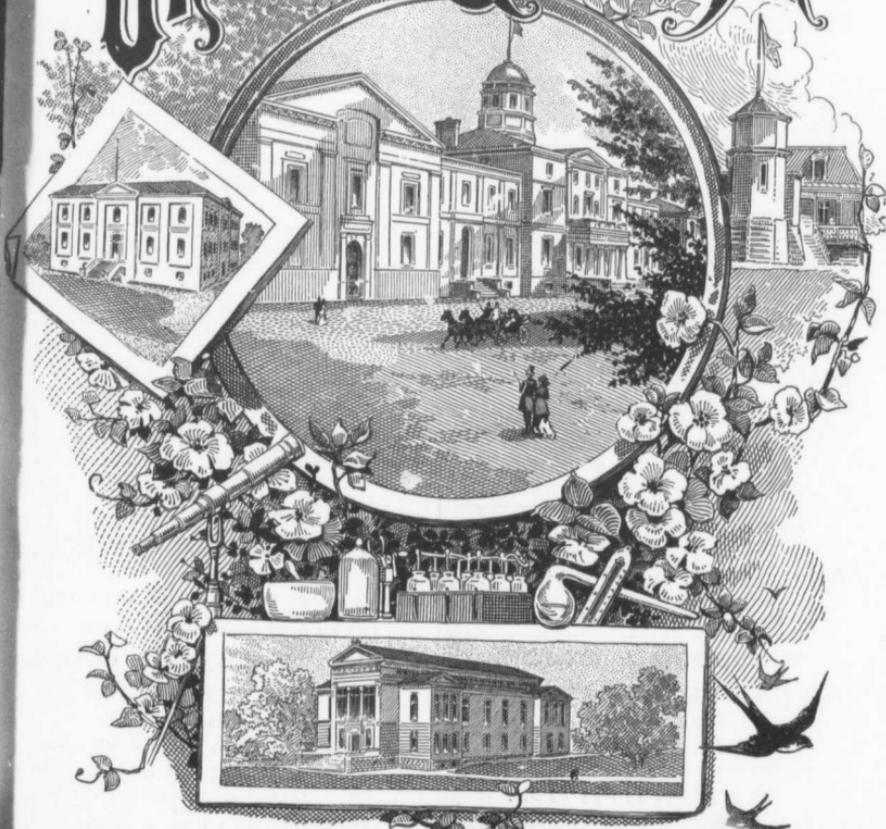


UNIVERSITY GAZETTE



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

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Editorials.

It has frequently been observed that once a man receives his ardently longed for degree, and passes out from College to take his place in the world, that the interest and affection hitherto evinced for his *Alma Mater* vanishes, nor does he even appear to value the friendships of college days. In several colleges in the neighbouring Republic, schemes have been adopted

by which graduates may hear periodically from each member of their class, where they are residing, what pursuits they are engaged in, and other matters which would be likely to interest old college friends. To effect this, a President, Vice-President, and Convener are usually appointed, and chosen by the graduating class from their number, the duty of the latter being to receive an annual or semi-annual newsy letter from each man, and then to forward to each member a report, prepared from the news thus obtained. In this way, the entire class is kept well posted as to the whereabouts and doings of its individual members. In addition to this, a resolution is generally passed before parting, to the effect that there be a re-union of the entire class at a certain stated period,—such period usually to be after the lapse of ten years—at which meeting the President whom they then elect becomes chairman, and should he be deceased, the Vice-President to take his place. Whether such schemes prove successful across the border we are not prepared to say, but as far as McGill is concerned, we can pronounce with certainty that they are a decided failure, for we are aware that in at least one graduating class in Arts, the system was proposed, and carried almost unanimously, and the preliminary and easiest part of the business was executed, namely the appointing of the necessary officers, the decision as to the nature of these yearly reports, and also as to the place of re-union in ten years from that date. As far as we can learn, the matter has dropped here, for out of the class of twenty-seven members, only some five or six have fulfilled their agreement, and consequently, the Convener has been unable to make his report. We regret that such should be the case, and would recommend future classes, should they deem it advisable to adopt this system, that they do not merely appoint their officers, and make good resolutions, but that they carry such good resolutions into effect, and thus keep alive the friendships and good feeling which have begun at old McGill.

UNIVERSITY LECTURE.

Sir William Dawson evidently meant every word he said, as he protested against the unjust restrictions under which the Protestant educational institutions of the Province labour. Reduced to brief form, his complaints were as follows:—The rights and privi-

leges of the Protestant educational institutions were not to be interfered with by Confederation, but were to remain the same as before 1867. Although the Legislature has not curtailed them directly, yet it has done so indirectly, by giving to Boards—the members of which are for the most part Roman Catholics—authority to prescribe the professional course of study necessary to entrance into their ranks, and the course of general study leading up to the study of the professions. In this way the Roman Catholics have usurped the control as to the matter of the education of Protestants for the learned professions. This condition of affairs is rendered more intolerable by the fact that subjects, upon which Protestants place little value, however important they may appear to Roman Catholics, are foisted upon Protestant students.

Sir William complained that a McGill B. A. degree was not considered a sufficient guarantee of a liberal education for a man entering on the study of Law, but that an examination prescribed by the profession, the majority of whose members are Roman Catholics, had to be passed. "In many parts of the world," Sir William remarked, "the possession of such a degree is required as a necessary preliminary qualification, and everywhere, except in the Province of Quebec, it is acknowledged to be sufficient."

In the same way he spoke of the restrictions placed upon students of other professions, and protested strongly against the usurpation of the rights of the Protestant minority in the Province in regard to educational matters. He appealed to the public, the alumni, the students, to rally round those who are fighting on behalf of Protestant education, and, in conclusion, remarked: "I have no fear, however, for the future. I believe that the good work which has been done will live, and that those who endeavour to thwart it might as well set themselves in opposition to the great forces of nature itself. They may endeavour to dam up our great river and to prevent it from pursuing its course to the sea, and from carrying to us on its bosom the wealth of the world, but the stream will overflow and undermine their frail barriers, and the temporary restraint will end in an overflowing flood."

We sincerely endorse the position taken by Sir William Dawson, and shall do all in our power to further the objects of Protestant education.

Did this infringement of its rights continue and grow, as it certainly will do, unless strong action be taken, it would be disastrous to professional life in the Province. When our educational institutions become incompetent, and fail adequately to perform their functions, it will be time for the majority to step

in and interfere. But so long as they are efficient, we claim the right of Protestants to govern them and prescribe their curricula.

