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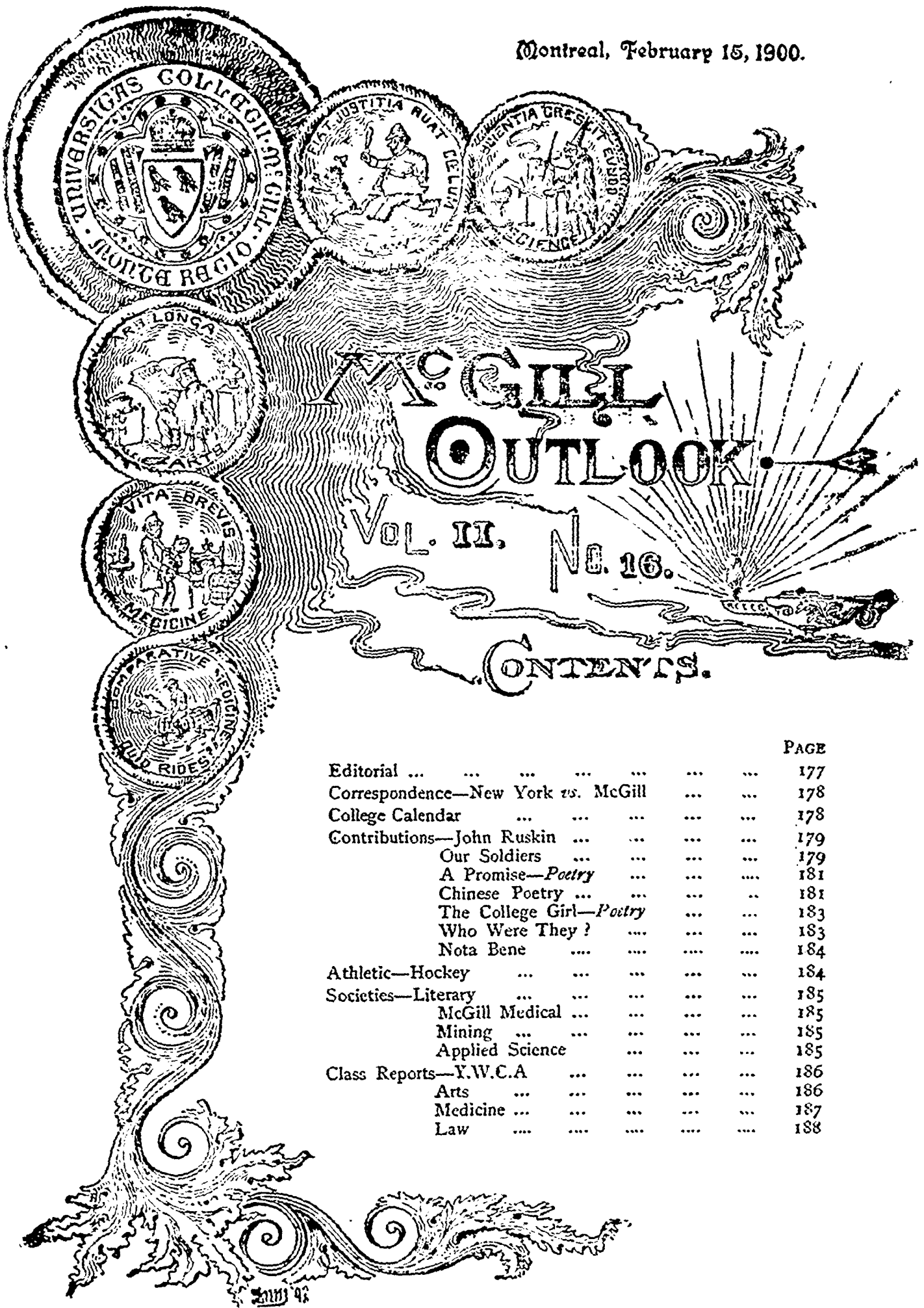
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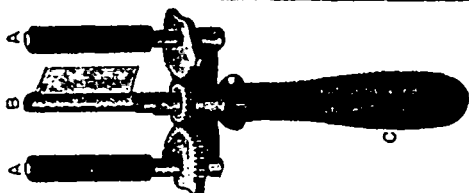
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McGILL OUTLOOK

VOL. II.

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 15, 1900.

No. 16

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

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Editorial.

WE publish to-day a letter from the Hockey Committee calling attention to the New York-McGill game to be played in the Arena Rink, Thursday evening, the 22nd inst. We earnestly hope that the communication will be thoughtfully read by the Undergraduate body, and that the appeal made by the Committee will be heartily responded to. This is the first occasion on which an American Hockey Team has visited McGill, and the least we can do to reciprocate the kindness shown our players during their recent visit to New York is to attend the match and see our American opponents play. It is also a duty to attend the game to show our loyalty to our colours and to help our players do their very best when pitted against a foreign team. McGill is at present held in high esteem in American cities, but if the match Thursday night is attended by a few students, the fears of the Hockey Committee will doubtless be realized, and the New York men will bring home a very poor opinion of McGill's loyalty.

With regard to the second part of the letter we need at present make no comment. We have on two occasions called attention to the struggles of our team during the present season, and anything we might add to what has been said by the Committee would be but a repetition of what is already apparent. It is, however, a pleasant duty for the OUTLOOK to commend the spirit shown by the students who attended the game in fairly large numbers Saturday afternoon. The attendance was certainly encouraging to our players, for they did excellent work throughout the match. Every student seemed determined to encourage the team as far as lay in his power; the cheering never ceased, and at the close of the game nothing but praise for our players was heard on all sides. The same spirit which was shown on Saturday, in evidence throughout the remaining part of the season, will mean much in future games for the success of the team. We are sure there is no necessity of again reminding the students of the final match next Saturday. The result will mean a great deal to McGill.

BEFORE this issue of the OUTLOOK appears, the fate of the University Dinner will probably be decided. If there is to be no Dinner this year, would it not be well that the committee should circulate among the students subscription lists for the Patriotic Fund? The students might contribute the price of their dinner tickets to such a worthy object, and even those who had not purposed attending the banquet could share in the offering. Several of McGill's Undergraduates have already enlisted

in the various contingents destined for service in South Africa, and a contribution to the Patriotic Fund on the part of those who remain would show that they, too, are not lacking in practical loyalty.

