

McGILL
UNIVERSITY GAZETTE

Wednesday, December 9, 1885.

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UNIVERSITY GAZETTE

VOL. IX.]

MCGILL COLLEGE, MONTREAL, DECEMBER 9th, 1885.

[No. 5.]

McGill University Gazette

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THE UNIVERSITY GAZETTE will be 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.

All communications may be addressed to the Editors, P. O. Box 1290.

NOTICE.

Subscribers to the GAZETTE who do not receive their papers regularly will please notify the Sec.-Treas., as this is the only method of having the unavoidable mistakes and necessary imperfections of the mailing system rectified.

Subscribers wishing to preserve their last year's volume of the GAZETTE, may have them neatly bound in cloth, by Messrs. John Lovell & Son, with whom arrangements have been made to do the work, at a charge of fifty cents per volume.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. F. C.—Your communication should be accompanied by your name and address.

Editorials.

EXPANSION.

THE MCGILL GAZETTE has now been in being some nine years. It had at first a precarious existence, only a few of the more thoughtful of the graduates and undergraduates of McGill of those days, realized what an

important part it was destined to play in the history of our University. Gradually, however, it has succeeded in making its power felt until it has now come to be recognized as one of the most important factors which go to make up the educational system of our *alma mater*. The organ of the students, it is therefore the devoted friend of the University, a friend in the highest sense of the word, one who speaks kindly, yet candidly, of both merits and demerits.

Its continued existence, then, is happily no longer a matter of anxiety; it rests secure, on the one hand, in the universal recognition of its usefulness by the large number of students who annually flock in to the different faculties of the University, and, on the other, on a solid financial basis. We have only to concern ourselves now with the question—How can we increase its usefulness and add to its interest?

There are two colleges in this Province affiliated to McGill, and out of Montreal, into which we desire very much to see this paper introduced, Morrin and St. Francis. Towards McGill the students of these colleges look for final study and for graduation. How worthily these schools perform their functions, let the many men now graduates of McGill, but who pursued their studies in them, and who now adorn their professions in all parts of the Dominion, answer. These men, however, are to a great extent cut off from many of the advantages which a residence in a large city and an intercourse with a larger number of fellow-workers afford. They miss familiarity with the events that are transpiring in studentdom, and feel themselves more or less isolated in their work. To the students of these colleges THE GAZETTE would come, an open letter, putting them *au fait* upon all the subjects which from time to time agitate student life and which rouse into beneficial activity the student mind.

But these are not all, nor are they the greatest advantages to be derived from the paper being introduced into these schools. We should be very glad to publish regularly reports of the debating societies and all other societies which these schools support, and to receive literary contributions from them. We believe that this proposal will have much weight with the Principals of both Morrin and St. Francis, alive, as they are, to the wonderful help to the teacher a wisely directed stimulant to independent thought and effort on the part of the student, is. Another advantage is,

that we are in a position to give the most reliable information upon all questions in connection with change of curriculum at McGill, and in connection with the different Bar and Medical examinations.

In conclusion, we appeal to the students of these colleges to assist us in our endeavour to establish closer relations between all the parts of the University, in their own interests, in ours, and in the interests of our common *alma mater*.

THE NEW SONG BOOK.

Now that the new song book is on the point of being published we must not omit to thank those who for over two years have been devoting themselves to the work of compiling and editing it. No one who has not himself been employed in a like task can estimate the arduous nature of the work to be done, and although we felt at times a little impatient at the long deferred appearance of the book, yet we thoroughly appreciated the trouble which was being taken for the benefit of the students by the gentlemen who composed the committee. We must especially thank Mr. Charles H. Gould, B.A., as well as Professor Moyses and Mr. Wm. McLennan, B.C.L., for their very great services in the matter. As Mr. McLennan said the other evening at the dinner of the University Literary Society it is doubtful whether the work would have seen the light had it not been for Mr. Gould's help. Mr. McLennan himself, we believe, wrote several of the songs. We congratulate these gentlemen, the committee and the whole body of students upon the completion of the work.

We may state that the book has been sold almost entirely to the publishers, and that on this account the committee will not be able to send complimentary copies to other universities, as they should otherwise have been most happy to do.

SISTER ASSOCIATIONS.

The belief should not be entertained that there is any rivalry between the University and Under-graduates Literary Societies. They are both engaged in the same good work; they both appeal, it is true, to college men generally. But each has its own exclusive sphere, into which the other cannot enter. For the younger men the college society must always exist; to the graduates, mainly, the older association looks for support. There is, however, nothing incompatible with the loyalty of members of one society occasionally attending the meetings of the other. The graduates do not often visit the Undergraduates Society, because they feel that their presence may be a restraint upon those who are beginning to debate in public, and

who have not yet acquired perfect freedom of expression and clearness of thought when speaking in public. It will do the students no harm to mix sometimes with the members of the older Society; not to the extent of neglecting their own debating club, but simply to gain some idea of how men, for the most part engaged in the serious business of life, conduct themselves. In any case, the relation between the two associations should be that of hearty co-operation.

With the exception of lacrosse the national sports of Canada are those of winter, and of these Hockey is perhaps the most prominent. It has always been the chief attraction among our Carnival games and a general favorite with our students.

McGill has, by the way, the honor of possessing the oldest hockey club in Canada, and indeed we believe our college to have introduced the game here.

Although there will be no carnival this year, there is every prospect of the usual hockey competitions taking place, and we see no reason why our club should not acquit itself in its usual creditable manner.

To glance briefly at the record of the past three years:

The first Carnival Cup was won by McGill.

Many of our readers remember in the second carnival when McGill tied for the Cup our being defeated in that famous game when Capt. Elder marched his men off the ice. We were defeated in the final tie that year.

Last year's events are too recent to need much comment. Suffice it to say we were a good second and allowed to have had the best of the play in the final game in which we were beaten by hard luck and the score of one goal to nothing.

We need however make no appeal on behalf of the club. The record speaks for itself. There are nevertheless many who have never seen the game and we advise them to improve their opportunities this winter. Any skater can play it.

Our material is exceptionally good this year and with the cordial co-operation of the students there is no reason why the season's record should not equal or even surpass that of the best of former years.

We are glad to see that the good old custom of having annual Faculty Dinners has not been allowed to drop as some croakers have been predicting. As a means of promoting social spirit and increasing "esprit de Faculté" it is unequalled. Medicine leads the way this year, and Arts and Applied Science contemplate having their dinners shortly after the holidays. We have not yet heard anything definite in regard to the

Law dinner, but feel assured that, in view of the increasing part that Faculty is playing in college life, it will not be behind hand in that most important event of a university year.

