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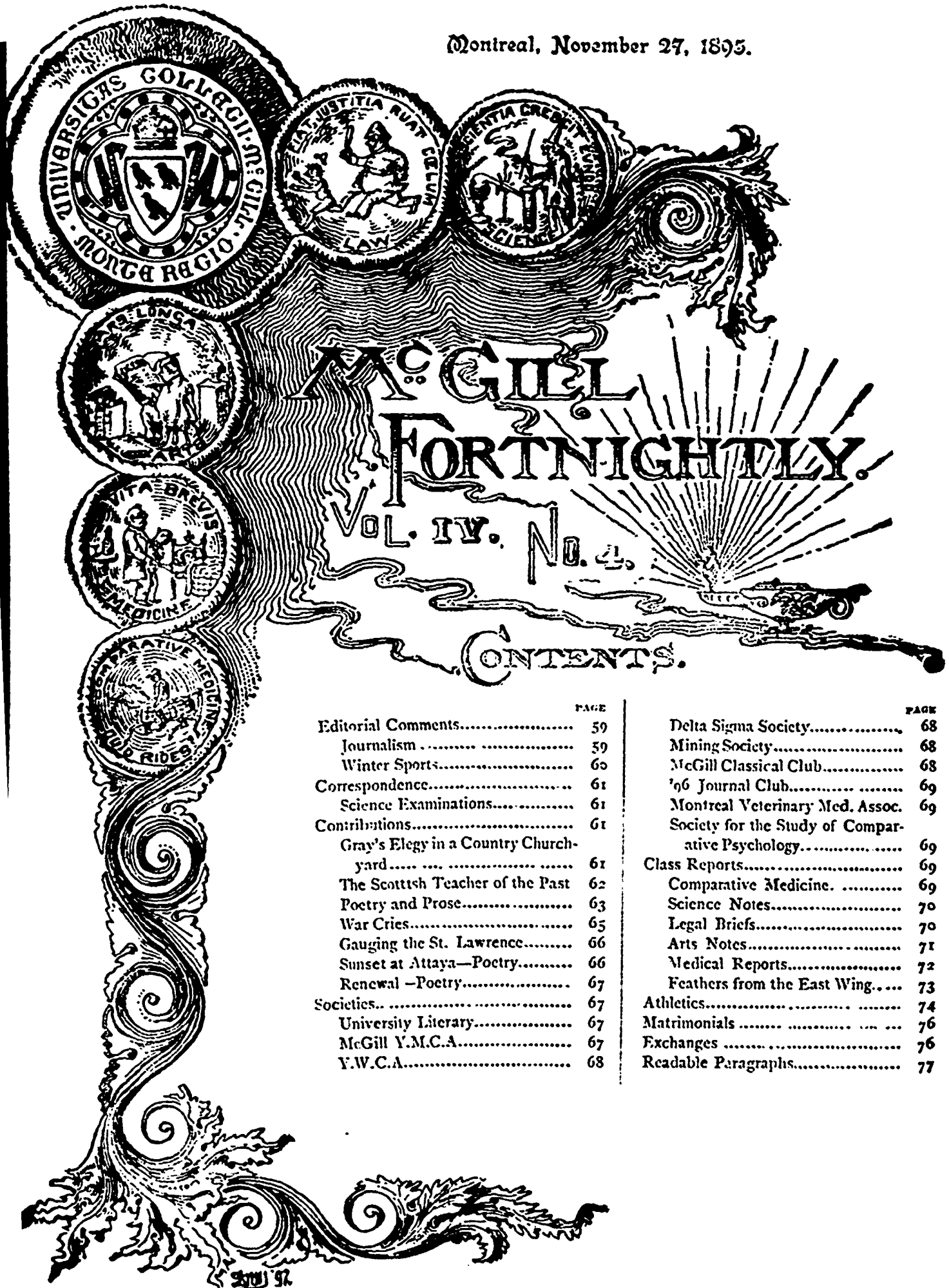
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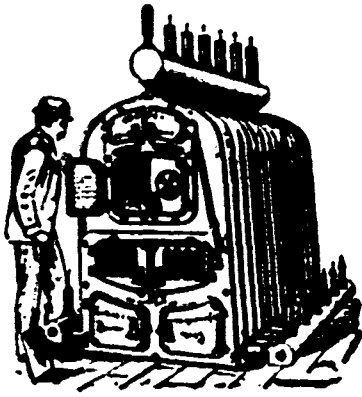


McGILL FORTNIGHTLY.

VOL. IV. No. 4.

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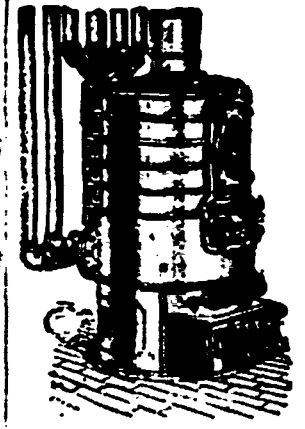
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No. 4

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EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

JOURNALISM.

We learn from an Exchange, that sixty students of Harvard are engaged in the editing and management of the five journals published by the undergraduates of that great University. Sixty embryo journalists every year taking a one-year course in practical journalism,—enough to make quite a respectable Faculty in many Universities. Doubtless many of our students are aware that special training is provided in many American Universities for students intending to devote themselves to newspaper work—or, rather, we should say, to the profession of Journalism, for so it is now called. It is doubtful, indeed, if these courses are of much practical value to the prospective journalist. An ordinary college education, wide general reading, and an inclination to the work are the best preliminary guarantees of success. The rest must be acquired in practice. It is not likely that we will have special training provided in McGill with a view to journalism for some time to come. Nor is it desirable, or necessary, even if a large number of our students intended taking up that work. Rather before that and before all other things, let us have that course on

Political Science, for which we have all been so long hungering and thirsting. Nevertheless, the subject is not uninteresting in view of the fact that many graduates of McGill are to-day engaged in newspaper work, while some are exerting an immense influence on public opinion through the editorial columns of some of our own journals. It may strike the reader as somewhat curious, that in the United States, where such unusual provision has been made for special training in journalism, and where so many men take a college course preparatory to adopting the Press as their life-work, the tone of the American press should remain so low, and that the worst features of journalism should be so prevalent in the Press over the border. It certainly would be curious, if such were the whole case. There, as here, there are newspapers and *newspapers*. In the city of New York, for instance, there are many journals, which we could name, decidedly conservative in tone, independent, clean and non-sensational, while they are edited with consummate ability. Some New York editors have even gone so far as to draw up a list of words—we might call them *suspicious* words—which are frequently met with in newspaper reading, not to mention their ordinary use in common parlance, and these the writers and reporters engaged on their papers will use at their peril. The best type of American journal is, like our own, midway between the ponderous English journal and the ordinary typical American newspaper. And to the busy man, they are certainly preferable to the heavy English paper. It is no light task to face the editorial columns of a paper like, say, the *London Times*, every morning.

Charles A. Dana, editor of the *New York Sun*, in an exceedingly interesting lecture delivered to the students of Union College some time ago, set out the literary requisites essential to the success of a journalist. As to a college education he considered it almost indispensable. It will be observed that, in this respect, his views differ somewhat from those of Horace Greely, who, for newspaper work, held college men in some contempt. The real newspaper man, he declared, was the man who slept on newspapers and ate ink. As to literary qualifications, then, Charles A. Dana put a thorough knowledge of English as a first requisite; and under this head he thought every man should have a perfect

knowledge of these three books, viz. : The Bible, Shakespeare and Milton ; a knowledge of politics was another requisite ; and, lastly, a profound insight into the principles and genius of the American Constitution. Charles A. Dana is not the only editor in the United States who has a lofty conception of the nature and scope of his work and who has endeavored to realize and embody it. Men of great political and literary renown, and men of especial ability and character have been associated with the American newspaper. They range all the way from Bryant down. Nor should we forget that, in our own Dominion, some of our most able public men have been connected with the Press. And the Press is worthy of our best men. It wields a mighty power in our modern life for good, and—for evil. All men who can read, read the papers, and some, only the papers. To these, true, sound and useful knowledge, conveyed through the medium of the daily or weekly paper, is precious knowledge indeed. It has been even charged that some public men, occupying no mean position in the popular eye, have gleaned all their knowledge of political and social questions from the columns of the public press. This statement may be a malicious one put forth by some political enemy ; at all events, we can conceive of a condition of things wherein, although the assertion could never be true to the hilt, yet it might approximate to the full truth much nearer than it could possibly do under present circumstances. And that with no discredit to the public man. With regard to the average citizen, it is, no doubt, now, quite true. The practical question which occurs is this: Will the advent of the college man improve the newspaper? It ought to : first, by raising the tone of the newspaper language : the strong, clear, terse Anglo-Saxon of the newspaper would soon become the popular language ; and, secondly, by discouraging sensationalism ; and, lastly, by bringing to the Press a manly, courageous and independent spirit, which, we fear it sadly needs at present. We want in Canada papers like the grand old *London Times*, that can neither be bribed nor coerced. We want a clean, courageous and unsubsidized Press in Canada. We want, in a word, Freedom of the Press.

The student-readers of the FORTNIGHTLY, whether there is any likelihood of their ever drifting into journalism or not, may find it to their advantage hereafter to become journalists for the nonce, and to take sufficient interest in this Journal to contribute occasionally to its columns. If the editors have a monopoly of the work, it is through grim necessity, not choice. The paper is yours. If you have sent in an article which has not appeared, it is because you have failed to indicate an address to which it might

be sent for necessary changes, or for re-writing, which latter no student ought to be ashamed to do.

WINTER SPORTS.

Now that the season for all summer and autumn sports is past, and King Frost has compelled even the lusty "pig skin chaser" to lay aside canvas jacket and shin guard, it behooves the student to look about him for some way to divert himself during his leisure hours.

A judicious use of dumb-bell and Indian club, coupled with a brisk walk in the open air, will be of the utmost service in keeping the system in proper tone. A thorough gymnasium course is better still. There, under a competent instructor, a man can begin with elementary work, and gradually train his muscles to a degree of development impossible in his own room.

It is generally conceded, as far as we have been able to learn, that last year's open air rink was not a flattering success. It was too small on which to play hockey matches with any degree of comfort. Now, if we only had a rink, say on the Campus, large enough to play matches on, we could, with such a chance to practise, and the material we have in the University, turn out a team that would make the best of them work to beat us.

