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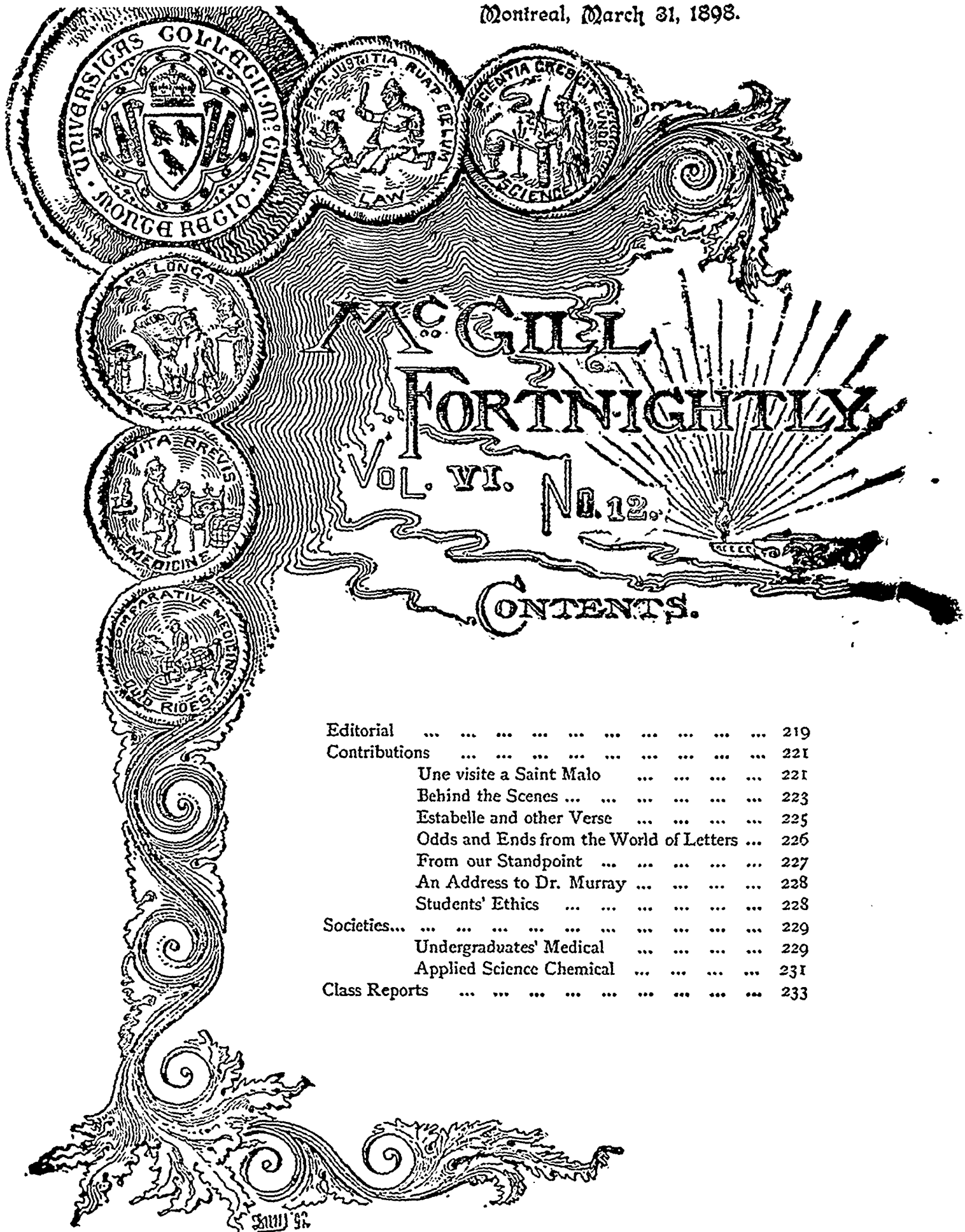
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Montreal, March 31, 1898.



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## Editorial.

THE FORTNIGHTLY has reached the end of its six years' course. Thus for a generation and a half have we been endeavoring to chronicle the college functions and undergraduate gossip. As the first six years' candidates for honors before an undergraduate board that confers no degrees, we must take our medal for granted, do our own capping and write our short valedictory. Our earlier years can remember Sir William Dawson, our Principal, can recall a weedy, uneven campus, and can picture again the waste spaces down beside the work-shops. But naturally the happenings of a past generation can have little interest for the busy present. Within the remembrance of '98 have a half dozen new members graced our Governor's board; Dr. Peterson has forsaken the dews and mists of Scotland to become our Principal, while more recently still has the majesty of Roman Law come to us in the person of Dean Walton, while upwards of \$860,000 have been added to the University endowment and equipment. Even now we can imagine the seven figure endowment that awaits our Sister Marys on their entrance into their own special abode, so picturesquely defended from profane intrusion by the royal sceptre of Her Gracious Majesty. The administrative offices have been

renovated, and what is perhaps of more value to the reading undergraduate, 9,000 volumes have been added to the University library.

Now the soul of an University is "all in the whole and all in every part." When the Doctors of Medicine, 1898, carry our fame abroad, they may well boast themselves the best equipped graduates that the Montreal profession has produced—they are the first to complete their course under the lengthened session. In the autumn of 1894 the new wing was opened, bringing its enlarged dissecting room, vastly improved pathological laboratory and department of clinical chemistry. The course in hygiene is one of the important subjects in the Third Year, and cannot fail to benefit every community to which the men of '98 may come. The post-graduate work provided last session is another distinct advance made by the Faculty, while the meeting of the B. M. A. is still fresh in the minds of this class. Among their "lecturers" the students may count Lord Lister and Sir Michael Foster. The only losses from the professoriate are those of Dr. Alloway and Dr. Kirkpatrick. Among the old McGill graduates on the permanent staff, Drs. Finley, Lafleur and Johnson have received their positions.

How can we bring within the limits of a

paragraph all the advances in scientific research and teaching efficiency that have taken place in the Faculty of Applied Science? Materially her progress has advanced by leaps and bounds; new endowments for equipment, one new building—really, of course, a University benefaction—a new department of architecture, with its museum and drawing and modelling classes. We must come back for a moment to the department of mining. Professors Carlyle and Hardman could not be kept from the active enjoyment of their profession; but Dr. Porter is giving the Seniors a taste of the delights of active mining operations in the new laboratories, which is much appreciated. Another source of satisfaction to Seniors is the fact that Professor Smith remained in the Faculty until their final year. The presentation of two valuable aneroid barometers is but a token of the esteem in which Professor Smith was held by all his students. The miners of '99 will have some valuable instruction this summer in the Lower Provinces. This plum came just too late for the benefit of the graduating class. The whole University has gained in reputation from the discoveries made here during the last generation. The papers issued by Professors Callendar and Adams within the year have both been the outcome of combined research with Professor Nicholson, experiments which may well be said to have been continuous during the four years. So generally are our facilities for research becoming appreciated that some half dozen graduates are now busy in the mining and physical laboratories. Hydraulics has attached an exhibitor's scholar from Australia.

Comparative Medicine rejoices in the federal establishment of an experimental station while Dean McEachran has just returned from Europe with many ideas for future expansion.

After due consideration for the feelings of their professors, the students in Law have abandoned their old custom of smoking during lectures; the new quarters at the College have been occupied, and the Faculty is beginning to identify itself in many ways with the other students. One old-time custom has been abolished very recently, the system of thesis writing for the B.C.L.; the accompanying prize that always went to the third best gra-

duate is thus withdrawn from competition. By some happy chance it was usually the man who missed the medal and cash prize who wrote the best thesis! Dean Walton is bringing the lectures into greater prominence; we are glad to say that office work is still required. The practice of having a comprehensive examination on all courses of the three years is an innovation which tends to prepare the candidates more thoroughly than formerly for the vicissitudes of their bar examination.

In regard to Arts we may frankly say that a good many hopes have been cherished for an opulent future. That Sir William Dawson's successor was chosen from this Faculty probably indicates that the Governors considered Arts a fruitful field for re-organization. Classical and modern languages, political and natural science were all pinched for lack of funds. The \$120,000 endowment, that *bonne bouche* of equal age with the Donalds foundation, has been very useful in providing assistants to chairs already established, but now that the ladies are about to take up residence under their own roof, will their endowment follow them, and if so, "what will poor Arts do then, poor thing?" Those who remain behind would gladly see some suitable reward offered as consolation for the loss sustained. During the past four years many facilities to work have indeed been provided, to wit: an endowed biological table at Woods Holl, an opportunity for laboratory work in Zoology, the separation of history from the chair of English literature, the endowment of a new chair in Classics. That the Faculty is alive to its responsibilities may be seen in the new requirements for entrance and the new curriculum about to be issued. The Christmas trip of the professors of Botany and Zoology is not without its significance. Last session's Latin play indicates the enthusiasm with which the ancient classics are read at the end of the century.

Of changes and improvements in the Donalds department who dares speak? To mention improvement may seem to imply that the ladies were not always perfect, yet the changes whereby the men have benefitted have also affected the ladies. They are not slow to avail themselves of all the laboratory courses, in which they certainly do much brilliant work.

## Contributions.

### UNE VISITE À SAINT-MALO.

Juin tirait à sa fin, ainsi que notre séjour à Paris. Par contre, les rayons du soleil commencent à devenir éblouissants, fulgurants; leur ardeur dévore le pauvre touriste battant le pavé en quête de quelque nouvelle curiosité à visiter. Le besoin d'une ombre épaisse et fraîche naît avec une soif ardente; la mer et ses âpres parfums nous attirent invinciblement. Partons alors pour "Saint-Malo, beau port de mer," comme dit notre chanson. Aussitôt dit, aussitôt fait. Le Mont Saint-Michel nous attirait bien aussi et beaucoup même: on nous avait tant vanté ce rocher pittoresque, on nous avait dit tant d'allechantes choses des omellettes mirobolantes de Madame Poulard! Mais Saint-Malo a des droits particuliers sur un cœur canadien, puisque cette ville a donné naissance au brave et intrépide marin qui a découvert le Canada, et à qui la France devait un jour la moitié de l'Amérique. Donc, en voiture pour Saint-Malo!.....Après un long trajet dans le vert, bien des milles d'un paysage ravissant, en collines boisées, en métairies bien cultivées, en bouquets d'arbres autour des villages, nous arrivons enfin à Saint-Malo....

En voyant les Malouins, en les entendant parler, nous nous sommes tout de suite sentis chez nous, tant il y a de ressemblances de langage aussi bien que de types entre eux et les Canadiens-Français!

Mais ce qui ne ressemble à rien de ce que nous avons au Canada, c'est la ville elle-même.

Comme un vaisseau à l'ancre dans une magnifique baie semée d'îlots et de rochers que la mer entoure de franges d'écume, avec sa longue jetée pointant en avant ainsi qu'une proue, avec la flèche de son église pour grand mât, avec sa ligne de remparts percés de sabords sur les flancs, telle paraît la vieille cité de Saint-Malo.