—

Remember the postponed meeting of the Athletic Association in the Arts Building, Monday evening at 7.45 P.M. Election of officers and other important business. A full attendance is requested.

Correspondence.

NEW YORK VS. MCGILL.

To the Editor of the MCGILL OUTLOOK.

Dear Sir,—The New York Hockey team is to play McGill in the "Arena" Rink Thursday evening, February 22nd. The members of the Hockey Committee wish to remind the students that the McGill hockey players were most hospitably treated in New York during the Christmas holidays, and the least the students can do to show their appreciation is to turn out and see the New York team play, especially as they are depending on the gate receipts to pay their expenses. If the students will not do this, the New York men will doubtless go home with a very poor opinion of McGill. The McGill Hockey Club would

willingly have guaranteed the necessary expenses, but it is not in a position to do so, not having the necessary funds.

The Intermediate team is much discouraged by the lack of interest manifested in their matches by their fellow-students. The attitude of the student body is certainly enough to discourage any team that plays Saturday after Saturday with only about fifteen or twenty supporters to cheer them on, and generally the *same* fifteen or twenty on each occasion. Let us hope that the students will redeem themselves by turning out in large numbers when the New York team plays. Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for giving me space in your valuable paper.

I am respectfully yours,

C. C.

AT THE THEATRES.

Pudd'nhead Wilson, an excellent dramatization of Mark Twain's story, is drawing good houses at the Academy this week. While not a sparkling novelty here, it is nevertheless a welcome return attraction, and one affording a very pleasant evening's entertainment. The company is much the same as the one presenting it last year. They work very well together and leave the impression on one as being a very well balanced organization.

Next week at the Academy there is a double bill. For the first three nights the drama "For Fair Virginia" will hold the boards, and for the rest of the week Lewis Morrison, an actor that has always played to big business here, will be seen in two of his new plays. "Frederick the Great" and "Master of Ceremonies."

Robert Mantell is booked at Her Majesty's for an engagement in the near future.

COLLEGE CALENDAR.

Thursday, Feb. 15th.—Hockey—Sci. '01 vs. Sci. '00, 7 p.m.
 Historical Club, 8 p.m.
 Science Bible Class, Y.M.C.A., 7 p.m.
 Friday, Feb. 16th.—Medical Bible Class, 7 p.m.
 Saturday, Feb. 17th.—Hockey—Science vs. Arts, 2.30 p.m.
 Hockey—McGill (Intermediates), vs. Montreal, in Arena Rink, 3 p.m.
 Y.M.C.A. Weekly Social, 8 p.m.
 Sunday, Feb. 18th.—Y.M.C.A. Gospel Meeting at 3 p.m. to be addressed by
 Monday, Feb. 19th.—Delta Sigma Society, Royal Victoria College, 5 p.m.

Monday, Feb. 19th.—Hockey—Arts '02 vs. Arts '03, 7 p.m.
 Tuesday, Feb. 20th.—Hockey—Sci. '02 vs. Sci. '03, 7 p.m.
 Meeting of Skating Committee, Arts Bldg., 6 p.m.
 Annual Meeting of Athletic Association, Arts Bldg., 7.45 p.m.
 Wednesday, Feb. 21st.—Hockey—McGill (Juniors), vs. Cedars, in Arena Rink 7 p.m.
 Thursday, Feb. 22nd.—Hockey—Med. '02 vs. Med. '03, 7 p.m.
 Hockey—McGill, vs. New York, (Senior) Arena Rink, 8 p.m.

Contributions.

JOHN RUSKIN.

Last month, when John Ruskin died, there passed away the last of that group of great English writers whose light shone so brilliantly in the last half of the present century. Carlyle, Arnold, Browning, Tennyson and Gladstone, in their turn, passed from the scene; Ruskin alone remained superfluously on the stage, but now—in the last year of a great century—he too has gone. For many years Ruskin has lived in silence and retirement, quietly enjoying the beauties of the landscape around his delightful Brantwood home on the Coniston water, but unable to write or bear excitement. Though his voice has been silent for so many years his influence has never lost its grasp and the silence has not altogether meant oblivion.

In a short sketch it is impossible to give complete details of Ruskin's life. The man is too great for the biography, and a few facts must suffice. He has given us a somewhat scattered autobiography in his *Fors Clavigera*, and has also given us a somewhat fragmentary account of his early days in his *Præterita*.

Ruskin was born in London on the 8th February, 1819. His father was a successful wine merchant, and for business purposes he had to drive every year through the principal country roads of England, Wales and Southern Scotland. John was permitted to travel with his father; thus, at a very early age his attention was directed to scenes of natural beauty in the countries through which they passed, and Nature and Art began to teach him some of their greatest lessons. His mother, who was a very pious woman, dedicated her son to the Christian ministry, and always regarded him as a sacred trust. He tells us that his mother "had a fixed purpose of making an ecclesiastical gentleman of me, with the superfinest of manners, and access to the highest circles of fleshy and spiritual society." She was a strict disciplinarian, and compelled him to read the Bible, yearly, through and through, and to commit whole chapters to memory "until he made every word of them familiar to his ear in habitual music." As a child he was treated very seriously, and never had a childhood in the ordinary sense of the term. He had no toys nor playthings, and his only nurse was Experience, which at times taught him severe lessons. There is a story told that, when a baby, he cried for the bright copper kettle which was on the fire, he was permitted to touch it in order that he might know such things were not intended to be played with. In his youth he bears out the truth of the proverb that "poets are born not made." His first book—a story in imitation of Miss Edgeworth—was written when he was but seven years old, and even before he entered his teens he wrote descriptions in prose and verse of every scene he witnessed, and illustrated them with sketches drawn with a fine quill pen. He was at first taught at home by private tutors and after an uneventful school life he entered

Oxford, where he gave promise of his future greatness by winning the Newdegate prize for English poetry. Many stories are told about his Oxford days, and all illustrate his method of disarming his opponents by his quiet, calm disposition, which was ever tranquil and happy. One evening a number of his fellow students determined to disturb the slumbers of the shy retiring genius. Thinking he had retired at an early hour, as was his custom, at eleven o'clock they broke open his chamber door and entered his room to draw him out by sheer force. To their great surprise he sat in a chair enrobed in his dressing gown, ready to receive them. Looking up with his characteristic smile he said: "Gentlemen, I am sorry I cannot now entertain you as I would wish, but my father, who is engaged in the sherry trade, has put it into my power to invite you all to wine to-morrow evening. Will you come?" The boisterous students, completely surprised, beat a hasty retreat with "three cheers for Ruskin."

