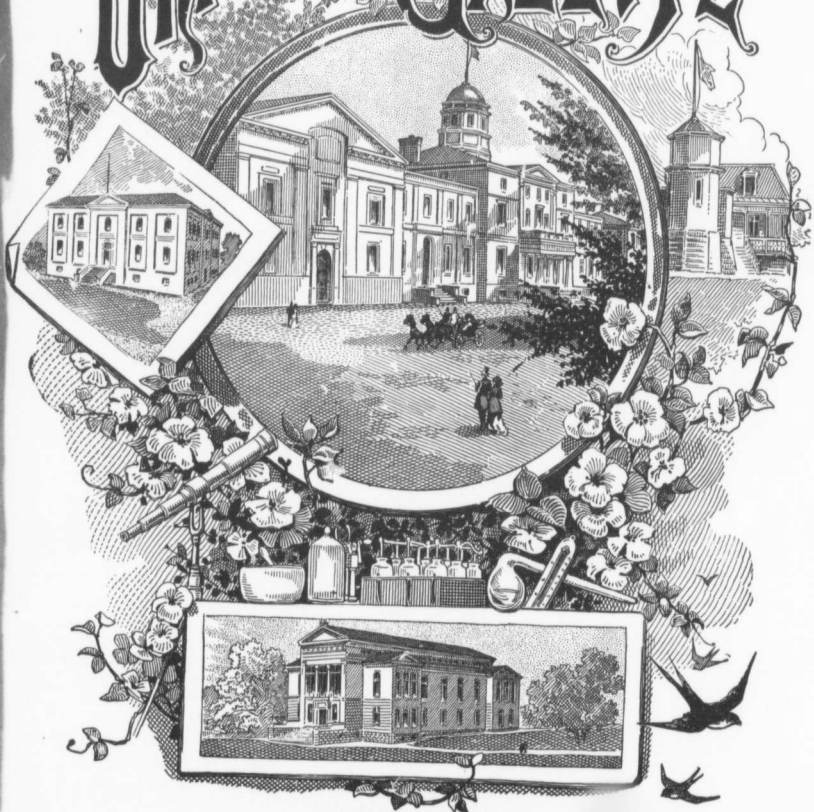


# UNIVERSITY GAZETTE



1887-88

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## University Gazette.

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### Editorials.

#### THE MEDICAL FACULTY DINNER.

Medical students are without doubt the hardest worked men in the University. They have more lectures, more matter in the lectures, and more to do outside of the lectures than the students of any other faculty. To such an extent is their time occupied, that their opportunities for social enjoyment are few and far between.

The Medical dinner, we presume, was instituted for the purpose of giving Medical students a chance to see one another in a social and convivial light and to enable them to display or to appreciate, as the case might be, qualities which, while fitting them all the more for a physician's life, are not distinctively medical.

Now, the Dinner given last year was much more likely to cast an opaque gloom over the life of any student that attended it. The speeches were too numerous, too long, too dry, and there was not enough music.

What is the idea of toasting, at a Medical dinner, the Queen, the Governor General, the Mayor and Corporation, and a host of other people who do not know the difference between the metatarsus and the pancreas? Why have two speeches to every toast?

Each toast should be proposed by the chairman and answered by one man, in a speech as terse and bright as he can make it. After this, there should be some music of a quick and frivolous nature, that will compel everybody to feel jolly, and also give them an opportunity to talk. Last year one speech succeeded another with overwhelming and stupefying rapidity,—so that everyone was glad to crawl home to bed, with the last two toasts cut from the list.

A dinner which will fill in the outlines we have traced, will be one to be remembered with feelings of gratitude and pleasure.

Among the many classes of students benefited by our University, none receive so many privileges, and at so reasonable a rate, as the theological students. Still, in spite of what the University does for them, we regret to say that very few theologians take any active interest in anything for the general good of the University. The majority do nothing whatever in support of our college schemes. The Undergraduates' Literary Society, the Reading Room, the Athletic Association, the UNIVERSITY GAZETTE, each and all may fail for aught they care. Even the McGill Y.M.C.A., which we consider as especially worthy of their support and countenance, is left entirely alone by the majority of theological students.

Fellow students, this state of affairs should end: your influence and help is needed in support of one or more of our college societies. Will you give it, and

help to make our college renowned for the strong spirit of brotherhood among its students, or will you stand aloof, because, forsooth, everything is not managed according to your wishes? Many of you do your duty well, but if the interests of our college are to flourish as they should, each must do his duty.

### Contributions.

#### A COUNTRY BOY.

[WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERSITY GAZETTE.]

By NIKIL V. ERIUS.

#### CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

Peter thoroughly enjoyed the concert. He clapped enthusiastically, even once rising to his feet to applaud a very fine bit of play, which he pronounced very nearly equal to that of Mr. Forbes. He spoke little during the performances; which pleased Edith, for, unlike many of her sex, she had actually gone to hear the music, and not to see and be seen. Though her escort's actions chagrined her several times, she felt less angry with him than she expected she would, and found herself studying him, much as a naturalist would study some new zoological prize. She was a keen judge of character, and possessed, to an eminent degree, the power, with which Nature seems to have endowed her weaker children, of determining instinctively and at once the black sheep from the white. She went much upon impulse, and in this case her impulse seemed at fault. She could not decide whether she actually hated Peter, or merely tolerated him. She was surprised at his flashes of intelligence, overlaid as they were by his rough country ways. Yet she soon found Peter's great fault. As she expressed it forcibly to Alice, on retiring for the night:

"The first word he learnt to speak was not 'mamma,' but 'I.'"

Had Peter stood on his head, he would have declared the world upside down.

On the whole, she concluded that when he had got some city polish he would be a remarkably clever fellow, and a credit to his sweetheart at home, for, she reasoned, all college boys have a sweetheart somewhere, who pushes them along, and therefore must he. She determined to ask him about this sweetheart if she ever got to know him well. If Alice's hobby was babies, Edith's was sweethearts—not her own, but everybody else's. She was in nearly every love affair in the district, especially the unfortunate ones, and very sage advice often came out of her prett' head for some unlucky lover. She never told or riuiculed any of these affairs, and even grim Betsy, the cook, who hated men like spiders, had confided in Edith's sympathetic ear the tale of her early love.

"But he was took, Miss Edith. He was took for stealing, and they found my own watch on him as he had stole from me, and I never trusted waf of thim men since. Barrin' your father, Miss Edith, they're a bad lot. They'll stale your watch, or your savings,

or your heart, whichever's the handiest, and you'll niver see sorra waf of thim'agin."