Poetry.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

Butterfly, flitting from flower to flower,
Wandering sunbeam escaped from the sky—
Where do you hide, little one, from the shower?
Where do you go when the winter draws nigh?

What are you made for, and what do you do?
Nothing, methinks, only idle through life,
Now in the clover, now high in the blue,
Gay king of joy with a sunny, sweet wife.

What funny thoughts you must have in your mind!
What wondrous sights must your bright eyes behold;
What nectar draughts in the rose you must find,
Restless, wee bit of all-animate gold.

You never hoped, and found hope was in vain,
Tears never stood in your bright, beady eyes,
You flit through life, unlike me, without pain,
You drink the sweet, and the bitter despise.

Change, will you chance lives with me, little one?
Yours may be brief, yet I'd rather by far
Live but a day, than survive my life's sun
Into a night never pierced by a star.

Montreal.

ARTHUR WEIR.

Contributions.

A COUNTRY BOY.

[WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERSITY GAZETTE.]

BY Nihil V. Erius.

CHAPTER III.

"The wanderer's heart, at Christmas time,
Turns fondly homeward; and he strays,
With joyous feet, from every clime,
To where he dwelt in boyhood's days."

Christmastide, with its holly and mistletoe, mingling their Druidical rites with those of Christianity, had come, and Peter's heart turned fondly homeward, as all hearts do at this glad time. For some days he stuck to his resolution to remain in town during vacation, and study, but love proved too strong for him, and two days before Christmas he boarded the cars for Prankville without notifying his people of his intention, in order to surprise them. He took with him a little present for Lizzie, among others for his own family, and with a delicacy that must have been inherited from his ancestors, he also took her a large box of roses, which he was more anxious to keep warm during the journey than to keep the cold from himself. There would be one girl, he said to himself, who would wear flowers in the little church on Christmas morning.

Fast as went the train, still faster flew his thoughts. He found himself standing in fancy at Lizzie's elbow, while she prepared the mince-meat—or, rather, the

pies—for the mince-meat had been standing in its crude state in the larder for weeks back, its spices and raisins and meats commingling into one superb flavor fit for the gods, if they work like Vulcan and have the digestive powers of the ostrich. Still giving loose run to his fancies, he helped her tie up the huge plum-pudding, that, like the mince-meat, had been compounded long before. He was just dropping it into the pot when the conductor came round, and it is not surprising to us, who know his thoughts, that in answer to the query whether he was going, he replied "Puddingville."

The conductor laughed.

"Most people are going to that place at this season," he said; "but where is your particular Puddingville situated?"

Peter blushed almost as violently as though the conductor had guessed and told his thoughts, and quickly corrected his mistake.

"Why don't you say Elizabethtown?" asked a rough voice in his ear.

"There is no such place on this line," said the conductor, stolidly, as he punched Peter's ticket.

Feeling as though he would like to treat the first speaker as the conductor had treated his ticket, Peter turned and stared the man in the face.

"What! have you forgotten your old friends already?" said the man, extending a hairy, sun-burned hand over the back of the car seat to Peter; "then it's a poor chance them as is dearer to you will stand in a year or two."

"How do you do, Bolton!" said Peter, coldly, affecting not to notice the proffered hand. "Are all the folks well?"

"Yes," was the reply. "Well enough, but one, who might be doing better than cry her eyes out over a fellow as is never satisfied with his place. But she'll get over it, I don't doubt. Leastways she will, if Jim Fowler can help her."

Peter felt a twinge of remorse, and, ignoring Bolton's reference to Fowler, asked—

"Has she really been unhappy, Bolton?"

"Ay, she has; the bigger fool, she."

"I am sorry," broke in Peter; "I would not have made her unhappy for"—, and here he stopped. Pained as he was, he could not say so, for no man can reveal the depth of his love to another. He remained silent, wrapped in regretful thoughts.

Bolton was Lizzie's brother, and Fowler was a young farmer of the neighborhood, and noted for all the rascality and brutality that a farmer can indulge in, but particularly for his fondness for the "Eagle's Nest," the only tavern in Prankville, or for miles around. Bolton himself was not far behind his friend, if, indeed, he did not fall behind him in these particulars merely to excel him in others equally bad. That Bolton and Lizzie were brother and sister one could scarcely believe. Mr. Tilton, in youth, had been as wild as any of the young men of the back country, and on fair day had often thrashed his man. But he was not naturally vicious. The sin of the race must go farther back than Mr. Tilton to find the explanation of his son's temperament. Of Lizzie and Bolton, it might be said with Tennyson—

"She to him was nothing akin;
Some peculiar mystical grace
Made her only the child of her mother,
And heaped the whole inherited sin
On that huge scape-goat of the race—
All, all upon the brother."

At least that was what Peter thought, though he endeavored not to say it, for a long time; nor did he say it until it was forced from him by Bolton's conduct. In the years gone by—not very many of them, for Peter was only nineteen and Bolton twenty-four—the two young men had been friends, cronies almost. But Bolton began to drift down the current, and an almost imperceptible breach took place between the two, which widened slowly as Bolton saw Peter's love for Lizzie. Big brothers, sometimes like nothing better than to exert their authority in warning of ardent lovers, no matter how eligible they may be. No one is good enough for their sisters, whom, however, they continue to treat privately, with the old accustomed scorn, as girls. These brothers usually make the important discovery that there is a lover at the time when opposition is too late, and their disapprobation is most keenly felt. At least this was the case with Peter, Lizzie and Bolton. The last named discovered how the land lay about a month or two after the old folk had come to the conclusion that if the girl wanted Peter she might have him, though he was not quite good enough for her. Jim Fowler had tried to win Lizzie's affections, but was put to an inglorious flight. It was he who put it into Bolton's head that Peter was in love with Lizzie. Bolton got furious at once, largely because he had heard the fact from Fowler. Down in the depths of his not over acute mind lurked the idea that it was weakness for a girl to fall in love; and, therefore, coupling this idea with the fact that his sister's lover was Peter, he had as pretty a pair of steeds to drive him to desperation and absurdity as a man could wish for.

He was foiled in every quarter.

Peter loyally confessed his love and his unworthiness, but stoutly held that he was as good as Lizzie could possibly get, be he nobleman or commoner, or, as we say in Canada, rich or poor.

Lizzie sought a woman's refuge—silence and tears—and her citadel remained untaken, while her parents greeted their son with the startling remark that they could get along very well without his interference, and hoped he would come to them in future with his tales, and leave the young people alone.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that there was a coolness between Bolton and Peter. What surprised Peter and made him suspicious, was that Bolton should speak to him at all.