It was during his Oxford days that the world was startled by the work of Turner, and the whole of Ruskin's after-life was influenced by the impression Turner's pictures made upon his mind at this time. He graduated from Oxford in 1842, and a year after he took his degree he published his first volume of "Modern Painters." The aim of his work was to prove the vast superiority of Turner's work to that of the masters of the olden days, and naturally he called forth bitter attacks and aroused fierce controversies. The second volume appeared in 1846. To get more material to continue his work he made a tour of the Continent. He visited Italy and Venice, where he remained the greater part of the time. His descriptions of this visit are contained in his "Seven Lamps of Architecture" published in 1849, and his "Stones of Venice" published 1851-53. In 1851 he began his defence of the pre-Raphaelites. In 1856 he brought out the third and fourth volumes of the "Modern Painters," and in 1860 his fifth and last volume. Up to this time his work had dealt chiefly with subjects connected with art and architecture, but he now turned his attention to another channel, and from 1860 to 1870 he was connected with political, social and economical questions. In his "Fors Clavigera" he denounced the evil tendencies of his age, and, though assailed by critics, he was firm in his personal convictions, and felt assured of the truth of his doctrines. He was appointed Slade Professor of Arts in the University of Oxford, where he wielded a wonderful influence over the students and professors by his lectures, and by his strong personality. In 1878, owing to ill-health, he resigned his chair. He recovered from his illness, but in 1883 he was again seriously stricken, and never fully recovered. In 1886, while delivering a lecture at Oxford, he suddenly became incoherent on the platform, and it became apparent that his mind was breaking down. Since that time he has been subject to temporary fits of insanity, but, though living in

retirement, he sometimes roused himself, and only three years ago he strongly denounced what he considered to be the desecration of "a perfectly pure Gothic work"—the west front of Peterborough Cathedral. He could, however bear no excitement, and, to those who loved him best it must have been a relief when the brain of the great writer, outworn and weary, at last ceased in its working.

Ruskin's domestic life was not a happy one, and the pathetic story of his broken life is an oft-repeated one. It was in 1838 that he wrote the "King of the Golden River" for a vigorous, spirited, handsome Scotch girl. She grew up into a woman of surpassing beauty, and Ruskin's parents thought she would make a good companion to their son. He was encouraged in his attentions, and in 1854 the two were married. He was thirty-five and she nineteen; they were ill-suited to each other, and their married life was not a happy one. She loved fashionable company and the pleasures and society of the gay world; he cared nothing for these, but loved his work, his books and his minerals, and took no interest whatever in society. They soon realized that they had nothing in common. He at last secured a divorce, and the woman, who was once his wife, afterwards married a famous painter—Sir John Millais; he died in 1896 from cancer of the throat, and a year afterwards his wife succumbed to the same disease. In securing a divorce Ruskin was simply practising what he preached, for he felt that the woman he had married would be happier as the wife of another. He, nevertheless, underwent extreme misery of mind and body, and the unfortunate circumstances seem to have affected the whole of his after-life.

John Ruskin is known to the world principally as an art critic; he was, in fact, the creator of art criticism. He looked on Nature as she is, and every passing cloud, every blade of grass and every sea-stained stone contained an idea for him. He endeavoured to represent the things around him as he saw and felt them. In his own words, he "endeavoured to bring to light, as far as might be in his power, that faultless, ceaseless, inconceivable, inexhaustible loveliness which God has stamped on all things, if man will only receive them as He gives them." We read his character in every page he wrote, and grow into familiar intimacy with the man as we study his work. His long life was one of constant service to duty, and he may be said to have summed up the objects of his life work in his preface to the second edition of the "Modern Painters," in which he says he has endeavored "to establish the relation of landscape art to the laws of Nature," "to investigate and arrange the facts of Nature with scientific accuracy," "to attach to the artist the responsibility of a preacher and to kindle in the general mind that regard which such an office must demand." But his thoughts were directed to other questions than those of Art and Nature. The problem of the poor was constantly upon his mind; he ever endeavored to give to the oppressed some gleam of sunshine and joy, and though inheriting a large fortune, he spent the greater part of it in open-handed charity. In "Praetenta," he says: "I have round me here at Denmark Hill seven acres of leasehold ground. I pay £50 a year ground rent

and £250 a year in wages to my gardeners besides expenses in fuel for hot-houses and the like, and for this sum of £300 odd a year I have some peas and strawberries in summer, some camellias and azaleas in winter, and good cream, and a quiet place to walk in all the year round. Of the strawberries, cream and peas I eat more than is good for me, sometimes, of course, obliging my friends with a superfluous bottle or pint. The camellias and azaleas stand in the ante room of my library, and everybody says when they come in, 'How pretty,' and my young lady friends have leave to gather what they like to put in their hair when they are going to balls. Meantime, outside of my fenced seven acres, numbers of people are starving; many are dying of too much gin, and many of their children are dying of too little milk." It is evident from this extract that his wealth did not make him happy, and that he desired others should reap the benefit of it. He determined to do something to relieve the sufferings of the toilers. He tried several experiments—such as setting up as a lodging-house-keeper in a London slum and trying to provide for the poor workers a decent accommodation at a moderate rate; he also opened a provision store at which articles of food might be sold to the poor at the lowest possible rate. In addition to giving to elevate the artisan life and to rectify the errors of political economy, he gave freely to universities, museums, antiquarian societies, etc.