Concerts do not last for ever, and Peter was soon on his homeward journey, with a queer feeling at his heart that he could not define. He had drawn his first breath in the dawn of his new era, and stood like a man in a strange land waiting to see what the sunrise would reveal. He felt attracted to this life as a duckling that is hatched among chickens is still drawn towards the stream. He loved his old life, however, and mentally contrasted Edith's haughty ways with Lizzie's loving manners, much to Edith's disadvantage, for scorn is sometimes equal on both sides. Yet, he admired Edith—we would kill him at once with a drop of ink if he did not—and resolved to study this family and perfect himself as much as possible in city ways.

Thanks to Mr. James, Peter had found a very nice boarding-house, with only a few other students in it. Mr. James could, of course, have found him lodgings away from student life altogether, but deemed it best to place Peter in the atmosphere, if not of study, at least of college. Peter easily passed his matriculation examination, and chose medicine for his profession. In regard to himself, he was not long in finding out how differently he was dressed from those around him, even in every-day attire, but his native thriftiness would not permit him to make a change as yet. He was much surprised at the sights and sounds of the great city in which he found himself, and wandered up and down the streets, and in and out of the churches and public buildings with a very countrified look upon his face. The mountain, crowned with its autumnal glories, was a source of endless delight to him, giving him breathing time, as it were, from the atmosphere and characteristics of the city; for, ambitious as he was, he still had the country in his heart, and longed to feel the grass under his feet. There was one short ravine on the western scarp of the mountain, on the road to the cemetery, which, to him, brought back the recollection of the school-house dell; and there he used to go when home-sick and heart-sick, as he often was during the early days of his college life.

He was kindly welcomed by his various teachers, to some of whom he had brought letters from Mr. Forbes, for they saw at once in him the promise of a brilliant maturity. His lessons in Nature, under Mr. Forbes' training, had brought forth great fruit. He had not yet torn the flowers to pieces, but to him science was not a dead thing, but a living creature.

Flowers were not names, but happy realities to him, and, when he learned the secrets of their life, it was like hearing the soft confidences of some little child. It is not to be wondered, therefore, that Peter entered vigorously into his studies, and won golden opinions from his professors. Nor is it to be wondered at that he found himself a source of surprise to his fellow-students. Most of his ideas were unique, and worked out by his own mental efforts, and often conflicted with prevailing opinions. He soon found, like every original thinker, that many of his ideas had occurred to others long before his time, and had sometimes been proved erroneous. The life

of the individual is an epitome of the life of the race, and Peter had been passing through the savage and the semi-civilized periods, and the middle ages, and was only now arriving at his Victorian era.

Autumn slipped on into winter, and Peter, as he faced the snow storms in his morning walks to college, often found himself back at Praxville in his thoughts. And at night, when returning from his dissections, the yellow glare of the street lamps in the distance sometimes seemed to him, through the storm, as the old familiar light, whose steady rays guided his noiseless footsteps along the snow-clad road to the farm-house by the well. He had become acquainted with a number of students, most of them, strange to say, city boys, and under their influence was very slowly altering in his manner. Their influence was unconscious, for, like an iceberg, he kept the atmosphere around him near his own temperature, but he was, like the berg, being slowly undermined, and would some day topple over into a new state of equilibrium, and woe to the unfortunates who had trusted in him!

Once a week, for a shorter or longer time, Peter showed himself at the James'. Some days he would be closeted with Mr. James all the time of his visit; at other times he would be received by the family, and entertained with conversation, or, perhaps, a game of cards, backgammon, or checkers. On these occasions Edith was often absent, or excused herself early in the evening. Alice, who had got it into her head that, in one sense, this giant was a baby, treated him very kindly, but very often brought a smile even to his lips by bringing forward some childish occupation for him to engage in. She kept him all one evening cutting and pasting pictures in a scrap-book. Edith, for a long time after this, privately called him "knight of the scissors and paste-pot."

But there was one thing that Peter could do that always brought Edith to the fore. It has been said that he was no musician, but it must be added that he had a fine voice, and knew how to use it, in a way. Marv an evening he spent in the parlor, singing, while Edith would seat herself in one window, and, looking out into the night, dream such dreams—as she listened to the singer or to her sister—as few but poets or children ever dream. Music was Edith's hobby; when a baby she had escaped from her nurse and wandered off with an organ-grinder, who seized the opportunity of turning an extra penny by passing her off as his, which her dirty condition made plausible. He had no intention of stealing her, though he very nearly found himself within the goal walls; but when Providence threw the child his way, he reasoned that he would have been wrong not to avail himself of his opportunity. Her brown curls, even then luxuriant, betrayed her to her own father, who was passing, and in the scene that ensued it was lucky, perhaps, for her future respect for his moral character that she was too young to grasp the meaning of all he said to the organ-grinder.

One of these musical evenings marks an important station in Peter's railroad of life. Edith had been listening, as usual, until her heart, that always felt chilly towards Peter, had warmed so far as to hide,

for a time, her dislike for him. Peter, on his part, had grown kinder under the influence of his surroundings. His heart was on the latch, though he knew it not, and before he could lock it Edith crept in.

Stop, stop, reader! Do not run away with the idea that he fell plump in love with this girl of fifteen, though we have known the thing happen before his time. No; he was true to Lizzie, and we only mean that Edith kept the resolution she made the night of the concert, and asked him if he had a sweetheart, and got a reply.

But she was too clever a girl, too sympathetic, if you prefer the term, to attack him in front in this way. She out-flanked him, and this was how she did it. The elder folks were upstairs, not a very usual circumstance with them, and he had been singing with the girls. Edith, as usual, had ensconced herself in the bow window amid the curtains, and was listening. Alice had begun a very beautiful piano-forte piece, and Peter had also withdrawn himself to the window, where Edith sat. She greeted him with a smile, and, after a few minutes' silence, said to him: "Do you know, Mr. Simson, what kind of songs you sing best?"

"No, Miss Edith, what kind are they?"

"You sing the love songs best. It always seems to me as if you put your heart into them."

Now, had Peter been city bred, he would, probably, have turned this off with a neat compliment to Miss Edith, who would have taken it for what it was worth, and no harm done. But he was still an unpolished gem, that, instead of reflecting light from so many facets that one could not see its interior, gleamed brilliantly enough, but was quite transparent. He only said—

"Perhaps you are right, Miss Edith."

