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UNIVERSITY GAZETTE

Vol. XI.]

MCGILL COLLEGE, MONTREAL, OCTOBER 19TH, 1887.

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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.

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Editorials.

SALUT.

WITH this issue Vol. XI. of the GAZETTE begins. It has been customary in years past to map out a programme for the paper in its initial number of each year, and so prepare our readers for what is coming, thus preventing any very severe shocks to the nervous system. It is not our intention to follow this course at present; not because we have the remotest idea of making our columns either insipid or wanting in the advocacy of even unpopular reforms, should the necessity arise, but because our labours in the past have had the effect of educating all our patrons up

to a sense of the great good resulting from judicious and courageous criticism. The nervous systems of even the most sensitive of our erstwhile invalids have, thanks to the GAZETTE's past course, become vastly improved, so that we apprehend little danger from vigorous and vigorously applied remedies. Our watchword is duty.

We welcome back to work all former students of the University, and trust that the vacation has given them stronger bodies and more vigorous minds to resume the winter's work. We welcome the freshmen, and bespeak for them a generous and warm-hearted introduction into college life. This early in the session we remind the former of their duties in the college, outside themselves. They owe it to their fellows and to the college to take a lively and an intelligent interest in the different societies which belong to McGill, and which are immediately under the control of their own faculty. Let this year surpass all former ones in the support given by the students to those organizations which aim to draw students more together, to set them at friendly rivalry with each other outside class-work, which will have the effect of uniting them to the college and to one another, and which will cultivate broad sympathies and generous competitions, which will, in themselves, be a source of pleasant remembrance all through life, besides educating them to be earnest, active, and sympathetic workers, not lookers-on, in the great school of life, for which they are preparing.

The freshmen have two evils to guard against—that of becoming bookish mopes, and that of degenerating into idle pleasure-seekers. The young man who enters college with no care but for the lectures, who takes no interest in college life outside his books, is making a grievous blunder; is losing one-half the good that college life should give; is cultivating a selfish and prejudiced spirit, which is bound to tell against him in after-life. He should be shaken up and out of himself. Such a career is only less dangerous, less blame-worthy, than that of the man who comes to college to have a good time, and who spends the whole of the session, year after year, in idle dissipation, under the impression that he is gaining experience, and sowing wild-oats in fashionable and very good society, while, in fact, he is making a fool of himself.

We cordially invite all undergraduates to contribute to our columns. It will do you good; it will amuse and instruct your fellow-students. News items in and about the college are specially requested, and the opinion of students on their college work will be always gladly and carefully considered. In past years this invitation has not been very numerously responded to, and the majority of those who have sent us contributions have thought themselves obliged to write in verse. We are not too proud to accept prose.

THE LAW FACULTY.

AN issue of the GAZETTE would scarcely be complete without some reference to this much debated school. All has not yet been said that might be, nor indeed, all that ought to be said. So long as needed improvements are not made, so long will it be our duty to agitate for them. We have, in the past, taken our stand firmly and decidedly that McGill's Law Faculty will compare very favourably with any other law school in the Province: we have quite as decidedly expressed our disapproval of the authorities resting satisfied with this standard of proficiency. Classes meet this year in the same building—most uncomfortable and inconvenient quarters. Has there been any serious effort made to secure better accommodation?

But putting aside this and kindred reforms, discussed last year, there is still another defect which has been deeply felt, and which must remain no longer uncriticised. Its remedy is in the hands of the professors themselves. We refer to the method, or rather want of method, in the class work. The professors are capable, without doubt; they have too little time for their work, certainly, and get no pay worth mentioning for that little; but we cannot shut our eyes to the fact, that there is in the entire course a want of systematic arrangement. There is no *actual teaching* done. If, as was argued by Dr. Trenholme, last year, that the course aimed rather at directing the reading of students than at imparting detailed information, it must be evident to all who have the slightest knowledge of the teacher's work, that the first and greatest requisite to obtain this result would be for the professors to outline their year's work with the utmost precision, and to adopt means, as the session advances, to ascertain whether or not the students have a clear understanding of the branch upon which they ought to be at that particular time engaged. Nothing of this sort is now done. The result is that students, who have become confused in the tremendous amount of reading which a satisfactory course in law involves,

look in vain to the lectures to assist them to group and systematize their knowledge; and, eventually, are glad to content themselves with scanning old examination papers, and 'cramming isolated facts, to secure a "pass," totally regardless of the underlying principles which connect the whole fabric, a knowledge of which will alone make them safe men on which to rest the great responsibilities which their profession will hereafter involve.

We must confess we see no reason to be very hopeful for the school; but we are not a whit less determined to do what we can towards bettering its condition, and we purpose, in future issues, to go more fully into the course, and especially into the manner in which the lectures are delivered.

THE LATE MR. J. RALPH MURRAY.

THERE probably is not a man connected with the University, student or professor, who will not have learned of the death of Mr. Murray with profound regret. The deceased was widely known throughout college circles. He was, emphatically, a college man; no enterprise among our students, for the past eight or ten years, wanted his assistance and advice in vain. Of a literary turn of mind, he found his most agreeable companions among University graduates and students; and among them his influence will be long felt for good. He did much for the Undergraduates' Literary Society during his course in Arts; he wrought hard for the Graduates' Society, and assisted very materially in infusing that new life and vigour into its meetings which have marked its recent history; he was one of the organizers of the University Club, and a regular attendant at the meetings of the University Literary Society. In all these institutions he was a leader among his fellows; of urbane and polished manners, of great good humour, and an agreeable disposition, his influence was deeply felt and seldom resented. In following out his convictions, he was not apt to regard any movement as to whether it was popular or not, and may possibly have made some enemies by his earnest advocacy of his views. But even those who differed from him were at all times ready to admit that it was the measure and not the man to whom they were opposed. "He that hath no friend and no enemy is one of the vulgar, and without talents, power, or energy," says Lavater. Mr. Murray had hosts of friends, and not an enemy who will not equally with us deplore his loss.

