

# UNIVERSITY GAZETTE



1888-89

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# UNIVERSITY GAZETTE

VOL. XII.]

MCGILL COLLEGE, MONTREAL, NOVEMBER 19TH, 1888.

[No. 3.

## University Gazette.

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The UNIVERSITY GAZETTE is published fortnightly during the College Session.

Rejected communications will not be returned, to which rule no exception can be made. The name of the writer must always accompany a communication.

Published by THE UNIVERSITY GAZETTE CO., P. O. Box 1290, Montreal, and printed by The Burland Lith. Co., 9 Henry Street.

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### ANNOUNCEMENT.

The fourth number of the "University Gazette" will contain a Sonnet by Professor Roberts, of whom William Sharpe, in "Sonnets of this Century," says—"He is indisputably foremost among the poets of Canada." Steadman, also, the well-known poet, and author of "Victorian Poets," awards Professor Roberts the palm among Canadian poets.

The same number will contain an article from the able pen of Mr. Hy. Mott, on the "Alleged Anti-Poetic Tendencies of the Age." Mr. Mott claims that poetry can never die out, and Professor Roberts unconsciously advances, by his Sonnet, an unanswerable argument in Mr. Mott's favour.

### Editorials.

#### UNIVERSITY LECTURE.

The deliverance of Sir Wm. Dawson, in the annual University lecture, is looked upon as the sounding of the key-note of Protestant education in this Province, to be heard alike by friends and opponents. Last year it was devoted to a discussion of the question at issue between the two systems, but in the lecture which was delivered on Wednesday last, a broader plan was followed, and he contented himself with outlining the history and course of the University since its foundation. We are unable to publish the text of it, though it is rich in its suggestiveness, and inspiring from its recording of deeds of devotion and self-sacrifice; it is the most succinct text that has yet appeared, and gives a true view of the long fortune of McGill, with its struggles and successes. It appears most appropriately at this time, when the generation is passing away which guarded her interests so faithfully, for of the original band who constituted the first Board of Governors under the new charter, not one remains—Sen. Ferrier being the last to go. The teachers composing the staff at that time are now represented only by the Principal and Dr. Howard, and one or two others, who have long since retired from the field of active work. Between then and now ten generations of students have flowed, and many of her spiritual children do honour to their *Alma Mater*, which alone of Canadian Universities had an origin in private endowment. The early history is instructive; it shows the same state of affairs as at present—persistent opposition on the part of one section of the people to any system of Governmental education, and an apathy on the part of the other. But the sagacious Scotchman was not to be outdone, and McGill University is the outcome of his well-placed endowment, without even the help of the public grant made at that time to the colonies. In such a social condition as then existed in Canada, it is strange that the idea of a University should have arisen; as early as 1787 an enlightened agitation was on foot, but it was strangled in its cradle by the energetic vigilance of its opponents. In addition to this, there was the inspiring presence of another educated Scotchman—Mr. Strachan—who was interested in

higher education. No investment has had richer result; it is like a spring widening into a mighty river.

For thirty years the University struggled on, and in 1852 a noble band of men undertook its renovation under a less cumbersome charter. Let us record their names:—Day, Ferrier, McGill, Anderson, Holmes, Davidson, Coffin, Robertson, Ramsay, and Dunkin.

The new charter brought the institution directly under the influence of Imperial patronage by creating the Queen's representative its visitor, thus placing it beyond the reach of locality and party. Next in order comes the Board of Royal Institution, whose president is *ex-officio* the Chancellor, and whose functions at one time extended to all the schools in the Province. The Board is self-perpetuating, and whatever may be said of the principle of the system, the fact remains that the University has prospered under the management of this body of men. The experience of the Scotch Universities teaches that an Academical Board is not productive of the best results; indeed, a Bill is now before Parliament to arrange their Government on much the same basis as that of McGill. After the Governors in authority stands the Principal, who, except as a member of Corporation, has no legislative function, but he has general superintendence of the University, and is the ordinary medium of communication between the University and other bodies and the public, and between different portions of the University itself, and he acts for the University in the public conferring of all degrees. Some of his opportunities for usefulness depend on his personal influence, and it is just here Sir Wm. Dawson has succeeded; he has smoothed asperities, he has prevented conflicts of jurisdiction, he has extended hospitality to friends and strangers, and he has aided students and graduates individually and personally. When Sir Wm. Dawson came to McGill the Museum collection consisted of one stone, in the secretary's drawer, and until now he has had a personal supervision over every detail of the whole institution. It is not to be expected that his successor—long may his advent be deferred—can take up these multifarious duties, and some division of labour should be made. At present there are twenty-nine Fellows, and the Corporation numbers forty-four members, whose function is purely educational, with no control of property income, salaries, or appointments. During this time McGill has taken a firm root in the nation's life, and has spread its influence in every direction through the main channel and the affiliated schools.

#### JOHN READE—POET AND ESSAYIST.

There are few men in whom the body so reveals the soul as in Mr. Reade. With slender hands, thin wrists, lithe frame, active in all its movements, and always restive; a face strangely lined with thought, square brow, surmounted with hair as incurable as his soul, and arching a pair of piercing eyes; he is the beau ideal of the poet of the heart.

He was born at Ballyshannon, County Donegal, Ireland, on the 13th of the closing month in the year that steeped Canada in Canadian blood, 1837.

He has been a student all his life, passing through Portora Royal School, Enniskillen, into Queen's College, Belfast, and studying law and theology after his visit to Canada. Of newspaper work and school teaching he has done his share, and for seventeen years has been on the staff of the *Montreal Gazette*, his position as literary editor dating from 1874.

At the age of nineteen Mr. Reade came to Canada, and young as he was, established, with some friends, the *Montreal Literary Magazine*, which had the fate that most of its successors have suffered. Three years later he took up the study of law, but dropped that for the position of rector in the Lachute Academy, which he held until 1862.

But study was his mistress, and he prepared himself for the English Church, being ordained by Bishop Fulford in 1864-5, and labouring in the Eastern Townships. In 1868-9 the old *cacoethes scribendi* seized him, and as a compromise between his calling and his literary inclinations, he took the editorship of a Church of England journal in this city.