We have heard it expressed that a snowshoe club in connection with McGill would be a capital thing. Why not have one? With the number of fast men attending our lectures, we could enter a team into all the open steeple-chases held in Montreal during the winter, and capture a large number of prizes. Then we could have weekly tramps over the mountain. What more exhilarating sport can be indulged in than a tramp in the clear moonlight of a Canadian winter's evening with a jolly crowd? The blood leaps through your veins, your spirits are buoyant, every care and trouble is cast aside, and you return to book or desk with new vigor.

Why can't we have a College drive this winter? A few years ago the drive was looked forward to as one of the most enjoyable functions of the year. Let some of us take hold and start something that will put some snap into our dull student existence. We come to College to work, not to make slaves of ourselves.

Let us hear from some of the boys regarding Winter Sport for this year. If anyone has an idea that might be acted upon, let him come out with it as soon as possible, for there is much room for improvement in the relations we students bear to one another in McGill. We are not united, not bound together by the ties of friendship that should exist amongst us as students of Old McGill.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of the FORTNIGHTLY :—

Now that the Christmas Examinations are close at hand, to which most of us are already looking forward with dread, I would like to suggest, through your paper, to the Faculty of Applied Science, the numbering of Examination Papers instead of naming them.

Science, for years past, has been the most progressive of Faculties in the University in many respects; but in this one, she is still behind the times.

The Medical Faculty has for some time, I believe, followed this plan, with, as far as I can learn, great success, and would no sooner think of giving it up than of giving up the examinations themselves.

Their system is, that each student on the roll is given a number, which appears on the paper instead of the name, the list of names with corresponding numbers being in the possession of the Dean of the Faculty, who, just before the declaration of results, replaces the number by the name.

I think the advantages of the system will be apparent to everybody, and especially to those who have the examining of the papers.

The Professors wish, and try, we all know, to be impartial; but that is almost impossible.

Were this plan followed, I believe, with many others, that the satisfaction of student and professor would be greater.

X. Y. Z.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

GRAY'S ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

"Stoke Poges, a parish of England, in Buckinghamshire near Slough,—4 miles N. N. E. of Windsor. The poet Gray is buried in the churchyard, which is the supposed scene of his immortal Elegy." So says the *Gazetteer*, and meeting with this note by chance recently, set me "a-thynkyng"—with the recollection that I had visited the charming spot referred to, one amongst the hundreds of sweetly pretty views in rural England;—thence I was, in fancy, transported to Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey, where, under that of Milton, is an elegant monument erected to the memory of Gray. It seems expressive of the compliment contained in the epitaph, where the Lyric Muse, in alt-relief, is holding a medallion of the Poet, and at the same time pointing the finger up to the bust of Milton, which is directly above it.

No more the Grecian muse unrival'd reigns,
To Britain let the nations homage pay:
She felt a Homer's fire in Milton's strains,
A Pindar's rapture in the lyre of Gray."

DIED JULY 30TH. 1771, AGED 54.

JOHN BACON, sculptor.

This brought me to reflect on the Poet's writings, and foremost amongst them, the "Immortal Elegy."

It has been the curious fortune of this famous poem to be hacked and mangled, altered and changed, by the publishers of the old editions, to an extent rarely paralleled in any literary work. Gray himself was so fastidious in his polishing and perfecting of it, that he kept it nearly twenty years, touching it up and improving it; yet it seemed fated to go out to the world with so many unwarranted changes, that it becomes a matter of interest to see it in its true form, as the author finally left it.

This work seems to have been performed by Professor Rolfe, who has taken great pains to present the verses as Gray perfected them. There are many small changes in some of the famous lines—the author's changes from the original version, and these were always for the better,—as well as corrections of the commonly received rendering.

"The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,"

is one of these—the author correctly writing it "wind" instead of "winds."

The beautiful second verse was not nearly so good as it now stands, in the author's first copy, where he had it thus:—

"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And 'now' the air a solemn stillness holds,"

a far less perfect line than the one with which we are all familiar.

"And 'till' the air a solemn stillness holds."

Here, we find another famous verse presented in a shape woefully inferior to that in which it stands after receiving the final touches of the author. Who could have believed that the man who has told us how—

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed,"

could have written it, and let it go, at first, in this unworthy shape?—

"Forever sleep; the breezy call of morn,
Or swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
Or chanticleer so shrill, or echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed."

Of this famous poem, which has long since taken its place among the classic productions of English literature, three M.S.S. in Gray's handwriting still exist. These serve to show the frequent and improving touches which the poet put upon his work. The place which the poem holds is certainly a higher one than it could have hoped to attain, but for this careful elaboration and detailed polish to which the author sub-

jected it. Several good verses were stricken out by Gray, perhaps not unwisely.

After the eighteenth stanza, "The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide," etc., the M.S. has the following four stanzas, now omitted:—

"The thoughtless world to Majesty may bow,
Exalt the brave, and idolize success;
But more to innocence their safety owe
Than Power, or Genius, e'er conspired to bless."

"And thou who, mindful of the unhonour'd Dead,
Dost in these notes their artless tale relate,
By night and lonely contemplation led
To wander in the gloomy walks of fate."

"Hark! how the sacred Calm, that breathes around,
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;
In still, small accents whispering from the ground
A grateful earnest of eternal peace."

"No more with reason and thyself at strife,
Give anxious cares and endless wishes room;
But through the cool sequester'd vale of life,
Pursue the silent tenour of thy doom."

The Elegy was commenced in 1742, and was taken up again probably in the winter of 1749, on the death of his aunt; it was certainly concluded at Stoke Pogis, —whence it was sent to Walpole in a letter dated June 12, 1750. Walpole admired it greatly.

In February, 1751, the publisher of the *Magazine of Magazines* wrote to Gray that he was about to publish the Elegy. Gray wrote to Walpole to get the poem published by Dodsley, and it appeared accordingly on February 16, 1751. It went through four editions in two months, and eleven in a short time, besides being constantly pirated. Gray left all the profit to Dodsley, declining to accept payment for his poems.

It first appeared with Gray's name in the *Six Poems* in 1753.

Mason says that Gray originally gave it only the simple title of "Stanzas Written in a Country Church-yard," but that he "persuaded him to call it an Elegy," "because the subject authorized him so to do, and "the alternate measure seemed particularly fit for that species of composition; also so capital a poem written in this measure would, as it were, appropriate it in future to writings of this sort."

The title of the eighth edition, 1753, is "Elegy, originally written in a Country Churchyard."

Three copies of the *Elegy* in Gray's handwriting still exist. One of these belonged to Wharton, and is now in the British Museum, the second is in possession of Pembroke College, the third was sold by auction in 1845, and brought £100; in 1854 it was sold for £131; and in 1875 it was bought by Sir William Fraser for £230, who had 100 copies of it printed in 1884.

One of the most curious alterations made by Gray

himself in this famous poem remains to be noticed, viz. :—the change in one of the most frequently quoted verses, of the historical personages used for the illustration of his meaning—a change from ancient Rome to England of the 17th century. The "Village Hampden," the "mute, inglorious Milton," and the "Cromwell," were originally Roman characters thus:—

"Some village Cato, who, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Tully here may rest,
Some Caesar guiltless of his country's blood."

This change to English, in the place of Roman celebrities, was about the happiest one of all.

QUEVEDO REDIVIVUS.

THE SCOTTISH TEACHER OF THE PAST.

A SKETCH.

The parish schoolmaster of the past belonged to a class of men and an institution peculiar to Scotland, and the subject of this sketch was no exception to the rule. He was a thorough Celt, full of emotion that could be roused to vehemence, but mild, modest, subdued, and firm. Between him and the parish clergyman there was a close alliance formed by many links. The incomes of both were secured by Parliament, and both held their appointment for life. Both were members of the same church, and were obliged to subscribe to the same confession of Faith; both had attended the same University.

By reason of his very considerable scholarship and culture, the minister considered the schoolmaster a very suitable companion, and made him his confidential adviser and clerk of the Kirk-session. The manse and school stood in close proximity, and the two worthies frequently met to discuss delicate questions relating to the flock, or argue knotty theological points and other subjects of equal mutual interest.

Although deeply involved in his church work, the master never neglected the duties of his position, the most important in the parish. The school was ever his first duty, and there he diligently taught some fifty or sixty scholars, braw lads and bonnie lassies, for five days in the week, imparting knowledge in the usual branches, and also instructing two or three pupils in Latin, Greek and Mathematics in preparation for the University.

The glory of this old Scottish teacher was to ground his pupils thoroughly in the elements. He hated all shams, and placed little value on what was acquired without labor. To master details, to stamp grammar rules, thoroughly understood, upon the minds of his pupils as with a pen of iron was his delight. He does not appear to have had the same

ardent desire that many of our present day teachers have, to see how fast he could rush his pupils through the greatest number of classical authors; on the contrary, it was a pleasure to him to move slowly and accurately through one classic at a time. He had no long spun theories about education, nor did he ever try his hand at adjusting the fine mechanism of boys' motives. "Do your duty and learn thoroughly, or be well licked;" "obedience, work and no humbug;" were the sort of Spartan axioms which expressed his views; and when he found boys honest at their work he rejoiced in his own. Many a successful minister, lawyer, and physician is able to recall this old gentleman as his earliest and best friend, as the one who first kindled in him the love of learning, and helped him in the pursuit of knowledge.

This worthy schoolmaster is long since dead. He died as he lived, at peace with God and man. The official residence has been changed to another part of the parish, the garden and footpaths obliterated. Verily, the place that once knew him knows him no more.

G. C. A.

POETRY AND PROSE.

A custom, which, if not admirable in itself, has at least the weight of popular sanction behind it, prevails among writers upon controversial topics. The essayist sets out by asserting that he knows all about the matter under consideration, that its definition is fastly determined and its provinces easily outlined, and that he has in mind to settle at once and forever those vexed points which have so long confused and harassed unenlightened thinkers. And thereupon he proceeds, after a more or less direct fashion, to play the Socrates upon himself, entangling his own feet in a mesh of uncertain assumptions and contradictory conclusions, though lacking the eyes to see and the honesty to blush with Thrasymachus over the position he is found in.

There is a Persian proverb, with a quaint Oriental ceremonialness about it, which says that mankind is of four classes: First, he who knows not, and knows not he knows not: he is a fool, shun him! Second, he who knows not, and knows he knows not: he is ignorant, teach him! Third, he who knows, and knows not he knows: he is asleep, awake him! and Fourth, he who knows, and knows he knows: he is wise, follow him!