His meeting with Bolton changed Peter's plans a little. He would arrive at Prankville at about eight o'clock, and he had intended going home, and visiting Lizzie next morning. But now that her brother knew of his coming, he knew that Lizzie would soon know also, and thus be deprived of the pleasant surprise he meant to give her. So he determined to seek Lizzie first before going home at all.

Prankville was only a flag station in those days, and few people ever came to the station. There was

no one there when Peter got off, and he and Bolton trudged along, almost silently, through the snow to Lizzie's home.

"I doubt if she'll be glad to see you, Peter," said Bolton. "Jim Fowler was to be there to-night. It's a beautiful night for a drive or a walk."

Peter did not deign to take notice of the insinuations of Lizzie's unfaithfulness. He knew her too well. He would have been surprised to see her with Fowler, but never suspicious, for he well knew country freedom, and would not have blamed her for receiving other visitors.

Bolton, seeing he could not provoke Peter, relapsed into silence, and thus they walked until they arrived at the old farm house.

Leading the way round to the kitchen entrance—for, like many country farmers, the Tiltons seldom used their front door—Bolton pushed open the door and entered, closely followed by Peter.

The room was almost full, and a substantial meal was spread upon the table at which the party was seated. There was the same air of neatness in the room that had endeared it to Peter's eye, but, at the same time, his short stay in the city had disillusionized him to a great extent, and he could not but think of the cosy dining-room of the James', furnished in oak.

But this was only a surface thought, a ripple on the wave of true sentiment that welled up within his heart and made him glance round for Lizzie.

Yet, quick as he had been, Lizzie had been quicker, and, with a little cry, sprang from her mother's side to throw herself into his arms.

"She was all which pure ignorance allows,
And flew to her young mate like a young bird,"

as Byron says of Haidee.

Peter kissed her gently, and there were two brows, and only two, that bore a frown at that moment. These were the brows of Bolton and Jim Fowler.

No, there was one other, that of Mr. Forbes; but the frown cleared away so rapidly that one could hardly be certain that it had existed. The majority took the incident as a matter of course, and when it was over, greeted Peter and Bolton warmly. Old Mr. Tilton made a place for Peter at his side, and Bolton found one by Fowler, and a muttered conversation passed between the two.

"Well, lad, you haven't forgotten us yet?" said Mr. Tilton, taking his pipe from his mouth in order to speak to Peter. "How are the folk at home? Downright glad to see ye, they must ha' been."

"I haven't seen them yet," said Peter, confusedly; "I met Bolton on the cars, and came here with him on my way home."

"A long way round, Peter," said Mr. Forbes, slyly; "but your father will be here shortly, and will be glad to see you."

It was but natural for the guests to be interested in Peter's experience of city life, and he found himself, not entirely against his will, the centre of conversation for quite a time, and if his relations seemed more interesting than we could have thought, it must be remembered that he had come to the city in a condi-

tion to realize all its strangeness, and that his eloquence lost nothing through the presence of his sweetheart. Indeed, the very slight changes that had taken place in him, by reason of his short stay in the city, were exaggerated now almost unconsciously, and were apparent to all. There was a self-confidence in his manner that he had not always had, and an aping of the airs of his city friends that made him very attractive to his audience, and especially to Lizzie.

But no man can monopolize the conversation long at Christmas time. The turn of the tide began at the distant parts of the room, in remarks to one another arising from Peter's words, and slowly surged up towards Peter, until at last the conversation was once more general. Peter himself aided in furthering this by making enquiries about what had happened during his absence.

The company among which Peter found himself was typical of the country around.

The schoolmaster, grave and thoughtful, yet with an occasional flicker of mirth on his face, sat smoking, withdrawn from the table, his violin in its case at his feet, for there was to be music.

Mr. Tilton was also smoking, and at his side sat a tall, dark, nervous-looking man, whose brilliant eyes shone often with the light of dreams. Though so unlike Mr. Tilton in physique and disposition, there was still a strong resemblance between them. They were brothers, but Hal Tilton had long left the neighbourhood to make his way in life among men. Whether he had, or had not, done so, he did not tell his brother, to whom he had come, partly through affection and partly to obtain a considerable loan, or, rather, to advise his brother to invest two thousand dollars in a new company that was about to work with an invention of Hal's. Peter sat on the other side of Mr. Tilton, or had done so up to a few moments before our description was begun. He now sat next to Lizzie and her mother by the stove, and protected by that unwieldy object from the gaze of the gathering, the young people carried on a little conversation of their own, interspersed with little struggles over a piece of knitting that Lizzie had, and of which Peter declared himself jealous.

A little distance from Peter's old place sat a shock-headed fellow with unkempt beard and gray flannel shirt, open at the throat. His coat was on the wall behind him. His trousers were of very coarse stuff, and tucked into a pair of long boots, shiny with grease. There was a constant grin upon his face, that otherwise bore no expression at all, and at the least provocation his loud laugh would ring through the house.

Among the others was a hunter, named Tom, better known as "Fighting Tom," whose grizzled beard and deep-lined face indicated many a year of exposure to the elements. His long gun was standing in the corner, for he never travelled without it, and curled up beside it lay a very handsome setter dog. A farmer or two, in addition to Mr. Tilton, completed the quota of guests.

"So you want to know what has happened since you left, Peter?" said Mr. Tilton, turning to the empty chair at his side.

"Hello, broke cover, eh!" he said, as his glance roamed round the room.

"Oh! there you are," he continued, spying Peter by the stove. "Why, you're a regular Will-o'-the-wisp, only one can always find ye if one knows where Lizzie is."

Mr. Forbes broke in here—

"Tom is going to tell us about his new lake, Peter. Listen well, for I want to go to it some day with you."

Tom giggled. He always giggled when anything serious was said, and went into convulsions of laughter if a joke was made. He was one of those men on whom lecturers rely to start them into the humorous spirit of their speech and take the keen edge off criticism.

"Go ahead, Tom," said Peter; "I'm listening."

"Oh! it aint much, Peter. I was just out hunting back there in the bush before snow-fall, and I followed tracks for about ten miles, it might ha' been more, and came across this lake. This was last year; but I said nothing about it until I could sail round it. So in October past I took a birch canoe with me and portaged to the lake. There's a couple of meadows there where the ducks are plenty in spring, and the deer and patriges thick in the fall. I sailed round the lake, and found there were three lakes, all joined like a chain, and maybe four miles long. That's about all I can say, only that I'm going back there soon, and would make ye welcome to come with me."