In 1870 appeared his first and, unfortunately, his only volume of verse so far. It was entitled "Merlin and other Poems," and for a copy sent to Her Majesty, he received a warm letter of thanks, while we believe the Prince of Wales, then travelling in Canada, expressed great delight at the ode, "Dominion Day."

As a poet Mr. Reade ranks high. His verses have a subtle charm, and his lyrics have all the tenderness that at times one thinks only an Irishman can express.

He seems never to have forgotten his native land, and in his poem "Thalatta!" sings sadly, and yet how sweetly, of his old home:—

#### I.

In my ear is the moan of the pines—in my  
heart is the song of the sea,  
And I feel his salt breath on my face as he  
showers his kisses on me;  
And I hear the wild scream of the gulls, as they  
answer the call of the tide,  
And I watch the fair sails as they listen like  
gems on the breast of a bride.

## II.

From the rock where I stand to the sun is a  
 way of sapphire and gold,  
 Like a waif of those Patmian visions that  
 wrapt the low seer of old ;  
 And it seems to my soul like an omen that  
 calls me far over the sea—  
 But I think of a little white cottage and one  
 that is dearest to me.

## III.

Westward, ho ! Far away to the East is a  
 cottage that looks on the shore—  
 Though each drop in the sea were a tear, as it  
 was I can see it no more—  
 For the heart of its pride with the flowers in  
 the "Vale of the Shadow" reclines,  
 And—hushed is the song of the sea and  
 hoarse is the moan of the pines.

Far be it from us, though we touch it never so  
 gently, to attempt to lift the veil that evidently hides  
 a sorrow in Mr. Reade's life. But we feel sure we  
 shall be pardoned if we reproduce another and still  
 more plaintive lyric, dealing probably with the same  
 subject, though for poetic purposes not entirely the  
 expression of the soul's experience.

It is entitled—

## IN MY HEART.

## I.

In my heart are many chambers through which  
 I wander free ;  
 Some are furnished, some are empty, some are  
 sombre, some are light ;  
 Some are open to all corners, and of some I  
 keep the key,  
 And I enter in the stillness of the night.

## II.

But there's one I never enter—it is closed to  
 even me !  
 Only once its door was opened, and it shut  
 for evermore ;  
 And though sound of many voices gather round  
 it, like the sea,  
 It is silent, ever silent, as the shore.

## III.

In that chamber, long ago, my love's casket  
 was concealed,  
 And the jewel that it sheltered I knew only one  
 could win ;  
 And my soul foreboded sorrow should that  
 jewel be revealed,  
 And I almost hoped that none might enter in.

## IV.

Yet day and night I lingered by that fatal  
 chamber door,  
 Till—she came at last, my darling one, of all  
 the earth my own ;  
 And she entered—and she vanished with my  
 jewel, which she wore ;  
 And the door was closed—and I was left alone.

## V.

She gave me back no jewel, but the spirit of  
 her eyes  
 Shone with tenderness a moment, as she closed  
 that chamber door,  
 And the memory of that moment is all I have  
 to prize,  
 But that, at least, is mine for evermore.

## VI.

Was she conscious, when she took it, that the  
 jewel was my love ?  
 Did she think it but a bauble, she might wear  
 and toss aside ?  
 I know not, I accuse not, but I hope that it  
 may prove  
 A blessing, though she spurn it in her pride.

Mr. Reade is not alone a poet. He has written  
 several tales—"Winty Dane's Transformation," "The  
 De Chalney's," and "The Ecclestons," among others.  
 Besides these, he is the author of numerous learned  
 essays upon literature, history, philology, and other  
 branches of science.

His works have received the commendation of  
 Bryant, Whittier, and Longfellow, and in some  
 instances have been translated into French, and  
 published in Paris.

We feel sure that our readers will enjoy the short  
 article which Mr. Reade contributes to this number.

The students now, for the first time engaged in  
 hospital work, are beginning to realize that the course  
 in Physiology at McGill, in addition to being a classi-  
 cal one, is eminently fitted for its practical applica-  
 tion under altered circumstances, namely—disease.

Should the course in Pathology prove as successful,  
 the students will have cause to remember Dr. Mills  
 with gratitude. He has ceased the practice of his  
 profession in order to lend his whole energy to the  
 study and teaching of what must always remain one  
 of the most fascinating and important subjects of  
 medicine, namely—Physiology.

The tendency at present in all science is towards  
 specialism. Owing to the vastness of all science, this  
 is necessary, for what would or could be accomplished  
 to the furtherance of knowledge when one considers

the multiplicity of subjects and the short span of human life! McGill is fortunate in having for her teachers men who have devoted a life-time almost exclusively to their particular subjects; and in this lies her success, and consequently merited celebrity.

### Contributions.

#### THE FUTURE OF CANADIAN UNIVERSITIES.

BY JOHN WATSON, LL.D.,

Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Queen's College, Kingston, and author of "Kant and his English critics," and of "Selections from Kant."

(Continued from last issue.)

And Leonard Bruni says, that "by the study of philosophy, of theology, astronomy, arithmetic, and geometry, by reading of history, by the turning over of many curious books, watching and sweating in his studies, he acquired the science which he was to adorn and explain in his verse." The result of this "watching and sweating in his studies" was that Dante made himself master of all the science of his age. He was not under the strange delusion that originality must rest upon ignorance. True originality, as he saw, pre-supposes the assimilation of the best thought of all time. He would have endorsed the wise words of Goethe, "If thou wouldst penetrate into the Infinite, press on every side into the Finite." It would be easy to multiply instances, but this one may suffice. The lesson for us which Dante's life suggests is obvious. Such are the men who make a people great and noble. We all desire to see our own people take their place worthily beside the older nations, and contribute something to the education of the world. But such a consummation, doubly as we may wish for it, will not come unless we take pains to make it come. A nation does not grow with the easy spontaneity of a plant; its development is its own act, and involves infinite labor and patience. Canada is giving manifest signs that the higher intellectual life is not indifferent to her. Perhaps she still exhibits something of the immaturity and over-confidence of youth, but she has also its hopefulness, its buoyancy, its enthusiasm. The universities will be false to their trust if they do not turn this abundant energy to fruitful issues. It is their function, not to produce men of genius—no university can do that—but to prepare the soil out of which genius may spring. Our universities ought to have a large share in the process of moulding the character of our people. Great scholars, thinkers, and men of science do not arise by chance; they are the natural outgrowth of fit conditions. Now, it is vain for us to disguise from ourselves that our universities have not hitherto done for Canada what Oxford and Cambridge have done for England, Leipzig and Berlin for Germany. With slender means, and, as a consequence, with an insufficient body of teachers and inadequate equipment in other ways, they have helped to keep the torch of