Il y a peu de temps encore, puisque les travaux ne sont pas encore entièrement terminés, Saint-Malo était presque une île, rattachée à la terre par une digue étroite, appelée le *Sillon*, une amarre qui venait l'accrocher sous les tours de son château-fort, et que la vieille cité corsaire

n'avait qu'à trancher, semblait-il, pour s'élançer sur les flots, vers les hazards, les batailles et les chances de la guerre maritime.

St-Malo doit à Louis XIV et à la considération qu'avait inspirée au ministre de la marine l'audace admirable de ses enfants, une enceinte de murs qui fait exactement le tour de la ville et dont l'épaisseur sert de promenade. Il y a un parapet du côté de la ville, comme du côté de la mer, et le promeneur se trouve à peu près à la hauteur du second étage des maisons. Il m'a semblé qu'à marée basse ce parapet est à 75 pieds des flots.

Faire le tour du rocher de St-Malo, par la plate-forme du rempart est une promenade superbe; aussi l'entreprîmes-nous dès le premier soir de notre arrivée, alors que le soleil commençait à colorer le ciel de ses plus vives couleurs. Ce n'est qu'au bout d'une heure et demie, après avoir fait exactement le tour de la ville, que nous sommes revenus à l'escalier par lequel nous étions montés. Mais nous nous étions arrêtés souvent pour considérer soit les îlots noirs déchiquetés par les vagues qui défendent Saint-Malo contre les lames de la grande mer, soit la colline du Golfe de Saint-Servan qui s'avance fort dans la mer. Car ces parapets sont comme un spacieux balcon sur la ville, donnant des vues, au fur et à mesure qu'on avance, sur tout le labyrinthe des rues étroites, découvrant des files de toits, des bouts de ruelles singulières, étranges parfois; c'est aussi le balcon sur la mer, sur l'immensité ouverte, sur la rade semée d'îlots et de rochers.

Le plus considérable de ces îlots, le *Grand Bey*, est rattaché à Saint-Malo par un petit sentier en granit qui circule entre des blocs couverts de varech et qui n'est à découvert qu'à marée basse.

Sur une crête de cet îlot, surplombant la mer à 150 pieds au-dessus des vagues mugissantes, une croix de pierre entourée d'une grille s'aperçoit comme un simple point perdu dans l'espace. Cette croix marque le tombeau de Château-briand, suspendu à la fois dans le nuage du ciel et dans l'embrun de la vague, dans le tourbillonnement des vents et des oiseaux de la mer.



Le tombeau du grand écrivain lui avait été préparé sur sa demande dès 1828.

“ Il y a longtemps, écrivait-il à cette date au maire de Saint-Malo, que j'ai le projet de demander à ma ville natale de me concéder, à la pointe occidentale du Grand Bey, la plus avancée vers la pleine mer, un petit coin de terre, tout juste suffisant pour contenir mon cercueil. Je le ferai bénir et entourer d'une grille de fer. Là, quand il plaira à Dieu, je reposerai sous la protection de mes concitoyens.”

Son vœu a été exaucé.

Ce tombeau est d'ailleurs d'une extrême simplicité ; il consiste en une pierre sans aucune inscription, posée horizontalement, entourée d'une grille en fer du style gothique et surmontée d'une croix de granit.

Ah ! il serait bon de s'arrêter ici longtemps, longtemps, de contempler la mer pas plus agitée, bien que jamais en repos, que ne l'a été la carrière de celui qui, depuis un demi-siècle, dort là, à nos pieds, son dernier sommeil, et qui un jour poussé par son génie inquiet et tourmenté, s'exila volontairement de sa patrie pour s'enfoncer dans les forêts profondes du Nouveau Monde, et vint ainsi chercher quelques-unes de ses plus nobles inspirations sur notre terre hospitalière.

Mais le moyen de s'arrêter quand tout semble en mouvement ou change d'aspect autour de soi !

C'est la mer dans son flux et reflux qui renouvelle ainsi constamment le décor qui se déroule devant les yeux du spectateur.

Tantôt la mer assiege les quais, les îles, en engloutit plusieurs ; les rochers noirâtres de la côte sont battus par le flot de l'écume, les navires voguent orgueilleusement sur la rade ; puis les vagues reculent, la mer baisse d'une quarantaine de pieds et découvre, au loin, le fond de la baie, le hérissément de rochers noirs, et de vertes prairies marines entre les chaînes des rocs ; les embarcations gisent dans la vase couchées sur le flanc et semblent humiliées de se trouver hors de leur élément ; bientôt les îlots se soudent aux îlots, entre lesquels on voit toutes les merveilles de la flore marine, de véritables champs d'algues et de varechs, prairies du vert le plus tendre encadrant des mares et des lacs, tout cela vivant, remuant, s'agitant, tout cela grouillant de tout le

petit monde de la mer, surpris dans ces retraites.

Mais restons sur le rempart, et pour abréger, hâtons notre course et arrivons devant le château fort en face de la grande grève.

Le château de Saint-Malo, le vieux gardien de la ville, qui tonna si souvent de tous ses canons, présente avec une majesté fière et rude, un robuste ensemble de grosses tours rondes, reliées par de longues murailles. Il est là, en avant de la ville, pour la défendre à la fois contre tout ennemi venant de la mer ou de la terre, étant situé au débouché du *Sillon*, l'étroite chaussée qui rattache la ville à la terre ferme. Son plan figure un carré flanqué de quatre tours principales, couronnées de plates-formes. Les deux tours d'angle qui flanquent l'entrée du château du côté de la ville, furent bâties en 1498 par la reine Anne de Bretagne. Sur l'une de ces tours la reine fit graver en bosse ces mots significatifs :

Quic-en-groigne.

Ainsi sera,

C'est mon plaisir.

Le nom de *Quiquengrogne* est resté à cette tour.

Interrogée, l'histoire nous fournit cette explication : Le vieux St-Malo du moyen âge, véritable république de gens de mer, reconnaissaient fort peu l'autorité ducale ou royale ; la duchesse Anne de Bretagne, devenue par son mariage avec Charles VIII, reine de France, pour en finir avec les prétentions des Malouins à l'indépendance, fit élever ces tours, et comme avertissement fit graver l'inscription dont je viens de parler.

Cité fermée jadis, presque inaccessible à l'étranger, St-Malo est aujourd'hui une des villes de France les plus fréquentées. Elle doit cette vogue à sa magnifique plage, dont nous n'avons pas été des derniers à profiter, sachant que nous n'avons qu'une semaine à en jouir, semaine, de plus, d'une chaleur tropicale. Quand j'aperçus pour la première fois, en plein soleil, cette grève de St-Malo, avec son sable d'or, les grands rochers l'encadrant à droite et à gauche, puis au delà, dans les magnificences d'un admirable panorama, toutes les splendeurs de l'été, je me dis : comment Jacques-Cartier et ses braves pouvaient-ils abandonner tout cela pour aller vers les rives incertaines du St-Laurent ?... Et

qu'elle est animée cette belle plage avec ses centaines de baigneurs et de baigneuses, ces groupes d'enfants égrenés de ci de-là, et prenant leurs ébats sur le sable dur et fin, jouant avec le flot puissant de la mer en se retirant à mesure que la lame montante venait les mouiller.

Il nous en coûte de nous éloigner de cette plage enchanteresse et fraîche pour nous engager dans l'enchevêtrement des rues étroites et suffocantes dans l'enceinte des remparts ; mais il le faut bien un instant, si je ne veux pas donner une idée trop incomplète de cette ville.

Ici tout est d'un gris noirâtre, c'est la couleur du granit sur lequel la fière cité est assise.

Trois ou quatre rues très commerciales et très animées où foisonnent les boutiques d'objets de luxe et de curiosités, des ruelles aux maisons vermoulues, revêtues d'une cuirasse d'ardoises déclouées et tombantes, quelques petites places publiques, des rues si étroites, dans les plus anciens quartiers de la ville, que souvent nous nous amusons à en toucher les maisons de chaque côté en nous étendant les bras : tel nous a apparu St-Malo, au premier abord. Mais l'aspect est un peu plus souriant à la *Place Chateaubriand*, pourvue d'un kiosque de concert et ombragée de quelques vieux et magnifiques platanes. C'est aussi l'endroit le plus fréquenté de la ville. Les principaux hôtels et cafés le bordent ou l'avoisinent.

Dans l'un d'eux, *l'hôtel de France*, Chateaubriand naquit dans une des chambres donnant par-dessus les remparts sur l'immensité ouverte avec ses splendeurs et ses ouragans. On y remarque un portrait du *Génie du Christianisme*, une gravure représentant Attala et Chactas, les armes de Chateaubriand avec la devise : "Mon sang teint les bannières de France."

Puisque j'en suis aux *maisons natales*, mentionnons-en deux autres pas moins célèbres, celle de Lamennais d'abord, austère et mélancolique, à cinquante pas de celle de Chateaubriand, l'autre, celle de Duguay-Trouin, vitrée de haut en bas, chaque étage semblable à une grande cage à petits carreaux.

Ayant ainsi pu visiter avec vénération ces maisons que l'on montre avec fierté parce qu'elles perpétuent le souvenir d'hommes qui ont fait honneur à leur patrie par leur vie ou

leurs écrits, ayant de plus trouvé des statues érigées à la mémoire de ces mêmes grands hommes dans leur ville natale, je m'attendais à rencontrer quelque chose, un buste, un morceau de pierre à l'angle d'une rue, un signe qui me rappelât notre Jacques Cartier, le pas moins noble et illustre enfant de St-Malo, lui que connaissent et vénèrent les plus ignorants Canadiens-Français, à qui tous ont élevé un autel dans leur cœur, lui dont nous voyons le portrait, le nom en vingt endroits, dans les édifices publics, sur les places, les routes, les navires, soit à Montréal, soit à Québec ; et à St-Malo, rien ! Je n'ai rien trouvé... si, une rue sur le port porte depuis quelques années le nom de Jacques Cartier.

C'est là tout ce que l'on a fait à St-Malo pour conserver la mémoire de ce grand homme, de celui que François I n'appelait jamais que *notre cher et bien-aimé*, de ce brave et héroïque marin qui a la gloire d'avoir placé son nom à la tête des Annales canadiennes, et ouvert la première page d'un nouveau livre dans la grande histoire du monde.

Et malgré cette négligence coupable des Malouins envers le découvreur du Canada, nous primes congé d'eux en leur disant non *adieu*, mais *Au Revoir*.

J. L. MORIN.

Université McGill.

#### BEHIND THE SCENES.

The day, or rather evening, of my adventure arrived at last. A good many of the men had been going in to act as supes, or supernumeraries, in the Grand Operas, and I wanted to go for an experience.