THE MCGILL SONG BOOK.

The Song Book is out at last and completely justifies the committees in the time they have taken in issuing it. It will soon be in the hands of all who are interested in McGill, and we hope to see a Glee Club established and to hear from now onward, whenever McGill songs are sung, whether in theatre or drawing-room, well rendered choruses. To whet the appetites of our readers for the treat in store, we propose to review briefly the work, of which a copy is before us. The book contains one hundred and nine songs, all but five of which are set to music. The majority, of course, are in English, but twelve are in French, five in German and several in Latin. One French song, "L'enfant du McGill," is from the pen of Dr. Frechette, with music by Couture, and four of the others are accompanied by translations. Thus the McGill Song Book is a direct refutation of the statement that English and French are not in sympathy with one another, for in it we find a distinguished Frenchman, laureate of the Academy, lending his pen to an English work and Englishmen putting into an English setting the gems of French Canadian song. A better repertory of songs we never saw between the same number of pages. The pieces vary in length from rounds of one and two lines to songs of three, four and five pages, and in complexity from "Saw My Leg Off" and "Clotilda" to "Softly Fall the Shades of Evening" and "The Three Chafers."

The contributions, to five of which the music also is original, are an important feature of the work, there being no fewer than twenty-three from McGill men alone. We predict that many of these will come into common use.

As regards the musical portion of the book, scarcely too much can be said in its praise. We have tried almost every song and have found the accompaniments always good. We have said that several songs in the book are set to original music, and if we take into consideration the songs whose music has been adapted, altered, harmonized or arranged for several voices the list becomes much larger. The "Bull-dog," for example, has been arranged for bass and tenor. Besides this, many songs are for the first time accompanied by written music, the airs having been taken down by Mr. Gould from the lips of some one who knew them.

Perhaps our readers crave for a specimen of the songs. It is hard to choose, but in our estimation "Eliza" is among the best humorous pieces in the book. It is a ditty of a student who never succeeded in his studies, though fired to ambitious thoughts by the influence of his girl. It runs as follows:

'Tis years ago since I came to McGill,
And 't was all on account of Eliza,
And in spite of time I'm fixed here still
And the name of my girl's still Eliza.

I always wished for a high degree,
A D.C.L. or an LL.D.,
• Whichever came first was the same to me
And precisely the same to Eliza.

Chorus.

Exactly the same, precisely the same, quite, quite the same to Eliza,
Whichever came first was the same to me
And precisely the same to Eliza.

I flattered myself I was formed for the Law,
Which delighted the charming Eliza,
I'd a fairish head and a strongish jaw,
As I often remarked to Eliza,
I attended the courts where Justice sits,
I stuck to my office and copied the writs,
And ground at the Cole, till I muddled my wits—
And all on account of Eliza.

Chorus.

All on account, all on account, all on account of Eliza,
I ground at the Cole till I muddled my wits,—
And all on account of Eliza.

I found in time that the Law was dry,
Although approved by Eliza;
I found that before the Court I was shy,
Although not so with Eliza,
So I said— "My love, you must clearly see
I've a soul above a lawyer's fee,
Now, what do you say to a real B. D.?"
"All right, my dear," said Eliza.

Chorus.

"All right, my dear, all right, my love, all right, my dear," said Eliza,
M.D. appears much higher than a B.
C.L., responded Eliza.

So I out and saved with a hearty wit—
And all on account of Eliza;
Although at first I was often shy,
To the great distress of Eliza,
I wore a skull in a black necktie,
I smoked when 'twas wet, and I drank when 'twas dry,
But at the exam. I was "plucked on the fly,"
Which I couldn't explain to Eliza.

Chorus.

'Twas so hard to explain, I could hardly explain, I couldn't explain to Eliza,
So the reason why I was "plucked on the fly"
Is still unexplained to Eliza.

Having thus been left by the Meds. in the lurch,
To the great disgust of Eliza,
I determined to have a go at the Church,
And was well lucked up by Eliza,
I gave up the world and the Flesh and the D—,
Which never had any temptations for me,
For a thorough Parson I would be—
And all on account of Eliza.

Chorus.

All on account, all on account, all on account of Eliza,
For a thorough Parson I would be—
And all on account of Eliza.

But I found, alas! that the World was fair—
Which was due somewhat to Eliza;
That linen as a shirt was better than hair—
And cleaner, too," said Eliza,
So I cut the Church, and now I'm free
To take B.A. or some other degree,
And I'm sure you'll all agree with me—
If I leave the choice with Eliza.

Chorus.

Eliza, my dear! Eliza, my girl! Now's your chance, my Eliza!
You've got the choice, you're entirely free—
So put him through, dear Eliza!

Turning to the shorter pieces we find among others this lively verse—

Nice little chinawoman make bully chow chow,
Live on a little hill 'side a little house,
Take a little pussy cat and a little bow wow,
Put him in a little pot with a little mouse, etc.

The song of Dr. Frechette will perhaps be read with the greatest amount of interest, and for those who are not well enough up in "La Belle Langue" to know

what they are singing, we have made the following hurried translation, for which we crave Dr. Frechette's forbearance, should it ever meet his eye.

THE MCGILL BOY.

Who is this youth who speeds along
O'er asphalt pave or yielding snow?
Around his brow the breeze blows;
He hurries schoolward with a song.

Refrain.

Than a bird mayer, freer than air,
What youth is this? Tell me, who will?
'Tis the wonderful, 'tis the successful,
'Tis the meritorious Boy of McGill.

He bears a book beneath his arm:
Youth is as yet his sole estate;
Confident, bold, he scoffs at fate
And finds in life itself a charm.

His moustache, though it often seems
A rebel to his tireless care,
More than the whiskers others wear
Has been in many a fair one's dream.

Sweetly deceived, oft-times his heart
To cling to some dear memory seems,
Yet in the future that he dreams
His aged mother has a part.

What though in many an escapade
He shares! His sin we'll not recall:
This scamp will often give his all
Some needier college mate to aid.

His heart is proof to worry's stings,
And, merry still, he goes his way,
And ever "Forward" seems to say
"Until the hour for labor rings."

"All people cry on every hand:
Who can this noisy fellow be,
That seeks amusement?" Know that he
The promise is of this our land.