learning burning, but they have not to any extent produced a race of scholars and thinkers and men of science. Whenever young men have wished to carry their studies to a higher point, they have been forced to go to the universities of the Old World, or to those universities of the New World, where a higher conception of the vocation of the scholar has prevailed. Surely the period of dependence should now come to an end. There is good hope, I think, that we are entering upon a fuller life. Our universities are gradually becoming easier in their financial condition, and have begun to add to their teaching staff. Many of our young men now aim at something higher than a mere pass, and of late years they have even entered with enthusiasm upon a course of post-graduate study. This is as it should be. The ordinary graduate of a Canadian university leaves college with less knowledge of certain subjects than that with which most English boys enter it. The first two years of a Canadian student are usually spent in doing work that ought to have been done, and one may hope will yet be done, in the High school. One reason for this no doubt is, that parents are too eager to have their boys enter upon what is called the "practical" work of life, that they send them to college in a lamentably inadequate state of preparation. In many cases a boy comes to college at the age of sixteen, with an imperfect knowledge of his Latin grammar, with no knowledge of prose except what is enough to enable him to write a little dog-Latin, and with a superficial acquaintance with a book of Virgil and a book of Cæsar. At the end of his classical course it is still a struggle for him to make out without aid the simplest piece of Latin. How can it be expected that he should have an enthusiasm for Latin literature, or any real comprehension of the part which the Roman people have played in the civilization of the world? Naturally he associates the name of Rome with a series of irksome tasks, and heartily wishes that the whole of its literature had shared the fate of the lost manuscript of Virgil. No doubt the student has taken an honor course in classics, is beyond this elementary stage, but even he is just beginning to feel that he is fit for some bit of independent work of his own, when the pressure of necessity calls him imperiously away to do something that he can turn into a means of subsistence. The only wonder is that so many of our students have the courage to carry their studies beyond the point that usage has fixed. That of recent years an increasing number of our young men do so, is a most hopeful sign, and it is the plain duty of the university to encourage them by all means in her power. This is the class from which we may yet hope to obtain a body of Canadian scholars, fit to be named along with the foremost scholars of Germany and England, and the United States. We must, in our universities, make a serious attempt to supply classes of students. We must try to lift to a higher level the whole of the work that is done in them. The standard of matriculation should be higher in quality, and a course of post-graduate work should crown our honour courses. To secure the first measure of reform will not be easy. Little can be done by any single university, and certainly very little by a uni-

versity such as ours, that cannot hope to determine the character of the work done in our High Schools. I venture, however, to make one suggestion, although past experience makes it very doubtful if any heed will be paid to it. Let us have a meeting of representatives, if not of all our Canadian universities, at least of the universities of Ontario, for the purpose of enquiring whether our matriculation examinations might not be made more national than they now are, and for the discussion of all questions affecting the interests of higher education. The past history of Queen's has shown, I think, that she will not stand in the way of any necessary reform. In the matter of post-graduate work we are, fortunately, in a more independent position. The main limit here is in the relatively small number of our teachers, considering the varied work that we undertake. But our condition is steadily improving. The recent additions to our staff make it possible for us to attempt something in the way of post-graduate work, and give some assistance to those who intend to do the whole part of it in the university. Such a scheme is now under consideration, and will probably be published in the next calendar. I make bold to suggest to the trustees of our university that half a dozen fellowships, of the annual value, say of \$250 each, should be exhibited, to be given to men who have taken high honours in one of the departments of study, and who are willing to stay on at the university in the prosecution of independent work. No money could well be better spent. Those men are most deserving of help who show that they are eager to help themselves.

#### THE RANGE OF GREEK AND ROMAN LITERATURE.

The naturalization of the Classics in our educational system has kept us nearer, in some respects, to the past than we are to the present. A modern student would find much to satisfy his needs in ancient Rome. Books were not so dear, even newly published. Second-hand books were constantly for sale, especially in the provincial towns. Conversations and lectures were of daily occurrence. Even at the very ends of the earth (in Britain, for instance, under the Roman occupation), all the great masterpieces of Greek and Roman learning were within easy reach of persons of moderate means. Private libraries were not rare. The bibliomaniac was a familiar figure. Every important city and town had its scholarly men. Apart from literature proper there was a large number of books devoted to what may be called useful knowledge, such as those that Pliny the Elder enumerates as among his authorities. There was also no lack of compilations and elegant extracts. The educated classes spoke and read Greek as well as Latin, and even before it was comprised within the domain of Rome, Alexandria had discharged the kindly office of bringing Greek and Hebrew scholars into fruitful sympathy. Then (as the late Dean Stanley says, with reference to the completion of the canon of the Old Testament), "the tents of Ham were closed, but the doors of Japheth were expanded with

a never-ending enlargement. The first page of the Greek volume began with the Grecian translation of the Pentateuch; and the last pages were not closed till they had included the last of the writings that bore the name of St. John."

Thus, noiselessly, in a little islet in an Egyptian harbor, was begun, by a few obscure scholars, a work which was destined to transform both Greek and Roman literature, and to revolutionize the thought of the western world.

Still, the traditions of the classical age were not all at once forgotten. Pagan culture declined gradually. The great Fathers had often for their masters rhetoricians or grammarians of the old faith; not a few of them had professed it themselves at the outset of their careers. It is still uncertain whether Claudian was a Christian or a heathen, so thoroughly are his poems impregnated with the pagan spirit. Ausonius drew on himself reproaches from his friend Paulinus, for a like oblivion in his verse of the claims of his professed faith. Marius Victor rebuked the ladies of his time for reading Terence and Horace and Virgil instead of the Lives of the Saints. Boethius would have been beatified but for the absence of any clearly expressed profession of the Christian faith in his Consolations of Philosophy. Cassiodorus, who carried Latin literature into the cloister, was proudly mindful of his intellectual heritage as a Roman, and in erecting his fortress against aggressive barbarism, did not neglect setting the good example of establishing a library. It was the first of many such retreats, in which, in the storm and darkness of a long night, the student's lamp shone as a beacon-light to the wanderers in the outer waste of ignorance and confusion.