"Come, come, Tom," said Mr. Forbes, "what about the fishing and the shooting there, and the great trees and cliffs behind them?"

"Yes," said Tom, "there's game for them as will hunt it." And he said no more.

At this instant the gallop of a horse was heard down the road, that increased until it stopped in front of the house.

(To be continued.)

DANIEL DEFOE.

"First of a race of giants,
Liv'd Defoe." —*Benjamin Elliott.*

I will essay to set before my readers a man to whom very seldom sufficient justice has been done. It may be sometimes a man's misfortune to have done one thing so exceedingly well that people forget all the rest of his works; and I am sorry to say of many readers of English literature that all they know of Defoe is that he wrote "Robinson Crusoe," or, if they wished to make the most of that large knowledge, that "Robinson Crusoe" was written by Daniel Defoe. Considering that he was one of the most voluminous of our writers; the greatest political pamphleteer, with one exception, we ever had; the truest-hearted and most plucky defender of liberty; and the writer of many books as great as "Robinson Crusoe," it is hardly fair that he should go down to history with so very simple an epitaph as—

"Here lies Daniel Defoe,
Who wrote 'Robinson Crusoe.'"

Of course, I do not undertake to defend all of Defoe's opinions, because if I did it would be impossible for some of my readers to enjoy the story, for what Defoe had to say he said with remarkable plainness. The views he took were always of the strongest, and generally a long way before the crowd; and, therefore, very little likely to be pleasing to all. There is, however, a wide difference between stating a man's views historically and defending them controversially. Let us consider how different in character are his books—how grave are some, how serious others; how loose were some, how studiously correct were others.

To understand this problem, it is necessary to look at his ancestry. His grandfather was a jolly old cavalier, who did not care much for politics, was fond of field sports, and named his dogs after the generals on both sides—called one Goring, and another Weller—and was equally careless which might prove himself the better. It must be remembered that some of his blood got into Daniel Defoe, for we may be at a loss if that fact is not kept in view in considering his life. His father, James Foe, was a very different person. He kept no dog, or if he did it was a butcher's dog. He was a Dissenter of the grave sort, grim, Godly, God-fearing—not mirth-provoking. An excellent man, but not lively. Put the grandfather and the father together, and from this singular cross the strange character of Daniel Defoe may be explained. Where he got the wonder-working *De* I cannot tell. There was some doubt about it, and I am rather afraid that we may be all fooled at times, and that Daniel Foe added the *De* in order to sink the paternal all in DEFOE. Daniel Foe—Daniel Defoe! What a world of wealth it added. In childhood he did not learn much, except he learned from a boxing boy never to strike an enemy when he is down—a rule he followed throughout his life. At that time the Popery fever set in—the incoming of Popery, etc. And the news went forth that very soon the Smithfield fires were to be relighted, and all the Bibles burnt. Whereupon young Defoe set about copying his Bible out in shorthand. He got as far as the end of the Pentateuch, but he was so tired of it that he expressed himself "willing to risk the rest." When he left school he was sent to an academy, to prepare him for the Dissenting ministry. He fell into the hands of the Rev. Charles Morton, a ripe scholar, from whom he acquired his knowledge. And Defoe, his father, a butcher, and he himself subsequently a seller of stockings, was very naturally jealous of his learning. The easiest way of annoying him was to intimate that he was not a scholar. One of his chief depreciators was a Mr. Tutchine, and Defoe challenged him in the following terms:—

"As to my little learning and this man's (Mr. Tutchine's) great capacities, I fairly challenge him to translate any Latin, French, and Italian author, and afterwards to translate each crossways, for the sum of £20 each book, and by this we shall have an opportunity to show before the world how much Daniel Defoe, hosier, is inferior to Mr. Tutchine, gentleman."

This showed his learning. He did not offer simply

to translate Latin or French into English, but Latin into French, French into Italian, and so forth.

There is no need to sketch the state of English manners at that period, when drunkenness was looked upon as an accomplishment, and the fewness of the commandments a man kept as a sign of common sense. It was at this time, when immorality was looked on as cleverness and worth, that this man, trained in godliness, brought up in strictness, his father a Dissenter, stepped forth into the light, fairly equipped, able to speak, able to write, and able, deeply, to think. And he began very soon to write, and his pen was ever ready in the cause of right. Large and small, his works numbered over a hundred. Let us glance at those most characteristic of the men of the time.

The Test Act came up, and was much opposed by the Dissenters, chief among whom was Alderman Loves. In an open speech, he said:—"I had much rather see the Dissenters suffer by rigour of the law, though I suffer with them, than see the law of England trampled under foot of prerogative." That was the key-note to the whole spirit of Defoe. Rather be a bondsman by law, than a freeman by favour; rather go to Newgate by law, than to Court by the King's breath. That was the spirit that filled this countless man all his life. His first book was called "Speculum Crape Gown-orum" (a looking-glass for crape-gowns), written in reply to Roger L'Estrange, who had been making fun out of the Dissenters. There was plenty of room for this fun, but, to the astonishment of L'Estrange and the world, there came a man from out their camp as good as he, who held up to the clergy a looking-glass showing their faults in a manner they did not like. He was almost the first man that came out of the Dissenters that was able to laugh, and make anyone else laugh.

Then came his history of the Hungaro-Austrian wars, which need not here be entered into. The next event in his life was his joining the Duke of Monmouth's expedition—a step taken by his intense hatred of the Stuarts. He had three great hates in his life—he hated the Pope, he hated the Stuarts, and he hated the Devil. But he had three great loves also—he loved the Whigs, he loved King William with manly passion, and he loved Dissent. The expedition failed, but Defoe escaped, and came back to London, hating the Stuarts more than ever, and prepared to welcome King William more than before.

In his private affairs he was next found visiting Spain, not on political, but on business grounds. His friends called him a hose agent, his enemies a stocking seller. He was never calculated for a tradesman; "a wit behind the counter, no apron-string can bear," as he himself expressed it; and he shortly became bankrupt. There are bankrupts, and bankrupts; and Defoe was the eccentric, the almost inconceivable, bankrupt, almost extinct, like the dodo, who paid his debts in full when he need not. He did not pay them at once, however. He went down to Bristol, during the days of his darkness, and there, as the poor debtor, was only allowed one day's grace a week; he acquired the name of the "Sunday gentleman," from being seen on the Sabbath day only. But his commer-

cial prospects became a little brighter. There came a gleam of sunshine, and he rose in political favour with King William, who made him accountant to the commissioners of the glass duty. He held this appointment until the Court was broken up. Then he had the tile works at Tilbury, where he employed 100 labourers, and was at his highest point of commercial importance.