The stage manager issues tickets at 50 cents each for the privilege, and, so when on Friday I had the chance to get a ticket, I persuaded Simms, one of the men at our table, to get one, too, and come with me to supe in "Carmen" that night. I thought it would be rather an experience and some fun, and so it was—more than I expected.

We got into the stage entrance of the Theatre about a quarter to seven, where we found a group of men, like ourselves, mostly students, waiting for the manager to arrive. We wedged

ourselves towards the front, and it was quite like waiting at the entrance to the old Academy gods in Montreal.

The manager arrived a little after seven, and the door being opened we made a rush in, and I being near the first, and following the others, found myself with three or four of the first in a little dressing-room with a gate and little room off, before which we lined up in order to get our costumes. Being third or fourth and tall, I got a very good costume of a gay hussar, of which there were ten. It consisted of helmet (tin, with big crest—figures later), a sword, or rather sabre, of tremendous length, a wooden spear with a tin point and little pennon, a pair of enamelled leggings, a pair of tight blue trousers, a white vest and dark blue coat. When he gave us the costumes, a man took our hats, as a precaution against theft, and we each had a box number which he gave us when we donned the costumes, and handed him our own clothes to take charge of. The other men, about a dozen, had peasant costumes, and Simms looked very well in a sort of brown canvas costume, knee breeches and Alpine hat with ribbons around it. After we were dressed, we went upstairs, and found ourselves "behind the scenes," where all was confusion of shifting scenery, hurrying men and general disorder. I loafed round there for a while, talking to the other gallant hussars, until the time came for the opening scene, in which we had to march on and off again. We practiced this all right, and myself and another man had to march off together before the others did, "to relieve the guard" the manager told me, though there was no guard to relieve, and I regarded the whole thing as being run regardless of reason and without proper guardianship of details. Well, anyway, up went the curtain, the audience applauded, the singing commenced, the gallant officer led us in, all out of step; of course we perambulated across the stage and stood in a row, facing him at the left of the stage with our wooden and tin spears gracefully pointed in front of us.

He then said, with an Italian accent: "Two boys go off." So I stepped out with my comrade, and we marched across the stage and out at the other wing, "to relieve the guard." The

others stayed on a little longer, and then came off also.

That is all we did in that act, and the play, or opera, went on while I looked through the chinks in the scenery, examined the electric lights, and wondered at the amount of rouge and powder the chorus girls and others had on them. When the second act came, I marvelled at the celerity and dexterity with which the scene-shifters handled the large pieces of scenery and straightened things out generally. In this act we were on for a whole scene in the village square, when I had to sit on a little bench, with an antiquated French chorus girl and look gay. Afterwards we got up to welcome the hero, and three big, fat German chorus girls immediately sat down on the bench and said "soldiers should stand up." I was glad to see the old bench break down under them soon after with an awful crash which landed one on the floor. While I was standing up, I saw my room-mate in the second gallery, but he did not make me out until the last act. After going off in this scene we did not go on again until the last act, though one time I went on with some of the others, but got fired off again, because it was a scene in which a stray soldier was captured by bandits, and were not supposed to be looking innocently on. It was rather slow till the last act, but this was the exciting part.

We went on twice. The first time we marched in two abreast, marched to the front of the stage, and then filed off to each side, five in a file, where we stood until the end of the scene, when we reversed the marching and went off. We had to rehearse this several times before, and I, being the tallest, had the honor of leading one file in the march, which my room-mate said looked very well from the audience. He made me out in this scene, and waved frantically with his handkerchief—the people around him must have thought him funny—and I held mine up to my nose in return. After marching off we were to wait behind the scene: at the foot of a little steep stair, ready to rush on and arrest the murderer, the manager detailing myself and the other leader to do the arresting, the others to stand on each side; he said to rush in when we heard the fall, and each lay a hand on the mur-

derer's shoulder. When the fall came we all rushed, but, unluckily, my old sword got between my legs somehow, and I tripped on the top step, and I came down on both knees, while, to make matters worse, my helmet, which did not fit well, came off, and rolled down the steps on to the stage.

I could hear the people laughing, but, not heeding such trivialities, I recovered myself, and rushed on to do my duty, helmetless, but brave.

I put a hand of authority on the shoulder of the murderer, who was the first tenor, an Italian called Galigni. He seemed to resent this as a personal injury, and, wrenching his shoulder from my detaining hand, turned on me a look of fury, and said something in Italian, probably not worth repeating. Then he started to sing the death-song, and I, taking in the situation, picked up my helmet, put it on, fell back and stood at ease, until the curtain went down midst laughter and applause.

I believe the little episode of the falling helmet was one of the hits of the evening; anyway, it lent a little local color and excitement to a somewhat dull performance. Several of the fellows recognized me when I was bare-headed, and rather chaffed me, but such incidents are common and are soon forgotten.

Such was my first and last appearance on the stage.

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#### "ESTABELLE AND OTHER VERSE."

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—

I have been a frequent reader of the FORTNIGHTLY, and have been hoping to see some reference made to a book of interest to McGill men recently issued.

Some months ago the Press of Mr. William Briggs, of Toronto, issued a tastefully bound volume, entitled "Estabelle and other Verse," bearing the name of a young Canadian, Mr. John Stuart Thomson, which has been the subject of much favourable comment by the Press, not only of Canada, but also of the United States and Great Britain. Mr. Thomson is not a stranger to readers of magazines such as "Canadian," "Peterson," and "Chap Book,"

but this is the first appearance of his work in book form.

This volume is of especial interest to McGill men, because Mr. Thomson was a fellow student, having been a member of the Freshman class in Arts in 1888.

McGill students and graduates have not contributed much to the development of Canadian literature, particularly in poetry, and it is therefore with particular pride we welcome this contribution, by one of our own number, to the limited but worthy volume of Canadian Verse.

Of the sonnets and lyrics of this volume, the Edinburgh *Scotsman* remarks that they are "characterized by a rich sensuousness of the fancy akin to that of Keats," and of the ballads says, "the author seems to study a musical simplicity like that of the 'May Queen.' He is no less successful in the one manner than in the other."

Of the title poem, the *Boston Transcript* says that "in its simple but harmonious movement, its sorrow for the death of children and its sincerely intimate touch, it almost vies with Wordsworth's 'Lucy.'"

It has frequently been remarked that Canadian writers show a close intimacy with nature, and this note is dominant here. Some of the pieces, however, are rather literal descriptions of nature, but, as the writer undoubtedly excels as a lyrist, we are sure in his future work this facility will lead him to apply his power to descriptions of human life and aspiration.

It is, of course, impossible to quote more than a few lines, but attention might be called to several of the poems; for instance, those prettily conceived love songs, "An Orient Maid" and "Cecily's Garden," the mysticism of "Reclaimed," and the solemn music of "Hymn to the God of Nature."

The following quatrain, "Deus Pinxit," is an illustration of the poet's power of concentration:

"God's canvas is the burning sky;  
His pencils sunbeams, swift and true;  
His colors,—pearl, chalcidony;  
His pictures clouds, on back-ground blue."

The following is surely a fine description of a June noon-day.

"The holy note of summer bird;  
The rare, suspended hour of noon;  
The noiseless straying of the herd; —  
These consecrate the month of June."

Of the departing glory of the Fall, he writes:—

"The goldenrod alone doth wear  
A gleam of summer in its hair;  
And one last aster, flow'ring blue,  
Remains to Autumn true."

The mood of the writer is seldom melancholy, but we at times meet with such a perfect example of a "minor chord" as

"Mystic and far, I heard the bells  
Of Is between the sea's loud swells;  
And winds through yarrow on the dunes  
Startled with weirder tunes.

Half-syllabled I heard strange names;  
I trembled, for they were not fame's;  
And questioned, distraught with the time,  
If ought but death's sub-time."

Mr. Thomson is in early manhood yet, and, from the promise which this work gives, we await with interest his future verse. He is at present a resident of New York, a member of that small coterie of Canadian writers who have gathered in the American metropolis, among whom are such persons as Professor Roberts and Mr. Bliss Carman.

DUNCAN T. McLAREN,  
SC. 1897.

EAST ORANGE N. J.

#### ODDS AND ENDS FROM THE WORLD OF LETTERS.

[We received the following contribution last week. It is evident that our contributor takes an interest in reading, as he urges us to add a book department as a new feature of the FORTNIGHTLY. Naturally we cannot commit our successors to any policy in this matter, but we believe a book shelf would prove an attraction to our readers.—ED.]

SIMON DALE may at once be recognized as a production of Anthony Hope (Hawkins). Like its predecessors, it is a bright and witty story of the adventure type, not, as some have said, an historical novel; although dealing with the courts of England and France during the reign of Charles the Second. Yet this is a secondary feature, and brought in merely to give assistance to the love, intrigue and adventure in which Mr. Hope delights. He introduces a prophecy told by a wise woman before Simon was born, that

he should love where the king loved, know the secrets the king wished to hide, and should drink of the king's cup. It is in the fulfilling of this prophecy that the plot is laid, with the same bold and brilliant touch which has characterized Hope's other works. In fact, although perhaps not bound to be as popular as the "Prisoner of Zenda," or "Phroso," yet nevertheless it is one of the best romances of the year, and to those wishing a pleasant hour this can be recommended as a companion.

SHREWSBURY, by Weyman, is not up to his former standard. It is an attempt at the historical novel, but fails to even interest the reader. Mr. Weyman has confused his court intrigue until it resembles a troubled ocean of incidents, which is of course wearisome. His chief character is a poor school-master in love with a servant girl, who is a radiant beauty, seen even through her working clothes. She turns out wicked, and persuades him to steal from his master, so that she and another may ride away. Both characters are contemptible, and the man in addition is a coward.

A book on the Turko-Greek war worth more than a passing glance is that of Mr. G. W. Stevens, the "War Correspondent." Although prejudiced against the Greeks, yet he gives a true, unexaggerated account; his descriptions are clear and exact, the interest is sustained and his character writing is very life-like. He complains of the commanders on both sides, but praises the Turkish privates, and perhaps, if *Truth* is correct, Russia may have wielded Prince George and the Sultan as her puppets, for she alone gained by the war.

POOR MAN, by the author of "A Yellow Aster," is a slight improvement on its companion. Its cleverness is often too artificial, but here and there true cleverness does shine forth. Her subject is that of the eternal unfitness of the artistic temperament for the decencies of life and the observance of the laws enacted by rational society for its own protection. This has been served up in so many styles that the palate finds it insipid. How a woman can write such an utterly heartless and cynical passage, as the farewell of her lover, in order to marry a rich suitor, is more than most men can imagine.

Other books, which, on account of want of space, cannot be criticised are :

"The Whirlpool," by G. Gissing, up to his former standard ; \$1.25.

"The Sons of The Czar," by J. Graham, an historical novel on Peter the Great ; \$1.25.