\* \* \* \* \*

If we were asked to form an estimate of the share of Greek and Latin literature in the education of humanity, we would not be likely to make it a numerical one. Compared with the mighty stream that has issued from the modern press, and is being constantly swelled by fresh accessions, the largest catalogue that we could compile of Greek and Roman books would dwindle into insignificance. The writings of classical antiquity, as known to us, would be surpassed in number by the printed works not only of France, or Germany, or England, but even of Holland or Denmark. If we hearken to tradition, however, the case is altered. The Alexandrian library is credited by different writers with 100,000, 200,000, and 700,000 volumes—the discrepancy being accounted for by the fact that these figures are the estimates of successive centuries. Even the first of them exceeds the estimate generally formed of the writings of the classical period. We are apt to judge them by such lists as we find, for instance, on the inside covers of the Tauchnitz or the Teubner editions. The names of authors, both Greek and Latin, printed there do not exceed 150. It is a different story, however, when we inquire concerning the writings that have been, but exist no longer. Let us consult Heyne's treatise on the Sources of the History of Diodorus Siculus, or the Index to Voss's Greek Historians, or the first book of Pliny's Natural History,

and how many writers, whose works have long perished from the face of the earth, start once more into breathing life! Voss's Index consists of over fifty pages, each containing an average of forty names. This gives us a total of about 2,000 for all the Greek historians. The record is brought down to after the fall of Constantinople, but most of those mentioned belong to antiquity. In general, they were voluminous writers, so that ten volumes to each of them would be too high an average. That would give us 20,000 volumes for the historians alone, and if we apply a like rough calculation to the other departments of Greek literature, and to the whole of Latin literature, we shall have no great difficulty in reaching a total ranging from 150,000 to 200,000 volumes. How many authors there must have been who, for one reason or other, never succeeded even in obtaining mention in the compilations or literary biographies, we may imagine from the analogy of experience in modern times.

Perhaps, after all, then, the estimates not only of Eusebius, but of Seneca, and even of Aulus Gellius, may not have been so much beyond the mark. And there would be still greater reason for such a conclusion if we were to comprehend in our reckoning the Latin and Greek ecclesiastical writers, and the poets, historians, and philosophers of the Middle Ages, extending the Latin period to the Renaissance, and the Grecian to the Turkish conquest. Such hospitality to Christian barbarians would, of course, shock the fastidious purists who, nevertheless, are by no means agreed as to the classical pale.

JOHN READE.

#### FICTION: FOR AND AGAINST IT.

Even in these days, when fiction is an acknowledged medium of political, social and religious teaching; when a Disraeli, a Bulwer, a Kingsley, and a George Eliot have alike erected upon the staid foundations of what they believe to be some great initial truths, a certain airy superstructure to attract the lighter mind and induce it, perhaps unconsciously, to receive the underlying lesson, there are yet to be found those who condemn it, and who would, if they could, exclude it in its popular form, viz. the novel or romance, entirely from the young.

They say that the minds of the young are weakened, their judgment impaired, and their memories rendered less retentive of the particular kinds of knowledge which it is essential for them to acquire by having presented to them imaginary, rather than real, occurrences, and by having held up for their avoidance, or imitation, characters which exist only in the writer's fancy, or which, if they be, as is often the case, reproductions from actual life, are yet stripped of their integrity by the meretricious dress in which they are too frequently represented. Doubtless some weight must attach to these arguments, and assuredly there is a charm in what we know to be true in its every particular, which no fiction, how powerful solver, can quite equal.

For this reason biography and autobiography must always possess intrinsic value for us. Invaluable must

it always be for us to know how this or that eminent man or woman looked and lived. Under what conditions he was born and reared. What were the moving springs of his actions. Had he much to suffer or to overcome, and what hands were lifted up to help or impede him. Who were his associates? How did he work, and with what motives? He was human like ourselves: his human experience may teach us.

Let us inquire how fiction wrought in one whole life, and writings are before us we write.

Brian Walter Proctor (Barry Cornwall), of whom the editor of the "Autobiographical Fragments and Biographical Notes" says: "His silence seemed wiser, his simplicity subtler, his shyness more courageous than the wit, philosophy and assurance of others," whose "series of gracious poems, of which he alone of all his circle, was not proud," but which shall live as long as men can appreciate the sweet, the pure, and the true, and whose friendship or acquaintance was eagerly courted by Wordsworth, Keats, Leigh, Hunt, Scott, Coleridge, Hood, Tennyson, Carlyle, Rossetti, Talfourd, and all the leading contemporary lights of art and literature; tells us how the first awakening of his genius was brought about. "In the village where I dwell," he says, "there was a circulating library. Its contents were of a very humble description. It contained the novels and romances of fifty years ago, a score of old histories and a few biographies now forgotten.

\* \* \* \* \*

I had already read Cesar, and Virgil, and Ovid, and some parts of Theocritus, and passages of Homer,\* but these passed unperceivable over my mind like shadows over the unreflecting earth below. They were read as words only, and left no trace or image. But now a more effective agent was at work which moved my heart at the same time with my other faculties. Let no one despise the benefits which thus open the young and tender heart. They are the gates of knowledge. If I had never become intimate with Le Sage, and Fielding, and Richardson, with Sterne, and Inchbald, and Radcliffe, I should, perhaps, have stopped at my seventeenth year, disheartened on my way; they forced me to travel onward to the Intellectual Mountains." After this who shall despise fiction.

EROL GERVASE.

#### A BATCH OF DEFINITIONS.

##### IV.

- FAME.—A glass castle, erected by Public Opinion for the better observation of its inmates.
- FAMILY.—A caravan in the Desert of Society.
- FIRE.—One of the Titans, still capable of hurling rocks at heaven.
- IRON.—A mighty reformer, who has come out of the interior of the earth to spread improvement on its surface.
- LABOUR.—The stern friend who teaches Man his powers.

\* Remember the writer had just emerged from Harrow.