It is good to be wise, but that is given to few; the wayfaring man, however, for the most part appreciates the truth, even though he have not lips apt to declare it, and needs only to be awakened from his sleep to perceive that he already possesses that knowledge in search of which he journeyed. The

past experience of the individual and of the race have been organized in his nature into a touchstone by which he instinctively tests the metals presented to him, and—unconsciously, it may be, without explicit grounds, but—unerringly selects the true and rejects the false. We *know* that this position is tenable, we *feel* that that reasoning is fallacious, even though we can give no articulate reasons for the faith that is in us.

And in the matter of defining the provinces of Prose and Poetry, where so many elements enter into consideration, and the conception of their offices is as varied as the individuals who define them, it will be found that in spite of the fact that those who undertake an elaborate demarcation of the two succeed usually in perpetuating their own voice only, without multiplying it in the convictions of others, yet every reader has a very lively and definite sense of agreement with or dissent from his author.

Everyone, that is, believes that there is a very real distinction between the two forms of writing, and is continually making that distinction,—inarticulately and practically, if not explicitly and theoretically—in his criticism of literature. And it may be that the difference is in evident and essential things, not in obscure and accidental properties. Of one thing we make no doubt: the form is inessential; the boldest didactic prose has time and again masqueraded under rhyme and metre, and some prose poems which our English speech contains could scarcely be improved by any trick of versification. Poetry shall everywhere claim her own, under all disguises; and for these hypocrites in the church of song it shall be in vain to call upon Apollo with protestations of "Lord! Lord!" saying: "In Thy name have we prophesied and done many mighty works," the final and inexorable answer of the god will be: "Depart from me; I never knew you!"

The truth is, they serve another master,=if any—and must of necessity be reckoned among those who "work iniquity." The old rule here finds application: "By their fruits ye shall know them!" The goat's nature does not change because it has happened to stray into the pastures of the sheep; and the worshipper of *Beauty* can recognize no other deity as supreme, nor admit of any other homage, even though that homage be paid to *Truth* itself.

As knowledge is to *Beauty*, so is Prose to Poetry. The one is born of the artistic nature of man; the other is fashioned by his intellectual need. The one seeks the *Beautiful*, the other the *True*. Prose is the weapon of practical life, of man as conquering, scientific, as logician and demonstrator. Poetry is the instrument of the imagination, of man as appreciator, connoisseur, as perceiver of the harmonies of things. The painter, the sculptor, the composer, the

architect all work with the same plastic materials; they are brother-craftsmen of the one guild. And all those who enter into the spirit of these workers, —receptive, though not creative—do thereby become for the moment, also artists. The wine-taster, too, and the smoker, watching through half-closed eyes the revolving circles float lazily upward through the thin blue air, are, in their own dumb way, poets.

Universally the imaginative, artistic nature develops and finds expression before the reasoning, scientific faculty. The youth of the individual and of the race is through and through poetic, imaginative. It creates and personifies; it invests the world with its own qualities and modes of acting and feeling. With maturity only comes the rationalizing habit, the recognition of a scientific outer order, and the impersonal investigation of it. The earliest expression of the thought of a people is everywhere in verse; prose is usually an extremely late development. The English tongue has a literature extending over a dozen centuries, yet Thomas Hobbes was perhaps the first to conceive prose in its true modern sense. Those examples of the prose form which preceded him constantly involve poetic elements. In his hands did the English speech first become the sufficient instrument of thoroughly disciplined thought. In his works the form is wholly subservient to the matter, and Hobbes is, in virtue of this, forever the model of what English prose should be. There may, indeed, be shortcomings in Hobbes's style; he may have failed, in many instances, to attain that which he sought; but he has, nevertheless, with splendid power set before us, in his example as well as in his endeavor, the ideal and type of all true prose-writing.

The thought must be supreme for the writer in prose, his whole duty and his sole purpose being to set that in an utterly lucid form before his readers. This is his one work: whatever will best subserve that end, he seeks; whatever hinders it, he must reject. To express the thought in the clearest, most forcible and fittest manner is the sole criterion of excellence in prose-writing.

"The words," it has beautifully been said, "must be a clear window through which the thought has unimpeded passage," its one essential character being capacity for perfect transmission. For this purpose, indeed, the utmost care must be taken of the form in which the thought is expressed. Every element and every relation in the paragraph and its component sentences is of importance; the expression must be lucid, forcible and harmonious. Beauty is thus an essential quality in prose as in poetry; but while in poetry its value is primary, in prose it is derived, for

here, indeed, it is only negative, its office being by the satisfaction of the æsthetic nature to render the flow of thought as unimpeded as possible. Beauty in prose has thus only a dependent not an absolute value, deriving its worth from the service which it renders to Truth.

It is, indeed, strictly limited in this regard, for if it be too strongly emphasized, even though that emphasis be an unquestionable intensification of the beauty, it nevertheless detracts from the perfection of the work, as a piece of prose-writing, by drawing attention to itself and causing the mind to dwell upon the beauty of the expression as a thing of worth in itself. This may be done in some writing, —it must be done in much writing; but wherever it is done, the composition becomes, in so far, poetry, not prose.

For here, if anywhere, I must mark the transition from the one class of work to the other. In prose the form must be nothing in itself, that thereby the idea may be all. The thought must pass through it as through a clear glass, and for this purpose utter transparency is the one thing needful. To this end the best materials must be found: in other words, carefulest selection of words is necessary, in order that the idea may be exactly represented; these materials—the lime and silica of our spiritual window—must be combined in the right proportions,—that is, the relation of element to element in the period is to be weighed and nicely determined; and the whole medium must be clearly and highly polished,—in literal terms, the greatest possible beauty and harmony of expression must be sought. These demands are imperative, but imperative only as are their counterparts in the figure used, as—the condition of perfect capacity for the transmission of the light of thought.

In poetry, on the other hand, these elements have a value in themselves apart from the idea expressed. The thought "sticks in the utterance," instead of passing unimpeded through, and gains a new beauty thereby. The imagination of the poet

"like a dome of many colored glass
Stains the white radiance of eternity,"

and these unimagined colors, this golden glow into which the alchemy of his genius has transmitted the sober light of day is not with him a means but an end. Truth becomes here the handmaiden of Beauty, essential indeed,—absolutely so in all true art, but subservient only, and in no way fashioning or compelling the greater Spirit.

The relations of the two qualities in these two provinces of writing are indeed reversed. For in poetry it is Beauty which gives worth to all other elements. A poem must not shock the moral sense, not because

it thereby falls away from truth, but because it thus becomes by so much the less beautiful. The *True*, the *Beautiful*; these are the words of Prose and of Poetry, and all values must be assigned by relation to them and to them alone.

BERLIN,

ROBERT MAC DOUGALL.

WAR CRIES.

No doubt it will be generally admitted by speculative minds, that the subject of war cries is an exceedingly interesting and intellectual one, and anyone who has earnestly endeavored to analyze the complexity of feeling to which they give expression must come to the conclusion that here is a problem, or rather a realm of problems, worthy of the ability and the effort of a veteran scientist. Take, for example, the war cry of the Rumpy-Foo Indians, which, as everybody knows, is "Wiang, wiang, wong, wang, wong, wingty, wingty, wing, wang, wong." When one pictures to himself a noble tribe of savages and the Rumpies are both noble and savage, giving forth to the world the melodious echoes of such a war cry as that, one is naturally led back to the gentle days of chivalry.

The "W" which is so prominent in this noble outburst of feeling, as well-known psychologists have already pointed out, clearly expresses the sentiment contained in the native word "Wiggewawa," which is obviously connected with our own word wig, and is forcibly significant of scalps and scalping. This is interesting from an ethnological as well as a psychological point of view, as it points to an original relationship between the Rumpy-Foos and the Red Indians of North America, though even this obvious conclusion has been disputed. A more extended enquiry into the meaning of the term wiggewawa leads us to infer that it expresses very much the same feelings as are so well depicted in the words of a certain old gentleman, who, according to Dickens, kept a second-hand establishment near Portsmouth at one time, and forms one of the most striking pictures in the works of the great novelist. Perhaps it might prejudice my friends the Indians in the mind of the reader if I were to go farther into detail. A point of particular interest is noticeable in connection with the repetition of the syllable "ing." I trace in it the source from which the Swiss bagpipes must have been evolved in some remote period of the history of evolution; and I think it strange that evolutionists have not advanced this fact in support of their theory, for assuredly it is both striking and powerful.

Before passing from this interesting example of emotional expression, I would notice the significant hint conveyed in the syllables "wing, wang, wong,"

which no doubt have already suggested to those interested in this subject the many Chinese laundries which decorate the cities of the world at the present day. Without doubt, the meaning intended to be conveyed is that not only will the Rumpy warriors reluctantly slay their enemies, but they will also take from them all they possess,—in fact, strip them clean.

But we now come to a war cry which is far more interesting to us, as it expresses all the deep feelings of our own University,—the war cry of McGill "M-C-G-I-L-L, What's the matter with old McGill, she's all right, oh yes, you bet !!!" What memories it awakens! What associations it calls up! What antiquity and wisdom it represents! As may be naturally supposed, this war cry is far more intellectual than the one we have just been considering, and therefore it requires more concentrated thought, more earnest attention, to understand and elucidate the intricacies of feeling that are contained in it.

The "M" is plain enough, and is addressed to all opponents of McGill in whatever sphere of rivalry they appear. It means simply "My magnificentico, you think yourself so great!" This letter is emphasized naturally when we are not so successful as we might be, and need encouragement, and therefore should be taken as an expression of honest scorn and determined purpose rather than one of personal aggrandizement. The "C" is printed small, and wisely so, for it represents sweet innocent childhood; but it says:—"We are more than seven." I believe that those who have investigated the matter hold that this has special reference to the students of the First Year; if so, we congratulate them sincerely upon their advanced age and increasing wisdom. Like every institution of respectable antiquity, we are blessed with ghosts, and it is with these apparitions that we connect the third letter of this curious remnant of the Middle Ages. These ghosts appear first in the Molson Hall and other centres of the University where the spirit of professional investigation runs rampant. They appear in a more conspicuous form in the front lobby of the central building around Christmas time (for give me a Christmas ghost), and they disconsolately walk the halls of the University in the spring. Those who have had the painful privilege of seeing them hold that they resemble nothing more strongly than a bird of some kind, which has, for some unaccountable reason, doffed its plumage. This has led investigators of a somewhat bold spirit to connect the "G" with the preceding letter, by making the latter stand for chicken; but I cannot follow them into such deep water as this. Evolutionists, for they have been busy here as elsewhere, state that these are the ghosts of men who were students at McGill at a period so remote in the world's history, that they had not yet reached that stage where they could justify

that definition of man given by the ancient philosopher, who described him as a featherless biped.