"Bladys, of the Stewpony," by S. Baring Gould ; scene is laid at Shrewsbury, in 1799, and has, like his other works, some historical ground.

"Routledge's Discoveries and Inventions of the 19th Century" is a most complete book on inventions, etc., and one which every library might well hold.

"Columbia Verse," W. B. Harrison, New York, is a collection of the best attempts which have appeared in the College papers, and certainly much praise is deserved.

Zola's "Paris" and "Rome" are of course well written, but, as usual, are seen from a pessimist's point of view.

"Benin Massacre" is by one of the survivors, and is good.

Richard Harding Davis' "A Year from a Correspondent's Note Book" is, it is said, a very true account with illustrations. All who have not read his books should at once read, "Van Bibber," "Gallagher," "Soldiers of Fortune," etc.

"Spanish John," a Romance of the '43, by Wm. McLennan, of our own fair city, is very good in the Stevenson type.

"Roden's Corner," by Henry Seton Merriam, is very good.

"Peter the Great," by Waliszewski, good.

"The Beth Book," by Sarah Grand ; one of her best.

"The Christian," by Hall Caine ; characters too changeful and weak.

"Through the Gold Fields of Alaska to Behring Straits," by Harry De Windt, one of the two true stories of the Klondyke.

"Rough Justice," by Mrs. Braddon.

"A Tragedy of the Korosko," by Conan Doyle, not as good as usual.

"*Quo Vadis*," by Sienkiewiczza, a very true and clear account of Herod's time, perhaps too ironic in one or two places.

#### FROM OUR STANDPOINT.

It was the hour for Latin prose ; we were lingering on the steps loth to go in when suddenly from the Engineering building came the yell "Arts! Arts!" Up the walk rushed a wild shouting crowd bent on the annihilation of their old time enemies. Not a moment too soon did the Arts' men collect themselves, and taking up a firm position a little below the steps prepared to give those men from Science a warm reception. There was a second fierce shout, and then came the swish, swish of snowballs. On the battle raged, neither side yielding an inch. Some plunged into the thick of it, others cooler-headed hung on the outskirts, made hard, icy snowballs and shot with unerring aim ; for instance, into the mouth of a man just opening it to shout. A few veterans who had been through other wars carefully removed their coats and fought in their shirt sleeves. It was difficult to tell on which side our sympathies were enlisted. As five Science men bore one lone Arts' Freshman to the ground and washed his face with snow in no gentle manner, a Sophomore was heard to murmur : " Oh the wretches, the villains, isn't it cruel," again, " Just look at that man, isn't he hitting beautifully worth six of Arts," and now came that decisive moment, that tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood leads on to fortune when one side or the other must give way, and, alas, that it had to be Arts ; for just as the besieging party found themselves hard pressed, up came the Fourth Year men to the rescue, stubbornly contesting every inch of ground. Arts slowly retreated, then gathering all their strength Science rushed up the steps and took possession of the fort. And now in strange and wonderful attire torn gowns, limp collars, tangled hair, these gallant warriors stand, and lifting from their heads their battered hats or what remained give forth a mighty yell for Science. It was a great battle, and from those of us who were privileged to view the contest were heard such remarks as "Wasn't it thrilling?" "Wouldn't you like to have been a man for once?" All honor to Arts who fought against overwhelming numbers, and would have won, had it not been for the enemies' reserve force. As for

that base accusation that our sympathies were all for Science, we say "Honour to whom Honour is due," and both sides fully deserve it.

L. McK. R.

#### DR. MURRAY'S ADDRESS.

Dr. Murray's Moral Philosophy class attended the last lecture of their course on Tuesday morning. At the close of the men's lecture the ladies came in to listen to the reading of the short address which the class had decided to present to Dr. Murray.

Mr. Stephens read the address on behalf of the committee:

TO THE REV. J. CLARK MURRAY, M.A., LL.D.,  
F. R. S. C.

*Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy, University of McGill College, Montreal.*

We, the Moral Philosophy Class of 1897-1898, desire to tender you our sincere congratulations on the completion of the Twenty-fifth Year of your Professoriate at McGill.

We, sir, deem it an honour to have been your students and to have had the benefit of your extensive learning, unprejudiced judgment and brilliant accomplishments.

Not only does it afford an opportunity for thanking you for the permanent influence for good which you have diffused among us, but it is also a double occasion for joy in that this year you celebrate the thirty-fifth in Professorial office.

We feel, sir, that the seed you have sown among so many generations of students which have gathered at McGill has been and will be productive of great and permanent good, and that they will reap naught but what is wholesome and conducive to the general weal.

The noble principles which you have inculcated and the sublime thoughts with which you have imbued their minds have gained the high esteem and admiration in which you are held by all that come in contact with you.

We wish especially to express our gratitude for that unobtrusive sympathy and kindness which have permeated all your lectures and characterized all your explanations.

We sincerely trust that you will long be

spared to continue the work to which you have so earnestly and indefatigably devoted your life, and that a Beneficent Creator will crown a life of labour in the paths of righteousness and goodness with well-earned ease and happiness.

In reply Dr. Murray requested the class to accept, as applicable to the present occasion, the sentiments which he had already expressed in poetic form, as he did not wish to mar it by ill-chosen language. He would not attempt to put aside the pleasurable feeling which one experiences by being patted on the head; the sympathy of students with their professors he held to be the chief reward of teaching, and, finally, he requested the class to remember him as their friend who would be ever glad to communicate with them whenever bodily separation made personal intercourse impossible.

#### STUDENTS' CUSTOMS AND ETHICS.

These two terms with their cognate origin but slightly diversified acknowledged meaning form a subject of unflinching interest.

What are the habits of thought of students as we find them when engrossed in the search for scientific truths, what is the main-spring of their rules of action, their likes and dislikes, their amusements, their aims?

That an intuitive code of ethics seem to more or less pervade here as in the plastic sentiments of humanity, none would dare deny; but as elsewhere a seeming increasing utilitarian view of the subject seems to be strongly militated for. With students we see humanity at its best, in physique, intellectuality, and perhaps in morality, and one who continually lives and associates with this class of our fellow-beings can scarcely become pessimistic.

But it is not that the highest standards are in every case attained and maintained, but even students in their failings will seldom rudely and grossly shock the better sentiments of others.

The great majority of students approach their respective studies with a true zeal for acquiring useful knowledge, and that not solely for personal gratification; their questions are: what is truth? and they seek an adequate answer. Many might have had an easier time in other

pursuits; many more had no necessity for this toil, but it was of their own free will and choice that they have done what they have done.

Between the hours of study and that absolutely requisite for sleep is the narrow margin left for récreation, and this is seized with alacrity; thus the physical exercises are sought to train the body to endurance or to subdue the effervescence of youth, or music or decorative art or poetry often will have for others charms which are irresistible; others have an inborn *penchant* for society, and may lionize many a heart, but it is only a gentle homage to Venus.

Thus, as regards relaxations, students can find among us a great variety; society, both gay and select, theatricals of all grades and merits, lectures, various museums, of works of art, of antiquities of natural products, libraries, etc. And the average student need not be told what is good and bad, and, though there may be found a few to think lightly of some stage plays,

yet in our good city, lewd performances have been greeted with products of the barn yard.

Among themselves the "chumminess" of students is proverbial, and there is an *esprit de corps* quite equal to that of fraternal societies, including the church itself as a typical one. There may be some teasing of some particular individual in any one class, but we know not that it is ever carried on beyond the reasonable limits of forbearance. Moreover, whenever any offence is given, students, as a rule, are very willing to give full satisfaction, and merit is willingly acknowledged even in enemies, if there be such a thing among them.

In the presence of this condition of things, our hopes for the future of the race, for the interest of science, find much to rest upon, and although we are not blind to our faults and would not condone such, we maintain that they are in nowise incidental to college life.

D.

## Societies.

### MCGILL UNDERGRADUATES' MEDICAL SOCIETY.

It is always fitting when a successful career is rounded off by closing scenes in keeping with what has preceded it, and for this reason the Medical Undergraduates who are loyal to their only Society were very much gratified by the quality of the last meeting of the Session, which was held on Friday night, March 18.

The proceedings were of a very diversified character, beginning with the scholarly enquiry into and demonstration of deep biological questions, and ending with an illustration of the kinship which McGill professors are so successful in establishing between their students and themselves.

Owing to the impending sword of exams next day, many students were inhibited from attending, otherwise the attendance would have exceeded any hitherto held.

The programme was opened by Mr. F. S. Jackson, who delivered a well-reasoned paper on "Biology and its Relation to Medicine and Surgery." He pointed out the causes of disease

incident to the high evolution of the human race, particularly those due to lack of development of organs found in lower forms and to new organs and new positions to which we had attained.

All of these were well illustrated by stereopticon views, which much enhanced the value of the paper.

At the conclusion of Mr. Jackson's paper, Prof. Shepherd, the Honorary-President, rose to deliver the closing address, and was greeted in the most enthusiastic manner, but speedily all was attention, for every graduate and undergraduate knows that Dr. Shepperd's words are always worth remembering, and the wise student misses none.

In seeking a suitable theme for this address, the Professor said he must choose one neither dry and heavy, nor yet light and frivolous, but in keeping with the dignity and traditions of the College Halls, and proposed to give some short account of what the medical student saw twenty-five or more years ago, and to compare his opportunities and advantages with those so richly accorded to the student of to-day.



He was far from thinking that all the advantages were with the present day, and graphically described the various developments in impedimenta from the clinical thermometer to the X-ray apparatus and the typhoid reaction with which the student of to-day is burdened, as compared with acute eyes, ears and trained fingers of the older men, and quoted the great success of the celebrated Galen in this department.

The student of his time had only one laboratory, and that was the hospital; even anatomy was almost an unlawful art. In the realm of surgery, however, the greatest advance had been made, anæsthesia and asepsis having made to cease the era when compound fracture and amputations were almost certain death, and when after an abdominal operation the patient *always died*, when pus was laudable and expected and healing by first intention was a miracle.

The Professor described in detail some of the operations performed, which to the modern student seem almost incredible, and then traced the rise and progress of the treatment by anti-toxines so successful in diphtheria, tetanus and rabies and the organo-therapy whose greatest triumph was in the restoring of idiotic cretins to intelligence and health.

The successful grappling of modern medicine with epidemics and public health were cited as hastening the day when a last century physician's prophecy might yet come true, for he predicted that "death would be nothing more than the effect either of extraordinary accidents or gradual decay of the vital powers."