- LAWYER.**—One whom Society employs to scrape up mud, and then complains of for being dirty.
- LETTER.**—A speaking-trumpet through which the voice may be heard at any distance.
- LIFE.**—Our drop in the Ocean of Eternity.
- LOVE.**—The only religion which realizes its Heaven upon Earth.
- LUXURY.**—The hectic flush of a consumptive nation.
- MALICE.**—The dirty road upon which Revenge travels.
- MARRIAGE.**—Going home by daylight after Courtship's masquerade.
- MEMORY.**—The hoarded slides of the mind's magic-lantern.
- MENAGERIE.**—A place where wild animals are tortured for the amusement of tame ones.
- NEWSPAPER.**—The great general of the People, who has driven the enemy from the fortified heights of Power, and compelled him to give battle in the open field of Thought.

Q.

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### McGill News.

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An apparently *unique* system is being pursued in a class of the Third Year (ladies), by which the notes on the subject have been, with but slight exception, obtained by a solitary representative. The practice, *singularly* enough, perhaps, seems to have met with the approval of the lecturer, for when, some few days ago, the full number of students assembled for the first time, lo! he himself was absent.

John A. Creasor has been elected president of the Medical Dinner Committee. The dinner is to be held at the Windsor, on the 29th of November, and in addition to Mr. Creasor, the following are the gentlemen in charge:—Committee: 1st Vice-president, W. S. England, '89; 2nd vice-president, M. W. Murray, '90; 3rd vice-president, John Clark, '91; Chairman, A. D. Holmes, '89; Hon. Secretary, Jas. Bell, M.D.; Secretary, C. P. Jento, '90; Treasurer, H. B. Yates, B.A. '92; R. P. Howard, M.D.; Geo. Fenwick, M.D.; Wm. Gardiner, M.D.; R. J. B. Howard, M.D.; R. F. Ruttan, M.D.; W. S. England, '89; M. W. Murray, '90; John Clark, '91; W. A. Brown, '91; D. A. V. Jock, '92.

Laura is a little girl of five years old, who is very much interested in learning to read. The other day she was studying over a list of words, and sister Gertie, who has been almost through the Third Reader, was helping her. The word "fur" proved especially puzzling, and the little one's forehead contracted into innumerable wrinkles. "Why, you know that word, Laura!" exclaimed Gertie, eagerly, "it's something that cats have." Like a flash the little girl's face brightened, as she cried, "I know—fits!"

### CLEVER SAMUEL SLOW.

Samuel Slow was lank and lean,  
Of form somewhat uncouth,  
His face was mildly sad, but still,  
He was a clever youth,  
Of which I trow his bulging brow,  
Of high and massive line,  
And hair unkempt, from care ex. empt.  
Was sure and certain sign.

When brought to the baptismal font,  
'Tis said he never cried,  
But with impassive, solemn face,  
The priest and people eyed,  
The sober grace of Samuel's face  
Made priest and people glad,  
Este and proud, they cried aloud,  
To see a babe so sad.

He would not clap his hands nor crow,  
He would not romp nor play,  
Alone he'd love to lie and brood,  
In moody erie way,  
His mind so high, they durst not try  
By arbitrary rule;  
And all averred he should not herd  
With common lads at school.

So he at home was tutored by  
His auntie, Sarah Slow,  
A worthy maiden lady she,  
As maiden ladies go,  
The easy rule of Sarah's school  
Well suited Samuel's mood,  
She let him pore and ponder o'er  
Such studies as he would.

Whilst yet he sucked a bottle, and  
Was dandled by a nurse,  
He could recite the lines  
In Homer's grand Greek verse;  
And hold his own unlearned tone—  
Now, was he not in truth,  
As you have heard so oft averred,  
An intellectual youth?

This deeply learned writing remained  
Hard by his aunt until  
He came to air this learning fine  
At honored old McGill,  
And when he came, there spread his fame,  
Increasing day by day,  
A youth who'd speak in classic Greek,  
In fluent easy way.

And round him flocked all brilliant minds  
Then gathered at McGill,  
Like Chateau Blank, and Wilfred Clair,  
And many others still,  
He loved to walk with them and talk,  
And for a subject take,  
The social schemes, which they would deem,  
A grand, a high mistake!

Say, do you recognize this youth,  
This clever Samuel, who,  
In studious manner spends his days,  
And spends his evenings too?  
No prank nor trawl please him at all,  
He loves not cards nor beer,  
But talks so rare with Wilfred Claire,  
And dreams with Arthur Weir.

SPOGERS.

### Societies.

#### THEO DORA SOCIETY.

The first regular meeting of the Theo Dora was held on Tuesday, Oct. 29th. As the increasing numbers of the society had rendered a removal from the Reading-room to more commodious quarters desirable, the members assembled in the 2nd year class-room, Miss Bailey, Vice-President, in the chair. The subject under discussion for the afternoon was "Turkish Mis-

sions." As the historic birthplace of the Christian faith, Turkey was felt to claim much interest. Miss Derick read an essay on the country, viewed from its historical and physical points of view, and Miss Finley followed with a comprehensive sketch, entertaining as well as instructive, of its missions, dwelling strongly upon the difficulties to be encountered in contending with Mahomedanism, its prevailing religion. Miss Inez Botterell read a short selection. It was unanimously resolved to again send the contents of the mite-box to the China Inland Mission at the close of the present college year. The interest shown in the society by its members and outsiders is seen in the fact that voluntary contributions, up to the present time, nearly equal the sum collected last session. It was decided to establish scrap-books for the collection of items of interest to the society, these to be given in charge to the following members, who volunteered their services: Misses Henderson, MacFarlane, MacGregor, Campbell, Lyman and Whitehead.

The Theo Dora Society will hereafter meet every fortnight, instead of every month.

#### DELTA SIGMA SOCIETY.

The second regular meeting of the Delta Sigma Society was held at 5 p.m. on Thursday, Nov. 2nd, in the 2nd year class-room, Miss Squire, the President, in the chair. The meeting was opened with an essay on "Gossip," written by Miss Raynes and read by Miss Lyman. It was bright, interesting, well written and well read. This was followed by a stirring extempore debate—"Resolved, that Great Britain has brighter prospects than the United States." The slips being drawn, the unfortunate victims marched up to the front in the following order: Affirmative—Misses I. Botterell, Monk and Abbott. Negative—Misses Derick, Lyman and Angus. The debate was one of the best ever held in the society. There was no trouble in finding words or matter on either side. Taxation, Chinamen, Cleveland and Sackville received due consideration. After Miss Botterell had closed the debate, the vote was taken, resulting in a majority of twelve for the affirmative. Although the hour was late, several members gave their views on the subject, and the Glee Club closed with a song.