The three last letters of the first utterance in the war cry are to be taken together, and the question at once arises as to whether they are to be pronounced in accordance with the continental rules of pronunciation or after the old style. The discussion of this matter, though of great interest and importance, would take up too much time and space for the patience of the ordinary reader, and at any rate it is a matter which still remains unsettled.

To me the word seems to be English, in spite of the fact of our being a classical University, and I would simply take it to mean what it says. It points to a state of uneasiness or pain produced by different and varied circumstances, the character of which depends upon time and place; and it is doubtless for this reason that our war cry ends with the reassuring reiteration of the fact that McGill is all right. No matter what adversities she may meet with, what momentary defeats she may suffer, yet, whatever else may be wrong, the smallest boy in the streets of Montreal will tell you that McGill is all right. Surely no more encouraging words could have been chosen to characterize the life and history of this great institution than those that occupy so prominent a position in its well-known war cry, and may it ever be said of McGill with truth and honesty that "She is all right."

SIR RUPERT.

GAUGING THE ST. LAWRENCE.

The expedition to Lanoraie was a decided success. The party consisted of Prof. McLeod, Prof. Smith, Mr. Kerry, and about fifteen Civil and Mining students.

At 7.30 a.m. the whole contingent was on the wharf, ready for the start—an early hour for most of us. Alarm clocks (set to sidereal time?) had been active all the morning. One member of the party woke early enough to set his going. Breakfast was taken in double quick time too. We understand that the Harbor Commissioners' floating shop is a capital place to eat mutton pie in.

Soon we were spinning down the river in Senator Drummond's trim yacht "Wild Rose" under the command of Mr. F. R. Redpath. It was a splendid run. How pleasant to glide along with a swift, easy motion, invigorating breeze and cold spray chasing all signs of slumber from our faces. The time was passed in song, jest and story. Between times one would think we were *all* full-fledged engineers, judging by the amount of professional small talk indulged in. In good time we arrived at Lanoraie, and set to work immediately. Our business was to gauge the flow of the St. Lawrence whose mighty current gives

"Its freshness for a hundred leagues to ocean's briny wave."

The arrangements for carrying on the work were complete, and they were completely carried out, even to consuming the contents of the huge lunch baskets provided by Profs. Bovey and McLeod.

The rate of the current was determined by means of long poles, weighted at one end so as to make them float, standing vertically in the water. Closely following each pole was a boat, in which were two sextant men, who read off angles between certain fixed points on shore, a man to note the readings and the exact time at which they were taken, and a sturdy oarsman to propel the boat when necessary. About twenty such lines were run for a distance of $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile. On shore were transits, etc., to establish necessary lines and points. The rate of flow was also measured by means of a current meter specially adapted for work in deep water. Wednesday night was spent with mine host "Champagne" of the "Temperance" Hotel. Early next morning, after filling his cash-box with a goodly number of shekles, and wondering what such a puzzle of a name could mean, we went to work once more with an enthusiasm worthy of McGill men, and when darkness again gathered round us, we had got through with all our operations (except luncheon), and were snugly gathered on board the yacht. We at once steamed homewards with our three boats in tow, and a score of tired but well-satisfied men on board. Again the old reliable songs rang out over the water. Conspicuous among the lusty singers were Prof. S.—, "Billy" and G. M. H. Some of us retired within the cosy cabin to crack jokes and perpetrate puns, while others sat on the boiler to keep it warm, or stood on deck to inhale the ozone. The "Wild Rose" made good headway in spite of her heavy cargo and strong head wind and swift current. Once more we gathered round the festive board, and this time the baskets surrendered the last morsel. Late at night we were glad to land in the city, and taking possession of a car, we soon reached our beds, to rest our weary limbs and dream of the events of the past two days. Would that such expeditions came oftener.

G. R. M.,

Sci., '97.

POETRY.

SUNSET AT ATTAYA.

Now on the water's crystal-clear calm breast
Lies a long pillar of rich crimsoning light;
Shoreward the mountain rears its purple crest,
Deeply o'ershadowed by the coming night.
Slowly the sun sinks downward in the west,
Till, overcome by grey cloud masses' might
It fades; and dark the quiet waters rest;
The cloud-bank covers the sun's radiance bright.

The wind is rising; though our oars lie still,
 We drift adown the gently rippling lake.
 No word we speak; our minds grave thoughts do fill.
 But suddenly through the dark clouds doth break
 The glorious sun again—grows brighter, till
 A perfect globe of light appears, to make
 The world seem bright. Then, all darkness, fall—
 Daylight and joy together sad leave take

Now sadness seems to creep into our hearts
 Where gladness reigned throughout the summer day.
 You take the oars again; the light shaft darts
 Over the waves, now showing grim and gay
 Upon the lake. But on the beach that starts
 The camp fire's gleam, the sound of voices gay
 Comes to us in the distance; gloom departs,
 By those young happy voices driven away.

M. T. W.
 Arts '96.

RENEWAL.

See the rose dying,
 All faded lying,
 Gone its fresh perfume, gone its red splendor,
 What can restore it,
 What shall breathe o'er it,
 And to the poor flow'r life again render?
 Only the dew may, only the sun!

So in life's journey;
 Oft in the tourney
 When, bruised and wounded, the heart has all blacked—
 For like the flow'r,
 The soul hath its hour,
 Of darkness and storm,—from heav'n speeding,
 Let a soft ray fall, a new life's begun!

SOCIETIES.

UNIVERSITY LITERARY SOCIETY.

A meeting of the above Society was held on Friday evening, 8th November, in No. 1 Class Room, Arts Building, with President V. E. Mitchell in the chair.

An invitation to send a delegate to a dinner given by Trinity College, Toronto, was received. The Society, however, thought best to refuse this, owing to the scarcity of funds. Mr. Luttrell, Arts '99, opened the programme with a difficult reading from the "Autocrat" the "One Hoss Shay;" he was followed by Mr. R. C. Paterson, Arts '98, who read a learned essay on "Theatres," which showed careful preparation.

Then came the debate of the evening: "Resolved, that the modern drama is on the whole beneficial to mankind."

Mr. Mitchell, Arts '99, opened the debate for the affirmative. He defined drama as a play with a plot, and said that this definition excluded all burlesques and low variety shows. He also criticized the unfairness of those who, having never given the theatre a fair trial, yet called it hard names.

Mr. R. P. Campbell, Arts '97, followed for the nega-

tive. He contended that vice was so presented on the stage that it might be easily mistaken for virtue. The actors too were exposed to tremendous temptations.

Mr. Leney, Arts '98, next spoke on the affirmative. The drama, said he, appealed to those to whom the other fine arts did not. It showed the triumph of right over wrong. Plays like those of Shakespeare are educators which appeal to everyone.

Mr. Armstrong, Arts '97, followed for the negative. He humorously sketched the modern comedy, and asked if this was beneficial to mankind. He characterized theatre-going as a waste of time.

Mr. Guthrie, Arts '98, followed on the affirmative. The lives of actors, according to him, had nothing to do with the question, they were merely the parts of a machine, and the debate was whether the work done by this machine was beneficial to mankind or not. He contended that the drama did not include burlesques, etc., and that even in the lowest sort of dramas the hero is praised and the villain vilified.

Mr. Duff, Arts '98, volunteered to speak on the negative, and made some forcible remarks in his usual happy and untrammelled style.

The Affirmative won by one vote.

It was then the pleasure of the Society to listen to Mr. Ferguson's able criticism. It was searching kind and true. The defects of the speakers were brought out, and their good points praised. The criticism made us all proud of the only Fourth Year Arts man at the debate.

SCRIBUS SENIOR.

SECOND MEETING.

At the last meeting of the Society, several items on the advertized programme were conspicuous by their absence. The Committee apologized, and the President promised that in future two weeks' notice should be given to those who were expected to take part. It was resolved that war should one day cease in the world. In reality three essays were read on this subject, a circumstance which led the critic to condemn written speeches as being quite out of harmony with the aims and traditions of the Society. After the vote had been taken—resulting in a victory for the affirmative—and before the criticism was delivered, several members claimed their right of speech on the resolution. Curiously enough these were nearly all on the negative side, and seemed to meet with the hearty approval of the meeting.

SCRIBUS JUNIOR.

MCGILL Y. M. C. A.

The subject under discussion in the McGill Y. M.

C. A. on Sunday, November 10th, was Prayer, based on Math. vi. 1-15. Mr. Tory led the meeting, and the hour spent was an exceedingly pleasant and profitable one, and proved an excellent preparation for the special prayer service which immediately followed. This service is held annually in compliance with the request of the American International Conference and the World's Conference of Young Men's Christian Associations, and has special reference to the work done by the Associations on behalf of young men throughout the world. The meeting was in charge of the President, Mr. Percy C. Leslie. Extracts were read from letters from Mr. John R. Mott, who is now making a tour of the world for the purpose of studying the student-field and of deepening the spiritual life of college men. Mr. Mott is at the head of the Intercollegiate Movement in America,—a man of most wonderful personality and irresistible force of character. He has visited Great Britain, France, Germany and the Netherlands, Scandinavia, Switzerland, Austria and Hungary. His last report-letter was written from the *Ægean Sea*. His grasp of the student-problem of America and Europe is most broad and comprehensive. As an organizer, it is difficult to find his equal. The scheme he hopes to carry through is no less than the federation of all the Christian students of the world. He will be absent on his tour about a year and a half.

Perhaps the most interesting meeting of our Association yet held was on the 17th inst. The study was taken from Math. vii. 24-29, entitled "The House on the Rock." The conversational character of the meetings and the informal manner in which they are conducted seem to commend them to the men.

Immediately following, at 4 o'clock, Mr. Eugene Stock, of the Church Missionary Society, spoke to a crowded meeting presided over by Prof. C. A. Carus-Wilson, at which many ladies, including a number of Donaldas, were present. He spoke on "Preparation for Work in the Foreign Field." Mr. Stock has an easy and captivating manner of address; his remarks were pointed, pithy and practical.