This paper is under a deep debt of gratitude to him. For years one of our assistant editors, in '85 and '86 our Editor-in-chief, our column were always enriched by contributions from his facile pen.

We bow in sorrow to the mysterious dispensation of Divine Providence, which has thus early in life, before life was well begun, deprived McGill of one of her most brilliant sons.

We direct attention to Mr. Macaulay's card in this issue of the GAZETTE. Mr. Macaulay is a graduate of Edinburgh University, a fine classical and mathematical scholar, and a very successful teacher in the High School of this city. He comes highly recommended from Edinburgh, and his work here for the past year more than justifies that recommendation. In opening the classes advertised, his aim is to assist students now pursuing their course, either in Arts or Science, in Montreal, and especially to prepare men for the entrance examination into all the different professional examinations. We can highly recommend him to all who may need his assistance.

Poetry.

WHAT DOES IT MAKE?

I'm all alone in the house, m'amie,
And I sit at my window ease
In the soft twilight
Of a summer night,
While my thoughts fly over the sea
To thee,
And I long to behold thy face.

Ah! the world grows dark for us both, my dear,
Though not yet have we reached our prime,
We have loved and lost,
And find, to our cost,
That our love dies not at a tear,
Or sigh,
But will live till the end of time.

Yet satisfied love is not love, heaven knows,
Love will ever exceed its let.
Though the loved one yield,
In the heart concealed
A longing that gives no repose
There glows—
Truest love is three-fourths regret.

So what does it make if we've lost, m'amie,
Since we know that if we had won
For its longings sake,
Still the heart must ache?
Let us laugh at woe, let us be
Heart free,
And but lovers of flowers and sun.

Montreal.

ARTHUR WEIR.

Contributions.

A COUNTRY BOY.

[WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERSITY GAZETTE.]

BY NIBL V. ERIUS.

CHAPTER I.

"Which shall it be, the laurel crown,
Of lonesome paths the god;
Or her, in whose great eyes and brown,
He sees an angel soul?"

His work about the farm was done for the day, and Peter Simson hurried into the house to change his rough clothes for his Sunday best. It was about seven o'clock. The cows had been driven back to

pasture by Ben, the *enfant terrible* of the family, the chickens had moulted their coosts and shoved each other lazily along, clucking sleepily, and the air had that peculiar yellow glare that indicates autumn and the restfulness that accompanies harvest-tide.

Peter was soon striding along the country road under the poplars and elms, and through the pasture into the maple grove. A bird still sung in a tree-top, and in the hedge of gnarled roots there was the scent of honey. The grove was not more than half a mile in depth, and after treading its mossy verdure under foot, Peter once more emerged into the open. The sun had just sunk directly ahead of him, and its rays still flashed skyward.

Not very far from the grove stood a little village on the banks of a winding river, in whose waters a few cows were standing knee-deep. To one of the cottages in the village Peter directed his way.

In front of the door there was a well, boxed in, and with the long arm of its well-pole extended over it. Peter had evidently intended entering the house, but he stopped at the well. Nor can we blame him. Bending over it, slowly raising the filled bucket from its cool depths, was a girl of about seventeen. Her back was turned to Peter, and he made no noise as he stood and looked at her. The maiden is shy, reader, but let us get behind Peter's broad shoulders and stare at her to our heart's content. She is no gauntlet—would come about up to Peter's shoulder, one would judge—but her shoulders are straight, and embowered in her hair—

"His color like nipt beech-leaves, tawny brown,
But in the sun a fountain of live gold."

Her dress seems a little too good for her to have worn it all day. She and Peter appear to have a desire to look well this evening. It is of dark red stuff, not too close fitting, and short skirted enough to reveal, in the position the girl is now in, the turn of a neat pair of ankles—evidence of the dainty feet that propel the sabots she stands in.

She had raised the bucket, and rested it a moment on the well's rim before emptying it into the tin pail she had placed near it. As she did so she turned partly, and saw Peter.

Dropping the bucket, whose crystal contents gushed over the pebbles, she ran towards him.

"Oh! Peter, you startled me. But I'm so glad you came. The school teacher is in the house, and wants to see you before you go. And, somehow, I expected you myself."

"And do you think, Lizzie, I could go away to-morrow without a glimpse of you?" replied the youth.

"I don't see why you should go away at all," answered the girl petulantly. "If you really cared for me you would not leave me for four years like this."

"And would you have me be a farmer all my life?" he asked.

"Why not? Isn't your father a farmer, and mine, and are they not happy and respected? I do not see why you should want to go to college and leave us all alone, while you meet all kinds of bad people and heartless girls, who will steal you from us—bohoo!"

And here she laid her head on Peter's shoulder and cried.

What would you have done under the circumstances, reader, if you are a man?

Well, so did Peter, and though the charm worked slowly, and had to be repeated once or twice, prevailed at last, and the halo of curls fell back once more from the tear-stained face, and sunshine followed clouds.

"How selfish of me," she said, between half-choked sobs, "but you see I am jealous. You are so clever and great that you will soon fall into the society of cities, and forget all about poor me, a farmer's daughter."

"Lizzie, how can you say that, when you know it is for your sake that I am going to college at all?"

"You think so, Peter, but you are wrong. It is ambition, not love. Love keeps hearts at home and ambition sends them away." And here she broke down, and it necessitated a vigorous denial on Peter's part, as well as a little more medicine, to bring her round.

"Just look at the bucket," she said to Peter, turning to the well. "I'll have to draw some more water now."

But she did not, you may be sure of that, with a brawny lover standing by. Peter not only drew the bucket of water, but he carried the pail into the house.

The kitchen into which the two now entered was clean as soap and water could make it. The tins shone on the walls, better mirrors far than those in the bedrooms. In an old-fashioned fire-place was a huge wood stove, polished black, and with its black pipe piercing the white-washed chimney.

