant evening.

Class-day committee are hard at work and everything points to a most brilliant day.

'99 was well represented at the Latin play, both on the stage and in the gallery. The shy, little maiden Casey and Rory Trechalio were much admired, but little D' f's make up, brought down the house.

Dr. E—You might proceed with your translation as I fear I have interrupted you.

Ma G—(in a great hurry translating), Not at all, and the class laughed.

Mr. George Bernier represented the Faculty of Arts at the reception given by Prof. and Mrs. Davidson, in the Law building, on Feb. 24th.

MEDICAL NOTES.

THE 1900 MEDICINE DRIVE.

On the evening of Friday, February 19th, 1900 Medicine ably demonstrated their ability, to instigate, organize and appreciate a good time.

At 6:30 a jolly sleigh load left the college gates and, amid the harmonious music of tin horns class and college yells, were quickly gliding along the road to Lachine.

The drive was perfect. A clear moonlight night, good roads, good songs, and when the des-

tinuation was reached, good appetites to digest and appreciate the dinner which mine host of hotel Harvey knows so well how to prepare. The toasts were numerous and hearty. "Our Queen," proposed by Mr. McSorley, replied to by singing "God Save the Queen"; "Old McGill," proposed by Mr. Ross, replied to by Mr. Brown; to proposal "Here's to Old McGill" was beautifully sung and to the reply "God save our Old McGill"; "Banjo Club," proposed by Mr. A. S. Morrison and replied to by Mr. A. E. Rutherford. To the toast was sung "For they are jolly good fellows." "1900," proposed by Mr. Sydney Dickson, '98, replied to Mr. W. H. Coristine, class vice-president. To the proposal was sung "Here's to ourselves we're not a bad lot etc."

After dinner a rush was made for the dancing hall where, despite the absence of the fair sex, an enjoyable dance to an excellent orchestra of four pieces, was indulged in.

And so the time passed merrily on, till all were bundled into the sleigh again, another hour of yelling and tooting, and home and the city was reached.

The class drive of 1900 for '97 is now a thing of the past; but its memory will remain in the minds of the participants, as an event which tended to bring the fellows into closer friendship with one another than ever before.

Much credit is due the committee of management for the proficient manner in which the matter was arranged and carried out.

We are glad to report that Mr. C. H. Freeman, B.A., is now rapidly recovering from his recent attack of typhoid fever. Charley will be very welcome amongst us again.

Mr. Walter Barlow, '98 is improving in health, we hope to see him with us soon.

At a meeting of 3rd year held on Wednesday, 24th, a letter of condolence was sent to Mr. G. Alley, who was called home last week by the death of his mother.

On the 2nd year sick list are Messrs. Cameron, McDougall, Turnbull and McNiece.

The 1st year have received a valuable acquisition in the person of C. W. Lester, formerly '99. He was unable to keep away from the dissecting room.

What's the matter with calling the "roll call" a second time during a chemistry grind.

COMPARATIVE MEDICINE CLASS REPORTS.

Dr. Martin recently concluded his course of lectures on Pathology to the third year.

Messrs. Connelley and Thayer are to be congratulated on now being up to date as regards examinations.

Dean McEachran has been called away to Toronto for a few days, in connection with the examination of candidates for government inspectorships.

Judging from the number of orders given to Sharp & Smith's agent for veterinary instruments, the Veterinary Medical Association should be well supplied with case reports next session.

Messrs. Wallis and Bell were unanimously elected as our representatives to the FORTNIGHTLY for the session of 07 and 08. These gentlemen will undoubtedly do their utmost to maintain our position as a Faculty of McGill University, and aid in the future success of the university paper.

A course in physics with especial attention to the laws of equilibrium is recommended for one of our hospital attendants, who recently descended somewhat abruptly with a ladder on to the heads of two members of the second year. Fortunately the incident was attended with no more serious results than the destruction of two hats.

We regret to report Messrs. Sugden, Cullen and Groves as being on the sick list and sincerely wish them all a speedy recovery this year "La Grippe" adds insult to injury, for in addition to showing no respect for our students, it is attacking us at a time when both our mental and physical "tonus" requires to be maintained at the highest state of proficiency, in view of the rapidly approaching examinations.