The publication of a Song Book is an event of such importance in the students' history of our college that we deem it our duty to give the history of the enterprise and to put on record the names of the committees, who with almost blame-worthy modesty have neglected to insert their names in the Song Book. It was on Feb. 12th, 1884, that the first meeting to discuss the advisability of issuing a Song Book, called by W. G. Stewart, B.A., '85, was held in the Medical Building. The result of this meeting was that on March 7th, 1884, the first sitting of the committee took place, at which representatives from every faculty, except that of Law, were present. Law has stood aloof throughout the entire enterprise, but whether this is due to the faculty or only to its representatives we do not know. The committee was hindered by a lack of funds and the difficulty of procuring a publisher. One could not publish for a year, another for two, and a third was willing to begin at once but demanded a price beyond the committee's command. In time, however, Mr. Lamplough purchased the copyright upon the book, and with a guarantee of a sale of half the first edition has brought the book out. The limit as to price has necessitated a limit as to size, but we understand that the third edition will be increased one-third from songs unavoidably kept out of this issue and from such new songs as may be deemed worthy of a place in the book.

It was to be expected that the students, and might have been expected that the professors would interest themselves in the Song Book, but we have been fortunate in securing the valuable aid of Messrs. McLennan and Gould, each of which gentlemen has contributed more to the song book than any one other, Mr. Gould bringing his musical talent to bear upon faulty songs and Mr. McLennan putting Pegasus into harness for our benefit. The latter's translations of "Bragadier," "A La Claire Fontaine" and "En Roulant Ma Boule" are little gems.

The following are the names of the committees that have at last ceased to exist after nearly two years of unremitting work.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.—W. G. Stewart, B.A., '85, chairman; C. W. Wilson, '86, Med., secretary; E. P. Mathewson, B.A.S., '85, treasurer; C. H. Livingstone, '86, Arts; G. H. Dawson, '86, Sci.; W. D. T. Ferguson, '87, Med.

COMPILATION COMMITTEE.—Prof. Moyses, chairman; Wm. McLennan, B.C.L., '89; Prof. Harrington; E. P. Mathewson, B.A.S.; C. H. Gould, B.A., '77; C. W. Wilson; W. C. Stewart, secretary.

We feel sure we only voice the desires of our fellow students when we congratulate these gentlemen upon the success of their undertaking and thank them for their labors on our behalf, and on that of those who will come after us.

Poetry.

(FOR THE GAZETTE.)

HOLE HORATIONE.

BOOK II.: ODE X.

Leisure! wisely wouldst thou steer,
Launch not too boldly on the deep,
Nor to the treacherous coast, in fear
Of storms, too closely creep.

He who selects the golden mean
Shuns the foul cabin's mouldering walls,
Nor sighs, contented and serene,
For envy-haunted halls.

Tall pines by gales are shaken 'ft,
Proud turris fall with heaviest crash,
And mountain peaks that soar aloft
Provoke the lightning's flash.

A soul well tutored hopes, in woe,
And fears in weal, a change of state:
The God that sends the cheerless snow,
Withdraws it, soon or late.

Tears will be followed by a smile;
At times Apollo with his lyre
Wakes the still Muse, nor bends awhile
His bow with thoughtful ire.

Caught in the narrow straits of ill,
Prove the brave mettle of thy mind:
And wisely reef the sails that fill
With too propitious wind.

BOOK II.: ODE XIV.

Oh! Postumus, my friend, my friend,
The years glide swiftly to an end;
No prayers can wrinkle age delay,
Or death's inevitable day.

Three daily hecatombs of steers
From Pluto's eyes can win no tears;
Sterry he holds earth's giant brood
Imprisoned with a gloomy flood—

That flood, which all must traverse soon,
All we, who feed on nature's boon;
Kings though we be, exempt from toil,
Or needy tillers of the soil.

What though we shun War's bloody plain,
And the hoarse surge of Adria's main;
What though in Autumn's sultry hour
We dread the south wind's blighting power:

To black Coertus, oozing slow,
And the vile Danais we must go;
Him we must see, who rolls the stone,
Con-tinned eternally to groan.

Earth, home, and charming wife must be
Abandoned, and no cherished tie
Save, only expressus abhorred,
Shall follow thee, thy short-lived lord!

An heir thy Coenban shall seize,
Close guarded with a hundred keys;
And reverly the floor shall stain
With choicer wine than Pontiff's drain.

Geo. MURRAY.

Contributions.

A STORY OF THE MOONLIGHT.

BY H. D'ALTONA.

Translated from the German by Gowen Lea.

He was ill—ill in body and soul; ill in luck and money; ill in joy and love.

What a long time had elapsed since it all happened! Exactly ten years ago to-day began the high tide of his happiness.

Exactly ten years ago to-day began the ebb-tide whose waves at last carried him to the shores of death.

The only adornment of the plaster walls, with the exception of some pen-and-ink sketches, was a dried myrtle wreath, and a framed letter written in a pretty lady-like hand.

To-day, ten years ago, had he, the talented, but penniless artist, led to the altar the maiden of his choice,—the beautiful and only daughter of the counsellor of finance.

To-day, five years ago, as he returned from the birthday fest of prima donna of the opera, had he been struck speechless by reading that letter which now hung on the wall beside the myrtle wreath.

"Thou hast deceived thyself in thy love!" so ran the letter. "The five years of our married life have convinced me, that what the respect of a wife imperatively demands that she shall be to her husband, I cannot be to thee. I am too proud longer to play the humiliating rôle of silent endurance, and I know you will be thankful to me for releasing you from the matrimonial bond. In three weeks the broad ocean will be between us. No power on earth can make me retract this step."

Eight days later the husband found her name in the passenger-list of those having sailed for New York.

He had made no attempt to alter her decision; there was no farewell letter, no last greeting.

With almost too great precipitation he gave up his house; and likewise all engagements, social and professional, and sought an asylum in a modest little hamlet far away in the suburbs of the city.

"Leave me alone, I pray you!" he had said to the inquiring neighbours. "I want no comforting; I am not unhappy."

And they left him alone. At the same time in the drawing-rooms the words of the wife of the counsellor-of-finance were being handed around: "Abominable! Not content with driving my daughter to America, he hires himself out as a penny-a-lince!"

The life of this pale silent man soon began to have the appearance of that of an outlaw, or ever did he seek to intensify the isolation of his position.

His intercourse with the world was at length comprised with going round with the lawyers' letters which he copied, and in the occasional exchange of a few remarks with his landlady.

Only once again did he bring his artistic talent into play; that was to make the pen-and-ink sketches upon the wall. Then were easel and pellet, pens and pencils, thrown into the fire; and as he gazed at the last sparks of the destroyed utensils, he said to himself, "The bridge is broken. No more happiness, no art, no world. Only one thing remains: Renunciation!"

All had come now to avoid his deserted locking dwelling; all seemed to have been repulsed by his silent manner: all but one. To this one had the lonely man withdrawn the curtain of his being.