Y. W. C. A.

Miss Pitcher had charge of the meeting of Nov. 8th. The subject was "The Mercy-Seat," and some very practical lessons were drawn by comparing the account given in Exodus, of the mercy-seat between the cherubims of the ark, to which the High Priest of the Jews had access in their behalf, and that mercy-seat mentioned in Hebrews to which all may appeal.

On Nov. 15th we had another missionary meeting. Miss King gave us a description of Corea, as to its climate and peoples, and also their manner of living.

Miss L. Reid and Miss Doull read to us short

accounts of work being done there, and then Miss R. Watson, B.A., addressed us on Corea. This is where our missionary interest is directed. In 1888 Toronto University sent Mr. Gale as missionary to Corea, but it was found necessary to send one who could gain a firmer footing with the natives. The knowledge of medicine proved to be necessary to accomplish this, so in 1892, Dr. Hardy, a graduate in Medicine of the same University, was sent. Since that time he has been carrying on the work. In Corea there are at present ten and a half million people and only seventy-two missionaries. The need for more workers is great. If we cannot ourselves go, let us make an effort to send and support those who can.

Miss Ross told us at the end of our meeting that she had been able through our envelope system to send away to this missionary work some four dollars.

Δ Σ SOCIETY.

The members of the Delta Sigma Society, and many of their friends, assembled in the theatre of the Physics Building on Wednesday last, to hear the accustomed annual lecture, given this year by Professor Cox. All who listened to his delightful "Talk on Music" carried away with them, we feel sure, a little of the spirit of his enthusiasm. We hope Professor Cox will allow us to print the lecture, so those may read it who were denied the pleasure of listening.

Miss Pinder and others very kindly contributed to the enjoyment of the audience in a practical way.

MINING SOCIETY.

The regular fortnightly meeting of the McGill Mining Society was held in the old Science building on Friday evening, 15th Nov., 1895; the vice-president in the chair.

Mr. N. N. Evans, M.A.Sc., read a most interesting and instructive paper on the mining district of Freiburg in Germany, illustrated by photographs, maps, etc., also an account of the smelting process which the ore undergoes. After which the meeting adjourned.

MCG. C. C.

The Classical Club did not fail to hold its regular meeting on Wednesday evening, 13th Nov.

Mr. Campbell Howard, second vice-president, filled the chair. An hour was spent in the enjoyment of the programme, which consisted of an essay and a reading.

Mr. Munn's essay on "The Position of Woman in Ancient Greece," dealing with a subject none too familiar to those present, was a rich treat.

Mr. Scrimger gave an excellent and appropriate reading.

'96 JOURNAL CLUB.

The Journal Club met on Friday evening, Nov. 15th, with the president, Harri H. Dell, in the chair.

The article of Dr. W. L. Williams, '79, on "Therapeutics of Colic," was read, and proved very interesting to all present. After the reading of this paper a discussion ensued, during which many new ideas concerning the subject in hand were brought out by members.

Although the number present was small, the meeting proved of such value as to warrant the holding of another at an early date.

MONTREAL VETERINARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.

The Association met in the Library, on Thursday evening, 7th Nov., with the president, Dr. Baker, in the chair.

There was a large attendance of members and visitors, among the former being Drs. D. McEachran, Adam, Mills and Martin.

The secretary was instructed to convey to Dr. F. H. Osgood the thanks of the Association, for his donation of fifty copies of the 1895 report of the Massachusetts Board of Cattle Commissioners for distribution among the members.

Mr. E. C. Thurston reported an interesting case of oesophageal obstruction in a dog, the animal dying shortly after admission to the hospital.

Mr. Harri H. Dell presented a carefully prepared paper embodying the result of much original research on Pyæmia in the Dog. His remarks were illustrated by microscopic specimens and mounted sections shown under the microscope.

The paper evoked an animated discussion, the essayist being highly complimented on the literary and scientific merit of the paper.

Mr. J. Greer will read at the next meeting on Physical Diagnosis, and Mr. J. H. Patterson will furnish the case report.

H. D.

SOCIETY FOR THE STUDY OF COMPARATIVE PSYCHOLOGY.

The above Society met in the Library, 6 Union avenue, on 11th Nov., the president, Dr. Mills, occupying the chair.

There was a good attendance, and two names were added to the roll.

Mr. J. J. McCarrey read an interesting paper on "Effects of Music on Animals," a subject on which, from the discussion, there appeared to be a diversity of opinion. The essayist, however, ably defended his statements.

Mr. E. H. Morris presented a paper on "Fear and Anger in Animals." His remarks on the subject were clear, concise, and showed a good knowledge of the subject on the part of the writer.

Mr. J. Anderson Ness read a portion of an article lately appearing in the *Science Monthly* on "The Psychology of Woman," the discussion of which was postponed until a future meeting.

Messrs. Kee and McNider will read papers at the next meeting.

CLASS REPORTS.

COMPARATIVE MEDICINE CLASS REPORTS.

The annual Alumni dinner will probably be held early in the coming year.

The students show their appreciation of Dean McEachran's Saturday morning lectures by attending in full force.

"What has become of the Glee Club?" is the question heard on all sides, and a very pertinent query it is. With the musical talent in our midst we should have a club second to none.

Through the kindness of Dr. G. Campbell, 1893, the Second Year are now enabled to have weekly grinds in Chemistry.

The First Year men are very anxious for the cold weather to set in, so they can begin dissecting.

Judging by the attendance of the First Year men at Dr. Baker's lectures and grinds, there will be few plucked in Anatomy.

Great interest is taken in Dr. Mills' lectures on Cynology, and the First Year men have furnished many very interesting subjects.

THIRD YEAR.

Query—Why are so many veterinary surgeons afflicted with bunions, especially those stationed at the "Quarantines"?

Answer.—It is simply the effect of their laudable efforts to stamp out pleuro-pneumonia, tuberculosis and other contagious diseases.

The Third Year have elected Mr. Harri Dell valedictorian, and Messrs. Higgins and Thurston as "class historians"; the latter, by the way, are asking some very impertinent questions.

"Grand paw's" stay within our scientific walls is fast drawing to a close. We hope this is not wholly due to the after-effect of minor operations performed at The Kennels.

He tried to use the artery forceps, but it was *in vein*.

Jimmy's trousers are completed, but, sad to relate, they don't fit.

Our Faculty osteologist has resumed work on the camel's skeleton in a most Ernest manner.

SCIENCE NOTES.

Prof.—You had better use a rheostat to prevent sparking.

Chorus of Students.—Oh! we never spark.

The Fourth Year Miner who receives letters addressed "Prof. W. M. W———" need not think it a case of "coming events cast their shadows before." The Governors have no intention of appointing him to the vacant chair in Mining.

D——s' temperance drink.

Acetic acid + alcohol (equal parts) + water to taste.

(All these from the Lab. at McGill, and guaranteed pure.)

When we found this formula in one of our text-books:

$$\frac{f}{g} - " + \frac{i}{d} + \left(\frac{u' + v'}{d'} \right) \frac{1}{r}$$

with the following values of a, i, a, v'

a .00003959 i .00002603125 a' .000064375,

v' .000000335625,

we hardly needed to be told: "These values are rarely of any practical value."

Will some of the students who have not subscribed to the FORTNIGHTLY please remember that they are not entitled to first pick of the papers when they come up to College!

Pres. Walkem will represent Science on the University Dinner Committee.

Voice from Dynamo room (via speaking tube).—"Less noise, please."

Reply from Etc. Lab. (via do.).—"Oh! you can't s (carus).

Who translated "Quid rides" as "What does he ride"?

Why, a Science man.

The Fourth Year Mechanicals had their annual bath at the Laurentian Baths last Thursday.

One would almost think it ungrammatical to say, "If I (I.) is small, ω will be large." But is that the reason why the boys laughed when the professor made the remark? (Artsmen can get explanation from the Science Editor.)

The boys played well at Cornwall, and Frank refereed the game well enough; but if you win the game at Cornwall, *your name is mud*.

A party of Civil Engineering students went down the St. Lawrence last Wednesday, as far as the mouth of the Richelieu, to make a survey of the river there. They returned on Friday, and declared that they had a grand time; but from what we can gather, the "grand time" consisted in rowing a heavy boat about the river.

We were sorry to notice the epidemic of short-sightedness which the Sophomores displayed at one of their lectures last week.

Modern scientists have made important discoveries with regard to blindness. But there is nothing new under the sun. In the book of the Prophet Lluburnt it is inscribed that a blind man can't read b. co-secant c.

Prof. A.—says that certain coal areas are of minor importance.

Harry got a good photo of Verchères wind-mill, with a group of the most respectable men in the University sitting at its base.

The Mechanicals and Electricals are allowed in the drawing rooms again.

At Verchères. K—l—y (spying loads of hay). "Boys, if we get run in, there's lots of bale."

Voice.—"Yes, and when that's all gone we can bail out the boats."

We missed the "leading lady's" merry voice at Lanoraic.

LEGAL BRIEFS.

We learn with great pleasure that there is a movement on foot among the members of the Legal profession, to have the courts and offices closed at 1 p.m. on Saturday. If this magnificent scheme succeeds, it is apparent that the health of

those fragile flowers, the Law students, will be much improved thereby. As a rule, the Law students are greatly overworked. They hurry down to their offices every morning at about 10 o'clock and have barely time to read the papers or smoke a pipe with the graduate of last year—who has an office up stairs and not too many clients,—before being cruelly sent up to the Court to file a plea or take out a writ.

In the afternoon, this performance, which every fair-minded person will admit is of the most trying kind, is repeated. This is not the worst, however; no sooner is the office work completed than the miserable men have to rush up to lectures. The physical and mental strain during lectures is simply awful. The scheme above mentioned has therefore our entire approval.

Some days ago Mr. S. — was asked if he had anything to report regarding the Y. M. C. A. S. was rather reticent upon the subject, but since then we have observed several notices concerning the services, meetings, etc. Our representative is evidently doing his duty in the most satisfactory manner.

Last week, our friend M., who, without considering expense, had invested in a new hat, was enraged to find that some person or persons to him unknown had shoved the peg whereon said hat was wont to hang through the crown thereof.

This little joke is a rather common one, and we quite sympathize with M. in his fearful indignation.