Edith laid one hand upon his arm as he sat, half unconscious now of his surroundings in the thoughts of Lizzie that flocked about him.

"Will you not tell me about her, Mr. Simson?" she asked, softly, yet with childish eagerness.

And thus she won his confidence.

To understand her victory, you must place yourself in his position, you must hear the music that was falling on his ears, you must have lifted yourself in song, like the lark, into an atmosphere that the thought of deceit or hate does not enter, and lastly, but by no means the least, you must be questioned by a pair of brown eyes, full of sympathy, and have a heart that, like those of most lovers, is only too ready to betray itself if it can get a listener.

Peter told her everything, even to Lizzie's refusal to become engaged, and her fear that he would forget her. There was a fine tone of scorn in his voice when he reached this last part of his confidence, and Edith's eyes sparkled in sympathy as he repeated his vow never to forget his country sweetheart.

Alice, meanwhile, had finished her piece, and turned to see what the others were doing. Much to her surprise, and somewhat to her annoyance, she saw them seated in the window, while Peter was discoursing volubly about something. Alice was a shrewd girl, and if she did not like the neglectful manner in

which she was being treated, she rejoiced to see her sister interested in Peter, for Alice had begun to consider him a kind of *protégé*, and was glad to see him getting into any one's good graces. So, instead of rising and interrupting the *l'été-à-tête*, she glided softly into a dreamy piece of music, and in her own way played an important part in the conversation. Whatever it was about, she felt sure that Edith would tell her afterwards, for neither sister had a secret from the other.

After Peter had gone, and while the girls were preparing to retire, Alice turned to Edith and said—

"What were you two talking about so earnestly to-night while I was playing?"

"Oh, confidences," said Edith, lightly.

"Well," replied Alice, sharply, "you needn't tell unless you like, but it was rude of you, to say the least."

Edith came up to her sister, and, kissing her, said—

"There, there, sobersides, don't be angry. Whatever it was, I like your country baby the better for it."

And Peter, on his road home, thought to himself that Miss Edith was not nearly so haughty as he had thought, and came very near being as lovely a girl as Lizzie. He would tell Lizzie about her in his next letter.

But, strange to say, he did not.

(To be continued.)

## THE DAYS OF OLD.

BY CARL FULLER.

Within the last year or two the subject of Canadian History has begun to receive some degree of attention amongst our English speaking population, but it is only within the last year or two, and even now in a very limited circle of students. It is a subject which has long been considered too trivial and unimportant to merit the attention of scholars from the European universities, and as our teachers have been largely drawn from this class, the idea thus instilled into the mind of the Canadian youth remained persistent in the Canadian man. That there should be anything of interest or much less of value, in the narrative of the settlement of a forest primeval, peopled by savages—both biped and quadruped—seemed incredible, and that the history of a country, which had been known to Europeans for a couple of hundred years only, should have anything to teach the representatives of a glorious nationality, with a pedigree of a thousand years of civilization and progress, seemed absurd. Aside from all this, the chief annals of this paltry colony were written in French, and there were few—if any—complete collections in the hands of English Canadians, so that the teacher turned from it in disgust, and set himself to hammer Romulus and Remus the mother of the Græci, King Alfred and the cakes, or the building of the Great Wall of China, into his little pupils, who acquired a confused mass of dates and facts about antiquities, but remained in the grossest igno-

rance of the most striking changes in their motherland.

Fenimore Cooper popularised the redman, and then Francis Parkman arose, and in a brilliant series of histories, he worked the rich vein of this continent, broke away the rubbish which had accumulated about it, and gave us many samples of the rich historic ore which lies embedded in our soil. Parkman's books have all the interest of a well written novel; he has a keen appreciation of the artistic, which expresses itself not only in his vivid and sometimes florid descriptions of the magnificent scenery amid which the events are enacted, but also in his dramatic grouping of the events themselves. He strives after effect, intermingling graceful touches of romantic legend with the sterner features of the early days. How much scope there is for such writing becomes evident to the most superficial student, and the wonder is that the subject should have lain so long neglected. The contrasts presented in the settlement of the colony of New France are difficult to realize, so curious and so rare is the mingling of the highest civilization with untutored savagery. Take, for instance, the time when the noble Count of Frontenac was governor of New France, and had his court at Quebec. The Count occupied the Chateau of St. Louis, beautifully situated upon the great rock of Quebec, from whence it commanded one of the grandest bits of scenery in the world.

Around the Chateau clustered the few buildings which constituted the town, notable amongst which were, as now, the church and other buildings of the religious orders. Let us endeavour to recall the scene, and the better to do so we shall say it is the 18th Oct., 1673. As we stand admiring the many beauties of the autumnal landscape, we hear the clank of armour in the court yard, mingled with an occasional word of command, and then gentlemen wearing the graceful and showy costume of the times are seen to pass into the chateau. The military looking man is the Sieur Chartier, lieutenant general at Quebec, and his companion, whose bronzed face shows that he knows something of the distant trading ports, is the Sieur le Ber, these two having been summoned to complete the number of councillors required when matters of the first importance are to be discussed. Inside the chateau, we follow these gentlemen into a large room, roughly but substantially finished in wood, in the centre of which a group of councillors is already assembled. One figure immediately attracts attention, the restless Count of Frontenac, who walks impatiently to and fro across the room, stopping now and then at the open casement which commands a view of the harbour, in which several vessels ride at anchor. The day is fine, and the Governor's eye passes from the ships, across the noble river to the Island of Orleans, and then far away where the line of hills indicated the course of the St. Lawrence upon its journey to the sea. The old nobleman's thoughts appear to follow the direction suggested by the river, and he recalls the distant capital or the gay court of Versailles, where he sees the mighty Louis surrounded by his dazzling throng of brilliant courtiers. How distant are the beautiful gardens in which he has so often wandered when the air was filled with soft music and the hum

of cultured voices softened by the rustling silks, the *frou frou* so suggestive to gallant ears; where he has watched the moonlight coming and going through the swaying branches of the stately trees, or silencing the spray that falls in showers about the hundred fountains of the Trianon.

With a sigh of regret he turns again towards the Council table, and in a few minutes the Sovereign Council of New France is in session. The Governor presides, and in the minutes he is given all his titles, namely: "Hault et puissant Seigneur M. Louis de Buade Frontenac, Chevalier Comte de Palluan, Conseiller du Roy en ses Conseils, Gouverneur et Lieutenant Général pour Sa Majesté en Canada, Acady, Isle de Terre-neuf et autres pais de la France Septentrionale." The other councillors are Messrs. Tilly, Damours, Dupont de Peyras, de Vitray and the representative of the attorney-general is also present.