This one was—the Moon. Often had it as if with crossing hand touched his pale cheeks and not infrequently had that solemn earnestness in his features given place to an expression of calmness, and then the firmly-closed lips had moved as if to invite social converse.

He lay this evening upon his couch among the debris of his wrecked life. An invalid sofa, a table, a chair, a broken spindle—these remained as fragments of his former happiness; and, among these, after the delirium that followed a wild carousal, he came to consciousness, to listen, as he thought, to the gnawing of the death-worms within his hollow breast.

The moon seemed to be pointing to the myrtle-wreath upon the wall.

"Yes, yes, you are right, old friend!" muttered the feverish man, "show me the pictures for the last time! You are right! To-day, ten years ago, that wreath crowned the pinnach of my happiness. I had means, honour, love, and (the moonlight fell upon the framed farewell letter)—to-day, five years ago, the proud structure broke under me and fell in ruins. I awoke from my mad dream to face an awful reality."

"Five years have gone! Five years! Oh my God, —and not to be able to forget! Five years struggle with my heart to drive love out of it, and to find that the conflict ever ends in defeat! Why must one love when to hate or to forget were a greater, yes, a worse punishment!"

A ray of moonlight now showed in relief the drawing of a woman's head—a head it seemed of quite ideal beauty.

"I understand thy address to my guilt," said he. "But are we not all erring men, and am I the only one whose soul burns itself out from a consciousness of guilt? Did the siren not take me in her net and ensnare me with her eyes, and was not her love at times as if fixed in ice? O moon,—she had such a cold heart!"

Then the moonlight fell upon a picture of a totally

different character—a picture taken from life of a company of drunkards.

"Yes, yes," whispered the sick man, turning his head away: "that's what did it! From my wine-poisoned breath her love flew away. Then I sought more and more frequently that jovial company, and tried through the goblet to drown the pure voice that secretly seemed ever to be calling to me. But—I may tell thee, O moon!

They looked through their jests,
And saw but my smile;
The gloom in my heart,
They saw not the while!"

Now the soft light of the moon rested upon another picture on the wall;—a miserable man, his face buried in his hands, stands before a blighted rose-bush.

And again he whispers with feverish breath: "I ought so tenderly to have guarded my little rose. I left it alone in the rude autumn wind, and in its unloved solitude it knew not how to face the winter storm."

"Had I no eye to see her pale cheeks; no feeling for the dumb reproach of her tear-bedewed countenance! I did not protect my little rose: the storm swept it out of my sight. That is the picture of my penitence, O Moon! Thou knowest it, thou,—the only one to whom I have ever told the meaning of my pictures. This one I call,—'I have lost thee; for I was not worthy of thee!'"

A black cloud passed over the queen of the stars.

"And, since then, it has always been night about me!" continued the sick man, "the night which I brought down upon myself, as I wickedly shut myself off from the star of my life. I was to proud to confess my fault; too proud to beg for love! And yet, how I thirsted for love! How I yearned for peace! Night, long night of my troubled soul,—is it not possible for you to grant me one ray of joy, before I sink in the everlasting sleep!"

The silvery moon emerged from the black web of cloud, as if an angel stepped out of paradise to point the way to the golden gate.

Over the countenance of the penitent the peaceful light of heaven fell, while his eyes fixed themselves upon the last of his sketches.

"Thank thee, O moon," he continued, "for the consolation thou hast given me! Thou hast heard the dumb cry of my heart. Thou hast been the witness of my bitter penitence, and upon the silvery path of thy pure ray, my blessing has passed over to her. Too proud to show the deep sorrow of my heart to any child of earth—my being has been laid bare to thee!"

The last picture was that of a coffin in which lay a man whose eyes had closed for ever. Over him bends an angelic form whose right hand is stretched over his head in blessing, while the left is laying upon his breast a wreath of Immortelles bearing the inscription:—"Pardon."

The eyes of the dying man are fixed upon this picture as if with painful longing. Once more his lips, now growing cold, move as if in earnest prayer:—"Thank thee, O Moon! Thou hast seen how my hand trembled with every stroke as I drew that last picture. From yonder heavenly height thou bringest me down

comfort. Upon thy soft ray an answer is sent to my penitent soul. Pardon, 'Pardon.'"

Every Fortnight.

I promised in my first fortnight to keep at the dining hall question hammer and tongs during the course of the year. I must now say that I have not the heart to do it. I give in. And yet, you may exclaim with surprise, the Secretary has not gone. That cavernous compromise between a restaurant and a rat-hole has been too much for me. The idea truly was a good one. The conception was statesmanlike, but the execution was rather confined. Let them kill their appetites in the open air and in broad daylight. But I must refrain—for who can conquer circumstances at a stroke! I mean, then, to alter the burden of my cry. Let the Secretary stay.

* * *

Let me express a sincere hope that nothing that I have said in past "Fortnights" has been the means of giving pain to anyone, even the smallest child. I try to avoid being personal as much as possible, but a Critic, you know, must criticize somebody or something. Anyone who knows me knows that there is no one in the world more pained at the mere idea of giving pain to another. And yet I think it is a kind of luxury sometimes to hurt the feelings of a person one admires and loves; the reconciliation is so sweet. I am not talking altogether now of lover's quarrels. But to indulge this luxury perhaps is wrong. A friend once said to me, "The evil cannot take away from me the memory of the good; the good cannot altogether banish the memory of the evil." But unintentionally I may have hurt, or in the future may hurt, the feelings of some reader. Accept my apology now. That is all I can offer you. But for goodness sake do not take me too seriously—my friends never do. Only when I put on a serious face then know that I am in earnest.

* * *

I often think with the philosophers that we would be so much happier if we were not bothered with susceptibilities and emotions and all that kind of thing. For instance, some remarks in the GAZETTE about him last year would not have rankled so long in that gentleman's breast who referred so contemptuously at the late dinner to the College Journal as a sheet. I am afraid it has been rather a wet blanket to him; but I hope, Mr. Editor, that your special reporter will do him justice this time, because he did not do so very badly after all.

* * *

I am constrained to admit, to use an elegant expression never before employed, that I have been mightily disappointed in not having received a single communication from the lady undergraduates. I had hoped that some crumb of comfort, some little soothing and encouraging note, would have been addressed to Critic. But no! not even a sanguinary malediction has reached me, borne on the wings of a scented dove. I do not wish to divulge my personality, because too much

of a good thing is good for nothing. But let me hear from you just once. I shall not reject your manuscript, no matter how good it is.

**

Those translations of Horace by Mr. George Murray in the last number of the GAZETTE gave me great pleasure. I took down my Horace from its shelf and, having carefully removed the dust, I compared the English verses with the original, and I thus appreciated the surprising faithfulness of the former. I advise those of my readers who are "nothing particular" in the classics to take their books and do the same.