(Concluded in next issue.)

LADY STUDENTS AT OXFORD.

BY ONE OF THEM.

In speaking of the Oxford Women's Colleges, and especially of Somerville Hall, I shall not attempt to describe the course of study, first, because it would take too long; and, secondly, anyone wishing for such information can obtain it fully from the published rules and regulations.

There are two women's colleges in Oxford—"Lady Margaret Hall" and "Somerville," or, more correctly, "Mary Somerville Hall," the main difference between them being that, while all students of the first must belong to the Church of England, the other is strictly undenominational. Somerville Hall consists of two buildings, the old and new halls, separated by the garden and tennis courts, and distinct establishments as regards meals, sitting-rooms, etc. The old hall accommodates about twenty-five students, the new, when finished, will hold thirty. Each student has one room arranged that all trace of the bed-room disappears by day, and the room is converted into a comfortable sitting-room or study. The heavy furniture is provided by the college, but all ornaments, as books, pictures, flowers, etc., are supplied by the student. When visitors are shown over the hall, many and various are the remarks made on the rooms. One old Don gazed attentively at my locker or window seat and asked if I kept my wine there. He was less curious than an American lady who, merely saying "excuse me," opened the said locker, and looked largely disgusted to find only paper and string.

Besides these rooms, there are public dining-rooms, sitting-rooms, and in the new hall a library. At present the books, of which the hall has a valuable collection, are in the old hall, but will be moved this year.

A rapid sketch of the day will, perhaps, give the best idea of the ordinary life:—At 8 a.m. prayers are read, and immediately follows the breakfast at several small tables, no rule as to places being observed. The latest comers are generally finished by 8.45, and, after a pleasant quarter of an hour over the newspapers in the sitting-room, the students separate to work and lectures. From one to two o'clock luncheon, an exceedingly informal meal, goes on, and after it, as a rule, is "play time." In the winter the Hockey Club plays twice a week for an hour, in the summer there is tennis, and at both seasons there are delightful walks. No restriction is made as to the direction of the walks, except that no student may go alone through the town or into College gardens. At four o'clock afternoon tea is ready in the drawing-room for those who wish it, or kettles are boiled in the

students' own dens, and private tea parties given. Then, till late dinner at seven, work is again the order of the day. This is the formal meal of the day, and is followed by tea, and often music and dancing, in the drawing-room till eight o'clock. The evening is variously employed. Most of the societies meet then, a few students give "coconas" or "jams," which take some time to prepare, but the majority work. At ten p.m. visiting begins, and at eleven it must cease, although no restriction is made as to the length of time the solitary student may consume the midnight oil. The number of hours' work in the day varies greatly, the average time being from six to eight hours, exclusive of lectures. There are few, I might almost say no, cases of overwork, anyone attempting to destroy her health being severely ridiculed and censured by her fellow-students.

"Societies" among the students are numerous. The most important is the Debating Club, to which also "Lady Margaret" students and a few outsiders belong. The Browning and Shakespeare Societies meet once a week for an hour to read those poets; the "Sharp Practice" is intended as a preparation for the debate, and in the "S. S. S.," or "Somerville Shop Society," the members take turns to speak of and give information concerning their particular "Shop," in general a tabooed subject in public.

As regards outside engagements, students are merely obliged to tell the Lady Principal, Miss Shaw Lefevre, if they wish to be absent from meals, or to accept evening invitations. No dances are allowed, and all students must be in by eleven o'clock.

I have spoken a great deal of the amusements of Somerville Hall, but it must not be thought that first-class honours are not taken, not much good, honest work done both during the short terms and the long vacations, and few students leave the College without much regret and many wishes that they were beginning instead of ending their Oxford College life

GLEANINGS.

It is possible that familiarity will accustom one to see nothing amiss in interspersing with Isaiah's divine minstrelsy and the high narrative of Samuel's requests for contributions of cake, so long as the "Social life" is promoted, but to one who is in the habit of applying broad rules, there will seem less incongruity in the excesses of the more aggressive Christians who parade the streets, interrupting the "Sunday quiet" with their "new songs" and "praises on the harp and stringed instruments."

* *

Religious texts, when rendered sufficiently hard and mechanical, make excellent weapons in the hands of a man who is sufficiently earnest to be narrow and unthinking, but this use of them makes strongly for those who claim that religion is a simple thing, as understandable by the present dwellers in the earth, as by the Galilean fishermen, needing the support of no marvellous system, and owing its existence in that it meets the wants of humanity.

There is no other city where so much thoughtful attention is bestowed upon students, and no University, as a consequence, in which that Ishmaelitic spirit, characteristic of all studentdom, prevails to so small a degree; and there is further, at McGill, an amount of true, faithful living centred and stimulated by its Christian societies. But it will be a sad, though not unusual, overstepping, if a sort of freemasonry is established, which holds that those who are not with them in the spiritual life they must be against in things temporal.

* *

Not many will deny that the GAZETTE has been swift to lay its finger on the University and say—here and here thou ailest. From the nature of the case it was unnecessary to point to the parts which were whole; all this was learned by inference; but the Library deserves special stress for its fulness, accurate arrangement, and inviting appearance.

* *

For a commentary on the judgment and culture of the book club and friends of the University, let one but read a list of the books presented to the Library during the past quarter. Each one is a prize, and not only merits, but demands, examination—such a lot as a man would choose to live with:—Victor Hugo, 46 vols.; Lamartine, 14 vols.; Arnold, Mill, The Oxford Movement, Rosseti, Essays, and works on Science—a mine of them. A field too thickly strewn for *gleaning*.

* *

The new blood is beginning to make itself felt. Not many years ago it would have been impossible to include in such a list the names of Oscar Wilde and Mark Twain, and the line was drawn from motives of economy, at least this side of T. B. Aldrich, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and Paul de Chailly.

* *

When one has, in complacent ignorance, sneered unconditionally at an unknown name, and finds by some happy chance, that there was something of a divine message in the "theorists' fad," he gets an inkling of the meaning of the German when he affirmed that we English-born are pedants—ruled by phrases.

* *

There is a singular agreement among moralists in the caution they give against "making a fuss" as Epictetus puts it, about things the pursuit of which is clearly legitimate. The great teacher urges us to take no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thoughts for the things of itself. We are advised by another to eat and drink, for to-morrow we die. Even St. Paul admitted that there is a possibility of becoming too religious; and Emerson, in his persuasive tones, urges us not to give nature cause to exclaim "so hot, my little sir."