The great football match between the teams representing the Faculties of Law and Arts is to be played on Wednesday, the 20th inst. The Law men are all in the best of condition, so much so indeed that it was decided that no practice would be necessary. The Law team will be composed of the following well known athletes:—

Back,—Duclos; Half Backs,—Aylmer, Donahue (Capt), Kennedy; Quarter,—Montgomery; Scrimmage,—Sinn, Hingston, Hanson; Wings—Armstrong, Boyd, Bickerdike, Hickson, Cook, Bond, Burnette; Reserves—Lavery, Honan, Doucet, and fifteen others

Professors Fortin and Ryan have kindly consented to postpone the lectures due by them the afternoon of the match.

ARTS NOTES.

FOURTH YEAR.

Some time ago the Professor of French mooted the scheme of organizing a French club for both lady and gentleman students. For some reason, or rea-

sons, the project is only now emerging from the *in nubibus* stage and taking definite constitutional form. The following conversation will perhaps give some hint to the uninitiated as to the cause of delay:

Stud: Quand aurons-nous notre première réunion, Professeur?

Prof: Ah! Il y a une difficulté. Vous avez une réputation très mauvaise ; vous êtes séparés comme des bêtes féroces.

Stud: C'est la vraie vérité.

A prominent, but in this a rather over-confident, young man, recently tried to introduce a mustache-shaving cult among the members of the graduating class, by appearing one morning minus the usual adornment of his upper lip. Unfortunately for the success of his plan, our time is too much taken up with weightier subjects to warrant our learning new personal habits, even though they would necessitate the admiring of ourselves in a mirror.

A sweet little bird has whispered to us that the Donaldas are advised not to look out of the window, lest they should see things they ought not to see, and not to pass too often from building to building,—possibly because they might meet "things" they should not meet. When will this Reign of Terror cease?

THIRD YEAR.

Prof. of Classics: "Gentlemen, I am sorry to say that I have been informed that one of your number makes use of a 'crib'! I am unwilling to believe this, and so desire that the one suspected will answer guilty or not guilty."

Class to a man: "Not guilty, sir."

(In an Honor lecture) Miss Susy:—"Say, Bub, ask Mac for my ribbon."

Bub (in a stage whisper to Mac):—"Susy wants to know if you'll walk home with her."

Mac:—"You just bet."

(And he couldn't understand why the class laughed.)

The First Year students are signing their names in the Library Register as "Arts '99." A young Donald asks, "What are the next year girls to sign?" Some invention must be forthcoming; it must never be that they should be set down as "O O" (naughty girls).

On Thursday, the 14th of November, A.D. 1895, an unusual vibration might have been noticed in the peaceful ether of the Library. All eyes were rivetted on four daring youths, who in one moment

of heroism had dashed to the earth certain time-worn (or, better, "worn-out") traditions by coolly seating themselves at the second table, reserved to the exclusive use of the East Wings.

A Fourth Year man had entered the hall, had discovered his favorite seat occupied by a Donalda, and, torn by convulsing emotions and aided by an appreciative following, had acted as above related.

The heroes were immediately put to flight by one of the librarians.

Trivial as was this incident, it faces us with the question: Why should these things be?

Why should four tables and the easy chairs be reserved for the fair sex and the remaining tables and the hard chairs for the wise sex?

Were it not for such a barrier, the senior Donalda could imbibe knowledge beside the Freshman. The freshman-Donalda could aid the manly Sophomore. The "men" could learn how to study twenty-three hours and fifty-nine minutes out of twenty-four hours; the "women" how to combine the four S's,—Study, Society, Sports and Success.

Men-students and lady-students, seniors, juniors, sophomores and children, book-worms, happy-mediums and book-butter-flies, let us unite against the tie that separates, and study side by side.

Amor Vincit Omnia.

SECOND YEAR.

Dean.—"I see two gentlemen whispering; if they are seeking information, they are, I fear, adding two "noughts" together.

The name of "Mr." Duff was omitted in the list of wings on the '98 football team given in the last number.

The Arts '98 football team defeated the Freshmen by a score of 7 to 0. It was a rattling good game from start to finish, and the picturesque effect of the combat was heightened by the antics of Mr. Burke, '99, who played all over the field by himself. Every member of our team deserves honorable mention.

Mr. Bishop, one of the popular members of our Year, has been laid up with a twisted knee, since the game with Arts '97, when he met with the accident.

We are glad to welcome him back even "on crutches."

We appreciate the kind concern of the Juniors in regard to our youthful bashfulness. We might, however, remind them that speaking much and speak-

ing to the point are two very different things. Still, I suppose we are a little bashful compared with the brazen front of our critics, and in this connection we would again emphasize the difference between demagogues and orators. We have no lack of dignified and *gentlemanly* speakers; and when anything is to be *done*, '98 is always there, and generally first.

Arts '98 defeated Arts '97 at football by a score of 5 to 4. Our back division did especially well, Messrs. Grace and Trenholme playing fine football. Mr. Russell played the game for '97.

We tender our sincere sympathy to '97 in their sore trial and humiliation. We are sorry that any Year in McGill could not beat a "prep" school. Were they completely "Tuckered" out?

FIRST YEAR.

The first of a series of pamphlets, to be regularly issued hereafter, containing exercises for Latin Prose Composition, has at length come to hand.

The change meets with the approval of the students; but why not go a step farther, and let us have in a similar form the Latin sentences intended for illustrating principles of syntax, etc.?

At present, very few of the students get the exact wording of these sentences as they are dictated, and so much of what should be very valuable is almost wholly lost.

"When Greek" (First Year) "joined Greek" (Second Year) in the narrow corridor, truly "there was the tug of war."

Prof.—"Avez-vous soif, Mons. P.?"

Mons. P.—"Non, monsieur, j'ai femme;" and Mons. P. wondered why the class laughed.

Query.—Why do the gentlemen (?) generally sit facing the Donalds in the Library?

One of the wise (?) Sophomores endeavored recently to make a certain innocent Freshman believe that the "At Home" card he had just received was nothing less than an invitation to a wedding; and that the mysterious letters R.S.V.P. indicated that for a present "Real Silver (is) Vastly Preferred."

MEDICAL CLASS REPORTS.

Medicine in the past has always been well represented on the football-field, and this year is no exception.

From the Fourth Year we have Brunelle, the

plucky full-back, who has saved the McGill goal so often; Tees, one of the fastest forwards; and Lorne Drum, who has done much to build up football in the College.

Alley and Sparrow, both crack wings, and Proderick, of last year's Seniors, hail from the Third Year.

Schwartz, who is undoubtedly one of the best wingmen we ever had, and Grace, of the redoubtable scrim, are of the Sophs; and Levesque, our brilliant quarter, is a Freshman.

Has not Medicine a right to be proud of her men?

A Freshman is credited with the following:—
"The stomach is a comical sack situated beneath the diaphragm, and above the abominable cavity."

We note with much pleasure the interest Dr. Gunn has taken in football, in so kindly donating a trophy to be defended by the Fourth Year. It is creating quite a stir among the foot-ball enthusiasts, and will no doubt be the means of bringing out some new material from the other Years for next season's College team.

FOURTH YEAR.

Dr. Evans grinds and classes in palpation are much appreciated by the Final Year. So practical are these, that—like Oliver Twist—we long for more, especially the latter.

Mr. F.— (reading house-surgeon's report).—
"Patient went to Ontario—no! I mean the out-door patient's (pause and consultation with house surgeon), "patient's upper-teeth are false." (laughter.)
Mr. F.— (in explanation)—"You see, gentlemen, this is not my report."

Head Surgeon.—"An excellent report it is."
(The house comes down, and F.— subsides.)

C—, to M— (who has taken C's turn looking through the microscope).—"Well, we read that Caesar possessed all Gaul in his day, but you pretty nearly come up to him."

W— makes a tolerably good-looking young woman. He caused quite a sensation when he appeared in nurse's attire at the Civic last week, though his moustache was a little anomalous, and, besides, there was no waste of material in the epigastric region. We learn though that M— has since gone one better, and capped the climax by borrowing the nurse's head-dress as well.

THIRD YEAR.

On Saturday, Nov. 9th, a foot-ball match was fought out between '96 and '97.

'96 were walloped all over and covered with dirt—score 9 to 7. The Third Year had the best of it all through.

On Saturday, the same Years played for a trophy, given by Dr. Gunn, to be defended by the Fourth Year. We hadn't the heart to take it away from them.

The Third Year didn't begin their good work early enough in the game. There was, however, some good individual play.

Barclay takes a whole team to stop him. Harding plays a clever game, and rushed the ball away from Tees and Brunelle once in good style. Jim Johnson could have played a much swifter game if his hat hadn't fallen off. Knox Tierny did good work hugging the ball.

SECOND YEAR.

Messrs. Smith and Blackett were elected as representatives on the reading room committee.

The Second Year decided that the best place to rush the Freshmen was on the College Campus. Rugby was decided on, and on Thursday, 7th, a full-dress rehearsal was held. Much originality was shown by the players both in style of play and costume. Some of the men showed up in fine form, especially the secretary, after the distressing accident that befell him.

On Saturday, 9th, the game took place, and the Freshmen were rushed pretty badly, and covered with mud;—in fact, the mud was rubbed in pretty deeply over the available portions of their anatomy.

FEATHERS FROM THE EAST WING.

It is a pity that one must cautiously and only occasionally soar into realms of poetic fancy, in our columns. We feel for you, our poets, with your young souls yearning to give forth some lofty thought in sublime verse. Alas! poetry is an expensive luxury with us, and all we can do to atone for thus condemning you to obscurity is to promise to inscribe on your tombstones:

"Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul."

Thus the world shall know that through no fault of your own you lived unknown to fame. But if you

cannot wait for a tombstone and "bridle in your struggling muse with pain," what does mere printed form matter? Express your feelings thus: "The rain is coming down in sheets, just hear it on the roof! I'm glad I have my rubbers here, also my waterproof. And when I get home dripping wet, I'll take my rubbers off, and drink a little Pectoral, to keep away a cough."

Then you may bid defiance to printers' laws, and with melody and beauty reveal to us those throbbings of a poetic heart.

The Freshies are beginning to study French Law, and the question agitating them at present is whether the Chief of Police would be fined if he arrested an innocent individual. Can anyone enlighten them on this subject?

Found in a Donald's note-book:—

Carbon is made from bones discovered in 1774 by Brandt in Germany.

We were told that we might spend Thanksgiving Day in a very enjoyable and at the same time useful way,—that is, by taking salts. It depends on the kind of salts and how we take them, in this case we find them in our Chemistry Book.