The third regular meeting of the Delta Sigma Society was held Thursday, Nov. 8th, at four o'clock, subject of debate being—Resolved: "That savages have a right to the soil." The affirmative side was upheld by Misses Abbott and Baillie, while Misses I. Botterell and Finley supported the negative. The debate was carefully prepared and well delivered, some of the arguments being peculiarly striking. The result of the vote was a majority for the savages, or rather for the affirmative side. The critic, Miss Reid, found little to criticise. After a few words from her, views on the subject were given by different members, Miss Derick then read an appropriate selection from Bryant, and the Glee Club sang a round.

#### McGILL MEDICAL SOCIETY.

The third regular meeting of the McGill Medical Society was held at 8 p.m., in the Upper Reading-room, on Saturday, Oct. 27th, the President, Mr. G. G. Campbell, in the chair.

The paper for this evening was read by the President, the subject being "Recent Researches in Brain Surgery," by Dr. McEwan, and proved most interesting.

The fourth regular meeting was held at the same hour and place, on November 10th, and, in spite of the weather, the average number was not impaired. The paper for this meeting was given by Mr. H. McEwan, having for subject, "Di-tetries of Infants," and was met with most hearty appreciation; for the want of information, specially referring to children's troubles, has long been felt among young medical men. The case report was read by Mr. J. A. Creasor, on Typhoid Fever, and the subject being so generally studied at this season, the after discussion was quite general. The meeting adjourned after notice being given that next meeting's paper would be given by Dr. R. J. B. Howard.

#### Y.M.C.A. NOTES.

On Sunday, 4th November, Mr. R. P. Wilder, son of Dr. Wilder, of India, was present at McGill and addressed the Y.M.C.A.

Mr. Wilder is a Yale graduate, who has given up his college zeal to travel among the colleges of the United States and Canada, in the endeavour to increase the interest in the work of foreign missions. Mr. Wilder spoke at the afternoon meeting in the rooms on Victoria Square, to a very large gathering of students. His address was chiefly in reference to the work of medical missionaries, and his earnest words will not soon be forgotten by those who heard him.

Meetings were held in the forenoon and evening, for freer discussion of the work.

As a result of his visit, about twenty-eight students have offered themselves for Foreign Mission work.

#### UNDERGRADUATES' LITERARY SOCIETY.

On the second of November, the weekly meeting of the above society was opened by an excellent essay on "Iceland," by Mr. Deeks, showing ability and preparation. Mr. Truell, the president, followed with a reading from one of Tennyson's Idylls, the "Morte d'Arthur." Resolved:—"That the whole North American continent is destined to become one great nation," was the subject for debate, the affirmative being upheld by Messrs. Ryan, Hamilton and Robertson; the negative by Messrs. Trenholme, Kinghorn and Henderson. The speeches were excellent, especially those of some of the junior members, though by some the question was discussed in a rather limited sense. The question was carried for the negative by a large majority.

A resolution was passed to communicate with the Presbyterian College in regard to an inter-collegiate

debate, and another to request Professor Moyses to deliver the usual semi-annual address to the society. The critic delivered an excellent criticism.

Friday, Nov. 9.—The programme was commenced with an essay on "Methods of Study," by Mr. H. C. Sutherland, followed by Mr. W. H. Smyth, who gave a Scotch reading in good style. The debate was then opened: Resolved:—"That secret societies should be abolished." The question was introduced on behalf of the affirmative by Mr. J. Robertson, who was spiritedly opposed by Mr. A. R. Hall. The affirmative was supported by Messrs. W. E. Paton and W. H. Kollmyer; the negative by Messrs. A. McGregor and W. Ellenwood. The debate was carried on vigorously by both sides, but the question was decided in favor of the negative. During the evening the Glee Club of the Society rendered a couple of popular songs in excellent style. Mr. W. L. Jamieson accompanied them on the violin.

Mr. Jamieson, the critic for the evening, reviewed the programme. The attendance at both meetings was large, and the interest lively and spirited.

### Personals.

Fritz, Med., '88, is practising in Nova Scotia.

Kenny, Med., '88, is practising at St. John, N.B.

Phillip E. Richie, B.A., is studying law in Toronto.

R. E. Palmer, B. Ap. Sc., '87, is assistant City Engineer of Vancouver, B.C.

A. E. Childs, B. Ap. Sc., '88, is in England, studying Electrical Engineering.

A. Macarthur, B.A., '87, is as pleased as when he had his first pair of top boots.

A. A. McLellan, '89, has been chosen to represent McGill at Trinity's annual dinner.

Campbell, president of freshman class '86, is in New York, continuing his medical studies.

Love, freshman class '86, has returned to pursue his studies after an absence of one year.

Miss Abbott, of '90, has been elected Assistant-Editor in the ladies' department.

We regret to learn that J. J. White, M.D. '89, is still absent from classes, through illness.

W. A. Carlyle, B. Ap. Sc., '87, is contributing largely to the building up of the great West.

H. McKay, who completed his second year in '86, is expected here shortly to continue his medical studies.

C. L. Walters, B. Ap. Sc., '88, was first of the class "to go." The letter case misses its semi-weekly adornment.

Dr. H. V. Pearman, '88, has been appointed Junior House Surgeon in the Victoria General Hospital, Halifax, N.S.

Dr. H. E. Young, '88, is putting a guard string on Lacrosse, Wisconsin, to prevent the ball of health from rolling off that town.

We must not omit to comment on the extremely lucid, concise and interesting lectures on Pathology, which Dr. Mills is delivering this year in the absence of Dr. W. G. Johnston.

J. B. Ball, B. Ap. Sc., '87, is assistant engineer on the construction of the water works of Charlottetown, P.E.I., and when these are finished he will probably be retained as permanent superintendent.

Dr. James Hewitt is in Vienna, studying diseases of the nose, throat and ear, of which he intends to make a specialty on his return to Montreal. In these his left fingers will be of great value to him.

Dr. W. Inglis Bradley, '88, is wrestling with disease in Carleton Place, and Death has temporarily retired in high dudgeon to think out new methods of circumventing the combative young physician. Dr. Bradley, however, finds that he is paid in an article which he himself would term "wind." He states in a letter that he has been endeavoring to raise a pitiful dime in cash, with which to patronize a strawberry festival.