The council has on this occasion met as the Court of Superior jurisdiction in criminal matters. Three prisoners are before it, all members of the crew of the ship "le prince Marriel" then in the port of Quebec; they are Ouannot Etchigaré, chief steward, Joannis de Clannet, a sailor, and Jean Duhalde, the captain, all accused of participation in the murder of Simon Baston, a merchant of Rochelle. When the Council has been formally opened, the crown prosecutor lays on the table, with much ceremony, a bulky record of the proceedings which have already taken place. Referring to these papers he relates the circumstances of the case, showing that on the 23rd of August, 1673, the prisoners had been arraigned before the Governor and examined by him, the result, whether admissions or negations, being carefully recorded. Upon this the Governor had issued a commission to Tilly, the senior councillor, with power to continue the investigations of the case; and the prosecutor now reads the results of this enquiry, with tedious details of the days upon which the commissioner held his investigation, and the facts elicited upon each occasion, to mention all of which would force us to exceed the space allotted by the editors. After due deliberation the council pronounced the following judgment, which is not without interest as showing the condition of this country at that time, and which may be thus translated:—"The council has decreed that Ouannot Etchigaré and Joannis de Clannet shall be sent, with the papers of record, before the Court of Admiralty at Rochelle, that the facts may be more fully verified, either from their own statements, or by the evidence of Martecot Pansola, of Cranston, near Bayonne, captain of a ship that was this year on a fishing voyage at Gaspé; or of Miel Sales, of Bibart, between St. John du Laz and Bayonne, surgeon of the said ship; or of the Captains Joannis Hiriart et Cazenault, who also made fishing voyages this year to Percée Island; and other evidence which may be more readily obtained and understood at the said Admiralty Court than in this Council, seeing the difficulty of finding here reliable interpreters who are sufficiently familiar with the Basque language. That the said case be finally tried before the said Admiralty Court, to which end the said Etchigaré and de Clannet shall be handed over to some of the captains of the vessels at present in the harbour, who shall be charged, one with

each, to carry and deliver them without delay to the said Admiralty Court, which they shall do under penalty of answering in their own persons for default, and they shall receive the certificate of the said Admiralty Court and bring or send the same back to this Council, and be thus discharged; and as for the said Duhalde, he shall present himself before the said Admiralty Court immediately on his arrival at Rochelle; costs finally reserved."

Now I have selected a case at haphazard and from those reported in the judgments of the Sovereign Council, and even this case indicates many interesting topics for research. What was the model of the origin of the Sovereign Council in New France? Whence came the Basque fishermen who seem to have annually swarmed to the fishing grounds of the St. Lawrence? What was the value of the fisheries at this early date? What did these vessels bring to Canada? We find the judicial system apparently well organized and the pomp and circumstance of the court room carefully observed, and all this on the grand old rock of Quebec, a single point on the vast wilderness untrudged save by savages and the Jesuit missionaries who sought to baptise and convert them, or the wild *coureurs du bois*, lured into the forests by the rich spoils of the chase and the lawless freedom of the wigwams. Our early history certainly is full of the most startling and picturesque contrasts, and offers an attractive field of work from many points of view.

#### THE PAN MAGILLIAN GAMES.

(TRANSLATED BY REQUEST.)

CCV.—Now, I have not aforetime told of the tribes of the *Magilloi*, who live amid the barbarian *Kanadioi*, whose tyrant is a mighty man called *Uoson*; and him the *Magilloi* name with their wonted irony, for by name he is the giver, yet he gives not but begs.

Now, the *Magilloi* are separated into tribes, of whom the number is five. The *Artoi*, whose tyrant is one *Patos Donides*, who weareth little round brightnesses on his eyes and maketh mighty noises in his throat, so that he keepeth his tribe, which are turbulent, in subjection. And the tyrant of the tribe of the *Skientoi* is one *Boeios*, for he is like an ox, mighty in body. Now, those of the *Medicoi* and *Gheotoknoi* I know not, and these last are well termed "Shunners of Hades." Howbeit, the *Medicoi* regard not Hades nor yet fear man nor *Zeus*. For they arm themselves with the bones of the dead and fight valiantly, singly or by tribes, when *selene* shines against the *Bactrophoroi*, or club-bearers, who inhabit the chief city of the *Kanadioi*.

CCVI.—Now, it would seem fitting that I should speak of the great gathering in autumn at the Pan Magillian games. And for that I say these games are in autumn, let no man think *Helios* shines and *Zephyros* blows, as is wont in *Hellas*. For here *Helios* shines brightly in summer, but in autumn is *Boreas* and snow and much rain. But how the *Magillians* scorn cold and *Boreas* one may know from many things. Not only considering how they fight in autumn by fiftens, clad only in a tunic until their



flesh be blue, but also how they fight by sevens in the winter on the ice in honor of the god Hokeios. Now, the captain of the fifteen warriors is one Maxeus, and the priest of the god Hokeios is Leukos, or Shining Bright. Now, they who think such things sport, what marvel if they gather Pan Magillian games, not in the hot month Hecateanleion, like Helenes, but under Boreas, exulting in cold like to barbarians, or whales, or hairy dogs.

And for the contest they have a strange preparation, both severally and in common. For severally the strongest and swiftest practise many days running (not once only) round the closed field at nightfall, when they have escaped from the last Wisdom of the Wisemen, throwing also the leather egg, both the greater and the lesser one, and leaping also privately, and other such ways, plentifully.

And in common they make other and more marvellous preparations. For they summon an ecclesia and elect certain overseers of the contest. And these overseers bind on their bosoms certain marvellous and beautiful red ribbons, such as are found in no other land save only among the Magilloi, and they duly appoint the day of the Pan Magillia and ordain the needful taxes. And next the overseers make a truce by holy custom with the Wisemen, that they shall on the spoken days furnish no wisdom throughout the day, but those shall in turn allot certain places whence the Wisemen and their wives and daughters may see. And there the Wisemen and women and many strangers stand, scorning Boreas and snows and tempests. For many come from all the earth, both all the Magilloi and Aligarches, and Wisemen and women, and guests, and Antochthones, and mean fellows from the market-place, and even Gauls and Teutons, and many Magillian rebels, and even there is when an Ephor.