But Doctor Shepherd got very close to the hearts of his hearers when he began to outline the hospitals of his students days. "Small, narrow, dark and ill-smelling wards have given place to large, spacious, well-ventilated apartments, each presided over by a well educated young woman of pleasant appearance, smartly dressed in washable garments, and assisted by two or three like her. In my day, age and frowsiness seemed the chief attributes of the nurse, who was ill-educated, and was often made more unattractive by the vinous odour of her breath. Cleanliness was not a feature either of the nurse, the ward or the patients; each one did as best pleased

her, and her "langwidge" was "frequent and painful and free." If the day nurse was bad, the night nurse was worse, and, as a solatium to help her to bear the burthen of the night, the stimulants then freely prescribed for patients often found their way down her throat." Patients were frequently strapped to their beds if delirious, or went in and out at their own pleasure. The operating-room was only comparable to a shambles, and Montreal had not the worst one in that respect."

Dr. Shepherd vividly portrayed the advent of the antiseptic era as practiced by the different schools, "one rejoicing in the production of a veritable London fog of antiseptic spray which filled the operating room and soaked the operator's assistants and patient to the skin; and following this, the irrigation method with its Niagara of solutions, the operators wading about in rubber boots, while visitors, who had no boots, had to stand on chairs. Soon it was found that dry dressings answered as well, and to-day the aim is not for antiseptis but for asepsis, and the next development is hard to predict."

Turning from hospital to college he described the teaching, except in the practice of medicine, as most elementary, and made some revelations of anatomy that made even the Freshmen hold their breath, and made the rest of us believe that we really knew a thing or two although we were born late. The College possessed ONE microscope, and one of the events of the course was to wait your turn to see the circulation in a frog's foot, and another was to be allowed to examine about a dozen imported microscopic slides of the different tissues.

Referring to therapeutics, he quoted Musk and Castoreum and several other of the ancient drugs used or at least lectured about, and how to-day the manufacturing chemists not only put the various ones up in a portable and palatable form, but they kindly tell you what to use them for and how to use them.

In concluding his address, the lecturer referred to the great advances yet to be made, but trusted that the hands of the younger generation to which the lamp of scientific progress was now committed would be found able to keep

it burning brightly by the oil of research and careful observation, and that this great University might retain in the van the place it had gained by hard work and perseverance. He eloquently urged the necessity for a higher ideal than the results in dollars and cents, that of seeking knowledge for its own sake, even though the millenium were necessary to a full realization of this ideal, and closed his intensely interesting address with the always timely words of the wise man: "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom and the man that getteth understanding, for the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver and the gain thereof than fine gold."

When the applause which greeted the inspiring peroration had somewhat subsided, Mr. A. C. L. Fox, '98, in a neatly worded speech referred to the unique position held by Dr. Shepherd in the hearts of the students of McGill, and proposed a vote of thanks to Dr. Shepherd and Mr. Jackson for the addresses of the evening. Mr. A. H. Gordon, '99, seconded the motion in fitting terms, and it was carried most heartily. Dr. Shepherd and Mr. Jackson made short replies.

The actual business of the evening was concluded at this stage, and on the invitation of the Hon. President, adjournment was made to allow the serving of refreshments such as the average medical student does thoroughly enjoy. An opportunity was soon found to propose the health of the host, and none could be more enthusiastically honoured. Dr. Shepherd thanked the members for their kindly references, but would omit a speech. In lieu thereof the members from Professor to Freshman join in a social chat, and incidents of early college years made a theme from which all were loth to part.

This meeting closes for the session the regular fortnightly programme, and the annual meeting occurs after the holidays on Friday, April 15th.

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#### MCGILL APPLIED SCIENCE TECHNICAL SOCIETY.

What we are pleased to consider a very important society has been organized in the Faculty of Applied Science, and will probably

be called the Applied Science Technical Society. The idea of such an organization of Science students was first entertained by several of the Professors, especially Prof. C. B. Smith, who did much to bring the matter clearly before the students, and pointed out the advantages of such a society. That they are many and great we must admit. Besides forming a bond of unity between members as undergraduates, encouraging original research work, inculcating in the minds of the students the necessity of self-reliance in all their work, the defence of their carefully thought-out opinions on engineering work in the discussion following the reading of papers, and the criticism, adverse perhaps, called forth, the Technical Society aims to retain a knowledge of the whereabouts of all graduates of the Faculty, and carry on the good work now conducted by the Graduates' Society. It is also understood that both the Graduates' Society and the Mining Society shall, after a years' existence have proved that the Technical Society is successful in its operation, merge into one, and all three work together to one end.

Much therefore depends on the success of next year's work. On the Executive Committee will fall the largest share of responsibility, but each individual student is responsible as well. Considering the advantages to be gained and the smallness of the yearly fee, every man in the Faculty should become a member immediately, not only from present considerations, but also from the fact that such a connection will greatly brighten the future prospects of the young engineer. The "Rensselaer Society of Engineers," of New York, is a similar organization. It was organized in 1866, and now enrolls as members some of the best engineers of the United States. Mutual assistance is the ruling feature, and every preference is given to members of the Society before all others. This is the condition we anticipate for our society. When present undergraduates shall have attained eminence in the engineering profession they will be in a position to offer assistance to their younger brothers, and to whom should they offer it if not to members of the Society of which they are life members and in which they worked while students at McGill?

This certainly is one of the objects of the Graduates' Society, but, when they unite with ours, how much greater will be the ends attained.

On the 14th of February it was decided to organize a Society such as the above, and a committee was appointed to draft a constitution.

This committee consisted of :

Mr. Butler, '98, Mining and Chemistry.

Mr. MacPhail, '98, Civil and Architecture.

Mr. W. M. Young, '99, Mechanical.

Mr. Grier, '99, Electrical.

Mr. N. Ogilvie, '00.

Mr. Byers, '00.

Mr. P. Ogilvie, '01.

On February 28 the Constitution was partially, and on March 7 finally, adopted with a few alternations. On March 14 the first meeting of the Society was held in the Engineering Building for the nomination of officers. Mr. William M. MacPhail, '98, was elected President *pro tem*, and Mr. E. G. Cape, '98, Secretary *pro tem*.

On March 21, the second meeting, the general annual meeting was held, and the officers for 1898-'99 were elected as follows :

*Honorary-President*—Dr. H. T. Bovey, Dean of the Faculty of Applied Science. Elected by acclamation :

*President*—W. W. Colpitts, '99, representing Civil and Architecture.

*1st Vice-President*—S. F. Kirkpatrick, '99, representing Mining and Chemistry.

*2nd Vice-President*—R. M. Wilson, '99, representing Mechanical.

*3rd Vice-President*—J. S. Whyte, '99, representing Electrical.

*Secretary*—J. G. Glasco, '00.

*Treasurer*—R. H. Gillean, '00.

Second Year representatives : B. S. McKenzie, P. Ogilvie.

First Year representative. To be elected at the first meeting of next year.

The Second Year representatives shall also act as assistant secretaries, and the First Year representatives shall act as assistant treasurer.

These officers shall also constitute an Executive Committee, shall appoint an editor, and have the oversight of all business transactions of the Society. The Society now appears to be

on a firm footing, and with the opening of the session of '98-'99 the real work will begin. Judging from the interest taken in the last meeting and the enthusiasm manifested by the several divisions for the good of the Society, the Executive Committee will find no trouble in the conduct of officers next year. On them devolves the honor of the Faculty in regard to this Society. We have no fear on the score of integrity of the individual members. They are capable and earnest, and we trust that the students will lend them all the aid in their power.

#### CLASSICAL CLUB.

The meetings of the Classical Club for this year ended on Thursday evening, March 17th, with a lecture by Professor Capper on "Ancient Rome." The lecture room in the Physics Building, was well filled, but, presumably on account of the approaching examinations, a very small percentage of the audience was composed of students. A pleasing feature of the lecture was the number and excellence of the lime light views, which showed the remains of the splendid structures of Rome. The first slide showed the "Seven hills," upon which the city was built. Those hills had originally been separated from each other by streams flowing into the Tiber, which had disappeared long before the dawn of history. Traces of them, however, were so far left that the spaces between the hills remained in historical times in a marshy condition, and this rendered the city liable to malaria and fevers. This condition of affairs was remedied by the construction of sewers, some of which, notably the Cloaca Maxima, remain in a perfect condition to the present day.

The Rome of to-day is widely different from the Rome which Caesar and Cicero knew. Parts of the city have been buried to an almost incredible extent by debris washed down from the hills. Natural action in this regard was supplemented by the Roman custom of making the unoccupied parts of the city receptacles for waste material. This process is evidenced by the curious fact, made known by modern excavations, that many houses have been built having the roofs of other houses as foundations.

In the time of the Kings, Ficana, situated at the mouth of the Tiber, was the seaport of Rome. But now the delta of the river has caused such an extension of the coast seaward that Ficana is at a considerable distance from the sea. Even Ostia, which later took the place of Ficana as the seaport, is now at some distance from the mouth of the Tiber.

The lecturer described the aqueducts of Rome at considerable length. The lime light views afforded the audience a clear conception of these gigantic works. By these aqueducts an enormous quantity of water was conducted into the city, and the numerous public baths, fountains and reservoirs were abundantly supplied.

The Roman fora were next described. The forum, *par excellence*, was comparatively of very small dimensions, and, as it was employed as a market place as well as for public assembly, it became inadequate for these requirements, as the city grew in population. Accordingly new fora and additions to the original one were constructed at different times, so that the growth of the fora may be said to correspond to the growth of the Roman Empire.

Professor Capper finished his lecture with a brief description of the public buildings and temples, which surrounded the forum. A vote of thanks was then proposed by Mr. Irving, and

seconded by Mr. DeWitt. It was of course carried unanimously.

These lectures have been a source of much pleasure and profit to the members of the Classical Club and its friends. It is to be hoped that the course will be maintained during next session, and that a larger number of lectures will be delivered. C. C. F.

The Annual General Meeting of the McGill Lawn Tennis Club was held in the Arts' Building, Wednesday, March 16th, the President, Mr. S. G. Archibald, in the chair. Owing to unavoidable absence of both the secretary, Mr. Saxe, and the treasurer, Dr. Grafton, there were no reports read. However, the President stated that financially the Club was all right. The following officers and committeemen were elected for the ensuing season:

<i>Hon. President</i>	Prof. Callendar (re-elected).
<i>President</i>	J. K. Kennedy, Law.
<i>Vice President</i>	J. A. Fairie, Med.
<i>Secretary</i>	F. T. H. Bacon, Sci.
<i>Treasurer</i>	Dr. Grafton (re-elected).
<i>Rept. on Grounds' Com.</i>	N. M. McLeod (Sci.)
<i>Rept. from Fac. App. Sci.</i>	G. T. Hyde.
do	do <i>Medicine</i> , A. C. P. Howard.
do	do <i>Arts</i> , M. N. Burke.
do	do <i>Law</i> , E. Burke.
do	do <i>Comp. Med.</i> , Humphries.

## Class Reports.

### MEDICAL NEWS.

The class of '98 realize that they owe a great deal to Dr. D. J. Evans for the keen interest he has taken in them, and particularly for the series of lectures and demonstrations on the management of labor, with special reference to difficult cases. The ward classes have also been appreciated, and it is felt that both his lectures and his bedside instructions have not been in anywise inferior in interest and usefulness to anything in the course of obstetrics.