"Now is the winter of our disconnect," said Prof. Smifkins when the train ran into a snow-bank.

FEATHERS FROM THE EAST WING.

Of the three undergraduates in the 1st year, two had petitioned the Dean to be allowed to go without academic dress until after Christmas, when they hope there will be some more full students to keep them in countenance.

Some wicked man suggests that the lady students should organize a *curling* club. Yes, but then you see if we had to wait like the Scot, until our *locks* were *frezed* up, a curling club would be rather superfluous, would it not?

From the appearance of the 1st year lecture room the other day, one might have imagined that the classic personage, of whom it was said

"Whither old lady, whither so high.
To sweep the cobwebs off the sky!"

had been riding through on a tour of inspection; and that, being startled by the sudden appearance of a professor, she had tried to escape by the skylight, and in her hurry, left her steed behind her, suspended in mid air.

A new feature in the ladies department this year, has been the excursions of the 4th year class in geology:

"Many a little hand
Glanced like a touch of sunshine on the rocks,
Many a light foot shone like a jewel set
In the dark crag; and then we turned, we wound
About the cliffs, the copes, out and in,
Hammering and clinking, chattering stony names
Of shale and hornblende, ng and trap and tuff,
Amygdaloid and trachyte."

McGill News.

F. Macallum has been elected Valedictorian for this year in the Faculty of Arts.

At a meeting of the students in Medicine, the following resolution was passed concerning the death of Mr. Davis, which occurred Oct. 27th.

Resolved—That we, the undergraduates of McGill Medical College, learn with feelings of most profound regret that death has removed from among us Mr. H. H. Davis, one of our number and a member of the class of '88; that we desire to express our deep sense of the loss of one, who not only gave promise of being a successful practitioner in the medical profession, but whose kindly disposition won for him the warm friendship and good-will of all who knew him, and that furthermore we desire to extend to his bereaved family our deepest and most heartfelt sympathy in their sorrow.

At the regular Sunday afternoon meeting of the McGill University Y.M.C.A., Nov. 13th, Rev. P. S. McKillop, M.D., of St. Allans, Vt., delivered an interesting and valuable address on the importance of a medical training to a foreign missionary. A large number of medical students were present, and listened

intently to his description of the primitive methods followed in heathen lands in surgery and medicine. He particularly emphasized the fact that the art of healing might be used as an introduction to the Gospel itself. Mr. McKillop presented the claims of the Medical Missionary Society, and after his address a resolution was passed unanimously, heartily approving of the object of the said society, and expressing the hope that its headquarters in Canada would be in Montreal.

Societies.

UNIVERSITY LITERARY SOCIETY.

This society has elected the following officers for the ensuing year:—

President.....	Selkirk Cross, B.A., B.C.L.
1st Vice-President.....	A. R. Oughtred, B.C.L.
2nd " ".....	D. R. Murphy, LL.B.
Cor.-Secretary.....	Francis McLennan B.A., B.C.L.
Rec. ".....	Chs. A. Barnard
	R. C. Smith, B.C.L.
	C. J. Doherty, Q.C.
Council.....	A. McGoun, B.A., B.C.L.
	A. G. Cross, B.A. B.C.L.
	S. P. Leet, B.C.L.
	J. F. Mackie, B.A., B.C.L.

MCGILL MEDICAL SOCIETY.

This Society meets every fortnight during the Winter Session, and every week during the Summer Session. The officers for the present year are:—

<i>Honorary President.</i>	Dr. James Stewart.
<i>President.</i>	- - - W. G. Stewart, '88.
<i>Vice-President.</i>	- R. P. Berry, '88.
<i>Secretary.</i>	- - - G. G. Campbell, '89.
<i>Treasurer.</i>	- - - T. H. Wetmore, '88.
<i>Librarian.</i>	- - - W. S. England, '89.
<i>Pathologist.</i>	- - - O. H. Hubbard, '88.

Although all undergraduates in the Medical Faculty are members of this Society, it will be noticed that the officers are chosen mostly from the final year, '88. This is necessitated from the fact that a large part of the work of the Society is carried on during the Summer Session, and the final men alone, as a rule, remain in town for this term.

At each of the regular meetings, a paper is read by one of the members. The Pathologist of the Society then exhibits his specimens prepared for the evening, and after ten minutes spent in examination of these, one or more reports of cases of general interest are given by members.

The Society was enabled this year to promise a series of lectures, to be delivered by different members of the Faculty. Three of these have been given already, two during Summer Session, by Dr. Roddick, and Dr. MacDonnell, and one during present Session, by Dr. Stewart. The lectures are delivered at every second meeting, taking the place of the paper and case report for the evening.

Besides Dr. Stewart's lecture, there has been one other regular meeting of the Society this Session, at

which Mr. O. H. Hubbard read a paper entitled, "The Nasal Cavities." Mr. R. M. Kincaid reported a case of Acute Bright's Disease.

THE DELTA SIGMA.

At a regular meeting held on Tuesday, November 1st, two essays, the first of a series on "Famous Women," were read by Misses A. Murray and S. Scott, the subjects being, "Catherine II. of Russia," and "Maria Theresa." Miss G. Finlay also read a short poem entitled "Heroines."

A debate was held on Thursday, November 10th, the subject being, "Is reading a more fruitful source of information than observation?" The speakers were:—Affirmative, Misses M. Evans and J. Botterell; Negative—Misses C. M. Derick and A. Williams. The affirmative won by a majority of three. It was decided to send a vote of thanks to Dr. Murray, who has very kindly altered his lecture hours for the convenience of the society. It was also decided to introduce short extempore debates, at those meetings at which essays were read.

A new society has been organized by the lady undergraduates of the 2nd year, under the name of "The Donalda Missionary Society." Meetings will be held monthly, the programme to consist of essays on missionary fields and women workers, and appropriate readings. No admission fee is asked; all contributions, as well as the essays will be voluntary. There are already nineteen members, a number of ladies from the other years having joined. The officers are:—

President..... Miss C. M. Derick, '90.
Vice-President..... " J. V. Palmer, '88.
Secretary..... " J. Botterell, '90

The first regular meeting was held on Tuesday, November 8th. Interesting papers on "The needs of missions" were read by Miss Abbott and Miss Williams, and readings were given by Misses McFarlane, Scott, and J. Botterell.

We congratulate our Sophomores for taking the lead in this matter; and we are sure that the D.M.S., if it continues as it has begun, will prove a power for good amongst the lady students of McGill.