CCVII.—And when all is prepared, the overseers assemble and make edicts, and the overseers are chosen by the ecclesias of the tribe, and the prince of the overseers is one Pampeidon, or Spring-All, for he leaps wonderfully, and hath left a record, and of the tribe of the Sanoi is one Blastanon, or Budding, called by Magillian irony from his moustache, and a third is Chenideus, or Gosling, in the aforetime a well-girt runner.

Such, then, are the overseers, and they make many edicts. For first they stop all common practices such as Wisdom and Singing. And then they proclaim also armistice from war between the tribes, as at Olympia. Next they order a Helot to prepare the course, and to fortify all the field with palisades, but instead of battlements they put on the stakes a barbarian rope. And then they bid the scribe to make little oracles of the games, and this he does by pressing cold white tablets to the black face of a groaning god in a cave in the market-place, and other edicts they make on the end of the tablets which are mostly dark to know, but one is easy and tyrannous, that whatever word the overseers say shall prevail, and no man resist it.

CCVIII.—And when all men are come, the overseers order the Pan Magillia to begin. And first they kick the greater leather egg between two ropes. And

then they leap between staves over a lathe, and hurl the lesser leather egg a plethron, and leap wide trenches, and send forward a few paces a mighty lump of iron that fell from heaven, and run leaping over many palisades. And next they run a thousand paces round the closed field. And some say that the overseers make signal to run by the falling of a linen fragment. But others say by a magical image of iron which eats black powder and wears little copper hats. And when the hat is smitten hard on his head, he thunders and lightens with wrath; and so they appease him with more black powder and another hat, till wishing him to thunder again they smite him once more. And how this is I know not, but they run then, however, a thousand paces. They next likewise run a contest of 500 paces, and others yet shorter. And in all these contests one of the Wisemen stands by the post and counts marvellously. For he holds a strange oyster in his hand with a silver shell. And the heart of the fish ever throbs, and round his white face runs a black hair, completing the round in sixty throbs. And they measure by faces and throbs. And whenever the first runner touches the post the Wiseman pinches the fish and the hair is stayed, so that the man can number the throbs and know how quickly he ran. And a moderate man will run a thousand paces in five faces of the fish and a few throbs, but a well-girt man will run it in four faces and forty throbs. And the shortest contest of one plethron they run in ten throbs, so marvellous is the fish.

CCIX.—And after the ordinary contest they end with laughable and portentous contest, whereof they say things hardly believable had not I heard it from a Magillian priest; and how shall he lie for priests are not allowed to lie, and Magillians do not desire to do it. These things, anyhow, they say. On the other hand, therefore, they have a Helkustinda, or Tug-of-war, in which tribes tug with groaning and sweat and laughter.

And most marvellous of all, on the other hand, they have a contest of three legged men (which have two heads and four arms, but three legs), the middle leg moving alone, the outer ones together. And these rising, and rolling, and floundering, go like broken-winged birds or trodden snakes, till one reach the post hardly, but nevertheless.

CCX.—And the prizes are mostly golden Dariks, and the tyrant of the Skientioi has given also a mighty silver crater, that whomsoever shall win the palisade race two Pan Magillia in succession, the same shall keep it.

About the Pan Magillia let this then suffice.

CCXI.—And after the Pan Magillia the fifteen warriors of autumn warfare battled with fifteen warriors from the barbarous country which is towards the rising sun. And Maxeus, the captain, fought valiantly, and the Magilloi conquered. Nevertheless, Dromeios, they escaping notice, coming down upon him suddenly cast upon the ground and brake him, and by a little it was for him not to perish. And they cast spells upon a mighty warrior, Husos, so that he fled to Egypt to worship the golden god there, and he fought not with the fifteen warriors of the Magilloi that day. About this, then, let so much have been said.



## GLEANINGS.

None of us are infallible, not even the youngest member of the youngest class, and there is just a possibility that such an one may be beside the mark in his estimate of any particular course or any single professor, the more especially when these are held in the highest repute by special workers in the same field.

\* \* \*

There are in the several halls notices, warning the student public that the respective faculties do not assume any obligation for the various garments entrusted to their care. This is in itself a confession of weakness and inability to fulfil a mere legal duty, and leaves the cloak-rooms, as they always were, "a den of thieves."

\* \* \*

This laxity of opinion as to the line between *meum* and *tuum* is a source of heart-burning to the professors as well, if the posted notice for the apprehension of "the thief" be any index. It is the old story. When a man needs an article he must have it. Students of Medicine need bones. They cannot buy them, they cannot borrow them. Bones are not provided, and the only avenue open is to take them. One authority, temporarily of a factitious turn of mind, ascribes the evanescence of these articles to moral rather than to physical causes.

\* \* \*

Practical anatomy, we should imagine, was hideous enough under even ideal circumstances, and it is as much the part of a Medical School to detract from the repulsiveness of it as to make it thorough. McGill has acknowledged this by the improving of the room, by increased cleanliness, and by appointing additional demonstrators. Students, of course, will appreciate these advantages; but, then, at times there is a tendency to call to mind the strict *bargain* that was entered into at the first of the session, when for such privileges was given a corresponding number of material dollars. This remembrance will prevent the sensitive Med. from being oppressed by a sense of undue obligation.

\* \* \*

Our University is passing through that crisis common to all institutions when men speak well of them. And it rests with us as to whether or not we will come through with dignity, or find that we had assumed more than we could justify. *With us*—because as the Principal truly put it—all, even to the most recent undergraduate, are members of the one body, owing fidelity to the same *Alma Mater*. And if McGill will ever stand less nobly in the eyes of the world than now, the cause will be "from herself," it will be that the interests, aim, and attitude of her sons began to be set up in antagonism to those of the authorities who had her in their keeping.

\* \* \*

Few buildings show off to such good advantage as the Peter Redpath Museum when brilliantly lighted,

and then it borrowed a glow from the well-dressed people inside. Good clothes and good manners are not everything, but they are something. They are the outcome of the same processes that make life to-day of whatever kind it is. All these things make for discipline, and no student can afford to disregard them; and, besides, there is said to have been nothing objectionable in the speeches, and the make was of undoubted quality.

\* \* \*

Granted that they have an idea, most men can find ready expression for it. The Societies—educational and all the rest of it—keep the world talking; an excellent thing; but the necessary thing is to have the mind in a receptive attitude—the attitude for *receiving* truth.

## McGill News.

The Law Students have elected Henry Fry, Jr., as their Valedictorian for this year. Mr. Fry is a man well suited for the task.