What is von Graefe's sign? It is a condition where the upper lid lags behind when the eyeball is rotated down—in other words, it a "lagophthalmos."

Next year, oh! where will the old boys of '98 be if they are not at McGill? Will Dr. W. be tucked up in some lady's gigantic sleeve; will Dr. J. raid Transvaal; will Dr. B—l recuperate his health under the sky of California; will Dr. B—c be on the Atlantic service;

will Dr. Mc—y continue his researches on lead; who will give orders to the nurses next year; who will relieve the monotony of maternity attendance when we are not there?

Mr. J. W. Blackett of '98 is the happy winner of the silver medal offered for physical culture. Medicine has not heretofore been very successful in winning the medal.

Mr. C. P. Higgins of '97 has been elected Medical Editor for the FORTNIGHTLY for the session of '98-'99. Our new editor has an acknowledged penchant for the lighter literature, and has, in this line, a talent only equalled by his modesty.

Our FORTNIGHTLY may perhaps at last become a Weekly college paper. Much can be said, and is said, in favor of such a change by many, and the dying year of this century should no go by without this needed metamorphosis. The class of '99 ought to be equal to the occasion, and be true to the motto "*nulli secundus*."

## THIRD YEAR.

Of late the days appear to have been gliding into weeks, and the weeks multiplying themselves into months with even more than their usual rapidity; their tide carrying us against the rocks of Medical Jurisprudence and Clinical Chemistry before we were prepared for the encounter. Their waves have also borne the FORTNIGHTLY safely into port, and the time has come for saying "good-bye," yet not "good-bye" but only "*au revoir*;" for already we have appointed Mr. Higgins as our Faculty editor for next year, and expect great things from him in the days to come.

Looking back over the months that have passed since we sprouted into Third Year men last September there is one thing to be regretted, namely, our complete and utter failure to teach old B—ls that scientific doubt should guard the gates of his understanding—he is still as gullible as ever.

As regards our environment by the other years, we fear that the Second Year must have sadly neglected the education of the "Freshies." These latter, in their rural simplicity, have somehow got hold of the idea that surgery forms part of the First Year work. Post-mortems have been but scanty lately, but after Easter insane Freshmen will come in as possible cadavers.

In connection with the subject of Postmortems, we must mention Dr. Johnston's latest scheme. It is indeed fearfully, and wonderfully made; and as operated by Cook knocks the celebrated "mene mene tekel upharsin" into a cocked hat.

## SECOND YEAR.

"I'm a plucked goose," said Foxie Quiller, as he strolled with quivering steps from the Anatomy Exam. So saying he departed unto his father, and said unto him, "Father, I have been pulled up at McGill—please send me down to Bishops."

With this the father grabbed his hook,  
And snapped a fagot bar<sup>d</sup>,  
And laid the boy across his knee,  
And singed him with his hand.  
For the blow almost killed father.

Coates gave the examiners in the oral a jolly good time.

Secord poked their eyes out. Lester showed them where the valves of the heart were.

Physiology on Tuesday and Thursday of last week—no one hurt.

The Freshmen are shaking in their boots—Anatomy after Easter.

The levator labii superioris aequal nasi muscle was in great use during the Exam.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

With this issue the Fourth Year says farewell to the readers of the FORTNIGHTLY. Our many friends and admirers will be sorry that our course is run. In the multiplicity of our duties during the past four years we have found time to cultivate a spirit of amiability and cheerfulness that has won the former; and our unassuming conduct in all cases, and our unostentatious bearing in time of great success has compelled the admiration of the latter. To retain this good impression to the end we will refrain from singing our praises, which would certainly be in order at the present time. Now, as has always been, our guiding principle is that actions speak louder than words, and with no uncertain sound has the fame of '98 resounded throughout the University. It is gratifying to know that our example is being emulated by the junior years of the Faculty. In time they will perhaps rise to the standard of excellence we have set, but we would warn them against so great an attainment. To endure success successfully is as great a feat as to endure failure heroically.

Notman's advice to the dark-eyed goddess of his artistic sanctum:—

"Trust no students, howe'er pleasant,  
Let them all pay strict cash down  
Otherwise we get no money,  
After once they leave the town."

It would be difficult to tell how feelingly the students said good-bye to Prof. C. B. Smith. His own individuality, we knew, would resent any display of ceremony on the occasion of his departure, and so none was made. But each knows that the regret for his resignation is universal. Besides losing a professor thoroughly conversant with his work, and enthusiastic in the imparting of that knowledge to the students, we have also lost a *man* and a friend. No amount of trouble was thought too great in the explanation of any of the difficult points encountered, and no information could be given more cheerfully and thoroughly. There was nothing of that display of superiority so discouraging to the enquiring mind, but, notwithstanding, there could be seen and felt the vast fund of information and experience that was at the service of the student for the mere asking. That we all miss him is expressing it mildly, and we hope that next year the students will be so fortunate as we have been in the subjects treated by Professor Smith.

We hazard the opinion that it were more consistent and less humiliating to their understanding of plain English for those who think they discover what they are pleased to call "defects" and "kinks" in the constitution to observe discreet silence in the matter. It is not at all flattering to their astute understanding and keenness in the matter of finding out these defects and kinks, that such passed their watchful eye at the time of the adoption of the constitution. We do not claim that the constitution is perfect. If it has faults they can be easily rectified. Let those who speak so loudly against it set to work and evolve one that will serve the ends of a select few who think that nothing can be done properly if not instigated by themselves.

## THIRD YEAR.

Mr. C. E. Fraser has been elected to the Editorial Board of the *FORTNIGHTLY* while Mr. P. Robinson, of 1909, represents the Faculty on the Business Board. The meeting which appointed these representatives was in favor of a weekly issue. [Ed.]

The development of party politics in the Third Year is remarkable. The several factions were very much in evidence at the election for President of the Technical Society. Astonishing features of the constitution came to light for the first time, and the Miners found out after the meeting for nominations that they had been "done" by "Civil and Architecture," and as things then stood, the nominee of the latter faction had to go in. Mr. Colpitts was the individual, and the Miners had no particular objection to him, except that he was not a Miner. The lobbying, wire-pulling and kicking which took place previous to the election in order to circumvent the well laid plans of "Civil and Architecture" would have been creditable among Tammany Hall experts. Eventually, however, the kinks in the constitution were gotten over, and a straight election took place, Mr. Colpitts heading the poll with a majority of three.

There seems to be some doubt as to who "gives" the Graduating Class Dinner—there is no doubt at all as to the identity of the Year which pays for it.

Lectures in "Theory" closed early, but "you'll find it all explained in the "book."

## SECOND YEAR.

A special meeting of the Year was held on the 14th inst. to obtain the opinion of the the Class regarding the raising of the Athletic fees from two dollars to three. After the minutes of the last meeting had been read by Mr. Ewart, the President spoke of the necessity of the increase, and upon putting it to the vote, the measure was carried almost unanimously. Mr. Gillean moved, seconded by Mr. Byers, that a photo, of the hockey team be purchased, framed, and placed in the reading-room, the mover of the motion being authorized to collect subscriptions for the same.

After some fatherly advice from Mr. Sise about the selection of candidates to represent the Year on the Committee of the Technical Society, the meeting adjourned.

Has E. V. M. shown you that photograph yet?

The old timers are now down at hard work, and things begin to look serious. Even the most jovial ones of the Class have lost that "devil-may-care" look, and realize that the days of reckoning are close at hand. When H. S. looks a trifle paler, and Big Walt gets his sweater on, you may be sure that there is a big grind in progress.

"In spite of our long association," said the thermometer tube to the mercury, "I cannot refrain from reminding you that your conduct is decidedly low."

## FIRST YEAR.

Mr. C. R. Ward has been missed by the Class during his protracted illness. All were pleased to see him again at lectures on the 21st, after an absence of five weeks, four of which were spent at the Royal Victoria Hospital.

A few weeks ago the President of 1901 prophesied an early spring, as "the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb." These predictions have since been confirmed. The class-medallist has bared his face for the balmy zephyrs of spring. What further sign is needed?

"Backward, turn backward,  
Oh Time, in thy flight,"

is the refrain heard on every lip. Even McK—nz—e will admit that he is trying to make the best of what is left.

The photo of the *scrap* that was taken by Notman is very interesting. A close examination reveals the fact that the man who was chosen from his fellows to lead the Year was not in his proper position in the front. It is disputed whether he was gathering in the stragglers or fleeing from the vanquished enemy.

## FEATHERS FROM THE EAST WING.

With this number of the *FORTNIGHTLY* the last of the Session, we extend cordial thanks to the reporters for their assistance in the last labors of filling out the "Feathers from the East Wing." We have also to thank all the Donaldas for their support of the paper, and, if they have sometimes proved strangely hard-hearted in the matter of contributing articles, they have at least smiled benignly on all efforts that have appeared.

Much pleasure has been expressed upon the election of Miss Jordan as Class-Historian for the coming Class-Day.

We have much pleasure in announcing that Miss Potter has been elected as the new editor for the Donaldas Department on the *FORTNIGHTLY* and Miss Rorke was chosen for the Business Board.

At a discussion following this election, it became evident that the majority at the meeting preferred to have the College paper continued as a fortnightly. This decision was given under the impression that a weekly paper would be poorer than the present *FORTNIGHTLY* and that editors and reporters would be put to more trouble. But as many of this majority said, they personally would prefer to read a weekly with its fresher news.

It may encourage the new editors to hear that one of the late editors, now on his way to England, has expressed his intention of applying for a position on the *Times* on the strength of his *FORTNIGHTLY* experience.

It was a strange irony of circumstances that, whereas about every second student on St. Patrick's Day tried to make out an ancestry from the Emerald Isle, the

one student who positively disclaims all connection remote or present with Paddyism was the one peculiarly *fattered* with such a title. A hard *Case* indeed!

The plight of those who have been working 23 hours a day during the term seems to be about the same now as that of those who have been content with one hour. Yet each wishes she had adopted the method of the other, although the results would be the same.

It makes one think of that story of a town in Ireland where there are only two hotels, and when the stranger asks which he should go to, he is told, it does not matter, for in any case, he will always wish he had gone to the other.

1899

Those unfortunates of '99 who do not take Zoology were consumed with envy last Saturday afternoon when Mr. McBride gave the more important part of his class the jolliest tea of the season, so every one says. The cordiality of our reception and the delightful way in which we were entertained made an hour pass very quickly. We all join with *Oliver Twist* in the cry for more.

It chanced on one of those days when one says to every person one meets, "Beautiful weather, but dreadful underfoot, isn't it?" a professor was observed walking carelessly along and discoursing in eloquent language to his companion. Suddenly, as his foot descended with unnecessary violence into a pool of water, down he came from the clouds, and, gazing ruefully at his bespattered garments, exclaimed: "Oh, this country, this country!"