Things which were remembered on Thanksgiving day:—Mechanics exam., December 16, and Latin Prose till Xmas.

Why is it that we appear worried and distracted? We cannot find a quiet spot in which to study—except the Library! The Library! Harken, my deluded friend. Take your book and sit down in the Library for half an hour. In all probability you are studying for that Thesis. The Jesuits, Cardinal Richelieu and Wallenstein are becoming living realities. Your eyes, riveted on the absorbing page, glow with enthusiasm. Your breathing grows quick and heavy. Suddenly your ideas become confused. The Jesuits seem to be running saw mills; Richelieu and Wallenstein are filing saws. Down from your heights you come abruptly. Your lofty sentiments vanish, and with a scowl you look around to find that your neighbor, having broken the point of her pencil, is, with the united aid of a penknife and the polished surface of the table, making a new point.

But that is nothing—nothing worth mentioning. To be sure it will take you five or ten minutes to get interested again, and there is every probability that the saw-mill will again begin to run. But please don't lose your temper. The Library was meant as a place for study, not angry meditations and muttered threats.

Orders should be sent in early for the collection of French Sonnets written by members of the Second Year, which is shortly to appear. Do not fail to procure one. A great rush is anticipated.

At a meeting of the Fourth Year on Tuesday, the 19th, Miss Hammond was elected our Valedictorian. We feel that this our last honor has been most deservedly bestowed on her who has so skillfully directed our class affairs as president for several years of our college course.

Our Wing looks bare for want of "feathers." The class-reporters solicit contributions from those caring to prevent further exposures of this kind.

ATHLETICS.

FOOT-BALL MATCH.

FOURTH YEAR MEDS. VS. THIRD YEAR.

The game on Saturday, November 9, between the "mud-larks" of the Fourth Year, and the "clay-backs" of the Third Year, was one of the finest exhibitions of foot-ball as it should be played—not, that it has ever been our lot to witness.

The day and ground were eminently fitted for a display of the abilities of both teams. A very wet rain had been falling for some time, and during the game gentle north-east zephyrs laden with cool, refreshing moisture fanned the fevered brows of the contestants, lessening the danger from delirium and hyperpyrexia.

The field itself was in almost perfect condition. A layer of soft mud, not common, every-day muddy mud, but mud of a loving, clinging nature, covered the whole field to a depth of not less than two inches. This mud formed such an attachment for the players that much of it left home in their company, and the College authorities mourn the loss of a large amount of *real estate*.

The noted "Blue Jeans Ambulance Corps" were in attendance, and rendered valuable service succoring the wounded. Their welcome cry of "Phagocytes! Phagocytes!" rose high above the din of battle, renewing the courage of the wounded. The gallant attempt to remove Harding of the "clay-backs," who had broken the rules by catching the ball on purpose, will be handed down to posterity along with the "Charge of the Light Brigade."

Sergt. Leucocyte Leslie, Corp. Phagocyte Hogan were in charge of all isolation and removal of the wounded, while Pte. Fibrinogen Finley and Pte. Stagnation were the dressers.

It is beyond the power of human pen to describe the game, the play was so fast, so replete with artful dodges that the eye could scarce follow its changes. Suffice it to say that the "clay-backs" came out victorious by 9 pts. to 7 pts. The "mud-larks," however, claim that their opponents took an unfair advantage in playing some men

who really could catch and kick a ball, while their men were carefully selected to avoid any such mishap. There is no doubt that the contention is a just one, and had they been less careful in picking out a team the result would have been different.

It is meet here that the star players should receive some recognition of their services.

Kendrick and McAllister were particularly good wrestlers; Craig and Irvine shone as sprinters, but both seemed to see how much running they could do without making any headway; Irvine is great at dropping on the ball; Kemp is a mud-lark of the first rank, and was in his element on Saturday; Duckett is good, and had a swell uniform on; there were two Churches on the team, but as no clergyman was present, they were closed for repairs after the game. Thompson and Edwards were too good for this to mention them at all; Staples and Grant became unrecognizable early in the game, and we couldn't follow their play very well; Curran and McAuley were birds, but their feathers were sadly dragged.

The Third Year were too good to deserve recognition and praise from us. Their reward will come again. Suffice it that they won the game and played the best foot-ball.

The teams were as follows:—

FOURTH YEAR.—Duckette, McAuley, Church, Thompson, Edwards, Grant, Kemp, Staples, Church, Curran, McAllister, Kendrick, Elliot, Craig, Irvine.

THIRD YEAR.—McLeod, Roy, Jost, Harding, Kirby, Robertson, Tierny, Foster, H. R. McRae, Robert Hurdman, Kienan, Hayden, McLennan, Smith.

Ambulance Corps.—Long, Muloney, O'Reilly, Laing, Herman, Roberts.

Arms and Lint Bearers.—B. Deane, Mick Graynor, Joe Lockery, J. D. McRae.

Couches.—Sparrow, Proderick, Harvey.

MCGILL 2ND vs. CORNWALL.

On Saturday, November 16, the McGill Intermediate team played a friendly game at Cornwall with the team of that place.

The game was very one-sided, McGill winning hands down with a score of 21 to 0. The boys played a first class team game, and were never in danger. Davidson at Quarter, Lynch at Full, and Drinkwater at Half were in good form. The Scrimmage also worked well, and the Wings played their usual fast game. Balfour was especially in evidence.

The teams lined up as follows:—

MCGILL.			CORNWALL.	
Lynch		Back		Primeau.
Burnett.	}	Halves	}	Ferguson.
Burnham.				Cameron.
Drinkwater.				Turner.
Davidson.		Quarter		Lister.
Ross.	}	Scrimmage	}	Cotter.
McMaster.				Sewell.
Bond.				Peacock.

Balfour.	}	Wings.	}	McDonell.
Whitton.				Copeland.
Sise.				Pettet.
McPhail.				Broderick.
MacLennan.				Barbour.
Todd.				McCutcheon.
				Referee—F. Packhard.

We are glad to note that Messrs Ernie McLea, Harry Trenholme and W. Irving, who were injured in this season's games, are all progressing favorably, and are able to be around again.

ARTS vs. LAW.

Arts feels thirsty after the victory of the 20th inst. Is there no one who will give us a cup?

Four to one is a small score, yet its smallness furnishes no criterion to the brilliancy of the play. Such was the score on Wednesday last, when rival teams from Arts and the Faculty whose name "rhymes with Law" met "in a friendly contest" at Football. The explanation of this match is to be found in a letter from the Faculty of Law challenging the Faculty of Arts to a friendly contest at Football, with the condition, however, that the men in Arts who had played on the 1st XV. should not be included in the team to play against Law. The Artsmen, nothing daunted, accepted the challenge, and agreed to play a match, with the result that the Arts XV. defeated the Law XVI. by 4 points to 1. We would suggest, that should the Law men wish to renew their challenge, they should attach as conditions to be observed by themselves something similar to the following: "That all the aforesaid XVI. shall not bring their Civil (or uncivil) Codes, nor that Faculty that rhymes with Law," to the aforesaid match, but shall leave the aforesaid moveable goods and chattels at their respective domiciles." Under such conditions Arts would probably play up better, and the referee would have more chance to hear himself think.

Promptly at the half hour after the appointed time, the Arts XV. and Law XVI. slid on to the Campus, and the match began.

A delightful variety of costume was to be seen, from the immaculate white sweater of the embryo lawyer to the weather-beaten, canvas "limb-warmers" of the would-be B.A. It did not take long however, for such variety to disappear; these distinguishing marks being all changed alike to landmarks in an incredibly short time.

The first difficulty arose from a dispute between the referee and the rival captains as to whether Law's XV. should be composed of sixteen or seventeen men, this was amicably settled by agreeing that Law's XV. should be sixteen. Soon the referee was plunged deeper into the mysteries of the rules by being called upon to decide as to whether or not Law should have a free kick when their ¼ back picked the ball out of the scrimmage. Such a trifle was easily settled, but when the question arose (the "throw out" from touch being in favor of Arts) as to whether the Law men should procure another ball and continue the game with it, or whether they should follow the ordinary

mode of procedure with the original ball, a problem difficult to solve was met with. We are glad to say that the auditors (they can hardly be called spectators) came to the aid of the players and decided in favor of Arts. Still the referee did his duty nobly, sliding from one basis in the desert of mud to another with the greatest agility, until on the verge of despair he remembered he had another important engagement, and whistled for time; time rushed to his assistance, and the match was over.

The Arts XV. then gave the Law XVI. three cheers. This did not satisfy the Law XVI: they took the case *en délibéré* for five minutes, and then triumphantly proceeded to score an imaginary touch down.

Fortunately for Arts the referee was being congratulated at the time on his lucky escape, and so could not alter the score. At the date of writing the score is still unaltered, and will probably remain so unless some of our learned friends from the Eastern (not East) wing endeavor *ἄπτω λόγον κρείττω ποιεῖν*.

N.B.—Just before going to press we learn that a suit is pending between the McG. U. F. Club and the members of the Law "scrum" as to the rightful ownership of the real estate that was appropriated from the campus on the 20th inst. We hope that Law may win in their *football* suit, but in such a *grave matter* do not care to express any opinion.

MATRIMONIAL.

GUNS—BRAINERD.—On Wednesday, Nov. 13th, Mr. Robert A. Gunn, Sc. '94, was married to Miss Lillian Miranda, daughter of the Hon. Herbert Brainerd, of St. Albans, Vermont.

Mr. Gunn is well known to the Undergraders of McGill. To him the Glee and Banjo Clubs owe much, possibly among other things their very existence, certainly a large share of their rapid growth. Of these clubs he was business manager during the sessions '93 '94 and '94 '95.

It may also be remembered by some that Mr. Gunn, in a letter to the FORTNIGHTLY last session, proposed the plan for a University night, the carrying out of which scheme was accompanied by perhaps more interest and the success it achieved was perhaps greater than that attending any other project yet undertaken by the undergraduates.

Mr. Gunn graduated from the Science Faculty of McGill in '94, and is at present in charge of the laying of an electric road between Nutley and New York.

OUR EXCHANGES.

Queen's University Journal comes out this year in a new coat, donned not because the old one was the worse of wear, but because fashion changes and variety is the spice of life. The new coat is certainly tasty and becoming.