SCIENCE JOYTINGS.

As was announced in the Graduates column some time ago, some of the members of the App. Science Graduates Society were considering the advisability of making the society a combination of graduates and undergraduates, with a new name of course.

We would like to have an expression of opinion from the undergrads as to whether they would like the idea.

It may be safe for a senior to laugh at a freshman and his doings. But when a man in one of

the junior years takes it upon himself to criticize a senior, he should be careful. Not many months ago some of us were jeering at the then graduating class for "going into photography" so extensively; and now the same gentlemen are moving heaven and earth, trying to look pleasant. Superfluous hair disappears, struggling beards vanish altogether, and many a senior getteth him a new tie and stand-up collar to assist in making the class ph. to a show window.

The juniors and sophs have been asleep for the past two weeks; at least nothing seems to have happened among them, for they have given us no news. The freshies must have departed from this vale of woe. We never hear from them. Sometimes we see what may be the ghost of the class, the only appreciable feature being that there is not so much "kid in short pants" about them as formerly.

A messenger boy enters the Science building, and seeing Prof. —, requests him to "kindly take this note to the Dean." Being refused, however, he delivers it himself, and returning, sees Prof. D— just starting down in the elevator, when he shouts, "Hold on, mister, I'm going too."

Translate—S—xenus non bibet extractum mali bijingo.

The twin flutists remarked that they only had pains in their arms the *first* night of the Latin play.

P—r has been nominated court jester in Hydraulics.

The following is a verbatim report from a play in Rome, (B.C. a few centuries) as modernized:

A.—Boo-hoo-de mortalis wenny weedy weedy ow-wow habeo malum panem jam satis boo-hoo.

H.—Me tu hoo nemo me impune lactated food-tempus fugit ow-wow habeo fames boo-hoo.

A.—E pluribus unum boo-hoo appollinaris Victoria dei gratia regina ow-wow, Ah--h nunc dimittis jungor ut implear boo-hoo.

H.—Ow-wow boo-hoo sweedle-we dum bum ad libbytum grandescunt umneya labore aucta hic jacet ow-wow boo-hoo-venus de milo amen.

The play was evidently a howling success.

It wasn't the large quantity of Latin that he had to give; that wasn't much: it was the *wrong* quantity that he gave that the classical scholars are kicking about.

LEGAL BRIEFS

How a man changes; how circumstances affect him; how unstable he is. And the hange for the better, the casting off of the grave; the dancing of the gay is always in the evening, when work is over, when vitality demands repose, when leisure reigns supreme. Even this faculty, so ancient, so solemn, so wise, is not insensible to the calls of nature, the requirements of sociability, the inspirations of hospitality. Every where the rooms were bright and cheery; every where unclouded faces; every where was enjoyment. Who would have recognized the learned and sober professor in the youthful person who had a kind word for every one, a bon mot for every thing; who was on the best of terms with every one. The dean was in high spirits; enjoyed it himself; spared no pains or trouble to see that every one else did likewise. No thoughts of the approaching exams, troubled him; he was for the hour; he did splendidly. And then the seniors were there; but they were not seniors, they were not even freshmen. Many a first year man covered himself with glory, the senior with envy and disgust; the junior with a desire to hurt somebody. Their appearance was wondrous to behold; their buttoniers were staggering; their cool-headedness was tremendous; and, withal, they looked and really were so young, so very young. Well done, freshmen. The profs. were free and jovial; authority was left at home; traces of him remained; but they were spasmodic traces, and were instantly smoothed away. The ladies were charming; so attentive to the plaints of the freshman, so sympathetic with the indifferent juniors with the budding hopes of the hardworked senior. Nothing was more informal, nothing was more glad-some, nothing was ever more jolly and enjoyable than the "At Home" of last night.