Y.M.C.A. RECEPTION.

A reception was extended by the Y.M.C.A. to the new men of this year on Friday evening, October 21. Through the kindness of Sir Wm. Dawson the Redpath Museum building was obtained for the occasion. All the students of the University were invited, besides many of the citizens of Montreal. About four hundred responded; and when all were assembled in the brilliantly lighted Museum, anyone could tell, by the hearty greetings, happy smiles, and weighty remarks, that it was a regular students' meeting. There was no formal programme; but Rev. Dr. Barbour Principal of Congregational College, offered prayer; then a short address was given by Mr. McDougall, President Y.M.C.A., in which he extended, in the name of the Association, a hearty welcome to all, and especially to the Freshmen; and explained the object

and working of the Association. Then Sir Wm. Dawson spoke briefly, expressing his gratification in seeing the growth of the Association in numbers and influence. He was sorry, however, to have to receive them in a Museum, surrounded by skeletons and fossils; he hoped that soon, through the liberality of the friends of the College in the city, the Association would have a building of its own in which such gatherings might be held.

Hereupon "the meeting was thrown open" and general conversation ensued, hushed now and then, to listen to the sweet musical strains that added so much to the pleasure of the occasion. The songs of the Harmony Quartette, composed of Messrs. Hewitt, Kemp, Morphy and Wheeler, the solos by Messrs. Bain and Hewitt, and the instrumental pieces by Messrs. Fraser, Baker, and Becket, were all received with applause and heartily encored.

Refreshments were served in due time; and when the hour for parting came, all went away feeling well pleased with the entertainment of the evening. The Association is becoming better known each year, and deservedly more appreciated. Its object is to unite its members to help each other to live true, manly, Christian lives. By its annual reception to the Freshmen—"which" Dr. Barbour, who comes from Yale, remarked "was better than hazing them"—it seeks to make itself known to the new students, and to gain their interest and support.

UNDERGRADUATES' LITERARY SOCIETY.

18TH NOVEMBER.—One of the most interesting debates ever held by this Society, took place on the above date. The subject under discussion was the alleged Baconian authorship of the works of Shakespeare. Messrs. Mackie, Jamieson and Fry, argued that Francis Bacon wrote the plays, while Messrs. England, Ellingwood and Charters opposed them. The speeches showed that considerable thought had been bestowed on the matter, and the debate throughout was very interesting. The vote was in favor of the Baconian theory.

J. E. LeRossignol read a carefully prepared essay on "Aristocracies."

J. A. Nicholson, B.A., was welcomed by the meeting, and appointed critic for the evening.

25TH NOVEMBER.—A large gathering greeted Dr. Johnson, the Dean of the Arts Faculty, when he rose to give his lecture on "Universities." His remarks throughout were listened to with great interest, and were frequently applauded. He commenced by reviewing the history of the Universities of Athens and Alexandria, and showed their influence on similar institutions of the present day. Tracing the subject further, through the Saracens and the schools of Bagdad, he spoke of the institution and early life of the great English Universities, and through them reached our own McGill. He explained many matters of interest,—such as the origin of the differer; degrees and of the ceremonies at convocation, the discipline of the older schools and the domestic life of their students, and the difference between colleges and universities. His remarks were interspersed with

many well-told jokes, which were highly appreciated by his audience. He spoke of a fellow-student who jumped out of bed one cold windy morning, and, clad only in his night attire, went out into the corridor to receive his morning's milk, from the milkman. Unfortunately the door of his room was blown to by the wind, and the lock slipped. "He was in a very bad fix," quaintly remarked the doctor, "for a milk jug is not much protection on a chilly morning." He told of a student who, in an examination paper required to be written in Latin, described a point situated without a circle as being "*sine circulo*;" and he spoke of the early discipline at Oxford, which provided that an adult student should be fined a penny for non-attendance at church, and that a boy should be whipped.

Altogether the lecture was one of great interest, and the Society is indebted to the Dean for his courteous compliance with their invitation.

Sporting.

We regret that a report of the Football match between the Montreal and McGill clubs, was unavoidably crowded out of our last issue. It is now too late to publish it.—SPORTING ED. U.G.

Exchanges.

Dalhousie Gazette.—The enterprising sheet of one of our youngest colleges, comes to us laden with spicy college news. There is a strong editorial plea in favour of more support being given the class societies and debating clubs. We endorse every word of it.

Colby Echo.—This paper will always have a hearty welcome at our hands. Its appearance is much in its favor. The prize article on the "Genius of Hawthorne," is a very good estimate of the power of one of America's most talented sons.

The Argosy.—The history of the class of '87 is written up in a fresh and chatty style. Vivid and telling descriptions are also given of each member of the Freshman class.

Tuftsian.—In the issue of Nov. 21st is a well-written article on "Oratory." The writer pleads that more attention should be paid to public speaking. We heartily endorse the sentiment. How much does our college do for its students in this way? Nothing: And the majority of the students do not try to teach themselves, hence the poor speeches at our dinners, etc. We read Demosthenes in Greek, let us try to rival him in oratory.

College Student.—This is one of the best of our exchanges. All departments are full and well conducted. The first article shows the connection between classic Greek and New Testament Greek, historically and grammatically, and the importance of its study to all who wish to understand the New Testament correctly.

THE SINGER TO HER CRITIC.

Dearer than fame the trumpet-tongued, to woman's heart is love.
The silver-voiced whose lightest sigh her being's depths can move.
Misleads not then if up the height her feather flight essay:
The strength is thine, the weakness hers, yet both one law obey.
The law immutable, to use the talent freely giv'n,
Nor from its course seek to divert the purpose of a life.
But straight and clear as warbling bird that soars to highest heav'n.
Direct the thought, God sent, whether for peace or strife.
And out in His great world perchance some soul haply unknown
To her and thee, sore let and hindered in the race,
Will read the truth, and strengthened, lifted, that not all alone
He suffer, bless the singer, though he never see her face.

Montreal.

EROL GERVAISE.

Personals.

Dr. E. P. Williams, '87, is in the city spending a week or so with his friends.

Between the Lectures.

"Sometimes," said the teacher, "history repeats itself. Can you give me an instance?"

"Yes, sir," said the smart, bad boy, with a slow, pained tone of expression; "it will have to do so at this recitation, if it wants to get repeated, because I cannot do it."—*Burdette.*

HIS PRACTICAL VALUE.—Tommy (aged five)—"What do you do to the theatre, Mister Simpkins?"