### Between the Lectures.

Professor.—"What is the condition of patient during intermission?"

Student.—"He's alright!"

A five-year old child, being reprimanded because she was not writing, thus explained the cause: "Miss, how can I write with this pen, it has no front teeth!"

"They sat in the gloaming," says a sophomore, "means they occupied one chair." A gloaming may be obtained at any fashionable furniture store; no parlor is complete without it.

A medical text expounds the derivation of the word Restaurant:—Res.—a thing—taurus—a bull, is a bulky thing. It is needless to add that this scholar had just graduated from Oxford.

Dentist.—"Shall I administer anaesthetics, Mrs. Parvenue, before extracting the tooth?"

Mrs. P.—"Goodness, gracious, no! Doctor; them aesthetics has quite gone out of fashion; try the laughing gas!"

"Mike, darling," she said, looking up at a druggist's sign as they passed, "What is an eye lotion?"

"An ile ocean, me jewel," answered Mike, "is what was burned up at the Standard Oil Works a year ago!"

Would some of our brethren, profound in mathematical lore, kindly answer the problem propounded by a cheeky freshman in Medicine:

If the professor of Necromancy can stow a foot rule, two magnifying glasses, a stethoscope and one square yard of dish-cloth in his vest pocket, how much could be contained in his trouser pocket at the same rate?

French Sewing Woman to Lady Graduate—"And you have feenish your study now, Mees A. ? You must be very glad."

L. G.—"No, indeed, Madame V. I hardly know what to do with myself, now that college is over."

F. S. W.—(Raising her hands and assuming ecstatic expression)—"Oh ! why do you not learn wax-flowers ?"

On the heels of the cold wave comes the soothing announcement that the class cry of the Yale freshmen is—"Brec-a-kex-kex, coax, coax, brec-a-kex-kex, koax, koax, wluop, wluop, parabaloo—92 !" There may not be much poetry about this, but it at least has the merit of being free from any questionable partisan reference to annexation.

"Miss Maud," he said, "I have come in this evening to ask you a question, and I have brought a ring with me. Now, before you try it on, I want to tell you that if you feel inclined to be a sister to me I will have to take it back, as my father objects to my sister's wearing such large diamonds." And Maud said she would keep the ring.

Professor in logic—"Does the effect invariably follow the cause ?"

Student—"Not always, sir ; sometimes it precedes it !"

Prof.—"Indeed ! Can you give me an example ?"

Student—"Yes, sir.—A man wheeling a wheelbarrow !"

Professor collapses.

Fond mother (to little girl, who has just seen Queen's-McGill football match)—"Well, Dollie, what did you see ?"

Dollie.—A lot of men playing pig. The sides face each other and put their heads down to the ground and grunt, and roll in the mud, and two or three at each side run and jzap and squeel like little pigs, and then they all pile on top of each other.

Query—Whether a professor in botany takes more pleasure in plucking flowers and classifying them in the summer, or in plucking students and classifying them in the spring ?

#### A BATCH OF DEFINITIONS.

Swell affairs—Bull frogs.

Anhydrate—Chemical slang for dry up.

Maritime affairs—Wedding gifts.

A rise in colors—Blushes.

A grave charge—Prosecution for body snatching.

The average M.D. now has more patients than even Job of old. Surely the world is growing better.

A Professor in Logic happened to be dealing with syllogism, when a brilliant individual remarked that he thought he could give a syllogism that the Professor could neither deny nor admit :

"Not to be discontented with one's position should be an aim of every man. To be unscrupulous is not to be discontented with one's position. Therefore,

to be unscrupulous should be the aim of every man's life."

When first I met my Bess, her conversation charmed my ear. Upon Our next encounter, her conversation allured my thoughts to her, And listening still, her conversation led my heart along the way ; Till bound by her conversation, My soul and her's were blent in one.

#### A DESPERATE ADVENTURE.

In our day there was at Laval University a group of young men who gave much more time than they should have done to recreation of various kinds, and more or less innocent. They all lived at one end of the house, and nightly, in one of the rooms, under a cloud of smoke, story after story, mainly of successes in mashing, was told to hilarious hearers. Among those who dropped in for an occasional post-prandial pipe was a heavy, stolid, hard-working Frenchman named Marcotte, blonde of complexion, clumsy of movement, and innocent as a child. His imagination was gradually fired by the stories of love adventure, and one night he was absent from the convivial gathering. The next night, however, he reappeared, and after listening with nervous impatience to a few anecdotes, broke in suddenly, with beaming smile and stammering speech, with the following story, which was received in blank amazement by the surrounding Lotharios.

"I, too, have had an adventure," he began. "Last night I was coming home, and was passing in front of the cathedral, when I saw a girl, oh, such a pretty creature ! advancing towards me. I trembled with emotion, and the short time that elapsed before we met seemed like an eternity. I managed to screw up my courage, and looked at her earnestly. She smiled—ah ! that divine smile. I also smiled—"

"Well !" came the excited chorus from the wrought-up listeners.

"Well, if I had had time, I should have spoken to her."

Here the speaker stopped, and when the boys realized that the adventure ended there, a roar of laughter went up that shook down the plaster, while Marcotte, feeling that he was now as desperate a ruffian as any of them, went slowly to his room to prepare a second diabolical plot.

For the first time in the annals of the London University College, a lady is put up as candidate for a professorial chair. The Chair of Archeology, vacant by the retirement of Sir Charles Newton, will be contested by Miss Jane Harrison, whose lectures on Greek art have won for her a high place among the lecturers of the day. This lady, a graduate of Newnham College, is recognized by scholars as holding an almost unique place among them for her knowledge, especially of the popular form of Greek art expressed on vase paintings. She has been several times in Greece, where every sort of honor has been paid to her by the King, by professors, and by officials.

## THE POET AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

Of love I sing too much, you say,  
I cannot help it; I am young  
And this sweet theme in youth's heyday  
Is ever on the mind and tongue.

You add, I have the poet's art  
Too much to rhyme of trivial things—  
Do you not know it is the heart  
That gives the poet's verse its wings?

Hearts vibrate to the heart alone  
And men are made so much akin  
That thoughts the loneliest heart has known  
Find echo other hearts within.