In his early life he was frequently attacked by artists who, in resenting his criticism, were at times unkind in their retorts, but after he entered the field of social economy his life was a continuous struggle against the tendencies of his time. The obstacles he met with only increased his ardour; he considered his cause the cause of truth, and he never ceased to affirm that he was right and the world was all wrong. To him, especially in later life, "the time was out of joint," and, though "he was not born to set it right," he nevertheless accomplished a great deal in the way of reform, for he was undoubtedly one of the greatest intellectual forces of the century. He bore up bravely under all difficulties, and "trusted to the close of life to give the perfect crown to the course of its labours." It is unnecessary here to give a detailed list of his works, or to enter into any estimate of them. He wrote with a matchless style; he was nurtured on the prose of the English Bible, and modelled his language on that of Hooker and George Herbert.

He is described as "small in person and careless in dress; he had a spare stooping figure, a rough-hewn kindly face, a mobile sensitive mouth, clear deep eyes, sweet and honest in repose, earnest and eloquent in debate; he was emotional and nervous, and his voice, though rich and sweet, had a tendency to sink into a plaintive and hopeless tone. His large light eye was soft and genial, and his mouth was thin and severe; the brow was prominent and the chin receding. He was an eloquent talker, and his manner was sympathetic, winning and courteous."

There is something profoundly melancholy in contrasting the quiet and comparatively uneventful evening of his life with the fiery force and untiring energy of his earlier days. The great causes for

a long jump. In spite of an iron-shackled submission to the ever-present traditions of the past, a lapse of a dozen centuries, more or less, gives some little time for development. And when we are informed that promotion in the service of the State is awarded according to proficiency of its language and letters, and that every cultured Chinese gentleman occasionally bends his steps to the slopes of Parnassus, we feel we may dare something more. Mr. Herbert A. Giles gave us some translations, a few years ago, which show, at all events, that some of the Chinese poets of the closing century have seen a little light. It is true that these verses are redolent of the traditional *laissez-faire*:

"I wander north, I wander south,
I rest me where I please.
See how the riverbanks are nipped
Beneath the autumn breeze!
Yet what care I if autumn blasts
The riverbanks lay bare?
The loss of hue to riverbanks
Is the riverbanks' affair."

—CHENG CHING.

Yet they are not without a certain cynical humour. The poet's consciousness of more intimate understanding is more conspicuous than his modesty in:

"The landscape which the poet loves is that of early May,
When budding greenness half concealed enwraps each
willow spray. . . .
The beautiful embroidery which the days of summer
yield
Appeals to every bumpkin who may take his walks
afield."

—CHÜ-YÜAN.

There is also evidence of imagination and feeling in:

"A pink-flowered almond-spray peeps out athwart the
envious wall."

—YEN SHIH.

"The birds have all flown to their roost in the tree,
The last cloud has just floated lazily by;
But we never tire of each other, not we,
As we sit there together—the mountains and I."

—DI T'AI-PO.

"Upon this tall pagoda's peak
My hands can nigh the stars enclose.
I dare not raise my voice to speak,
For fear of startling God's repose."

—YUNG TA-NIEN.

We learn, too, that a Chinese gentleman may not be altogether ignorant of the pleasures of the cup:

"An arbour of flowers
And a bottle of wine:
Alas! in the bowers
No companion is mine
Then the moon sheds her rays
On my goblet and me,
And my shadow betrays
We're a party of three!
Though the moon cannot swallow
Her share of the grog,
And my share must follow
Wherever I jog,
Yet their friendship I'll borrow
And gaily carouse,
And drive away sorrow

When springtime allows.
See the moon, how she glances
Response to my song!
See my shadow—it dances
So lightly along!
When sober, I feel
You are both my good friends
When drunken I reel,
Our companionship ends.
But we'll soon have a greeting
Without a good-bye
At our next merry meeting
Away in the sky!"

—DI T'AI-PO.

These few extracts are not devoid of imagination, grace or humour. Readers of the *OUTLOOK* will regret that they are not given in the original tongue, but they are sufficiently pleasing in English to make us hope for further translations from the same hand.

T.

AMERICA DISCOVERED.

I.

Another day shall bleed away
In Carib Sea, another day
Sink, like the last, below.
The trees above the purple rocks
Have tangled up his copper locks
Among their indigo.

A splendor swells o'er downs or dells,
Or flits thro' flow'ry mazes,
With humming birds, shrill scarlet gleams,
'Tis fairyland all hot in dreams
Of honey-breezes; where me-seems,
For the glamour that she raises,
No toils are dreary. No throats are weary
A-carolling her praises.

An isle so rare not anywhere
Were half so sweet as she;
But that three wings, three mirrored things,
Are climbing down the sea!
Small time to wonder; the sun is under.
How swift the night! Go borrow
Sleep from the trees, dreams from the breeze,
Lie still until the morrow.

II.

Who blows that horn on the tempests borne?
Who shouts? And hark, for I hear a bark!
I see a red man fly!
Start frenzied hounds with bays and bounds;
Leap men outlandish to cheer and brandish
Their steel and leather; and all together
To follow, follow, o'er hill or hollow
To the sides of Death, one gaspy breath!
O heart! that it is not I
Down rocks is leaping; through copses creeping;
To the cold heaven calls! He leaps; he falls;
And the fangs upon him cry!
Oh devilish day! O turn away;
For I cannot watch him die!

III.

"Gods," did ye say? Gods are they?
Gods, that they kill and die not?
Wot ye well they are devils from hell!
Heed me, friends, for I lie not!
Hark, the blare and the drumming; they come and are
coming!
If ye wait ye are told to the getting of gold.

Come away, come away! O why will ye stay
To be slaves and tools—to die, ye fool,
For the sakes of others! O friends, O brothers,
Where are ye that ye reply not?

And, ah me! why that glare in the sky?
That smoke, that fire; still higher and higher?
Are they burning again? Are they burning men?
Our men! My fellow chiefs,
Lords fourscore! And a thousand more
Of every degree they are spearing. See!
O gods, O powers, in the former hours
Ye had your measures of all our pleasures!
Have ye no eyes to our griefs!

IV.

Come, Sea, sing high to the dirge that I cry!
Lash! Crash over the stones!
The bubble is burst. The land is accurst.
She's homeless and flowerless, peaceless and powerless;
Fatherless, motherless, sisterless, brotherless,
Wholly undaughtered, her sons all slaughtered; *
Nothing is left but bones!
And the few are rich on the tombs of the many.
And I question, Sea, if gods there be any,
For there were no ears to our groans.