**

The dinner of the University Literary Society was, I believe, a great success, notwithstanding the fact that some of those who were to have given songs backed out at the last moment. It is *really* most disappointing when people consent to go to a dinner and then stay away on the most frivolous pretence. If a person does not mean to go, let him state it like a man at the beginning, and this perhaps save the committee from financial embarrassment. I remember when I was in college, a number of years ago, being let in for a few dollars in this way.

**

From all appearances, the new song book promises to be a great success. If "Eliza" may be taken as a specimen, there is no fear of our being disappointed. I suggested at the beginning of the session that the book should be inaugurated, to use a rather inelegant expression, by a concert in the Molson Hall. I still think the idea a good one, and would advise the new University Club to try and arrange for a concert of the kind in aid of their funds.

**

The movement to establish a University Club has my best wishes. "Neither do we by any means always go to people for conversation. How often to say nothing,—and yet must go; as a child will long for his companions, but among them plays by himself. 'Tis only presence which we want. But one thing is certain — at some rate, intercourse we must have. The experience of retired men is positive,—that we lose our days and are barren of thought for want of some person to talk with. The understanding can no more empty itself by its own action than can a deal box." Thus wrote Emerson, and we echo the sentiment. "But one thing is certain, at some rate, intercourse we must have."

**

I think the GAZETTE deserves great credit for the practical way in which it has set the movement going. It now remains for the older graduates to come forward and support the undertaking. Let us hope that it will not be *tough* work for those who have taken the matter in hand.

**

Here is an opportunity for the professors to come to the front. Let them come forward and not be so fond

of hiding their lights under bushels. This is one of those cases where all may work together.

**

I said last fortnight that, from a social standpoint, the professors were an utter failure. I shall hardly be called upon to substantiate this statement, for the truth of it is patent to everyone. But this is a delicate affair. I remember when I was at college receiving periodically from a certain professor an invitation to spend the evening at his house. As about one hundred others received like invitations I never accepted, hoping that with such a crowd I should not be missed. I recognize now that I made a great mistake. True, I most likely should have found the entertainment a most unmitigated bore, but it would at all events have been an experience, and, besides, it would have shown an appreciation of the kind intention. As a writer in this paper some time ago remarked, the fault lies almost as much with the students as with the professors. Advances on one side must be kindly received on the other. But then people go out to be amused and to enjoy themselves. Why is it that entertainments of the kind I refer to are so utterly stupid both to entertainers and entertained? There is too much formality; not enough freedom; less conventionalism is wanted, and more desire to please. I can imagine nothing much further removed from true sociability than the feeling experienced upon being stuffed into a drawing-room with a number of awkward young men, a bevy of old maids and an array of microscopes. And yet I do not so much object to natural science in the abstract—it is the combination that kills. Let there be concerted action, if not much can be done individually. But, as I said before, this is a delicate subject, and I had better now leave it.

**

It is wonderful how an old thought newly clothed arrests one. Here is something from the Hindu: "Constantly rising up a man should reflect and ask himself, 'What good thing have I done this day? The setting sun will carry with it a portion of my life.'" CRITIC.

CHRISTMAS EXAMINATIONS.

(MEDICAL DEPARTMENT, PRACTICE OF MEDICINE—(TIME, ONE HOUR).

1. Called to see patient six hours after his Xmas dinner: Give the morbid anatomy, complications and sequelae.
2. Give the complications and sequelae which may *not* follow smallpox; and how would you treat them?
3. Freshman nostalgia. Its symptoms and treatment.
4. Give several theories (all hypothetical) to account for Diabetes Mellitus and criticise them (answer limited to six pages).
5. Collapse of "plucked" Senior. Give symptoms and treatment. At what stage and in what quantity would you administer stimulants?
6. What symptoms would lead to diagnosis that a Junior spent his Xmas holidays in the city. Mention the more important sequelae and the time of their occurrence.

FOR THE GAZETTE.]

MY HEART, I WISH TO ASK THEE.

(Translated from the German by Georcan Lea.)

My heart, I wish to ask thee,
 "What then is love, O say?"
 "Two souls with one thought only,
 Two hearts tuned to one lay!"

And say, whence cometh love then?
 "We know not of the where!"
 And say, how goeth love then?
 "What goes was never there!"

And tell me, what is pure love?
 "For self it bath no will!"
 And when is love the deepest?
 "When it is calm and still!"

And when is love the richest?
 "That is it when it gives!"
 And O, how talketh love then?
 "It doth not talk—it lives!"

McGill News.

The Class of '86 in Applied Science held a meeting on the 24th ult., and elected Mr. Arthur Weir as their Valedictorian.

The following additional donations have been made to the "University Club," St. Catherine street: fine pictures, by G. B. Burland, Esq., the *Century Magazine*, by Mr. R. J. Elliot; the *Week*, by Mr. W. H. Turner; and several other periodicals.

In the course of his lecture on "Science in Canada," Major W. P. Anderson, C.E., etc., of the Marine Department and President of the Ottawa Literary and Scientific Society, said that "McGill" was *facile princeps* amongst the Universities of Canada in the work it was doing for science and scientific engineering. He also paid a high compliment to the zeal, activity, and incessant labours of Principal Sir Wm. Dawson, the centre of scientific light in Canada, and whose labours had been so worthily acknowledged by the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY'S DINNER.

The dinner of the University Literary Society was held in the Ladies' Ordinary of the Windsor Hotel on Friday evening the 27th ult. and was in every respect a grand success. Whether we regard the large number present, the *recherché menu*, or the perfect arrangement of the after-dinner speeches and songs, we have nothing but congratulations for the society upon the event, and for its general committee to whom were entrusted the details of the affair. About sixty gentlemen, past and present members of the society, sat down to dinner. The chair was occupied by Mr. McGoun, President of the Society, the vice-chairs by Mr. C. J. Doherty, an ex-president, and Messrs. C. J. Brooke and J. R. Murray, the Vice-Presidents.

After the excellent bill of fare had been thoroughly discussed and enjoyed, the President arose and proposed the health of Her Majesty the Queen which was received with the greatest enthusiasm, the entire assembly rolling forth the national anthem with grand effect. The toast to the Governor General, "Not given

to talk unless there is something to be said, but well capable of it then", then followed.