Simpkins (a dude)—"D-do to the theatre, my little man? I don't do anything at the theatre. I am not an actor. W-what put that in your head?"

Tommy—"Well, sister Annie said she wouldn't have you around only she thought you were good for the theatre once a week."

SCIENCE SUCCINCTLY SIMMERED.

BILL NYE ANTICIPATES THE SAVANTS' SPEECHES AND MAKES A SUGGESTION OR TWO.

(*New York World.*)

To-day at ten o'clock, in the library of Columbia College, the various members of the American Association for the Advancement of Science will meet. Let them have a full house. Nothing has done more for us as a people than science. Any man who stays away from this meeting for any trivial reason is not the friend of his race.

In the afternoon Prof. William Ferrel, of Washington, will address the mathematical and astronomical section on subjects related to mathematics and astronomy. He will let the bright sunlight of science in on the great question of how many apples James will have if he give two to Henry and three to Jane. He will also lay bare several plants and show how long it would take a limited train to run from Kansas City to Saturn, and how old the fresh figs would be when the train got there. Prof. W. A. Anthony, of Ithaca, will address the section devoted to physics on the subject of physics. To those who have groped along for a lifetime in the densest ignorance regarding physics,

this will be a great boon. Prof. Albert B. Prescott, of Ann Arbor, will attend to the subject of chemistry and show what things are made of. The Professor will go back to the time when there was something rotten in Denmark, and show how it came to be that way, and how it might have been prevented.

Prof. Cox, of Drifton, Pa., will handle mechanical science in a thrilling manner, and Prof. Gilbert of Washington, will attend to the matter of geology, showing why the practice of geology leads to earnest thought and pays a good salary. He will also introduce some prehistoric tracks of a large blue bug, and show by a close mathematical calculation how far the bug must have gone by this time. He will also handle geography, and show why a promontory is almost always a high and rocky point of land projecting into the water. Prof. W. G. Farlow, of Cambridge, will take up the biological subject which relates mostly to biology. Biology is not, as many have thought, opposed to Christianity, but is in many respects in harmony with it. Dr. D. G. Brinton, of Media, Pa., will attend to the anthropological section, unjointing his subject in the presence of the association and then putting it together again when he gets through with his remarks. Prof. Henry E. Alvord, of Amherst, Mass., will attend to the section devoted to economic science, and show why science is economical.

Much light will be thrown on various subjects of common interest to those who have not time to pry into science, and every one ought to shut up the store and go all day.

It is claimed that during the session competent scientists will explain why a cyclone should suck a well dry on a Minnesota farm and ignore a new milch cow. Also why a cyclone will drive a dozen angle-worms through a grindstone head first without injuring either the worms or the grindstone. Also why hydraulic rams do better in a moist climate.

Hog cholera and the swine plague will be treated in a bright and chatty manner by Dr. Salmon to-day, and those who have never abandoned themselves to wild, delirious joy, should go and hear this paper and see the bright red pictures which accompany it.

BILL NYE.

Correspondence.

Editors University Gazette:—

DEAR SIRS,—In your issue of the 19th inst. appeared an editorial on the Law Faculty, which calls, perhaps, for a brief comment. While fully sustaining your position, in reference to class rooms, whose only redeeming feature is their central situation, and agreeing with you, that the Law School of McGill compares very favorably with the others of this Province, we go still further and assert that in the training afforded, it is unsurpassed, if equalled, by any other in Canada.

But we must take exception to your criticism of the method in which the professors—all of whom have a recognized professional standing in the Province, some of them a reputation extending beyond Canada—carry on their class work.

The training we receive amply fulfils its primary objects, viz., a broad and comprehensive survey of those great principles of law which underlie every system of jurisprudence, and the mapping out of the one in force in this Province, leaving to the student himself the task of filling in the details.

That the severe criticisms of the GAZETTE, two or three years ago, have not been barren of result is true; it is equally true that the chief result has been to place in the hands of powerful enemies, a weapon of which they were not slow to avail themselves, in attempting, not unsuccessfully, to legislate our Faculty out of existence.

If such be the fruits of the agitation for reform, which our outside friends have undertaken of their own accord, is it surprising, that as self-preservation still continues to be nature's first law, we cry "save us from our friends."

3RD YEAR STUDENT.

Editors of the University Gazette:—

DEAR SIRS:—We all, as students having the welfare of our University at heart, must be forcibly impressed by your editorial of the 18th Nov. regarding the lack of support given to our College schemes by the majority of the students. Since rather more than one-half of the Arts men are those who intend entering Theology afterwards, it would naturally follow from this fact that the largest part of those supporting our College schemes are theological students. Is this what is found to be the case? If not, then one can hardly expect to find our societies, etc., in the most flourishing condition. If we look into the matter, we find that some of the most active members of our Literary Society are theological students; that two of the new men on the GAZETTE this year are also of that persuasion; that our tug-of-war team, which so nobly won the day for Arts, was composed almost entirely of men of that kind, and that they hold important offices in our societies as a rule. For the part they are taking in upholding their College, we esteem them more highly than we otherwise would; unfortunately, however, it seems that these men do not by any means constitute the majority of the theological students.

It seems surprising that out of nearly two hundred students, our Literary Society only numbers about forty students. The same signs of surprise must be shown by new students and those outside of our college at the support given to the Reading-room, "GAZETTE," Y.M.C.A., and other institutions of the college. Are not these a part of the university education, and by no means the least important part of it? While we are students in the University let us not refuse our support to these schemes which tend to increase the influence of our University in many ways. It seems, to say the least, inconsistent for a student to refuse support to these schemes on the ground that the said schemes are not worthy of his support, because it is certainly upon the students themselves that the usefulness of these things depends. Now, sirs, is it not a question whether we do not deeply injure our fellow students by refusing our support to these things, as we by refusing support deprive them of the benefits

which naturally follow from societies, etc., which are well supported. Are we acting fairly to our fellow students, or in fact to ourselves and our college, by refusing our aid to the institutions which are the soul and spirit of college life?

Yours sincerely,
FAIR PLAY.

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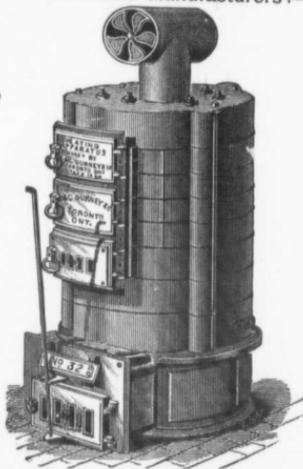
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