Let the heavens be cast with a bitter blast:
Let the darkness come with a sweep,
All lightning and thunder to bury me under,
Bury me under the deep!

W. F. CHIPMAN,
Arts '01.

THE COLLEGE GIRL.

There is gladness in her gladness
When she's glad,
There is sadness in her sadness
When she's sad;
But the gladness of her gladness,
And the sadness of her sadness
Aren't a marker on the
Madness of her madness
When she's mad.

WHO WERE THEY?

They were youths boarding in the same house, and one had just put out his light and had gone into the other's room so "the fellows" would think he was out when they whistled. Those two had made themselves thoroughly comfortable. A box of cigarettes was on the wash-stand, whilst the last smoked with his feet on the bed, a package of tobacco was on the table, and near it sat the visitor refilling his pipe. The room was filled with smoke; in fact, their landlady said "you could a-cut it with a knife." But they forgot they were in a boarding-house, that the partitions were there, and transoms are dangerous, and they talked of things they ought not, and mentioned names and criticized the rest of humanity, and this is how they went on:—

"There are a pretty decent lot of fellows in that Year," said the fairer of the two smokers, continuing the gossip on this subject. "Take the fellow they roasted so over the foot-ball matches. He's a nice, decent chap, I tell you."

"Oh, you've just had dinner and feel too amiable. He's just one of the Frats., you know, who knows it all."

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"Guess you've got indigestion, you're so bloomin' critical. Anyway, you can't say a word about our Scotch city chap. He plays good football, minds his own business, pays his bets....."

"And is 'the immaculate' generally," sneered the other as he took a fresh cigarette.

"Then 'here's the little man who looks as though he had a load on his shoulders. Why doesn't that fellow look up, or at least look straight at you. He always sees things from the side."

"He's got the paper on his shoulders, my friend, and that's a side issue, besides he's built that way."

"That electric fellow from just over here in Ontario," waving his hand as though the whole province was in the next room, "preys on my mind. He's too quiet, do you know—too good. I'm afraid he'll die young. But when he plays hockey he looks....."

"As if he loved the game better than his looks, eh?"

"And there's the man from Honolulu, isn't it? He's a good head, you must know—can give you any amount of pointers about directors, and has College spirit to lend. He'll make his mark some day, mind you."

"Yes, on a missionary, when he meets one."

"You know Tommie, who knows it all, from the city of fogs and mists, in the land of 'Blue-noses?' He's got the greatest range of knowledge any one ever knew. Can tell you all about everything, and never stops. Heard a good thing about him the other day."

"You couldn't help hearing it if he told it. Guess he thinks Montrealers are deaf."

"Oh, no, dear boy. It's only because he's so used to fogs. The mechanical lad, with his glasses and 'sweet brown hair,' makes a good showing, doesn't he? Little dapper man, you know. Wonder how he'll look when he gets into business."

"Just the same, just the same. As important as Admiral Dewey."

"But, the curly-headed lad from the land of the south. He's my kind, only why doesn't he go in for athletics, since he's so fond of them."

"He's too fine a fellow—rather see him valedictorian, you know. I think he's the white-haired boy of that Year."

"Well, you are a carping critic. Wish the contortionist man had you in the gym.—the one who can tie himself into knots, you know. He'd lay you low, old man."

"Oh, he's plugging. Never does anything else."

"It's precious little you do anyway. Nor are you like the man from 'THE ISLAND,' who is going to beat Edison some day, and bear his blushing honors throughout the length and breadth of that great place he calls his home."

"And pull his mustache all the while."

"Well, that's something you can't do, 'me boy,' and neither can the man who wants to be a soldier. What'll he do when he gets to Africa with 'Strathcona's Own,' and can't sass the Profs.?"

"Check his officers or the Boers if he gets near enough!"

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For the sakes of others! O friends, O brothers,
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"And get it returned; guess not. But the cream of them all is the man with the actor craze. I tell you what, old man, when I see him these cold days with

his skating togs and his pipe I want to roar. Wonder what actress he admires most now?"

"None, he's got a little girl down in Montreal now."

"Well, you haven't had a decent word to say of anyone to-night, what's the matter?"

"Nothing, my work bothers my conscience some to-night."

..... "Glad to know you've got one."

They smoked a few moments in silence, and then the carping critic said:

"Wish I was running things awhile, and I'd not have the Donalds in the Chemistry Building, nor on the skating rink."

"You've seen few of them there this winter anyway, that ought to please you. What have they been doing in the Chemistry?"

"Nothing, that's just it. They never do do a thing but work, and look as if the earth wasn't good enough for them."

"Oh, I see, you've been getting beaten on reactions or something. Never mind, you'll do better to-morrow—but don't generalize too much, old fellow, you'll find yourself mistaken."

There was an inarticulate response, a provoking laugh, then a rush, a door jerked and slammed, and the visitor was in the hall in the darkness. A

chuckle was heard, and the boarding-house settled into silence.

NOTA BENE.

Hans Eselskopf was an orphan. His teacher, who made a butt of him, said to him one day, "Hans Eselskopf, thou art the stupidest knave in the school! Thou knowest nothing, but askest much. I will now give thee something to answer. See that thou comest here no more until thou canst tell me what is Space and what is Time!"

Hans returned no more to the school. He wandered about, dreaming. The double problem absorbed his life. He came to be looked upon as idle and good-for-nothing, and, finally, mad. He was whipped the length of the Ringstrasse. But in his last moments he started up from his deathbed, shrieked at his callous watchers, "Time is the circumference of a *perfect* circle; space that which lies within!" and thereupon gave up the ghost with an exulting rattle.

Some idle fellow rudely scratched upon the rough block which marked the pauper's grave,

"Hans Eselskopf,
Tell us now the diameter!"

O. M.

Athletic Notes.

HOCKEY.

MCGILL vs. VICTORIA.

MCGILL, 6—VICTORIA, 5.