The remains of the evening meal were still on the pine table: knives with handles of bone, three-tined forks, and thick crockery-ware plates were lying there among cups and saucers. But gloriously amid the commoner objects glistened a jug of maple syrup, tawny as the autumnal foliage of the trees it came from. Near it was a pat of butter, shaming the buttercreps, and nestling in green leaves, with bread—rich, home-made bread—browned with brown, and not bleached with alum, beside it, and the old-fashioned brown tea-pot, that the more it was used the better it got, lifted its snaky spout above the dishes.

Lizzie swiftly removed the dishes, and rolling up her sleeves, tied on a white apron that protected her from head to foot, and began to wash the plates. Peter sat on the edge of the table, swinging one leg, and keeping up a running commentary on the actions of his sweetheart.

Lizzie, who, like all girls, liked to be continually proving her lover, turned to him an instant, while wiping a dinner plate, and said:

"You'll find mother and Mr. Forbes in the parlor, if you want to see them."

"All right," replied Peter; "of course that's what I came for. I didn't want to see you, but I can't get away now and leave you alone. It wouldn't be polite."

"It strikes me you won't think it polite to come into the kitchen where the maid is busy when you

come back from college," said Lizzie, and there was a tone more sorrowful in it than mere badinage would cause.

"Now, Lizzie," said Peter, with some show of annoyance, "can you not spare me those hints?"

"Well, I don't care. It's real mean of you to go, just when winter's coming on and school begins. However can I do fractions when you are gone? And who will take me to the husking and spelling bees? I thought we would have such a nice time this winter, and you are going away. Well, I don't care!"

She tossed her head defiantly as she uttered this last sentiment. Womanlike, she really did experience both regret and indifference at her lover's projected going. She regretted his going, but if he could leave her, she reasoned, she would not care for him, and actually convinced herself of the fact for a few minutes.

The work was done, the apron whipped off, and the firm, round, sunburned arms were once more covered; and then the two left the kitchen to join the old folks in the parlor.

By the time that Lizzie had finished her work the night had closed in. When the two entered the parlor it was in fading twilight, and the three occupants were almost indistinguishable. They turned at the sound of footsteps, and Mr. Tilton, Lizzie's father, called out to her—

"Go get the lamp, lassie. Mr. Forbes can't see himself talk. Where have you been hiding all this time? If Peter was here I could understand your being away."

"Peter's not far off, I reckon," said Mr. Forbes. "I want to see him particularly to night, so I came down here. It was no use crossing the grove to see him, when the honey-flowers are on my road. The bee is sure to fly to them."

If they could only have seen, in the darkness, Lizzie's eloquent blushes and Peter's shuffling, they would have stopped their comments. But they did not, and the mother joined in—

"If I were Lizzie I would not let him go. What kind of husband will he be if she cannot rule him as a lover? I used to twist father round my finger."

"Ay, she did, and does it yet," chuckled the bluff old farmer, "and I'm none the worse for it."

"Father, father," broke in Lizzie, "Peter's here; do stop teasing."

And she fled, leaving poor Peter to face the music alone.

"So, lad," said Mr. Forbes, rising, "you have come to say good-bye, eh! Going into the world to forget us and our lowly ways."

Peter winced. Why would they persist in saying this.

Just then Lizzie entered with the lamp, still blushing at the memory of the past few minutes.

Mr. Forbes reopened the conversation after Lizzie had taken up some needlework and seated herself at her mother's side.

"I came over," said Mr. Forbes, "to ask you to do something for me in Montreal, and also to give you a few words of advice. With that lassie's heart to shield you, I need not warn you about the tempta-

tions you will encounter. But I will say, take care whom you make your friends at college. Colleges are little worlds, with good, bad, and indifferent people in them. You may fall into a good set, and leave college almost entirely ignorant of the fact that there was a volcano near you. Or you may fall in with a bad set, and be swallowed up. Never wait till examination time to study. Work thoroughly throughout the year, and you will not only have received, but digested, a great mass of information. Finally, I know you are not rich, but stint yourself a little rather than refuse subscriptions that you have satisfied yourself are *bona fide* institutions of the college. I have packed up a number of my books for you, which you shall have to-morrow, and if there is anything in which I can advise you, either as an old McGill man, or as a fellow-mortal, be sure you tell me, and you shall have my help and advice. You have been my most brilliant pupil; you are going where there are many better than you, partly on account of training, partly because nature was even more generous with them; and you will, doubtless, suffer defeat and feel shame. But study yourself. There is always one department in which you will be master. You may not know it for some time, but you will learn it in time, and then make that your life-work. Now for my own matter. I want you to hunt up Mr. James, in the city, he is an architect, I think, and give him this letter. You will do so, will you not?"

So saying, Mr. Forbes arose, and, lighting his pipe, buttoned up his coat to face the journey home. He was a character in the village of Frankville, a man of brilliant parts, whose ambition had burned itself out in youth, and who was now content to teach school in a clap-board house in a bosky dell, with a frail clematis climbing into the window. He had chosen the site of the school himself. The board wanted it in the heart of the village, but he had peculiar ideas on teaching, and bluntly said they would have to get another teacher if he was not allowed his own way.

"Children," he said, "learn a hundred times more from Nature than from books. Books are only substitutes for eyes, crutches for those who cannot travel alone. I want to let my pupils see the glory of nature and study her. I will not teach them to tear flowers to pieces to get at their fragrance, though some one must. But I want them to see the bee carry pollen from one plant to another on its body, to watch the habits of the birds, to mark how the stream sculpts the landscape. I want them to know every tree by its wood and its leaves, to know its haunts and its companions. Then I am ready to teach them fractions and Latin."

The people shook their heads at this, but the salary was small, and the man so well recommended, that they determined to try him.