1900.

A meeting of the Second Year selected the following representatives for the *Annual*:

Misses Marcuse and Holman on Editorial Staff.

Misses Smith and Brooks on Business Board.

We trust our representatives will do us justice.

One of our Year, when remonstrated with for reading "English" too rapidly, replied in this fashion:—"We learn in our Psychology that some people are capable of understanding more quickly than others. This is a very bright class, and I was reading up to their standard."—There was silence.—We thank her for paying such a tribute to our abilities.

Second Year, be of good cheer,

Learn "Odes" by rote,

And ye'll be worthy of note,

So sayeth Benjamin, the wise.

It is a pleasure to know that B. A. exams in Classics can be "walked through" by "Donalda Students" who memorize "*Fuscenas*."

Though exams are very near and the Faculty expects every maiden to do her duty, it is shocking to relate that some of our number attended Prof. Capper's lecture of "Ancient Rome" and Mr. Van Brunt's Exhibi-

tion of Wild Flowers of British Columbia. However, we have only praise for the maidens since they declare the lectures were well worth attending.

The poor Reporter now smiles as she flourishes her worn-out pen, for soon her trials will be ended. But she has the consciousness of duty done if she has not won fame. Farewell, ye paper of college wisdom, ye pages of original (?) jests. When next I greet thee, mayest thou be in the dress of a weekly.

We must apologize to '00 Reporter for suppressing, in part, one of her notes. We do so in the desire to end this FORTNIGHTLY under conditions of peace and charity towards all. Yet we may hint that the note referred to the experiences at a recent "mixed" History lecture. The reporter adds: "We are now sure that the popularly accredited idea of evolution is quite true, and indeed we feel it our duty to entreat them not to give such public evidences of their remote ancestors."—(Ed.)

1901.

We regret to say that we are really stricken dumb with terror at the rapid approach of exams. We can only promise to talk a lot next year (if we survive the exams) and murmur a "fond farewell."

Some of the "younger members of the Donalda department" who *don't* use green car tickets, would like to inform the author of the article concerning the "Relief fund" that the tickets for small children and students are no longer green, but brown; also that the conductors have new boxes, so they need no longer try to ride on pieces of green paper, theatre checks, etc. (This is written for the good of the students, not in an unkindly spirit.)

Con.—Why are the McGill students, especially the Freshmen, like spiritualists?

Ans.—Because they believe in table-rappings.

The '01 Donaldas are going to pay especial attention to enlarging their "views," during the holidays, as the Professors seem to expect them to have so many.

There is some curiosity felt among the '01 Donaldas who study Greek, concerning the identity of one of the Freshmen, who certainly showed great courage in the middle of the Greek History lecture.

#### LEGAL BRIEFS.

*And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,  
That one small head should carry all he knew.*  
(Goldsmith.)

A merchant of Mount Royal once had a son,  
Who, though his earthly race had scarce begun,  
Bethought himself that in all virtues rare,  
In wit and craft, none could with him compare.

Now, this young lad had just broke loose from school;  
Had acquired knowledge both by rote and rule,  
At least, he thought so, and, with sparkling eye,  
Declared he'd drunk the fount of knowledge dry.

And then his face assumed a hungry look,  
The thought that he "knew all" he could not brook;  
Like Alexand' of old, who made a moan  
Because the whole world lay beneath his throne.

To papa then his woes he did confide,  
Who consolation promised to provide.  
For, though his general knowledge was so great,  
In Law he was not yet a heavyweight.

Forthwith undaunted sallied forth the boy,  
And to McGill he bent his way with joy;  
With due presumption took his place in class,  
And by his actions showed himself an —.

But stop! your pardon I would humbly crave,  
If error inadvertent I have made.  
Resemblances in trait there did arise;  
His ears, however, were of normal size.

He foolish questions foolishly would ask,  
And make the poor Prof.'s life a weary task,  
Who had to listen to such prattler's quiz,  
Or answer questions boyish as were his.

And so the students offered pointed jests,  
And spoke of interdict with eager zest.  
Still, conscious of his merits (?), this young lad  
Spoke out each stray and wandering thought he had.

A meeting of the Class was held at last,  
Due counsel ta'en, the interdict was passed,  
So, to escape the mandate, like a knave,  
Duped his curator and obtained a shave.

That he'll continue thus must, we surmise,  
Or will he bravely first soliloquize—  
"Where ignorance is bliss"—though that implies  
No compliment—" 'tis folly to be wise."

*Oh, wad some Power the giftie gie us  
To see ourselves as others see us,"*

*It wad frae many a blunder free us,*

*And foolish notion.*

(Burns.)

E.

The Seniors have chosen R. H. Rogers, B.A., as  
Valedictorian of the Class.

Messrs. Hickson, Marler and Howard, our repre-  
sentatives on the '98 Class Day Committee, report that  
a most satisfactory programme has been prepared for  
the closing exercises of the College year.

The Class Orator has been assigned to the Faculty of  
Law this year. On which individual of the Graduating  
Class this honor will fall has not yet been decided, but  
among so many worthy men it cannot fall amiss.

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#### ARTS' NOTES.

At last the existence of '98, so far as the FORTNIGHTLY  
is concerned, has come to an end. Would that this  
scribe were able to do justice to the feelings of the  
individual members. This, however, he can never do,

and leaves it, with our final farewell, for the genius of  
the Valedictorian to accomplish.

In taking our place for the last time in these columns,  
we naturally glance back into the past, and recall our  
boyhood's endeavors, when, in the full verdancy of our  
Freshman Year, we contributed for the edification of  
this paper, fearful and wonderful doggerels, which hap-  
pily were not in our own language, nor, in fact, in  
any one language. Our progress as Sophomores has  
not been registered in writing, but then, how could it?  
Deeds were everything. So much so indeed that one  
of the Dons has left the University and been married.  
May his blood be not on our heads. And a professor  
characterized us in the words of the poet, "There were  
his young barbarians all at play." The Junior and  
Senior Years have witnessed the growth of a pestilence,  
the effects of which have been frequently noted, and  
which tends to demoralize the greater part of the Year.  
The committee appointed to cure this disease have done  
all in their power, but still it is rather on the increase.  
Misfortunes all came at once; the gloomy horror of the  
approaching ordeal will destroy the wits of the un-  
scathed few.

'98 is almost at a close. Is it possible? Are we not  
immortal? So it has seemed, but, unfortunately. "All  
good things must have an end." Still, let us hope  
that what we have done may increase and shed a benign  
influence over the future of this our Alma Mater, and  
that posterity may read our annals, and say, "That  
was a year."

*"Un peu de joie,  
Un peu de gloire,  
Un peu de peine,  
Et puis bon soir."*

Farewell!

'99.

The approaching exams seem to have terrified our  
philosophers, as they are so absorbed in study that they  
cannot spend time to shave. This is especially true of  
the "Theological Branch."

We daily expect the arrival of the first edition of the  
*Annual*. That it is going to be a work of art is a  
foregone conclusion. We feel very grateful for the  
manner in which our representatives on the business  
and editorial boards have carried the publication to a  
successful issue. We believe the latter have especially  
distinguished themselves by the voluminous and in-  
teresting reports they sent in for publication.

Excited Donalds.—Oh! I am sure to be plucked in  
Zoology.

Sympathizing Don.—O! I don't know. Why?

Donalds.—Well, you know, I could not find Keber's  
organ.

Don (to himself).—If she scarce be saved, where will  
the Science men appear?

We hear rumors of a Junior promenade for the even-  
ing of Class Day. Should it be undertaken, we trust  
that, being the first of the kind held, it may be success-



fully carried out, but as yet it has not aroused the enthusiasm of men in the Third Year.

Alex. is our star man in the Zoological laboratory. His drawings of the different parts of a frog's anatomy rival those of the great Thomson himself, while his manipulation of the scalpel cannot be excelled by the disciples of Esculapius.

The Arts men in Zoology have been invited to an afternoon tea at the rooms of Prof. McBride on Saturday next. We take this as an indication on the part of Prof. McBride for a desire of a closer relationship between himself and his students.

The benefit to be derived from such is not to be measured by the standing in an exam, but will be found when we have left our Alma Mater for wider fields of research.

1900.

During the historical snow-scraper, the Reporters of Science '98, '00, '01 were so badly mauled by their conferees of Arts that they are now shrieking for vengeance in the FORTNIGHTLY. The accuracy and especially the harmony of their accounts are marvellous. Unable to get things right, they surmount the obstacle by letting one man say one thing, the other the opposite. '98 says the Donalds (Heaven bless them for it) gave Science a tongue-lashing. '00 says they made snowballs for his class. "You pays your money and takes your choice." We would like '98 to show us that "museum," so we may denote some Science remains to it, which decorated the gas-jets in Arts. They weren't good enough for OUR museum. None of Arts seem to have lost anything despite the claims of Science. We must thank them for their excellent treatment of those captives (if they had any). It's not often they get a chance to show any distinguished personages through the old iron foundry. It might please Sci to know that those men behind the pillars were invalids whose health does not permit them to indulge in sport, not even the easy game of smashing would-be engineers and motormen. If Sci '00 had a little more yellow matter in the topmost part of his head, he could reason a little better. The only faces turned towards the Arts windows were those of Science. No wonder they broke. Besides, an Arts student can hit what he throws at. He doesn't aim at a man on the ground and then hit a window 15 feet above him or to his right. Come up, my boy, and take a course in Logic. Our much-esteemed Prof. Lalleur has cured worse cases than yours. We call such arguments as yours "fallacies." The Artsmen were formidable enough to give Science all they wanted, and more. The sudden stampede was caused by several men looking at their watches. On beholding the time, they were struck with dismay, as it was the hour for Greek. As they are obliged to attend they rushed into the room as fast as possible. We WORK in Arts, and have no time to take free shower baths at all hours on the steps like Science. We do not make a specialty of manual labor; we use our brains. Science will have the honour of footing the glass bill, not Arts. Is that formidable enough? Why did you run back to your foundry so fast when Arts had

disappeared? Were you afraid they would slope the Greek and come out again? Probably you feared the "bombastic outbursts" of this noble year. We are more capable of judging the ancient Spartans than you, my boy. Come again next year. We'll be glad to see you.

For the first time Arts '00 and '01 agreed and fought shoulder to shoulder. Individual acts of bravery were many. One of the most noteworthy was when a Sophomore and a Freshie together routed 8 Scis. About six or seven of '99 were among the combatants. After all was over, Cotton ('99) had the gall to say to a Sophomore, "Why weren't more of your men around?"

Before discussing "ceaseless garrulity" (where did they get that word), '98 might copy '00 and '01 in some respects. When they are capable of doing anything, they will get a reporter. They are always anxious to get their photos taken with '00. When a hockey team picked from Arts, how many '98 men are on it? Six out of seven come from '00 and '01. These years know enough to answer invitations when they receive them.