In the last minute of what was, throughout, an extremely exciting, interesting and gentlemanly game, Belanger scored the goal that gave McGill the victory over Victorias Saturday afternoon. It was the last game in the semi-finals of the central series; a great deal depended upon the result, and each team went on the ice determined to do its very best. The McGill men seemed over-confident at first; after scoring their first two goals they played somewhat carelessly, but they soon realized that their work was "cut out" for them. Montgomery, who was unfortunately injured in a previous game, was unable to play, and his place was taken by Ness, who did excellent work, especially in the first-half. Belanger was the star of the forward line; he was always in his place at the right time, and his rapid following up as well as his clever stick-handling were features of the game. He was constantly with the puck and aided his defence considerably. Capt. Mussen and Andrews as usual did good work, the former's brilliant dashes being particularly noteworthy. In the first-half the defence was not up to its usual excellent standard but in the second-half they did remarkably well. Throughout the game Blair made a number of phenomenal stops, and but for his superb work between the poles the result of the game might have been different. Time

after time he stopped very difficult shots and guarded his citadel in a marvellous manner.

McGill started in with a rush, and, after a minute's play, scored their first goal; this was almost immediately followed by another. McGill then seemed to grow careless, and Victorias scored two goals in quick succession; just before the half ended McGill added another point and at half-time the score stood McGill 3; Victoria, 2.

The second-half was very closely contested, and after a few minutes Victorias evened the score. McGill then added another goal and Victorias two more, making the score stand: Vics., 5, McGill, 4. It was rather disheartening to McGill, but the cheering of the students gave the players renewed courage, and after some brilliant work they again evened the score. Only a few minutes remained, and both teams made desperate efforts to secure the winning point. From a mix-up in front of Victoria's goal, Belanger secured the rubber and sent it between the poles. The gong sounded, the game was over, and McGill had won.

The Hockey played was of a very high class, and the game was a gentlemanly one, the referee not having occasion to warn any player for rough work. A number of glaring off-side plays were allowed to pass by the referee, and it is to be hoped that next Saturday's referee will be more watchful.

A large number of McGill students were in attendance, and from the beginning to the end of the game their cheers and encouraging words never ceased. The OUTLOOK has more than once deplored

Class Reports.

REPORT OF THE Y. W. C. A.

The regular monthly missionary meeting of the Y. W. C. A., held Wednesday, Feb. 7th, was led by Miss Pope. Two very instructive papers were read, one by Miss Lacy on Home Missions and the other by Miss Smith on Persia.

The President announced that the annual meeting would be held the following Wednesday, so a nominating committee consisting of Misses Smith, Bennett, Irving and Wales was then formed.

(We regret that a paragraph on "A Missing Myth" crowded out last week has been mislaid.)

ARTS.

1901.

Now, I was unwise and I partook heartily of all the good things which they set before me, and then I laid me down and slept, and in my sleep I saw sitting by my side an aged man—and he opened his mouth and addressed me thus—"Oh youth, I stood in the vestibule and saw pass 5 bodies of men and I would know who and what they be," and I replied "speak my ears are open"—and he said:

First there passed along a body of youth, some large and some small, but all of them of tongue exceeding mighty, and they were as sheep having no shepherd, and all of them ever had one word upon their lips, and that word was "gee," which they pronounced full oft and with a smacking relish. And as they walked one spied something upon the floor, and he said "Gee, look at this, and then they gathered around in a mighty throng, and their "gees" rose like mosquitos from a cedar hedge, and many thought that they might see the wondrous sight, and did strive exceedingly, and I, expecting to behold some marvel, did push my way among the throng, and lo! it was a pin which they had found. And now being nearer I beheld that between the nose and mouth of many of them there was a murky shade, and I said, surely 'tis a strange custom which forbids the application of soap to that part of the face, and I opened my mouth and addressed one saying: "Son, thy lip is far from clean," and he waxed wroth, and did shape his words on the fourth step of the alphabet, rebuking me in blasphemous wise. And one of them there was like a man who has received a swat upon the head, for he stands dazed for a while, and then sticking his hands into two slits in his breast he starteth off as if wound up by clock-work, and his words do knock their heads together with resounding thuds and do struggle mightily to see which may come out first. And another there is who doth carry a sweater or two,"—but I interrupted him, and said: father, say no more, it is the Freshman year. And he replied, "My son, I saw coming from another room another body of men—small and weak, but with an air of weak vain-glory—and even as the earth-worm in the garden path doth lift its ambi-

tious head after a summer shower and aspiring to things above its low estate doth poke its pointed snout into the upper air, although it knoweth well it hath no strength to back its aspirations, even so they did walk with jaunty steps as who would say "we own the earth." And I remarked among them one unshorn as unto his taffy hair and possessed of a wild look, and jawing much, and one full small and short who gave me through his goggles a look of mute entreaty as who would say: "I beg thee do not kick me, for I have harmed thee not," and I replied "it is the Second year." "What!" he said, "The Sophs were ever boisterous boys" and I with tears replied:

"Oh gracious sir, that time I fear has past,
Of Sophs, tempestuous we have seen the last,
The leopard has for once quite changed his spots,
The Sophie's children are the Freshmen tote.

1902.

"Truth! rouse some genuine bard and guide his hand
To drive a pestilence from out this land."

This is what we have to say about Mr. Consolator's poem—if any one dares to call it poetry. We are pleased to say that Arts '02 is all right. Whoever told Mr. Consolator that our looks were turning blue? How could it possibly get into anybody's head that we live in a hut? Freshmen models of architecture are decidedly wrong when they class the Arts Building as a sort of shanty.

However, it is only fair to say that the poem (?) in the last report of Arts '03 was not written by their Reporter. Both he and the debaters have repudiated it. Evidently the style and sentiment minced into poetry are those of the school-bag fiend:

"Oh, Freshey! Freshey cease thy varied song!
A bard may chant too often and too long:
As thou art weak in verse, in mercy spare!
Another, now, were more than we could bear!"

SCIENCE.

The Applied Science Society is this year in a very flourishing condition, and is in every way fulfilling the object for which it was created, namely, the promotion of a closer relationship between the Faculty and its graduates and undergraduates. Besides having secured a number of excellent men to lecture, the management have made arrangements with the *Canadian Engineer* whereby the papers read will be published in the current number of the above magazine.