The Medical Faculty has chosen the committee for the approaching dinner. A. E. Orr and Hewitt, for the 4th year, Gemmill and Delaney, for the 3rd year, Coleman and Jento, for the 2nd year, and Leroy and Marten for the freshmen. Thursday, December 1st, has been decided on as the date for holding the dinner.

The Lady Students in the Faculty of Arts have elected the following officers for the ensuing year:—

4th Year	President.	Miss D. McFee.
	Secretary.	" M. Murphy.
3rd Year	President.	" M. Squire.
	Vice-President.	" H. Reid.
	Secretary.	" A. Wilson.
2nd Year	President.	" M. Abbott.
	Secretary.	" A. Williams.
1st Year	President.	" C. Mooney.
	Secretary.	" J. Baillie.
	Corresponding Editor on	" B. B. Evans.
	UNIVERSITY GAZETTE.	

The lady undergraduates and partial students held a meeting on Wednesday, October 19th, to discuss the cap and gown question, Miss McFee, President of the 4th year, in the chair. It was unanimously decided to petition the Faculty to allow lady undergraduates to wear gowns at convocation and during lectures. In compliance with this petition, the Faculty has passed a regulation approved by corporation, "that undergraduates in this department shall be entitled to wear the academic dress." This is in accordance with the precedent of European and American Universities, and the ladies, in adopting the college uniform, will feel themselves more completely identified with their *Alma Mater*.

There are 104 ladies attending lectures at McGill, 21 undergraduates, 17 partials, and 64 occasionals. The graduating class has been reduced from 9 to 8. Perhaps this has something to do with the fact that, in September, the 4th year ladies each received a dainty package, tied with white satin ribbon.

The "Smallpox year" is now 3rd in order, and 3

in number; one of its members also having departed. She is visiting friends in the old country, and it is hoped will resume her studies here next year.

Seven ladies will go up for the Intermediate examination, while 11 have entered the first year; 3 as undergraduates, and 8 as partials taking the full course. We are glad to see such a large class of merry first year students, and wish them much happiness and success in the studies upon which they are entering.

### Societies.

The Faculty has been requested to recognize the Delta Sigma as a College Society.

The first regular meeting of the Delta Sigma was held on Tuesday, October 18th, the subject for debate being: "Should public schools be preferred to private?" The speakers for the affirmative were Miss Reid and Miss Wilson, while Miss Abbott and Miss Botterell supported the negative. After a spirited debate on both sides, the vote was taken in favour of the affirmative.

The first meeting of the Moot Court for this year was held on the 2nd inst., Prof. Hutchinson presiding.

The argument took place upon a motion to quash a *capias*. Mr. H. A. Budden, B.A., and R. A. Dunton, N.P., appeared for the Defendant, and Mr. John Ferguson and Mr. Charles A. Barnard, for the Plaintiff. After a very thorough and eloquent discussion, judgment was rendered in favour of the Defendant.

It is expected Prof. Trenholme will preside at the next session of the Court.

### THE DELTA SIGMA SOCIETY.

The third annual meeting of the Delta Sigma, was held on Tuesday, October 4th. The Rules and Regulations of the Society were read, and a number of new members admitted. The following officers were elected for the coming year:—

President. . . . .	Miss O. G. Ritchie.
Vice-President. . . . .	" M. Squire.
Secretary-Treasurer. . . . .	" J. T. Botterell.
As. Secretary-Treasurer. . . . .	" L. Smith.
Committee. . . . .	{ Miss McFee.
	{ " Abbott.
	{ " M. Evans.

### McGILL LADIES' LAWN TENNIS CLUB.

The L.L.T.C. held their first annual tournament in October, on the College grounds. It was thought advisable that for this year single sets only should be played, though in future it is expected that there will be double competition also. Mr. A. Turner very kindly presented as a prize, a beautiful tennis racket, (champion), double strung, and with a silver plate, bearing the date, and the name of the club, with a space left for that of the winner. There were twelve entries, Miss Reid, the club's president, being the successful competitor.

### UNDERGRADUATES' LITERARY SOCIETY.

The usual meeting of the Undergraduates' Literary Society was held on Friday evening, 4th November, the President, J. A. MacPhail, in the chair. The Society has grown beyond the bounds of the old constitution, and a new one is being prepared. The piano, under the care of Mr. Evans, is found a welcome addition. Mr. Truelle read a capital paper on "Les filles du roi," drawn in part from a contemporary manuscript.

The reading was given by D. E. Cameron, and after music by the Evans Brothers, the debate was taken up. Resolved:—"That culture is more conducive to happiness than is wealth." The negative was held by Messrs. Elliot, Reid, and Holden, and the affirmative by Messrs. Macallum, Bryson, and Deeks. The meeting expressed an opinion in favour of culture. An exhaustive review of the proceedings was given by Mr. Harvie. It was announced, on behalf of the Special Committee, that Dr. Johnson, vice-Principal, would deliver a lecture, under the auspices of the Society, on the 25th November.

### Sporting.

#### FOOTBALL.

On Friday evening, Oct. 8th, the college football team, after considerable hesitancy (owing to the exorbitant rates), set out for Toronto, to play a match game with the "Varsity" team. The greater part of the night was whiled away in spinning yarns, smoking and singing, especially the latter, which, through the carefulness of one member present, was never allowed to lag for an instant. As the night wore on, and the singing member grew hoarser, his chest notes became harsher, and later on each solo became one long roar. The boys secretly chuckled over this proceeding, encouraging him by frequent plaudits, all with the intention of averting the terrible calamity, viz., the possibility of the "roaring member" favouring the dinner with a selection. At last "Le Marsellaise" was called for on all sides, it being well-known as a "voice destroyer;" the member cheerfully obliged, and the auspices were favourable for the completion of the boys' wishes, since he started on a high key. Undoubtedly he was blessed with a voice of iron, coming out of the ordeal with unscathed vocal organs. The audience perceiving their plan useless, resigned themselves to fate, and one by one quietly retired, to wake upon the bright crisp morrow in Toronto. None of the "Varsity" team was present to meet them, due to a misunderstanding as to their coming; but bye and bye, the news of their arrival spread, and soon their adversaries were on hand to give them a cordial welcome. At about 3.15 p.m. both teams were on University Lawn, looking in the pink of trim, excepting a few McGill men, who appeared rather haggard, and who, later on, were noticed to be the weak part of the team. The match throughout was closely contested, in no way justifying the difference in the score, which stood at the close 27 to 7 in favour of "Varsity". This result could have been averted or greatly modi-

fied were it not for several individual blunders that occurred. The captaining of the team by A. S. McDonnell cannot be too highly spoken of, notwithstanding this fact, he received considerable dirt at the hands of an obscure sporting reporter in the columns of the *Toronto World*. "Mac" has ever been a practical and popular captain; his graduation in the coming spring will be a severe loss to the football team.