Speaking of the "At Home" recalls the meetings held to carry it through, the outpourings of eloquence, the fierce combativeness of the faculty. Discussions arose daily as to the respective merits of "at home," "dance" and "reception;" dictionaries were consulted as to the meanings of the words, wrathful indignation worked the periods in the speeches, ironical cheers failed to discountenance the frigidity of our only judge, loud and continued groans but made our "kicker" kick harder. In vain the chair was appealed to;

it had troubles of its own. One youthful youth suggested a reception and a dance; thus could we invite more people; be more hospitable; show our generosity. This was frowned on by the King of Theatre Chairmen, who with a fine air of scorn, a look meant to be fierce, a lordly wave of the hand, demanded in an excited tone, "what had we to show if we had a reception?" He was followed by the taciturn youth, who declared, with an air of great guilelessness, that with so many ladies and gentlemen as a reception would result in, the house would be packed. And thus, evening after evening was wasted; each man had his own idea, and we would be talking yet if the Acting Dean had not cut the Gordian knot, had not undertaken the responsibility so well rewarded last night.

Professor Wurtele is a humorist, a good story teller, a prime favorite. The description of the morbid females at the Dumers murder trial; their bouquets forming "a flower garden behind the prisoners;" their knitting in their hands, and their lanches between the acts; His Lordship's kind and suggestive words to them; the impression wrought on you of seeing, in your mind's eye, only three women of that vast concourse leaving the Court room; the stern command to the Sheriff and High Constable to remove those "who had no respect for themselves or their families," all this in that quaint, simple language that easy conversational way; with the twinkle in the eye, the smile on the mouth, brought down the house and made the faculty sphinx to smile and the faculty poet to wake up.

THE LAW RECEPTION.

The solemnity that presides over the destinies of the Legals was most profoundly shocked last Wednesday evening, the 27th inst. To see dignified dectors and professors drop dignity and cough and laugh and dance like the merriest Freshmen, to find the precincts sacred to Minerva and Blackstone, invaded by scores of frivolous, *à la les* "sisters and cousins," to spend long, lonely hours in quaking and trembling, lest the unseemly gambols overhead should call down the vengeance of the Gods and guilty revellers and innocent bird should be buried in a common ruin of plaster and splinters, such was the experience that harried its feelings to their utmost depths. The occasion of this sad hap-

pening was the "At Home" given by our worthy Acting Dean, Dr. Davidson, and Mrs. Davidson, to the students and their friends. The Faculty rooms were lit up and decorated with plants and bunting till they were past recognition. Some two hundred guests were present and were received in the lower hall by Dr. and Mrs. Davidson. The Professors were present in full force and the sister faculties were represented by students and members of the teaching staff. Dancing began about ten, to the strains of a string orchestra, and was kept up without stop till near two. The genial Doctor appeared in quite a new role. Learned and venerable we had always considered him, but we had never yet seen him unbend and give us a practical lecture on the duties of a host. We apprehend that the principle to be deduced is that to entertain others, you must make them believe they are entertaining you. The other Professors also entered into the spirit of the occasion, and rumor

hath it that they more than proved they had not forgotten the days when bright eyes and laughing lips had power to lure them from their codes. Colonel Cole, our versatile President, acted as master of ceremonies and directed the programme with the same coolness and ability that was such an important factor in bringing the Kolapore Cup to our shores last summer. The benefits of these re-unions cannot be over estimated. Here the very bonds of reserve that so often bind the relations of master and pupil are broken through, and we students discover that those we know only as oracles have something very human in their make up and perhaps *they* find in us some qualities our exam. papers do not always reveal. It may take us a few days to settle down to hum drum note taking, but the memory of that pleasant evening, will always remain to endear to us the memory of McGill and our kind hosts; and such a consummation will surely counterbalance any little distraction in the present.



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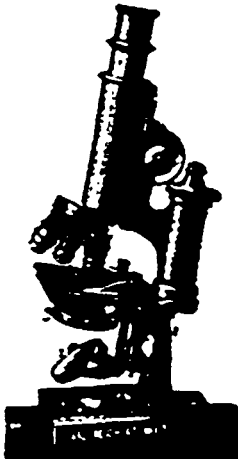
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Professor.—“What is the Latin word for beautiful?”

Pupil.—“Puella.”

Professor.—“You have the correct idea.”