It is also the intention of the Committee in charge to have all the papers printed in book form and classified according to the subject on which they bear. The courses will be prefaced by a short statement of the work accomplished in each department during the session, this report being drawn up by the professor in charge. The book will thus be invaluable to all graduates as well as undergraduates,

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1901.

Now, I was unwise and I partook heartily of all the good things which they set before me, and then I laid me down and slept, and in my sleep I saw sitting by my side an aged man—and he opened his mouth and addressed me thus—"Oh youth, I stood in the vestibule and saw pass 5 bodies of men and I would know who and what they be," and I replied "speak my ears are open"—and he said:

First there passed along a body of youth, some large and some small, but all of them of tongue exceeding mighty, and they were as sheep having no shepherd, and all of them ever had one word upon their lips, and that word was "gee," which they pronounced full oft and with a smacking relish. And as they walked one spied something upon the floor, and he said "Gee, look at this, and then they gathered around in a mighty throng, and their "gees" rose like mosquitos from a cedar hedge, and many thought that they might see the wondrous sight, and did strive exceedingly, and I, expecting to behold some marvel, did push my way among the throng, and lo! it was a pin which they had found. And now being nearer I beheld that between the nose and mouth of many of them there was a murky shade, and I said, surely 'tis a strange custom which forbids the application of soap to that part of the face, and I opened my mouth and addressed one saying: "Son, thy lip is far from clean," and he waxed wroth, and did shape his words on the fourth step of the alphabet, rebaking me in blasphemous wise. And one of them there was like a man who has received a swat upon the head, for he stands dazed for a while, and then sticking his hands into two slits in his breast he starteth off as if wound up by clock-work, and his words do knock their heads together with resounding thuds and do struggle mightily to see which may come out first. And another there is who doth carry a sweater or two."—but I interrupted him, and said: father, say no more, it is the Freshman year. And he replied, "My son, I saw coming from another room another body of men—small and weak, but with an air of weak vain-glory—and even as the earth-worm in the garden path doth lift its ambi-

tious head after a summer shower and aspiring to things above its low estate doth poke its pointed snout into the upper air, although it knoweth well it hath no strength to back its aspirations, even so they did walk with jaunty steps as who would say "we own the earth." And I remarked among them one unshorn as unto his taffy hair and possessed of a wild look, and jawing much, and one full small and short who gave me through his goggles a look of mute entreaty as who would say: "I beg thee do not kick me, for I have harmed thee not," and I replied "it is the Second year." "What!" he said, "The Sophs were ever boisterous boys" and I with tears replied:

"Oh gracious sir, that time I fear has past,
Of Sophs, tempestuous we have seen the last,
The leopard has for once quite changed his spots,
The Sophie's children are the Freshmen tots."

1902.

"Truth! rouse some genuine bard and guide his hand
To drive a pestilence from out this land."

This is what we have to say about Mr. Consolator's poem—if any one dares to call it poetry. We are pleased to say that Arts '02 is all right. Whoever told Mr. Consolator that our looks were turning blue? How could it possibly get into anybody's head that we live in a hut? Freshmen models of architecture are decidedly wrong when they class the Arts Building as a sort of shanty.

However, it is only fair to say that the poem (?) in the last report of Arts '03 was not written by their Reporter. Both he and the debaters have repudiated it. Evidently the style and sentiment minced into poetry are those of the school-bag fiend:

"Oh, Freshy! Freshy cease thy varied song!
A bard may chant too often and too long:
As thou art weak in verse, in mercy spare!
Another, now, were more than we could bear!"

SCIENCE.

The Applied Science Society is this year in a very flourishing condition, and is in every way fulfilling the object for which it was created, namely, the promotion of a closer relationship between the Faculty and its graduates and undergraduates. Besides having secured a number of excellent men to lecture, the management have made arrangements with the *Canadian Engineer* whereby the papers read will be published in the current number of the above magazine.

It is also the intention of the Committee in charge to have all the papers printed in book form and classified according to the subject on which they bear. The courses will be prefaced by a short statement of the work accomplished in each department during the session, this report being drawn up by the professor in charge. The book will thus be invaluable to all graduates as well as undergraduates,

since the former will be enabled to keep in touch with all the work carried on in the Faculty. Members of the Society have the book given them, while others may obtain it upon paying a nominal sum. The value of the publication will be enhanced this year still more, as the Mining Society have kindly permitted certain of their papers to appear.

Mr. Gillean, the President, is to be congratulated on the progress of the Society, as it is largely owing to his efforts such rapid strides have been made.

1900.

The Colloquial last Tuesday on "Soils" was of more than usual interest. The learned way in which Mr. McLennan treated his subject was testified to by the numerous notes taken down by the fair ones present. The Beer Gang consider the paper should, in the interests of the wine-loving public, be published, the references to the effect of certain soils on plants as exemplified in the excellence of Rhine Wines fully justifying such a course. Mr. McMillan followed up, and in the fifteen odd minutes at his disposal managed to read off a formidable list of analyses and statistics until he was pleasantly interrupted by the gong.

Some of the miners are quite eager to go East since hearing Captain Adams' paper.

1901.

One man, whom, for short, we'll call Hig,
Struts around with considerable dig,
But with all his sweet ways
He exhibits a craze
For "green apples," and oft smokes a cig.

It is said that exceptions prove the rule. We have a striking exception to the rule that Scotchmen are close-fisted in the person of wee Donald. The absolute recklessness which he is displaying in his bets on the hockey matches is most distressing, and we sincerely trust that this is not a symptom of general moral decline.

The Class ought to get a group taken of the men who intend going in for honors in Theory. It would prove an interesting study to any one interested in the various forms of mental aberration.

There seems to have been a tremendous run on the dentists on a recent Thursday. There must have been four or five earnest students of Physics, as propounded by the guileless Ernie, in each office down town.

MEDICINE.

1900.

Your Reporter, on account of lack of material, has not been able to satisfy the cravings of some of his class-mates. "Much to his own detriment," this week will give you the following by consent of the authors:—

Drama in one Act, Time 1900, Place R.V.H.
Mor-w with group of fellow students goes up to a young maiden. Looks at Case Report for short space of minute, arrives at a hasty diagnosis of Hysteria, says:—*Here now boys is a case of Hysteria*
Goes up to patient: *Have you had a wee small*

lump in the throat? She answers no, and subsequently adds that she is soon to be transferred to the "special ward on the surgical side.