This was six years before the commencement of this story. Mr. Forbes had had plenty of time to try his experiment, and had succeeded. His pupils did not cease their studies after school was out. They had had eyes before, now they knew how to use them. They had had ears, but they were deaf. Now they heard and understood. Self-reliant, robust, observ-

ant, this is what he had made them; and though some old fogies still shook their heads—that they might say, "I told you so," should anything go wrong—the village as a whole was well satisfied.

The moon had been rising since sunset, and was now well up in the sky; not very brilliant, however, but bright enough to reveal the road with clearness. Just as Mr. Forbes left the house, he called to Peter to join him in a short walk up the road.

"I'll send him back in five minutes, Miss Lizzie," he said, laughingly, to that young lady, as she opened the door for him. "I have something to say to him that I had forgotten, and I dare not turn back on account of its being unlucky."

Peter came, somewhat reluctantly, and attended Mr. Forbes along the country road. His companion was silent for a short distance, and Peter had almost determined to ask him what he had to say, when he turned and said—

"Peter, I am almost sorry I ever advised you to go to college."

"Why!" asked Peter, in astonishment. "Is it because you think I will not succeed?"

"It is success that I fear most, my boy," replied his teacher, solemnly.

Peter was silent. He felt that something was coming, and half guessed what it would be.

Mr. Forbes spoke again.

"Are you plighted to Lizzie, Peter? Nay, don't be angry with me. It is not curiosity that prompts this question. Tell me, are you engaged?"

"No, sir, but she has my handkerchief."

"Has your handkerchief! What do you mean?"

"Well, when a fellow wants to keep company with a girl, he gives her a handkerchief, and, if she is willing, she takes it. I thought you knew that, Mr. Forbes."

"No, Peter, I did not. You must remember that I am an old man, and not much consulted in love affairs. But I am glad it has gone as far as that. It is equivalent to an engagement, is it not?"

"Oh! no sir. She can give it back whenever she likes, and end it all."

"And do you think she will ever send it back?"

"No, I don't think so; and I shall never want it."

"I hope not, Peter; but that is just what I fear."

Peter made a gesture of annoyance.

"You all speak as if I were going to forget and forsake you. Do you think so ill of me as to dream I could leave the girl I love, for any inducement?"

"I fear so, my lad. You do not know what is before you. You will never leave her while you love her; but I fear you will soon forget her among your city friends. Oh! Peter, if the day ever comes when you are ashamed of her and deny her, she will die. That is what I fear. And I repeat, I am sorry I ever persuaded you to go from us, and I pray you will not meet with too great success."

"If ever I forget her, may success desert me," exclaimed Peter, hotly. "She has been my guiding star, and the further I go, still further will she lead me."

"Let us hope so," said Mr. Forbes, gently. "But promise me this. Before you go, place that ring you wear upon her finger."

"That I will, if she will have it," was Peter's reply, and he and the teacher parted.

Peter entered the little farm-house by the well much more thoughtful than he had left it. While he looked upon his contemplated course at college as merely an addition to his life, it worried him to find his old and experienced friends considering it a change of life. Why all this seriousness? Did anyone doubt his love for Lizzie, or fear it was not lasting? He knew better, and to convince them of their error he resolved to seal his betrothal that night, if Lizzie would have him, which he had no reason to doubt. Lizzie looked up at him with a smile as he entered, and, walking towards her, he seated himself on a low stool at her side. Her parents were busy reading the weekly papers, and apparently paid no attention to them, though a close observer might have seen a twinkle in Mr. Tilton's eyes, due perhaps to the lamp light.

"You will write to me, Lizzie, will you not?" asked Peter in a low tone.

"If you wish it, Peter," was the reply. "I will answer your letters, but there will not be much news in mine for you."

"You can at least tell me that I am not forgotten. That alone will be welcome to me in my bachelor quarters."

"The hearts that stay at home never forget, Peter; it is those who go away that forget."

Lizzie bent her head over her work. She could not see to sew, for tears were filling her eyes. She struggled manfully with them, and they got no further than the lashes.

Meanwhile old Mr. Tilton had laid down his paper, and taken off his spectacles to wipe them. As he did so, he cast a glance at the young couple, and the twinkle left his eyes. Then in a moment the cloud cleared, and he began making eccentric gestures to his wife, who was busy rocking and reading.

He winked inordinately, he screwed his mouth round, he waved his hands surreptitiously, and finally succeeded in attracting her attention.

She said:

"Well, of all the fools I ever saw, you are the biggest. What do you want now? Can't you speak out, instead of making such outlandish grimaces?"

"Sh!" said Mr. Tilton, pointing over his shoulder with his thumb at the young people. And then he began his grimaces and winking again. Mrs. Tilton looked at him, first with annoyance, then amusement, then indecision, and finally with a smiling assent to whatever he had been telling her.

She got up and slipped out of the room. A moment later she called Lizzie, who rose and obeyed her.

Mrs. Tilton soon returned and, speaking to Peter, said:—

"I'm sending Liz to sister Sarah's on an errand, Peter. She won't be long gone."

"Mayn't I go with her?" asked Peter. "The road is lonely and she may be timid."

"That's for her to say," replied her mother.

At this instant Lizzie entered, dressed ready for the journey. She stopped in the doorway to tie the knot of her bonnet, throwing back her hair as she did so.

"May I go with you, Lizzie?" said Peter.

"If you like."

After the door was closed on them, Mr. Tilton turned to his wife with the remark:

"There, let them get the parting over under the moon. What right have we to be poking our noses in our young people's love affairs, beyond seeing that their choice is wise?"

"Is it wise, father?" asked the old lady. "He is so ambitious, you know. Well, well, every one must risk something, and I think he will be true to her."

Silently the two lovers strolled along the country road. It was not necessary to speak. Each other's presence was enough, and the scene so charming that the eye could feed on it and save the brain from thought. It was autumn, as we have said, and the stubble stood in the fields. Along one portion of their path they skirted the river. Aspens whispered and quivered in the night air, and under the faint moonlight the ruins of an old stone house stood ghastly pale amid tall weeds and golden rods now turning brown.