It may not be out of place to remark that had McGill played with her strongest 18, the results would certainly have been different. This game is the 7th annual one played between the two colleges, the results now stand McGill 4, Toronto University 3. If the "Varsity" boys caused the McGill men to droop, over the result of their defeat, they certainly most effectually amended for every pang suffered, by the sumptuous and delicious repast tendered at the Rossin House to the vanquished team. A pleasanter and jollier lot than those who sat down to the feast would be hard to imagine. About one hundred were present, all beaming with *good spirits* and vicing with one another to make the visitors forget their defeat and smother their grief with good things. Speeches were indulged in, songs were rampant, and a cross-fire of pleasantries carried on. The "roaring member" above referred to, being called on, blandly and blushing consented. McGill held her breath, and in the language of Bill Nye "although not members of the Knickerbocker club, yet their breath came in short pants." The song was finished amid the din of hand-clapping and encores, proving it a triumph for McGill. Capt. McDonnell replied in a neat, spicy speech in behalf of the team, observing that "the defeat would tend to thresh the team into better shape." Several other McGill boys favoured the assembly with songs, among whom were Hamilton, Delaney, and Jamieson, all of whom cast credit on their Alma Mater. The guests were also treated to a neat speech from Billy Hamilton, in which he told how delighted and pleased they were with the kindness of the entertainers. It would be treating the matter mildly to state that Toronto University boys royally entertained their guests. Both the visiting team and their friends chorus the fact, that it was one of the most pleasant episodes of their college career. And when all was over, and the munificence of "Varsity's" kindness pondered on, one and all were heard to exclaim, "Wait till they come to Montreal!"

### Personals.

- C. P. Brown, B.Ap.Sc., '86, is in Michigan.  
 Dr. D. L. Ross, '87, is practising in Windsor, Ont.  
 Dr. J. M. Scott, '87, is practising in Philadelphia.  
 Dr. J. M. Fraser, '87, is practising in Lakefield, Ont.  
 Dr. Jas. Berry, '87, is practising in Green Springs, Nevada.  
 Dr. J. A. A. Kelly, '87, is practising in Woodbridge, Ont.

Raoul Rinfret, B. Ap. Sc., '87, is practising at Batis-can, Quebec.

W. H. Dalpé, B.A. '86, was wedded at Grand Ligne a short time ago.

W. J. Delaney, 3rd year Medicine, has been elected secretary of the dinner committee.

Dr. Roddick has returned from England. He has returned greatly improved in health.

We regret to state that Frank Pedley, B.A., '85, has been dangerously sick. He is now convalescing rapidly.

George F. Calder, B.A., '85, has given up school teaching. He is now the editor of "The Watchman," Lachute, Que.

J. H. Bell, B.A., has been appointed to the proud position of chairman for the McGill Medical Faculty's annual dinner.

The old caretaker of Barnjum's Gymnasium, familiarly known as "William," has peacefully passed away to his long home.

R. S. Lea, Science, '89, has accepted a good position in his own province, P. E. L., and will complete his study in a future year.

Dr. Boer, '88, who has been practising near St. Louis during the vacation, has returned to McGill for a post graduate course.

J. H. Kennedy, of the final years in medicine, has been appointed to represent McGill Medical College at Trinity's annual dinner.

R. G. McConnell, '81 Arts, is wintering at Fort Providence, below Great Slave Lake, on the McKenzie River, N.W.T. He expects to live on "fish straight" all winter.

Dr. Haythorne, '86, was studying in Paris when last heard of, after taking his degree from Edinburgh School of Medicine. He requires now a small sized page to write his name.

We have received a letter from Mr. J. R. Clouston, which is unavoidably crowded out.

We regret that the item referring to Mr. Clouston, in last issue, should have been at all offensive.

N. A. F. Bourne, B.A., '87, has taken to himself a wife. He has a fine parish on the Upper Ottawa, Thorne; and is highly esteemed by his people. We don't blame you, old man, for objecting to a thorne without its ameliorator. A long and happy life to you.

### Exchanges.

We welcome to our table the following papers, in addition to those mentioned in our last issue: *Acta Victoriana, The Varsity, Sport, The Sunbeam, The Atlantic, The Beacon, The University Monthly.*

We intend in this column to fairly and generously criticise all our exchanges. But be patient, please, if all are not noticed and commented on in this issue. During this session all will get their share of attention. What we do for others, we wish them to do for us, and perhaps we at last can find out what a college paper should be. Old friends, we are glad to see you again. New friends, we cordially welcome you.

*Acta Victoriana* first claims our attention. We congratulate it on its prosperous financial position. The article on "National Sentiment" has our entire sympathy. It appeals to all dwellers in our land to be unselfishly loyal Canadians. The history of late Principal Nelles is told in a plain, simple style, showing by his deeds that his name will live as long as Victoria University exists.

*The Varsity*.—Two able addresses appear in this paper, one by President Wilson, and one by Professor Wright on Medical Evolution. President Wilson spoke with great hopefulness of the future of higher education under the newly organized Provincial University.

*The Sunbeam*.—The general appearance of this paper is very much in its favor. Its articles are well written; a clever piece of alleged poetry, showing to what outrageous lengths the injudicious use of adjectives, such as "Awfully" "Lovely," etc., will lead many a careless person.

*Sport* is, as its name indicates, devoted to football, lacrosse, etc. It is well printed on toned paper, and its general appearance is very much in its favor. The accounts given of outdoor and indoor amusements and sports are written in a lively, entertaining style. An article by "Mac," "With the Montreal Hounds," is bright and sparkling. It makes one wish to mount and ride over hill and dale, to the sound of the hunting horn.

### College News.

Manitoba College, founded in 1871, has college property to the value \$70,000, a teaching staff of ten, and the number of students last year was ninety.

Boating circles at Yale College are discussing the question of a race between the Yale and Oxford (Eng.) crews on the Thames. They are however awaiting the backing of the Alumni before sending the challenge.

A new laboratory is in course of erection at Yale College, and will be completed about the 1st December. It is built of brown stone, with a handsome tower, and is to cost \$75,000. It will be one of the finest edifices in the institution.