The contents are in keeping with the outside

appearance. That fine feathers do not make fine birds, we know, but we are doubly disappointed when we find second class matter done up inside attractive book or journal covers. *Queen's University Journal* does not disappoint us, editorials, contributed articles, sports and college news, all are bright and well written.

With the first number is a portrait of the late Dr. Williamson, vice-president of the University, who died last September, and who had been connected with the University for fifty-three years.

From some of the records of their annual games Queen's must have some men strong and mighty. McRae put the 50 lb. 30 ft. 9½ in., and the hammer 103 ft. 8 in. These are the only events in which they surpassed our records. That they have co-education in Queen's is shown by a list of class officers, in Medicine, in which the vice-president of each year is a Miss. And speaking of class officers, they have a number that are not known in McGill at all: Poet, Prophet, Orator, Antiquarian, Historian, Critic and Marshal; would not some of these be ornamental at least, and perhaps useful in our colleges? We wish our fellow-workers in college journalism of the Limestone city, success during this the XXIII. year of the *Journal's* career.

That Yale is a large University, most of us have known for some time; that she has a first class glee club, we all found out on Sports Night. Now the exchange editor has something else to tell of Yale: she has a good illustrated, humorous, fortnightly paper. *The Yale Record*.

Is not the following as applicable to McGill as to Yale?

TO NINETY NINE.

As Freshmen first to Yale they came,
These busy gallants just from home,
To seek, perchance, for knowledge,
They wear on vest, lapel, or coat,
Or radiant necktie round their throat,
The emblems of their college,
They swear to Yale they will be true,
Their color ever will be blue;
Their loyalty is seen,
In spite of banners and of badges,
So proudly sent to Beths and Madges,
Their color still is green.

From over the seas, in the Emerald Isle, comes *The Droghedaan*, published by the students of the Grammar School there. It is full of newsy school notes and readable articles on various subjects; one on the University Matric. called the "Little-Go" Exam., shows plainly that that exam. is harder there than it is with us, and includes that bugbear of the scholars. "Orals."

We do not feel flattered by the notice they have taken of us in their Exchange column. We believe

the MCGILL FORTNIGHTLY is more than a School Magazine.

King's College Record, of Windsor, N.S., gives in its first number for this year an article on the poet Burns; a detailed account of the Jubilee of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, interesting to their readers on account of the church connection of the two colleges; well-written book and magazine review notes, college news and student personals. Altogether a full and interesting number.

READABLE PARAGRAPHS.

WHERE AUTHORITIES DIFFERED.

The reading class was standing in a stiff row upon the floor of an Indian schoolhouse, and a bright little fellow was drawing a paragraph about a Roman massacre.

The President of the School Board was present on his regular tour of inspection, and he pompously requested that the boy "read that verse again."

The "verse" was read again.

"Ah! h'm!" said the great man in a loud voice. "Why do you pronounce that word massa-ker?"

The boy was silent.

"It should be pronounced massa-kre," continued the great man, with a patronizing smile.

The boy remained quiet, but the teacher finally spoke:

"Pardon me, sir," she said, "but the fault is mine if the word is mispronounced. I have taught the class to pronounce it 'massa-ker'."

"But why?" insisted the great man, as a look of surprise was followed by a look of pain upon his benign features.

"I believe that Webster favors that pronunciation," said the teacher meekly.

"Impossible," said the great man.

The dictionary was brought, and the President of the School Board turned over its leaves until he found the word. There was a breathless silence as he looked up.

"I am astonished, madam," he said at last, "that Daniel Webster should have made such a mistake as that."

Apropos of the death of Mr. Justice Hawkins's fox-terrier "Jack," which has just occurred, a provincial paper tells a story current at Warwick of Jack and

his master being caught rattling by a farmer on the banks of the Avon. His lordship, nowise disconcerted, tendered a sovereign to cover the trespass, which the farmer, affronted by such a cool proceeding, refused with indignation.

"You'd better take it," said the Judge; "it's a reasonable offer."

Then the farmer got so angry, that Sir Henry announced himself. "And what is more, sir," said he, "you shall go with me to the Warwick Arms and crack a bottle of champagne with that sovereign immediately."

The story adds that there was free rattling for Jack on that bit of land as long as he lived. There are other stories about Jack, and it is said that when sitting on the Bench with his master he once ventured to express his opinion on the matters before him in a singularly loud tone. The tale goes that Sir Henry, with the greatest promptitude, directed the ushers to "turn that dog out of the gallery."

The ushers, of course, did not find a dog in the gallery, and nobody ventured to look under the Bench. On solemn occasions Jack was always attached to the judge's wrist by a long blue ribbon, and many a junior has beguiled the tedium of a case by watching the ribbon gradually unroll as Jack pursued his investigations, while Sir Henry every now and then "hailed in the slack."

Three tailors—an Englishman, Welshman and Irishman—were bragging of their attainments in their particular line of business. Says the Englishman:—"Why, if a man happened to be walking on the other side of the street, I could take his measure at a glance." Says Taffy:—"That's nothing. If I was only to see the tip of his soultter coming round the corner I could measure him, look you." Pat:—"Och, by the powers! Show us the corner he wint round, Oi'd fit him."

A man had forgotten to go home to supper one evening, and, knowing what awaited him, he purchased a set of miniature flags, and put them into his pocket. "John Henry!" exclaimed his wife, as he entered the house. "I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself to treat your wife with so little consideration!" He slowly unrolled his little package of flags, took out a square red one with a black square in the centre, and fastened it to the mantel. "What's that?" she demanded sharply. "Storm signal," he replied pleasantly. She drew herself up haughtily. Once or twice she seemed on the point of speaking, but controlled herself, and finally turned coldly away. He merely took down

the red flag, and replaced it with a white one. "Cold wave," he said. There was a moment's silence, and he saw that her feelings were hurt. "You're cruel," she said, at last. "You stay away from dinner, and then you come home just to make fun of me. I—I—" He put up a blue flag. "Rain or snow," he said. "Why do you want to be so mean?" she asked, tearfully. "Why can't you be the dear, kind man you used to be? I won't be cross again." He put up white flag. "Fair weather," he said, "and, also, a flag of truce. I capitulate to tears." And the white flag floated the entire evening.

SUCH IS FAME!

A young woman of twenty-three, escorted by a young man about two years her senior, were visitors at the Executive Chamber recently. They stopped to look at the oil portrait of George Washington. The young woman stepped back a little, and said, in a reflective manner: "I know that fellow; I have seen him somewhere."—*Albany, N.Y.*, October 26.

The window display made by a Glasgow newspaper in connection with one of the races between "Defender" and "Valkyrie" included a dial to indicate American time. "That clock's clean wrong," said a man, as he pushed his way into the thick of the enormous crowd that had assembled. "it's five hours ahint." "Hoots, min," said a wag, "if they hadna pitten back the time the race wid hae been encroachin' on the Sawbath Day." "Losh, fren, I never thocht o' that. Naebody can beat thae Yankees for cute dogs."

During the war old Rastus was asked by a Federal soldier why he was not out fighting for his rights. After pondering for a moment, he replied, "Did yo' ebber see two dogs a fightin' over a bone, sah?" "Yes, oh yes!" "Did you ebber see de bone fight?"

FAME DESPISED.

"Mr. Speaker," exclaimed a member of the New South Wales parliament, "my colleague taunts me

with a desire for fame. I scorn the imputation, sir. Fame, sir! What is fame? It is a shaved pig with a greased tail, which slips through the hands of thousands, and then is accidentally caught by some lucky fellow who happens to hold on to it. I let the greasy-tailed quadruped go by me without an effort to clutch it, sir."

LAW vs. ARTS.

The Editors have received, but unfortunately too late for publication, a full account of this now much-talked-of football contest, from the Law point of view, together with a very elaborate legal document, in the form of a Protest, which we gather was duly served on the Arts team, and afterwards withdrawn. The important point to be noticed is, that the Law version of the battle is confirmatory of that which appeared in the daily papers, giving the victory to Law, and herein it differs radically and vitally from the account printed in another column. The FORTNIGHTLY is bound, in this as in all other inter-Faculty matters, to maintain the strictest neutrality and to give all parties a fair hearing. Therefore, the documents submitted will be published in due course. As a proof of our sincerity in this matter towards Law, we have only to state that we have stopped the printing press and considerably discommoded the printers in order to insert this notice.

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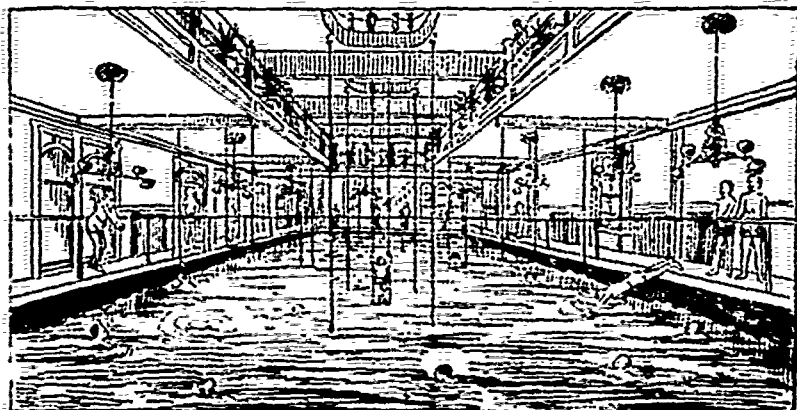
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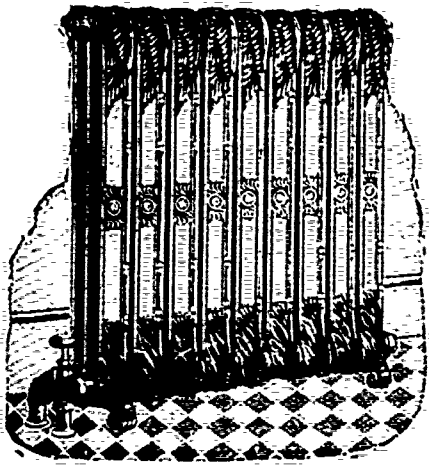
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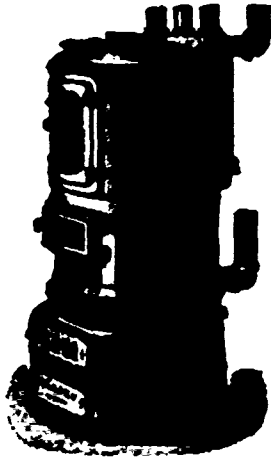
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