—
“Pa, why do you call these fountain pens?”

“Because they squirt ink, I suppose.”

—
In war times we had the “tramp of armies,” now we have the “army of tramps.”

— —
“Pray sir, did you ever see a cat-fish?”
“No, but I’ve seen a cake-walk.”

—
When does a clock conceal itself?
When it gets behind time.

—
When a certain bachelor was married the members of the Bachelor Club nearly broke him up by sending as a present a copy of “Paradise Lost.”

—
An advertisement of a music committee was answered in the following manner:

Gentlemen: I noticed your advertisement for an organist and music teacher, either lady or gentleman. Having been both for several years I offer my services.

—
When a poet tells us that the ocean kissed the shore he does not refer to the fishing smacks.

—
A man gets angry on being told that he has a cheek of brass; but a woman smiles sweetly on hearing that she has a brow of marble, neck of alabaster and lips of coral.

—
“O tell me where is fancy bred”
She asked, and getting holder,
She placed her little darling head
And chignon on my shoulder.

And I, with no more poetry in
My soul than in a Shaker’s.
Replied with idiotic grin
“You’ll find it at the baker’s.”—Ex.

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W. H. FLIGG, 1740 Notre Dame St., Montreal.

Agent for “COLUMBIA” Bicycles.

Seaching One - I know young men are easily attracted by a pretty face, but before reaching any serious understanding, you must remember this - not always the flower of the family who makes the best bread.

The man who was "rocked in the cradle of the deep" must have slept between sheets of water.

Sleight of hand - Refusing a marriage proposal.

Enthusiast - Yes, bicycling is the ideal sport all the year round. When it is warm, you coast, and when it is cold you scorch.

A little boy, being asked if he was the head of his class, replied, "I am where the head of the class used to be, only the teacher has turned it around."

A school boy's composition. - A school boy being set to write a composition on the ox, after a long struggle produced the following :-

"An ox does not taste as good as an oyster, but can draw a bigger load, and run twice as fast."

Subscriber - In reply to your question concerning the definition of "freshman," I refer you to Webster's dictionary, which gives the following - "Freshman - a novice, one in the rudiments of knowledge." Webster also tells us that the meaning of the first syllable is - green, as fresh vegetables," and then later gives as synonyms the words ruddy, not pickled and unimpired

He - "What is the bright idea in the world?"

She - "I can't guess, do tell me."

He - "Your eye, dear."

Why are there no female bill-collectors?

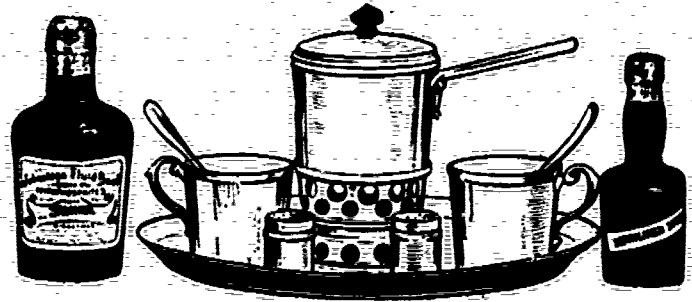
Because a woman's work is never done.

Student. - There seems to be a prevailing fashion of saying "not prepared" when called upon to recite. This reply should be avoided if possible. In a recent class in analogy in college, a professor said to one of the students, "Mr. T., you may pass on the "Future Life." But Mr. T. answered, "Not prepared"

~ Student's Room Set. ~

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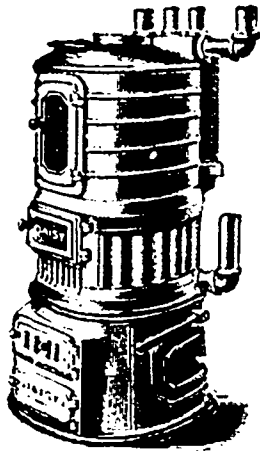
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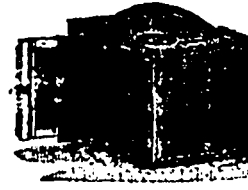
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