It was not until the return journey that Peter spoke. With a lover's keen perception, he knew that an interrupted conversation, or one taking place when there was some other duty to do, was not suited for making a declaration in. He knew that the walk home might be as slow as they liked, but to catch Lizzie's aunt still up needed haste.

As they drew near the turn of the road by the river bank, he stooped to Lizzie and said:

"Let us rest here a moment, Liz, you are tired."

She obeyed him unquestioningly.

"Lizzie," he continued, "are you really afraid I shall forget you?"

"I—I don't know, Peter."

Peter seated himself beside his sweetheart and took her hand in his.

"Now Lizzie, do you think it is quite fair to treat me in this way? Have I, even for a moment, been untrue during the past year? Have I not worked to get this chance to go to college in order to lift you out of your place as a farmer's daughter? You are fit for any position, my dear girl. There need be no fear of my deserting you, for high as I may lift myself in the world, you will always be ready to step up beside me. Come, get that idea out of your pretty head. Does my love need proof? I don't think so, Liz, but yours does. Let me put this on your finger, that when I am far away among my books, you can see it and think of me."

And he drew his ring off and slipped it on her finger. "There, darling, keep it; and may the thought of it give you happiness, as it will me when we are apart."

An instant Lizzie sat twisting the ring round on her finger, and then she slowly drew it off and held it out towards him.

"No, Peter, I will not take it. Let us think as well as we can of one another in the future. No ring can strengthen our love, and I will not bind you to me, when, perhaps, your heart will turn false. Was it for this Mr. Forbes called you away with him? No, no, Peter, be warned in time. Give up these ambitions of yours, and stay here where you were born and bred, and I will be your wife, gladly. But go away and

leave me, and we shall never meet the same again, I know it! I know it!"

Her voice, which had begun falteringly and low, rose as she spoke until, as she uttered these last words, it rang like a silver trumpet through the night air.

"Lizzie," said Peter sadly, "you were the last one whom I expected to wish to keep me back in life."

The girl shuddered. She did not read the selfishness that was so apparent in his words. Love seldom does see selfishness, or, if it does, it shuts its eyes and will not look. She saw only the mote in her own eye, and shivered as she thought she detected selfishness in herself.

Selfish! when she was giving up her very life for him! Without him the world were dark, and the bird songs silenced; yet she had had the courage to renounce all claims to him. And he called her selfish! You wonder how she could believe him! Tell, then, why a maiden will lay her hand in yours trustingly, and walk out into the world's battle with you, afraid from mother's love or father's watchful care.

"I never want to keep you back, Peter, in anything you wish. But you cannot live a double life. It is not I, but fate that gives you your choice. What do I care what you are or may be, if you but love me. My life is in the country. I love the green fields and the maple groves. I am happy milking the cows or working in the dairy. I like the quiet of my life, and if I had to change it for the city, I would be ground under foot like a flower a child drops in the crowded thoroughfare. And if you leave us, you will never be a country lad again. The city will dazzle you with its glare, and your lungs will lose the taste of the wind that kisses the flowers in the school-house dell. No, Peter, leave us if you must, but do not ask me to keep your ring. You may be false to me and never hear a word of complaint, but I will not have you false to your own honor and your plighted truth."

Yes, Peter, choose between the country lass and the city belle, between the sun and the gaslight, the drone of bees and the thunder of traffic!

You have chosen? Replace the ring on your finger, then, and lead your sweetheart home. Pray they may never reproach you, the one by her absence, the other by its presence, in the years that lie between you and eternity. You have been offered love, and you want fame as well. Be wary, lest in the years to come you lose the one and find the other turn bitter in the eating.

(To be continued.)

THE LOVE OF BOOKS.

Recently, on the occasion of opening a public library at Birmingham, Mr. John Bright, turning aside from the thorny highway of politics, strayed for an hour in the flowery by-ways of literature. And so straying, he fell to discoursing of many things natural in such an hour, but all having, more or less, reference to a central idea, viz., that one of the most precious gifts that God can bestow upon a man is a great love of books. Himself an ardent reader, his feeling in regard to a library is reverential, and his sense of the privilege of having access to it profound. A library impresses him at once with solemnity and

tranquility, while the liberty to consult the books he feels to be "something like a personal introduction to the great and good men of all past times." He might have added that these men, when thus approached, are always, at the best, never indisposed to grant an audience even to the humblest, continually saying their brightest and wisest things, and not offended, however abruptly the interview with them may be brought to a close. "A book," somebody in the last century said, "is an author in full dress; he receives your worship in his best suit, his new wig, and his daintiest ruffles." Considering who the men were, and what their attitude towards us, their posterity is, we may well feel grateful for the opportunity of consulting them.

But this sense of obligation can only be strong in those who have been blessed with the "great love of books," the value of which John Bright does not overrate:—"You may have in a house costly pictures and costly ornaments, and a great variety of decorations; yet, I would prefer to have one comfortable room well stocked with books, to all that you can give me in the way of decoration which even the highest art can supply." And this "love of books" he is right in regarding as a heaven-born gift. It is far from being given to all. It is possessed in a moderate degree by many, but as an absorbing passion it is far from general. Very curious it is to note how, in a family, one or perhaps two of the children will "take" to their books. The others are, it may be, mad for sports or pets. One will take a fierce delight in every kind of exercise or trial of strength; another in keeping animals; a third in mechanics; and so forth. But if the family be large, there is generally the bookish boy, who is never so content as when he has something to read, and leisure to read it. Some parents foolishly discourage this taste, as, in their judgment, waste of time, and apt to encourage a dreamy instead of a practical tone of mind. They are greatly to blame. The boy with the book is likely to give them the least trouble, and to cut out for himself the most satisfactory future. For what is he doing? On the threshold of life he is getting an insight as to the nature of the world that lies before him, and in which he must take his part. Somewhat of this he will learn from the converse of those around him; but how little compared with what books can tell him! That must be a very wise and experienced companion who is half as well worth listening to as is even an indifferent author. Where in his circle will he find one who has travelled widely and well, exhausting all knowledge of the countries through which he has gone, learning everything about their history, their physical conformation, their produce, and the nature and customs of the people by whom they are inhabited? From whose lips will he gather rudiments of wisdom, or be lulled by the music of immortal song? What comprehensive mind is likely to have stored up and to hold available to his use the fruits of all knowledge of material things, the outcome of scientific research, or whatsoever results from the operation of economic laws? Books are the storehouses of all this treasure, and the boy is fortunate who has an instinctive taste for consulting them.