Those desiring references read Cowp-te on *Death Agones* as a diagnostic symptom in Strangulated Hernia.

Reg Secord, who was recently elected Valedictorian for '00 Medicine, was confined to his room with tonsillitis, but we are glad to say he is with us again in good form.

The men now at the R. V. H. will miss Dr. Keenan, who has been honored by the appointment as surgeon to the Strathcona Horse.

1901.

WARD "L."

M. C. H.

This New Year's Day, number one is a new addition,
No. 2 has his leg in a box, and in a good position,
No. 3 was moving around all day,
And lots of pudding he put a way.
No. 4, in the kitchen with his usual stand,
Swore he would fire the Italian man;
No. 5 is empty and has no chart,
No. 6 we notice plays the same part.
No. 7, who is far too large for the cart,
The sight of the Dr. makes him start;
No. 8 is a nice young man we find,
And shaving the patients is right in line,
No. 9, who has had ice-bags galore
Had his foot up in plaster and needs no more,
No. 10 has been cut up and still has pain,
And by what he says will be cut up again.
No. 11, a patient too long for the bed,
Is getting on nicely the Dr. said.
In beds 12 to 15 no patients are,
But bed No. 15 contains our star;
No. 17 left and went home on the car.
No. 18, the man with the punctured side,
Hoped to get home by the Xmas tide;
No. 19 is empty, but in 20 we find
The poet who these verses lined:—
Also empty is 21; with 22 we have lots of fun,
For he is an Italian, a son of a gun;
In 23 poor Chambo lays, first he sings and then he prays—
When the Dr. comes his voice does raise
Sa fait malle Docteur, sa fait malle.
No. 24-25 empty be, 26 is plaster to the knee;
No. 27, a very bad case,
Is reading his book and keeping his place.

1902.

HOW THE SECOND YEAR WORKS.

Every morning they're at lecture,
While the Freshmen lie in bed,
As they understand not Shepherd
When he lectures on the head.

After this straight to dissection,
Dressed in apron and in sleeves,
Which they wear for the protection
From the grease and stain it leaves.

Some till twelve and some till later
Dig and search and cut and saw,
In the head, thorax, abdomen,
Underneath the lower jaw.

Where is pleasure in such toiling?
'Tis for slaves you say, in short,
That there is in it enjoyment,
Don't trust me, but ask Van Wart.

True the First Year have it easy,
Work on them has minor claims,
Of this fact I will convince them
Through our President, Cleveland Ames.

Let me take you to some tables,
Introduce dissection there,
First, our soloist, D. Arnold,
Next the nervous man, K. Blair.

This man talking is Co. Carter,
Can't get hockey out his head,
And if Johnson were not with him
Would talk hockey to the dead.

Colby cuts when "Bobs" is with him,
Townslay hard at word we find,
Mason reads beside his partner,
Hopkins works in moodiest mind.

Here three men did once wear whiskers,
Causing us no end of mirth,
Some one out of pity shaved them,
Williams, Blair and Hollingsworth.

Go on, Mac, shouts our friend, Irwin,
Byers toils on all alone,
Fergie tried to shave the sub's head,
But got mixed and shaved his own.

Now at two o'clock we gather,
Lectures three we have to take,
Weary work, I can assure you,
Gilmour cannot keep awake.

See McGibbon how he enters,
Downcast eyes and thoughtful face,
Menzies, Pratte, Munroe and Ritchie,
Seldom speaking take their place.

Pavey, Ramsey, Moore and Archie,
Men to break a lady's Hart,
Walker never asks a question,
Many others play their part.

Let us pass from introductions,
Follow as the class goes home,
It is not for recreation,
Nor St. Catherine street to roam.

Just peep in at many a window,
When to one the hands go round,
Not in bed like Freshmen sleeping,
But with Grey they're to be found.

LAW NOTES.

Professor: "So you see, gentlemen, when it is any use to plead this prescription, it's no use at all." And the class understood.

The Arts-Law debate came off on Friday last. There was one law man present besides the speakers.

The members of the Second and Third Years are showing very great interest just now in the case of *Meloche vs. Simpson*.

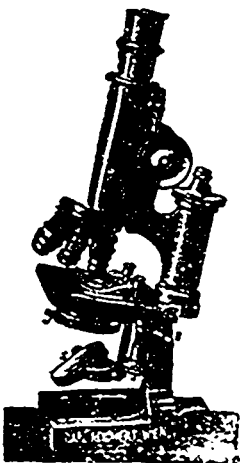
Will some body tell us the name of a man who has attended the legal medicine clinics lately?

"The Lord loveth a cheerful liar," they say. We do not just at present recollect any one who has such an overwhelming claim for love on that basis as the man who lately claimed attendance for an absent student after roll-call was over.

Mr. C - mp - - ll recently expressed the belief that there would be great unanimity of opinion respecting Mr. M - - k - y's wisdom.

The peace and harmony which usually characterise our Faculty came very near being disturbed a short time ago. The difficulty was due to a difference of opinion between brother W - - - - - and sister B - - - - as to the cause of the disappearance of a large proportion of the law, to wit, three codes. At one time serious trouble seemed likely, as brother W - - - - - evinced a strong desire to address the meeting while a lecture was going on. Finally, however, quiet was restored, and the teaching of the law was allowed to flow unhindered on its soothing way.

Everybody is beginning to feel if his feathers are well fastened or not. Anxiety is not altogether an unknown quantity just now.



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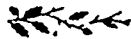
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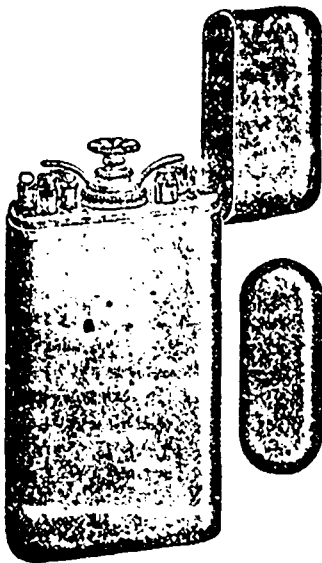
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