Well, the term is ending, much to our sorrow; that is, without discussing the examinations. We congratulate '98 on becoming B.A.'s, '99 on becoming Seniors, and '01 on attaining the honored position about to be vacated by '00. They may now know the joys of smashing Freshies, instead of being smashed. Above all, may all of '00 safely navigate the river Styx, and next September gather on the beautiful shore. May our ranks be unbroken, so that we may keep 1900 in its proud position of FIRST in McGill.

'01.

In reviewing the events of the year, we have, as a class, reason to feel gratified. The number is fully up to former years, and we would have little class spirit if we did not think that in quality it is above the average. We have, it is true, among our number the Loquacious Individual, whose volume of words, whether in English or French, is unchecked, and whose ordinary English style is bordering on the Johnsonese; also several species of the genus Plugger, from the one who works in his room sixteen hours outside of lectures, and had all his work reviewed before Xmas, to the one who haunts the Library, and pretends to study, but doesn't. Then there is one case of Rattlebrain, and several of that dread contagious disease "Donalditis." The latter is diagnosed as a species of monomania especially prevalent towards sessional exams. In this connection we must not forget to note an isolated instance of that peculiar affection "Zyrophobia." It is a most pronounced case, and specialists are invited to investigate it. Should evidences of recovery not be present before the beginning of next term, drastic measures will be necessary.

Our Class, foremost in every good work, has been remarkable for its activity in the interests of law and order. Wherever scapping was to be done, "'01" was there. By "constant practice in almost daily battles"

with our confreres of Science, we early developed marked scrapping propensities. Though the contests with Science were frequently indecisive, "our men having fought in a disadvantageous place," the same cannot be said of those which followed. In the frequent interchange of hostile relations with the Sophs., there may be room for dispute about the particulars, but there is certainly none as to the decisive results. In the last engagement, the consequence was their complete subjection and pacification. In fact, so pronounced was it, that, in the recent inter-faculty affair, the '00 Reporter was heard to express his intense delight at seeing his Year fighting on the same side with the Freshmen. And when Mac will admit as much as that, there is something in it.

Long shall we remember the systematic and business-like way Peck wiped the floor with *à 7p 01711*, and how Jakie got "baptized," as well as many other interesting points of the various scraps and rubber-fights.

In foot-ball also the Class made good showing, but more especially in hockey has it distinguished itself. Though there was not time to finish the series of inter-class matches, there is little doubt that the Freshman team would have secured the championship of Arts. It was noticeable that four out of seven men on the Faculty team were from "'01." As some one was heard to say, "The only time the team was beaten was when 'Arts '01' played the 'Vics.'" The merits of the individual players are too well known to require special mention.

In supporting all the University and Faculty institutions, the Freshman class has been among the first. Notably was this the case with the McGill Literary. Though such remarks are made in some of the Senior Years as, "Freshies *always* go to the Lit." "Only Freshies go to the University lecture," etc., etc., we hope that when the Freshies become Sophomores they will not overlook the benefits to be found in the Literary Society.

During the year two of our number, we regret to say, have been compelled by illness to give up their work. G. D. White, of Trenton, Ont., as a result of hard study, took brain fever just before the Xmas exams., and, after recovering sufficiently to be removed to his home, suffered a relapse, and was for some time in a very critical condition.

C. R. Gilmour quite recently had a severe attack of appendicitis, in consequence of which he has been obliged to discontinue his studies.

We will conclude this sketch by giving a rough classification of the year:—

- 1. Ornamental.. . . . . 8
- 2. Ornamental and useful.. . . . 7
- 3. Useful, but not ornamental.. . . 18
- 4. Neither useful nor ornamental . . . 9
- 5. All others.. . . . . 22

Example of a special kind of conditional sentence:

"Whoever takes what isn't his'n,  
If he gets catch'd will go to prison."

EXTRACT FROM REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE ARTS' READING-ROOM COMMITTEE.

The number of students *entitled* to use the Reading-room this year, by reason of having paid their undergraduate fee of \$2, was disgracefully small, being only about 70, the class of 1900, I regret to say, being the chief offenders. \* \* \* \* \*

The piano was retained in the Room this year, and seemed much appreciated, especially by those who had not paid their dues.

This year again the magazines continued to be indiscriminately stolen, or rather, Munsey and the comic papers were the favorites, but undue and unwelcome attention was also paid to the others.

New covers were procured for the magazines, and, as it was found difficult to extract the magazine from the holder, one of the gentlemen (?) students appropriated cover and contents. The Committee have since sought him in vain, with weapons of warfare in their hands, fire in their eyes, and fire-water—elsewhere.

THERE'LL BE A HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN TO-NIGHT.

Come throw aside your trencher, and put away your gown,  
And join the student chorus, that's out to see the town;  
Come Dons and rigid Mentors, be once more boys and play,  
And "paint" the rue St. Laurent, in a figurative way.

So when you hear,—the cry of "OLD MCGILL"  
Jump to your feet,—and answer with a will,  
Take off your coat,—and—let us hear you sing,  
For it's sultry in the old town to-night,  
Old clappie.

Fair ones we're glad to see you, you all look so sweet and bright,  
And it's very charming of you to attend our Students' night.  
Sweet Donaldas soon we'll lose you behind Strathcona's walls,  
No more you'll grace our Campus, or ornament our halls,

But should you hear, at midnight calm and still—  
Tender inquiries for the health of old McGill,  
Don't cover up your head—but answer with a will,  
For we've a mortgage on the old town to-night,  
Sweet Lady.

De hope you liked our football, and the tender TOUCH-  
ING way  
We handled Ottawa College on a recent Saturday;  
When we take our journey northward, perhaps you'll  
come and cry,  
And cheer us on to glory, in the town of Major Bye.

And when we win—we'll whisper loud and shrill,  
"What's the matter—the matter with old McGill?"  
Why, "She's all right"—you'll answer with a will—  
There'll be rockets—in MONTREAL—that night,  
PYROTECHNICS.  
A. L. C. F.

## CONVOCATION FOR THE DEGREE IN VETERINARY SCIENCE.

Convocation for the degree in Veterinary Science was presided over by Mr. George Hague, who was accompanied on the platform by Principal Peterson, Rev. Dr. Clark Murray, Prof. M. C. Baker, Prof. Charles McEachran, Prof. Moyses, Prof. Cox, Prof. Girdwood, Prof. Adams, Prof. Adams, Dr. Morrow, Dr. Gunn, Mr. C. J. Fleet, Mr. W. Vaughan, bursar, and others.

The proceedings were opened with the offering up of prayer by Rev. Dr. Clark Murray, after which Dean McEachran read the faculty lists.

Dean McEachran spoke of his late visit to the veterinary colleges, medical colleges and other scientific institutions of Great Britain, France, Germany and Denmark. In the course of his remarks he assured his hearers of the unflinching interest that Lord and Lady Strathcona and Mount Royal evinced in McGill University. He referred to the greatly increased interest taken in Canada and Canadian affairs in the Old World, which he attributed largely to the advertisement that the Dominion received through the representation made at Her Majesty's jubilee celebrations. He alluded to the high esteem in which Sir Wilfrid Laurier was held by all classes on the other side of the Atlantic, and spoke of the favorable impression which the members of the British Association, and especially the members of the British Medical Association, had carried away with them after their visit to Canada last year. The Dominion, he said, never had better emigration agents.

In conclusion he urged for consideration the suggestions deduced from the experiments of these older countries.

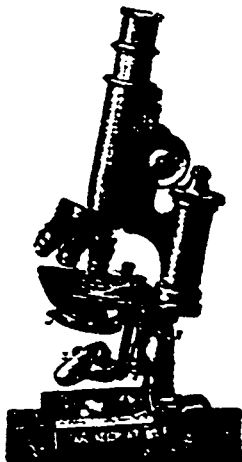
He also expressed the hope that the consideration of these matters might lead the benefactors of McGill to add to its teaching staff a Faculty of Agriculture.

The degree of D. V. S. was then conferred on the Graduating class, the oath being administered by Mr. Vaughan, and the capping performed by Principal Peterson. Those who received the degree were: W. B. Wallis, J. P. Spanton, W. L. Bell, D. Cullen, L. A. Paquin, B. K. Baldwin, J. B. Hollingsworth, A. W. Cleaves, J. B. Hart, G. H. Lambert, J. G. Pfersick and R. H. Burke.

The valedictory on behalf of the Graduating class was delivered by Dr. W. L. Bell, who spoke of the need of new buildings for the Faculty, tendered some advice to his fellow-graduates, urging them not to fall behind in their knowledge, but to take every means in their power to keep up to date in their profession, and concluded by referring in kindly terms to the several members of the teaching staff.

Prof. M. C. Baker, on behalf of the Faculty, extended sincere congratulations to the members of the Graduating class on the successful termination of the session's work, and expressed the hope that an increased measure of success might attend them in the practical application of the knowledge they had acquired at college.

In the treatment of their patients, he counselled the graduates to ever bear in mind that, although animals lacked the faculty of speech, they were endowed with sensibilities as acute as those who possessed that faculty. He urged them never to inflict unnecessary pain, never to countenance cruelty in others, and never to neglect the use of anaesthetics, local and general, for they were as indispensable in veterinary as they were in human surgery.



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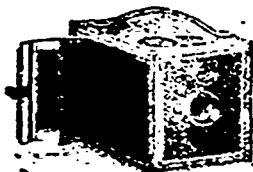
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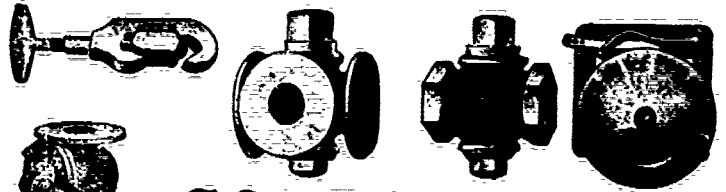
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The Great War of 1897, by Wm. Le Queux, is sold at Chapman's Book Store at 75c. If a martial spirit reigns within you, buy this book, which has attracted great attention in Europe, and also one which is almost a companion work—The Final War—a story of the great betrayal, by Louis Tracy, sold also at 75c; in this work Great Britain and her ally, the United States, fight the combined powers of Europe.

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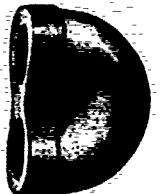
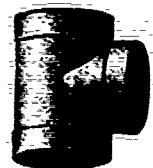
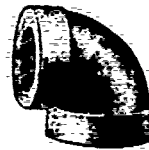
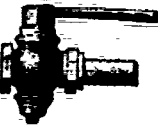
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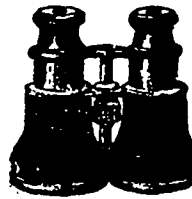
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