The President then proposed the toast to The Empire in one of those thoughtful and scholarly speeches for which he is becoming noted. He said that, apart from the personal love to our Sovereign, as one who adorned the throne with all the virtue of Christian womanhood, the political idea most prominently suggested by her name was that the Queen is the bond which united us to our fellow subjects in every part of this world-wide Empire. The British Empire is not only great in territory, like the United States and Russia, but it is great in the diversity of the people and countries it unites under one flag, one sovereign and one constitution. It had been truly pointed out the tendency of modern nations was towards grouping together the nations having political affinities. This tendency accorded well with the purest spirit of Christianity. The greatest idea was, of course, the parliament of man, the federation of the world; but, in striving to obtain this, there should be carefully excluded the narrow principle of race distinction. A greater and more Christianlike task than even that of uniting the members of one race would be to preserve in perpetual union the elements of a nation that had succeeded in harmonizing the interests of different nations and preserving to each its rights, privileges and characteristics. We must beware of race exclusiveness which is opposed to the true ideal of the common brotherhood of man. First, let there be perpetual union between ourselves and our brethren throughout the world, and then let us effort to promote the peace on earth and good, will amongst men. Plato, a thousand years ago, said, "We do not know of any greater evil to the state than that which tears it asunder and makes it into a multitude of states, instead of one, nor of any higher perfection than that which binds it together and makes it one" and the page of history bore evidence to the truth of the statement of the philosopher. The speaker concluded as follows: Let us profit by the example of Athenian and of the great Greek republics, and not let the British Empire, the work of centuries, the aggregation of so many peoples of different races, all enjoying happiness under a beneficent constitution that affords the most perfect safeguard of individual and local liberty, combined with solidity and the greatest security for life, character and property; let us not allow this great fabric to crumble to pieces, and its component parts return into their original elements, into isolation of nation from nation, of people from people, of continent from continent. Let us rather exert our most patriotic endeavors to bind it more closely into perpetual union, and by so doing, and by cultivating the closest alliance with the nearest neighbor of England in Europe, and with the only neighbor of Canada in America, bind the two greatest of civilised races, and the two continents of the most advanced civilization, by ties of friendship and trade, of art and of literature, into a great union that will bring almost within reach the realization of the Scottish poet's noble dream of the day

When man to man the world o'er
 Shall brithers be and a' that.

Mr. M. M. Tait then sang with fine effect Rule Britannia and Mr. R. C. Smith responded to the toast in a brilliant speech. The readers of the University Gazette know to what a treat the society and its guests listened when we say that this speech was in Mr. Smith's happiest vein, who upon resuming his seat was greeted with prolonged applause. He said that the subject of the toast embraced a great deal, for "if he took unto himself the wings of the morning and flew to the uttermost part of the earth," even there would he be within the sphere of the British Empire. The subject of Imperial federation was now taking a great hold on the public mind, and in Canada there was no doubt a diversity of views as to whether we should be independent, more closely converted to the Mother Country, or absorbed by the great Republic south of us — in other words "taken in." There were many views on federation, amongst others that we should have a more extensive reciprocity in trade with England than with other countries, which did not themselves afford reciprocity, but whatever the outcome might be for one preferred Canada to remain as a part of the British Empire. They were told by many that when the fruit became ripe it must drop from the tree, and that was a good argument, but it should also be remembered that when the fruit did drop it was either rotted or was devoured. He believed that the unity of the Empire presented a prospect of national aspiration, at least as glorious as any other scheme before us. If they looked for national aspirations, a great future, or a great past history, where could they find them more than in the traditions of England with her glorious struggle for liberty and justice?

Canada was proposed by Mr. C. J. Brooke, 1st Vice-President of the society. This speech was listened to with marked attention and was received with an enthusiasm worthy the subject and the admirable manner in which it was given. Mr. Brooke, in opening, referred to the arms of the Dominion, where the English rose, the Scotch thistle, the Irish shamrock, and the Canadian maple leaf were blended together above the motto *Concordia Salus*. Continuing he said our country had little to fear from foes without, but he hoped that her people would beware of foes from within — such foes as jealousy, bigotry and distrust, which might become terrible difficulties to the march of the country in progress. The record of the past few weeks had shown how easy it was to create a difference between the two great races, English and French. Loyal as the French-Canadian people were to Great Britain it looked as if they felt that they were not treated justly. It was then the duty of the English people to allay those feelings, to make the French people feel that there is no jealousy, and that both races should work harmoniously together for the great future which was in store for Canada.

Mr. W. McLennan was then called on for a song and sang his own translation of the French *chanson* "*En Roulant ma Boule*." Throughout the evening Mr. McLennan contributed very much to the pleasure of the company by singing several selections from the new McGill College song book which is now ready, and which he, with the assistance of Mr. Gould and a committee, has prepared.

Mr. R. D. McGibbon, an ex-Vice-Pres. of the society,

responded to this toast. Mr. McGibbon's great ability as a speaker is too well known in Montreal to need comment. His speech was probably the most *moving* one of the whole evening. After referring to his connection with the society and the benefits he had derived therefrom, he said:—That the lesson to be learned from the experience of the debating club, and the subsequent reversal or modification of the opinions we have formed and expressed, is one which I regard as to some extent appropriate to the toast you have asked me to reply to. It is the doctrine of toleration, the realization of the fact that others may possibly be right and we ourselves wrong—even when we feel more strongly that we are in the right—the ability to credit our opponents with honesty of purpose and integrity of motive. The thought which the mention of my country's name gives rise to is just this one: that Canada needs at this moment, when she is passing through what is if not an actual crisis, at least a part of the national journey that is surrounded with difficulty and perplexity, that the gospel of toleration should be widely preached. Our Dominion has uncommon difficulties to contend against. Her climate is not the most genial, and there are other natural disadvantages to be overcome, but perhaps the most formidable lion in our path is the absence of homogeneity in our population. We have national, religious, lingual and sectional differences existing, and it must be confessed that the experience of the past and of the present does not invite us to hope for any immediate unification of our population in any of these respects. This being the case, does it not behoove us as Canadians, earnestly desiring and working for the good of our country, to do those who differ from us the justice of believing that their intentions are good though their judgments are mistaken, that their hearts are all right, however faulty their heads may be? This, sir, I have said, is a truth which the operations of a society like our own serve to enforce, and it occurs to me, at the moment, that there is another. I believe the great distinguishing fault of our people to be that there is too little freedom of speech of the right kind. I make bold to say, further, that as a people we are to much shackled by the fetters of partyism. We have suffered, are suffering, and, probably, shall suffer, like other peoples, from unscrupulous demagogues, who take advantage of popular passion to drag themselves out of their contemptible obscurity. To these no quarter should be given. Let every man speak out the truth that is in him. Our public life will be better and the future of the country more assured than it will be if the present despotism of party continues unnecessarily annihilating liberty of thought and conduct. Whether or not those responsible for the Act of Confederation considered that it was absolute and perfect and would endure for all time, I know not; but it would be folly to deny that the people to-day do not consider it to be so. Our present political condition is acknowledged to be only temporary. It is unfair to charge with disloyalty any one who says that Canada's future will lead her away from the Imperial connection. I protest against these accusations. A Canadian's first loyalty is to Canada. The empire may share our affections, our pride and our reverence, but our mother land is Canada, she has our love, and

her interests are paramount. I believe this country has a great future, if her sons act their parts with true patriotism. Let us go slowly, prudently and cautiously. We are young and there is no hurry. It does not do to expect too much too quickly. Let us, the citizens of Canada, who encircle this land with all our fondest hopes and ambitions, and to whom it is sacredly endeared by the holiest of ties and associations, have a care that the next change will endure for all time, and serve to make of us a people worthy the part we have already played, and honorable among nations.