To quote John Bright again :—"The youth of life is the seed-time of life; and if there be no seed-sowing, there will certainly be no harvest." Of course, very much that is necessary is accomplished in the ordinary routine of education. Every child is taught something that will be useful in the future. There is an intellectual seed-time for all, but the experience of most of us who have travelled the road of life is, that we did not get our real education at school. It was not given to us. We picked it up for ourselves from the study of books or of men. And happy is he who has the gift that enables him to take delight early in this supplemental study for its own sake.

But it is not even for the value of what "a great love of books" brings with it, in the shape of intellectual gains, that it is so great a blessing. I should be inclined to rate it highest as a resource.

I like to see that a man has a hobby. It may be a very poor one—those around him may regard it with contempt. No matter, the end is answered if he gets comfort and contentment out of it. He may collect insects or postage stamps, or bring the resources of science to bear on an improvement in mouse-traps, or try to square the circle, or perfect himself in some form of athletics—anything, so long as it is an absorbing delight to him. We give children something to amuse them, and to keep them out of mischief. While they are amused they are happy, and the house is quiet. Well, men are but children of a larger growth, and must have something to amuse them. A listless, aimless, uninterested human being is of all creatures the most to be pitied. Interested in nothing on the road, he drags the chain of life wearily along, conscious only of its weight, and of the decrease in his dragging power. If he could only find a solace in the birds that sing to him! If he only cared enough to heed the beauty of the leaves and grasses that make the hedgerow green! If he were but struck with a desire to know something of what goes to the making of the road itself! In any case, he would be blither and happier, for intelligent interest would cheat the sense of weariness, and yield delight.

But of all hobbies, the taste for reading is the most salutary. It can be indulged under all conditions, and is attended with scarcely any drawbacks. The study of a science or acquirement of an art is, so to speak, conditional. It depends on circumstances favourable to its enjoyment. A book can be taken up or laid down at any moment, and enjoyed anywhere. It gives a charm to solitude, yet the pleasure of it may be shared by a companion, or even by a circle of friends. Reading, too, is, perhaps, alone among amusements, attended with absolute profit. While the mind is beguiled it is being improved. Delightful in the mere act of acquirement, the impressions remain to charm the fancy, to enrich the conversation, to increase the store of knowledge. I cannot conceive the mental status of people, whom I now and then meet with, who assure me that they do not care about reading, and who manifestly regard it as a task and a bore. How barren their minds must be!—like poor chambers, ill-lit and adorned with no pictured fancy, no imaginative colour, no gilding gleam of wit. The non-reader is like a pris-

oner in a cell, the grated windows of which command the most varied, the most beautiful, and the most fascinating landscapes in the world—and he never looks out!

What should we think of a magician who would bestow on us the gift of an amulet that had the power of transporting us, at a touch, out of ourselves and our sordid surroundings, and conveying us whithersoever we would—yea, even into the past, or throughout the world of dreams? It would seem the greatest boon humanity could know of. Yet, a book fulfils all these conditions. We are sad, and it gives us mirth. We are weary, and it stimulates our jaded thoughts. Grief is ours, and we get nepenthe; irritation, and the magic leaves, fraught with a subtle balm, bring us repose. In the hour of our saddest bereavement we seek the unflinching friend, and its utterances calm and sustain. In youth the book is a revelation, in middle life a delight, and in the solitude of age a companion and a solace. Is it not true, then, that a taste for reading is the most desirable taste that a man can acquire? and is not Mr. Bright justified in his impression that "there is no blessing that can be given to an artisan's family," or to any other family, for that matter, "greater than a love of books."

Most of us, who have read for pleasure, remember the most notable things that the poets and essayists have written in praise of books. There is, if my memory is not at fault, a famous passage in *The Elder Brother*; there are many exquisite passages in which they are referred to in Shakespeare, and we all recollect Southey's little poem on the Library, which is the principal thing by which he is remembered:—

"My days among the dead are passed."

An almost forgotten sonnet of Leigh Hunt's, which has been recovered from the *Examiner* for December 2nd, 1815, is about as perfect a 14 lines as ever were written, showing his appreciation of certain authors. What book would Hunt take with him, could he take but one? He sings:—

"Were I to name, out of the times gone by,
The poets dearest to me, I should say—
PULCI for spirits, and a fine, free way;
CHAUCER for manners, and close, silent eye;
MILTON for classic taste, and harp strung high;
SPENSER for luxury, and sweet, sylvan play;
HORACE for chatting with from day to day;
SHAKESPEARE for all, but most society.
But which take with me, could I take but one?
SHAKESPEARE, as long as I was unoppressed
With the world's weight, making sad thoughts intenser;
But did I wish, out of the common run
To lay a wounded heart in leafy rest,
And dream of things far off and healing—SPENSER."

Of later date, some verses, by Mr. G. P. Lathrop, have a happy ring in them, and the concluding lines are capital:—

"Be they splendid, or tattered-malton,
If only you know what they mean by their looks,
You will never find a better battalion
Of soldiers to serve you than well-tried books."

—QUEVEDO.

McGill News.

The venerable Registrar of the University, W. Craig Baynes, M.A., died suddenly, at his residence, on Sunday last, the 9th inst.