The undergraduates of Trinity University held their annual dinner on the evening of the 28th October, in their Convocation Hall. There is one young lady in attendance on the lectures, for the first time in the history of the University, but she did not make her *début* at the dinner.

The students of the various colleges in Toronto are now united in a hearty fellow-feeling of studentship. The 'Varsity, Trinity, Knox, Osgoode, Wycliffe, McMaster, Upper Canada, St. Michael's, the Collegiate, the Normal, the College of Pharmacy, the Vets. and Meds. are all included. Inter-seminary alliance and inter-collegiate debates are indicative of this spirit.

The students in Prof. McCurdy's Hebrew class at Toronto University had some fun last week. The Professor was trying to make the students make a peculiar pronunciation, which sounded like "Orna." "You see," said the Professor, "it is done in this way" (making the sound) so that the sound does not pass beyond the mouthache." Now, as a matter of fact, very few of the class had mouthaches, and the first one who was called on to tackle the "Oras" had none whatever, and pronounced it distinctly "Oh, rats."

Rutger's College, New Brunswick, N.J., has been the scene of several contests lately between the Sophomores and Freshmen, over the class flag. On one occasion the "Freshies" hoisted it, and fastened it to a telegraph wire, supposing that the Sophs. would not climb, but "Jimmy," the college janitor, was induced to mount the pole and cut the wire. The flag then fell among the howling mob, and, in the mêlée, several noses were battered and clothes torn. The President of the college then interfered and quelled the disturbance. The flag has been set up and torn down three times.

### Between the Lectures.

"Certain mills grind slowly, but they grind exceedingly small."

SURGEON (to students at hospital, after a heroic operation): "Well, gentlemen, I have taken off the wrong leg; the laugh's on me!"

Since the "option" system came into vogue, at many American colleges students are restricting themselves to arithmetic and base-ball.

The Principal has allowed the ladies to assume the students' gown at lectures; but he has kicked strongly, and, we think, justly, against their wearing plug hats and cigarettes in the streets.

Some freshman sends us an item concerning what he calls the orientation of the crowd leaving the Academy during the Langtry season. We don't understand exactly what he means, but we let it go at that.

A PUZZLER.—Miss Lilly was teaching Master Charley manners.

"When you do anything that annoys any one you must say, 'I beg your pardon.'"

"Yes," interrupted Master Charley, "that's all very well, but what do you say when people are rude to you?"

"I don't know," replied Miss Lilly, embarrassed.

"Oh, I know!" said her young pupil triumphantly.

"You say, 'Go to thunder!'"

At the Grand Seminary of Quebec two very stringent rules are in force—one is against the use of tobacco, and the other obliges the Latin tongue to be used on all occasions. One morning as the Superior came from his room, he noticed a new student moving his lower jaw in a manner strongly suggestive of the masticatory use of the forbidden weed. Angrily confronting the young man, the Superior demanded—"Domine, quid est hoc?" whereupon the unabashed student replied—"Domine, hoc est quid!" and fled, leaving the Superior so surprised that he endeavored to walk through the wall to get into the fresh air.

#### A DOTING MAMMA.

Rather a good story is told of one of the students who graduated a few years since. It appears that Mr. ———, who lived some distance from the city, had spent considerable time on a very elaborate set of cribs, in preparation for a certain difficult examination. On the eventful morning he unfortunately left them at home. The examination had scarcely commenced when his fond mother walked into the room, having taken the next train down, with the cribs, and handed them to the professor, saying:—"Will you kindly give these to my son; I know they are important, as he said he could not pass without them." Her son's feelings can be better imagined than described.—*Columbia College Spectator.*

#### Correspondence.

*Editors University Gazette:—*

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

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

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

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

If such be the fruits of the agitation for reform, which our outside friends have undertaken of their

own accord, is it surprising that, as self-preservation still continues to be Nature's first law, we cry—"Save us from our friends!"

3RD YEAR STUDENT.

#### THE LAW FACULTY.

*Editors University Gazette:—*

SIRS,—I am surprised and disappointed that you should have inferred from my letter, any insinuations reflecting upon the actions of our professors at the examinations, and emphatically repudiate the remotest intention of insinuating that the standing of students would be affected by criticism, however unjust to, or severe upon, their teachers. My reference clearly was to reformers—students—who agitate, or rather did agitate, for reforms which could not come into effect until they were beyond the consequences of the execution of their reforms. Trusting that you will find space for this correction,

I am,

Yours, etc.,

LAW STUDENT.

#### A FILIAL REBUKE.

*Editors of the University Gazette:—*

DEAR SIRS,—There is, in a certain Faculty of this University, a professor who, not content with discussing subjects within the scope of his chair and from a point of view authorized thereby, has always, but lately more particularly, devoted a large portion of the students' valuable time to the elucidation of a great variety of topics—the Holy Scriptures, Moral Philosophy, Literature, Anthropology, Etiquette and Political Economy among others; and these from a social, moral, religious, medical, legal and, above all, personal stand point. This discussion of matters foreign to the professor's subject has of late become such a nuisance that I have determined to ventilate it through the columns of your journal. I may remark that I and my fellow-students are fairly well case-hardened in whatever virtues or vices we possess, consequently the moral lessons of our worthy professor amuse some and disgust others; while his deductions from the facts of ancient history come too late to men whose school education is finished, defective though it may have been.

Most professors are content to call the roll at odd intervals to ascertain if their students are regular in their attendance, and to report unruly men to the Faculty. Not so the professor in question. He wished to establish a sort of High School monitorial system to regulate attendance, and has threatened to refuse "certifies" to a class of men he designates as the "book-slaming, feet-stamping, lip-smacking coterie." Passing over these Carlylean epithets, we question his right to do anything of the sort.

Now, gentlemen, we have occasionally heard this same professor deliver a coherent and well-ordered lecture, lasting a full hour, to a most attentive class, and we venture to conjecture that if the consideration

of foreign topics was dropped, and if fewer tears were shed over delinquent students and more radical measures adopted, matters would run satisfactorily to both professor and students.

With best wishes for your success, I remain  
Yours sincerely,  
'90 & '91.

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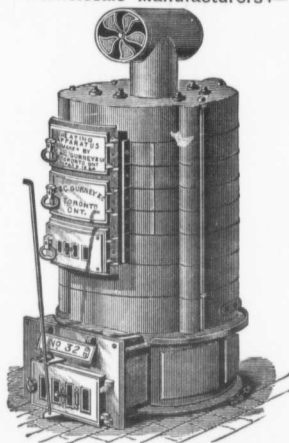
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