The University was then proposed by Mr. J. R. Murray, 2nd. Vice-president, in a very fine speech. After describing the high position occupied by his *alma mater*, McGill, in the world of education, he referred to a remark which lately appeared in the GAZETTE to the effect that the professors did not take that interest in the graduates and undergraduates, or use that influence which they might. He thought there were exceptions to this. He regretted that the graduates and the undergraduates did not avail themselves of their opportunities for social and intellectual intercourse to the full extent possible. However, he was glad to see that the university club was now established, and he trusted that it would meet with the patronage it deserved.

Prof. Mulgan, in rising to respond to this toast was received with deafening applause. He described in an amusing manner the similarities between the students of European and English universities, and those of McGill. He thanked the society in the name of the University, for the heartiness with which the toast had been drunk, and with which he himself, personally, had been received, and in conclusion said that although McGill was not troubled with a heavy purse, yet the lovers of education delighted to honour her as the leader in Canadian education. Prof. Bovey also responded, and in the course of his remarks expressed his desire that there should be closer relations established between the professors and graduates of the University.

The Society was proposed by Mr. C. J. Doherty, in a short but very interesting speech. He referred to the great advantages to be gained from membership in it: every question worthy of discussion was admitted, members learned to respect the opinions of others, had many hurtful prejudices eradicated from their minds, were made nobler men because of these discussions, and better fitted to discharge their duties to their country and to themselves. The Society was the complement of the University and a cradle for Canadian patriotism.

There are few, if any, members of the society who can give expression to truly lofty sentiments more opportunely or more effectively than Mr. Doherty.

A song, "All for the sake of Eliza," was then given by Mr. McLennan and was very much enjoyed.

Mr. Selkirk Cross, responded to this toast in an able manner. In the course of his speech he said that the demonstration was tangible proof of the good work of the Society which was now in the sixteenth year of its existence was doing. Many of its members had attained eminence, and all had been benefited by their connec-

tion with the Society. He demonstrated the power of eloquence by mentioning the names of Demosthenes, Pitt, Grattan and Gambetta, all of whom had done great things for their respective countries, and the Society's object to cultivate this great accomplishment was highly commendable.

After a song by Mr. Crankshaw, Sister Societies were proposed by Mr. Ritchie in a very humorous speech which kept the company in a roar of laughter from beginning to end. Whether it was in his assumed anxiety over the religious training of the Graduates' Society, or his exuberant display of affection towards the "Little Benjamin," the infantile club, Mr. Ritchie, was in every phase of his very diversified nature, happy in expression and funny as Mark Twain. There is no man whose absence would be more noted at the weekly meetings of the Society: in serious debate, he is a generous but worthy foe, and at all times a right jolly good fellow.

Rev. Mr. Newnham then sang "The Oak and the Ivy" and Prof. McLeod responded to the toast on behalf of the Graduates' Society, Mr. N. P. Yates on behalf of the Undergraduates' Society, and Mr. W. H. Turner for the University Club. Prof. McLeod gave an interesting account of the work of the society which he represented, Mr. Yates, expressed his gratification at the manner in which the toast had been received, and said that the Undergraduates' Society was doing good work in preparing its members to take an active part in the work of the older men in the University Society. Mr. Turner, replying for the University club, gave the history of the formation of the club, which was now, after two years endeavor, established. He asked for the club the co-operation of all connected with McGill.

The next toast was to THE UNIVERSITY GAZETTE, proposed by Mr. Oughtred and responded to by Mr. Colquhoun, the Editor-in-chief in a very able manner. In the course of his remarks, he referred to the value of the paper as an organ of the students of the University, and appealed to the graduates present to give it their support by contributing to its columns and thus make it even more valuable and influential than it now is. Mr. Owens of the *Montreal Gazette* also responded in behalf of the press in general in a brief and felicitous speech.

Midnight had now come and there only remained one toast upon the list. The Ladies were proposed by Mr. Mackie. No higher praise can be given to this gentleman's effort than to say, it was a fitting close to as brilliant a series of speeches as are often heard. Mr. Mackie claimed that the sentiment he proposed was to his hearers, more important and more dear than any of those to which the previous speakers had given utterance, for around it clustered all the dreams of empire and of patriotism, of education of society and of literature, whose realization is the proud boast of the enlightened world. The storm of applause which he received on resuming his seat showed that a noble sentiment had been nobly expressed.

Mr. Frs. McLennan briefly responded; Auld Lang Syne and God Save the Queen, brought to a close one of the most enjoyable re-unions in which University men have participated for a long time.

THE MEDICAL DINNER.

The Medical dinner in the Windsor Hotel on Thursday, Dec. 3rd, was a most agreeable and successful affair, Mr. R. A. Kennedy, B.A., '86, presiding, and the vice-chairmen being Messrs. W. J. McCuaig, T. J. Norman, and J. G. McCarthy. The Committee consisted of Messrs. J. A. Porter, B.A., F. J. Shepherd, M.D., A. N. Worthington, A. D. Stewart, G. E. Fenwick, M.D., Geo. Ross, M.D., James Bell, M.D., R. F. Ruttan, M.D., R. J. B. Howard, M.D., A. J. Schmidt, W. J. McCuaig, T. J. Norman, W. F. Loucks, D. C. Baer and J. G. McCarthy. After an excellent menu had been discussed, the following toasts were enthusiastically received, being proposed by the gentlemen whose names precede them, and responded to by those whose names come after. The Queen, Governor-General and Lieut.-Gov., Mr. Kennedy; Mr. T. G. McGannon, "President of the United States"—Dr. Anderson, U. S. Consul; Mr. Orton, "Our University"—Prof. Alex. Johnson; W. G. Stewart, "Our Benefactors"—G. W. Stephens, M. P.P., and Dr. McEachran; Mr. J. A. Porter, "Dean and Professors"—Dr. Howard, Profs. Girdwood, Stewart, Mills, and others; Mr. T. W. Williams, "Montreal General Hospital"—Mr. Andrew Robertson; "Sister Universities"—Messrs. Lemming (Trinity), McVity (Kingston), Therrier (Victoria), and others; "Our Graduates"—Dr. Carr, Prof. McLeod, Dr. Rodger; Dr. Roddick, "Class of '86"—Mr. A. N. Worthington; Mr. H. A. Lafleur, "Ladies"—Mr. Bradley; Mr. McCarthy, "The Press"—Mr. Colquhoun. The music, both by the orchestra and several of the students during the evening, was very fine. The freshman class were not present, having decided not to pay their footing.