A few days after lectures were commenced in the Arts Faculty, two (freshies it is to be hoped, went into the Dean's office and stated that they could not attend the ordinary lectures in such and such a course; but (with great condescension) they were quite willing to go to the ladies' classes!

The fact that there are no returns as yet from the professors, hinders any more remarks about the "fair" freshies, for one's eyes may be used in the centre-hall, but we betide the daring intruder beyond the Chemistry Room. This year the prophesied hundred lady students has become a reality; so far, some ten of the newer arrivals are undergrads of '91. As usual, the larger number are partials and occasionals, which fact seems to be occasioned by the course of study pursued in the ladies' schools. As soon, however, as the class-lists are in, those who are interested may find the exact numbers, with all other particulars.

Again we are together—we Arts-men—and what do we see? One or two of the '87's are left to us in the form of Post-grads. The class of '88 is wondering whether the medals will come out of the centre-door, or by the side-entrance. The small-pox year, that of '89, is small in number. A goodly proportion of last year's freshies has managed to become the Sophomore class. But of the '81's, what of them? They have been called "greener," "fresher," "younger," "more mixed," than any previous. But what are they really? The Molson Hall may help to answer that question. After Christmas there will be some half-a-hundred undergrads. While the partials are in the usual state of many, varied, and hard to find. On the whole, the freshman class in Arts is larger than ever before, and surely with such numbers it contains some "stones of high value."

The different Faculties have elected their office-bearers for the ensuing year, with the following result:—

LAW.	
President.....	R. A. Dunton, N.P.
Vice-President.....	F. Topp, B.A.
Secretary.....	J. Harvey.
Representatives of McGill University Athletic Association.....	H. A. Budden, B.A. & S. W. Mack.
Representative Editor of the UNIVERSITY GAZETTE.....	R. H. Clerk, B.A.

MEDICINE.	
President.....	W. J. Bradley, B.A., '88.
Vice-President.....	C. P. Dewar, '88
Secretary.....	D. H. Hubbard, '88.
Students' Editor on the UNIVERSITY GAZETTE.....	W. J. Delaney, '88.

ARTS.	
4th Year President.....	J. A. McPhail.
3rd " ".....	H. V. Truell.
2nd " ".....	P. Davidson.
1st " ".....	J. MacGregor.
Students' Editor.....	Horace Mason.

SCIENCE.	
4th Year President.....	M. W. Hopkins.
2nd " ".....	P. N. Evans.

READING-ROOM.

President.....	J. A. McPhail.
Vice-President.....	C. B. Reed.
Treasurer.....	A. L. Drummond.
Secretary.....	H. Mason.

The following is the result of the recent Scholarship and Exhibition Examinations:—

THIRD YEAR.

Gibson, W. D....	Natural Science Scholarship.
Truell, H.....	Classical and Modern Language Scholarship.
Dicks, W.....	do. do. do. do.

SECOND YEAR.

MacDougall, R.....	Exhibition.
Robertson, A. A.....	do.
Nicholls, A. G.....	do.

FIRST YEAR.

McGregor, J. M.....	Exhibition.
Le Rossignol, W.....	do.

Governor-General's exemptions from fees for five years were awarded to McGregor, Le Rossignol, Reeves, and Walsh.

FLEURS DE LYS.

A volume of poems under this title is now in course of publication by the well-known publishers, Messrs. Dawson Bros. The author of the work is Mr. Arthur Weir, B. Ap. Sc., one of McGill's most gifted young graduates. The book will, we understand, contain about sixty pages on old French Canada, sixty-three pages of verses on miscellaneous subjects, and about twenty pages of love poems.

It is to be gotten up in good style, and the well-known ability of the author should secure for it a large sale. It is a somewhat ambitious effort, and we trust that Mr. Weir will be very successful, and that he will especially receive a splendid support in his undertaking from all McGill men.

OPENING LECTURE IN ARTS.

A good deal of satisfaction was expressed when it became known that Sir Robert Ball, F.R.S., LL.D., would deliver a lecture on "The Earth and Moon: a Chapter of Ancient History," before the members and friends of the University. The lecture was given in the William Molson Hall, on Friday, 30th Sept., before a large and appreciative audience. The Chancellor was in the chair, and on the platform were the Principal, the Deans, and several Professors of the Faculties of Medicine, Arts, and Science.

Sir Robert first insisted on the ancient character of his data and the truthfulness of mathematical reasoning when dealing with the past and future. He demonstrated his own excellence as a popular exponent of scientific truth, by making clear the most abstruse points in astronomy, by the mere aid of a maple leaf and improvised globe. He laid special stress on the phenomenon of tides, and by a clear process showed that their motive power is derived from the kinetic energy of the earth, a force which is theoretically exhaustible, and really so, because the tides, acting as a brake upon the earth, it is becoming gradually slower in its movement, and in consequence each day is longer than the one that precedes it, so that we are tending towards the present condition of the

moon. He assured his hearers that there was no immediate danger to the present dwellers on the earth, though he took a somewhat gloomy view of the time when our day will equal fifty-seven of the twenty-four hours, which are now popularly supposed to make up the only true day, when the earth and moon will move together as if joined by an invisible bond, and when there shall be no more tides.

There was a time when the earth, a mobile plastic body, revolving so swiftly, something under one revolution in four hours, that the centrifugal force was called into operation, and part of its bulk was given off as a satellite, revolving at a rate equal to its own—the moon, which is gradually becoming more distant in accordance with the third law of motion, and is still receding from our view, and losing its influence over the earth. In passing, he insisted on the importance of the discoveries made by Prof. Asa Hall at Washington, of the work done at Harvard, Chicago, Baltimore, and at our own observatory.

In proposing a vote of thanks, Sir Wm. Dawson mentioned the lecture as being not one of the least important benefits the people of Montreal had derived from the visit of the British Association, of which Sir Robert was the President.

THE OPENING OF THE MEDICAL SESSION.