If ever I should strive to write  
Of feelings I have never felt,  
My verse would never give delight,  
Nor other hearts to kindness melt.

He who would win himself a name  
And rank himself among the few  
Inscribed upon the roll of fame  
Must ever to himself be true.

Love will with flight of years abate,  
Or lift me unto nobler things;  
But lowly be my themes or great,  
My heart must feel what'er it sings.

I will to mine own heart be true  
In youth, maturity and age;  
And when at last I bid adieu  
To youth, and find myself a sage,

Of love I'll cease to sing, and write  
The thoughts that in my heart I find,—  
But as the years pursue their flight  
I pray them leave some love behind.

Montreal.

ARTHUR WEIR.

## College World.

For the first time in the history of Nova Scotia, a lady has gone before the Medical Board of Examiners, to matriculate into the profession.

Woman suffrage seems to be conquering at Boston University. The chief editor of the University paper is a young woman, while some of the reporters are young men.

The number of female medical students entered at Paris this term is 114, of whom 90 are Russians, 12 French, and 8 English, with 1 American, 1 Austrian, 1 Greek, and 1 Turk.

The new Arts College for Women, affiliated with Trinity University, Toronto, was opened on the 15th October, in its temporary location, number 48 Euclid Avenue. The college is to bear the name of St. Hilda, who was abbess of Whitby in the 7th century, and took so prominent a part in the intellectual and religious progress of her age.

A Fredericton paper says the present freshmen class in the University is the smallest in attendance for years. Twelve students are taking the full course, and four others, three of whom are ladies, are in for occasional studies. It is only natural that the four years should in a certain degree affect the number of entering students. And when it is considered that what should be the educational, as well as the commercial centre of the province, only sent one student, a matri-

culating class of sixteen is not a small one. From what we can learn, no class of former years ever represented so wide a territory.

Dr. Grace Walcott, and three other American women physicians, had lately the honour of an invitation by Prof. Billroth, of Vienna, to attend his private Clinic four times and witness his own operations. The next day he took them to his private museum, where they saw some of the results of his surgical triumphs. Prof. Billroth is a renowned continental surgeon, and a few years ago led the opposition to the admission of women to the medical schools. The fact that these American women doctors were invited by Dr. Billroth to his own Clinic and to his private museum, created quite a sensation in Vienna, and was quoted in all the papers.—*London Queen.*

Harvard College is progressive, not alone in its advocacy of eclectics, of the woman's annex, of "non-attendance at prayers," and other organic modifications, but the internal arrangements and class-room methods are continually advancing. In 1880 the professors, by the aid of the librarian, began to assist the pupils systematically in their reading and study. A professor has an alcove assigned him, under his name, to which his students have access at all hours of the day with the privilege of taking a book from the room over night. In this alcove are placed the volumes that the professor wishes his classes to study. In 1880, thirty-five professors reserved for their alcoves 3,330 books, and in 1886 fifty-six professors reserved 5,840 books. In 1880, 41,986 books were taken from these alcoves, and in 1886, 60,195 were taken. It is said that this simple departure has had a remarkable effect upon the intellectual activity and habits of the students.

There is a great difference between the educational standards in the different states of South America. Chili and the Argentine Republic are the most advanced in progress, and are doing their utmost to keep abreast of modern improvements. The Minister of Education of Chili has sent instructions to the Chilean representative at Berlin to take the necessary measures for sending the two Chilean teachers at present in training at the Training College at Dresden, to Naas, in order to follow there a course on manual instruction. Another Chilean—Mr. Claudio Matte—has just returned to his native town, Santiago, from a tour through all the civilized countries in the world, which has extended over five years, undertaken entirely at his own expense in the interests of education, in order to study on the spot the different systems. He has published a report of his experience and investigations, and has opened at Santiago an exhibition of the things, educational and otherwise, which he has collected during his peregrinations.

Some days ago, at Cornell University, the freshmen, to the number of 400, marched through the city giving their class yell, which the sophomores quickly followed, making the city ring with their cry of—"Who—Rah—Rye—X—C—L!" After the preliminaries were arranged, the classes met in fierce

combat in the city park. Four freshmen and an equal number of sophomores grasped the firm hickory stick, and an upper classman gave the signal to begin. Then followed a wild struggle, lasting nearly two hours. The followers of the respective classes closed in around the cane, dragging their opponents to the rear, and striving in every way to keep the strong men from the stick. The seniors cheered on the sophomores, while the juniors protected their especial charges, the freshmen. The dense mass of 800 students swayed to and fro, and the air was filled with cries of "On, freshmen!" "Go in there, '91!" Clothes were torn, hats stamped under foot, and heads jammed together in a general mass. The cane was finally won by the freshmen, who immediately formed in line and marched through the city in triumph. There was no interference by the faculty or city police.

One of the most interesting, and, probably, the worst managed of the educational endowments in Italy—the Asiatic College of Naples—is at length, by a bill laid before Parliament this session, to be reorganised, and, it is to be hoped, placed on a sound footing. The history of the foundation is curious. In 1734, a priest of Eboli—Matteo Ripa—submitted to Charles VI. of Austria a project for establishing a college in Naples for the training of native Chinese who, having been taught the dogmas of Christianity, should be sent back to the East "in the service of God and your Majesty, and to further the glorious enterprise of commerce with China now opened in Ostend." And, inasmuch as the projected college would be for the commercial advantage of the empire no less than for the religious benefit of the heathen, it was suggested that the Ostend Mercantile Company should contribute towards its maintenance. Three years later the Emperor gave his consent to the establishment, and, besides supplementing the liberal endowment given by Matteo Ripa with an imperial grant of 800 ducats a year, ordered that the Ostend Mercantile Company should each year convey to and from China twelve students free of expense, and thus the first Asiatic college in Europe was established.

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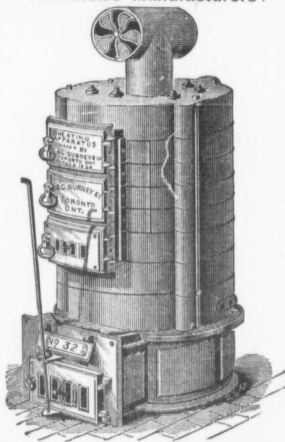
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