Sporting.

THE HOCKEY CLUB.

The annual meeting of the Hockey Club was held on the evening of November 24th, Mr. C. P. Brown presiding, and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, A. Weir, Ap. Sc.; Sec.-Treas., C. Swabey, Arts; Captain, J. Kinloch, Med. Committee: Wilde and Taylor (Med.), Stephens (Arts), Kerry (Science). The meeting was large and enthusiastic, and the outlook is more promising than it has been for some seasons. The committee is an energetic one, and they have the advantage of starting with a handsome balance in hand, due to the energy and attention of the retiring Secretary. They have already secured the Crystal Rink for practice on Saturdays from 9 to 11 a.m., and on Thursdays from 6.30 to 7.30 p.m. During the Christmas vacation, Wednesday, from 9 to 11 a.m., will be substituted for Thursday.

Personals.

R. W. Waddell, B. A. S. '81, is now on a ranche in Weld County, Cal., and doing well.

J. Higgins, B.A. '85, is attending lectures in Toronto University, not in Knox College.

Mr. George C. Stephen, of the Director's Board of the GAZETTE, is now in Philadelphia at the University of Pennsylvania.

J. A. L. Waddell, C.E., B. A. S. '82, now Professor of Mechanics at Tokio University, Japan, has recently published a work on "Bridges."

Dr. Wm. Stephen has gone to practice his profession in South America. He sailed from Liverpool a month ago, and will fix his residence at Rosana, Argentine Republic.

Our esteemed friend, Wm. Lochhead, B. A., '85, is now at the Training Institute, Kingston. He has been appointed English and Science Master in Perth Collegiate Institute for next year.

Fred H. Powell, M.D., C.M. '85, is at present walking University College and St. Bartholomew's Hospital in London, Eng. He writes that he is the only representative of McGill at those hospitals.

We are glad to see the genial Professor of Pathology is able to attend to duty again. We question if knowing the exact pathological processes involved lessened one whit the twinges of the rheumatism in his knee.

Between the Lectures.

A question in Medical Jurisprudence: How are the sinews of war connected with the bone of contention? and how do these affect the musselmans?

The rumor that Sir John Macdonald's recent departure for England was due to impatience at the tardy appearance of the McGill song book is officially denied.

We have at last found out why riding on the engine, even though it have a tender attachment, is not popular among the ladies. The continual vibration of the locomotive shakes their hair-pins out.

"Say, Bob, do you know the street cars were stopped on the night of the Riel racket?"

"No! were they? What for?"

"Oh, only to let the passengers off."

After giving a number of statistical reports, an American editor adds: "The quantity of whiskey consumed in the United States staggers us." My dear fellow, don't let that annoy you; it's enough to stagger anybody.

Prof. in Physics. "What object do you see now?" Student, after some hesitation, "It looks like a jackass, sir, but I think it is your shadow."

Prof. "Hum. Another demonstration, sir, of the wide difference between substance and shadow."

"Say, Prof.," said a Freshman to the lecturer, "what makes a fellow's heart sink when he's in trouble?"

"The gravity of the situation, of course," was the eloquent rejoinder.

First class in geology:

Professor—"You were on the look out for specimens yesterday. How many of you have red sandstone?"

Head Scholar—"Can't say about that, sir, but I can swear that father's read Blackstone."—

Lowell Citizen: "There are eighty-two glue factories in this country, and with the present depression in all kinds of manufactures it would not surprise us if one or more of them gets stuck." I suppose cement that for a joke. It's a very gluey one, anyway. I wonder if it paste to be a funnyman?

It is rumoured that the King of Denmark has produged the Rigslag. There's nothing alarming about that. Now if the Rig was going to prodag the Kings rogue, or the Rogue was going to dagking the Prorigs, or if even the Dag was going to—but I guess I had better stop as I couldn't keep this up over twenty minutes without getting a trifle vague.

An exchange advises us to "treat our young children cordially." We do—we do. Godfrey's cordially.

A young man, wrote a touching ode to liberty, which commenced:

"A bold-worded paen rang out in the valley."

Imagine his horror and dismay when it appeared in the paper:

"A bald headed deacon sat up in the gallery."

The following from an exchange shows human nature pretty well: "A dentist advised a man to have a tooth taken out, assuring him that if he inhaled gas he would feel no pain. "What is the effect of the gas?" "It makes you insensible," said the dentist, "and you don't know anything that takes place." The man took out his money. "Oh, never mind the fee until afterward," remarked the dentist. "I wasn't thinking of that," said the patient; "I only wanted to see how much money I had."

"For goodness sake, Mary," asked the young lady's mother at breakfast, what was the matter with you and Harry in the parlor last night?"

"Why, mamma? What? inquired the daughter demurely.

"Why, you jowered and quarreled for half an hour, like a pair of pickpockets."

"Oh," she replied, remembering the circumstances, "Harry wanted me to take the big chair and I wanted him to take it because he was company, you know."

"Well, what did you quarrel about?"

"We didn't quarrel, mamma; only he insisted that I should take it, and I wouldn't."

"How did you settle it finally?"

"Well, mamma, we—we—we compromised, and both of us took it."

The mother had been a girl once herself.

Grocer (to farmer)—I hear that you have met with a sad loss, Mr. Cornstalk.

Mr. Cornstalk—Yes, six of my finest hogs died last week with cholera.

Grocer—I understand your wife is dead, also.

Mr. Cornstalk—Yes, she died week afore last. Misfortunes, they say, never come single. I could have got forty dollars a piece for them hogs.

A youth by the name of Colquhoun,
Went out by the light of the molikououn
To sing to his dear,
But her pa, who was near,
Soon put him to flight with his sholokououn.

A person who played on the psalter,
Observing her brother to fealter,
To the younger thus said,
Why, if you're afraid
Of the thing, my dear fellow, I'll hsalter.

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