The opening address to the students in Medicine was this year delivered by Sir James Grant, M.D., of Ottawa, Monday, Oct. 3rd, 3 p.m. Sir James is a graduate of McGill, and takes a deep interest in college affairs. Among those present were:—Sir Wm. Dawson, principal; Dr. R. P. Howard, dean; Dr. James Stewart, registrar; Drs. MacCallum, Ross, Roddick, Girdwood, Shepherd, Buller, Cameron, Wilkins, Mills, MacDonell, Gardner, Rodger, Sutherland, Bell, Alloway, Ruttan, Johnson, T. D. Reed, C. E. Cameron, R. J. B. Howard, A. W. Gardner, Lafleur, Allan, Flagg, E. H. Blackadder; besides the students of the various years. The address was short, but very comprehensive, and contained some excellent advice to the students, both Primary and Final. Sir James, in his address, paid a glowing tribute to some of our former professors, men whom, he said, had during their lifetime done so much for the Medical Faculty, and among those mentioned were Holmes, Stephenson, Sutherland, Drake, Fraser, and Scott, all men who had worked hard and earnestly, and under great difficulties, to make the Medical course of McGill second to none on this continent. He also referred in very high terms to the late Sir William Logan, who had been in his lifetime an earnest friend to the Faculty; and to Sir Wm. Dawson, the present principal, to whom, he said, great praise was due for his untiring efforts to assist the Medical Faculty in every way possible.

He referred in very eulogistic terms to the magnanimous jubilee gift of Sir Donald Smith and Sir Geo. Stephen, and said that by spending their wealth in this way, for the good of suffering humanity, those men had made themselves names which would go down to posterity. He asked the students to be in earnest, and while in college do their best; and said

he felt sure anyone who did this would be an honour to himself, his country, and his Alma Mater. The address was listened to with great interest by all, and was followed by loud and prolonged applause.

Dr. Howard, the chairman, then called on Sir Wm. Dawson, who made a few remarks. He said Sir Jas. Grant was the first Canadian physician who had been knighted as a reward for distinguished research, but hoped he was the first of many present who would at some future time be so honoured.

In the evening Sir James was the guest of the Faculty at a dinner in the St. James Club. Over thirty sat down to dinner, and a very pleasant evening was spent. The only guests beside Sir James were Dr. F. W. Campbell, dean of the Medical Faculty of Bishops; Dr. McEachern, principal of the Veterinary College; Dr. Edmondston Charles, late professor of midwifery in Calcutta; and Dr. Rodger.

The regular work of the session began on Tuesday, Oct. 4th.

Societies.

THE UNIVERSITY CLUB.

On Saturday, the 24th September last, a regular monthly meeting was held, Dr. Stewart in the chair. An exceptionally large number of members was present.

Dr. F. Buller, proposed by Prof. Moyses, seconded by Mr. Hall; and Mr. Duntun, proposed by Mr. Burland, seconded by Mr. Brown, were duly elected members of the club.

Moved by Mr. C. J. Doherty, Q.C., and seconded by Mr. R. J. Elliot:—"That this club has learned, with the most profound regret, of the death of Mr. J. Ralph Murray, one of its founders and most zealous and active officers; that the members of the club desire to express their deep sense of the loss which the club has sustained, and their sorrow at the loss of one whose distinguished abilities gave promise of his reflecting credit on the University, on the professional career on which he was just entering, and whose kindly disposition had secured for him the hearty friendship of all who knew him."

Moved by Mr. J. P. Cooke, and seconded by Mr. J. F. Mackie:—"That copies of the above resolution be sent to the friends of the late Mr. Murray, and handed to the press for publication."

The Treasurer being then called upon to give some information regarding the financial position, said he preferred to postpone a formal statement until a subsequent meeting; but that the receipts were sufficient to warrant him in saying that the club was now on a firm foundation. It only remained with the present members to carry on and strengthen the good work so well begun by its founders. He urged upon all those who had subscribed to the furnishing fund to pay in as rapidly as possible, so that the ordinary receipts should not, even for the time being, be diverted from their natural channel of improving and expanding the work so well begun.

There being no further business, the meeting adjourned.

Sporting.

RUGBY FOOTBALL.

The McGill University Rugby Football Club have commenced practice, and there is little doubt but that there will be placed on the field this fall a rattling fifteen.

The team were remarkably successful last season, having defeated Toronto University and Queen's University amongst others, and ranked with the Ottawa College, Britannia, and Montreals as the four best teams in Canada.

Of last year's team, Hughes, Drummond, Henderson, Hamilton, MacLean, Dunlop, and Macnutt—all good men—are actively playing. But there are some decided losses, and May, Kirby, and Palmer will be sadly missed. Springle, Robertson, and Macdonnell will likely play. Blanchard has an injured finger, but will be O K in a few days. However, it is hard to say what the *personnel* of the team will be, and the committee is on the outlook for new men, and will do their level best to fill up vacancies and play their strongest fifteen.

We will discuss the 2nd fifteen in another number.

We strongly urge all men to turn out and play the grand old game of Rugby, which develops every manly quality, and not become, as too often observed in this College, narrow-chested and morose.

Looking at the team pictures, it has struck us that it has not been Rugby men that have been found at the tail-end of their respective years.

Personals.

- Dr. Ellis, '87, is in London, Eng.
 Dr. Hurdman, '85, has also started in Ottawa.
 Dr. Edgar, '87, is practising in Inverness, Que.
 Dr. Wm. Christie, '87, is practising in Lachute.
 Dr. Porter, '87, is practising in Watertown, N.Y.
 Dr. Klock, '85, has commenced practice in Ottawa.
 Dr. Easton, '87, is practising in Smith's Falls, Ont.
 Dr. D. J. Scully, '87, has gone to Dakota to practise.
 Dr. Richardson, '87, is practising in Richmond, Ont.
 Dr. A. G. Hall, '87, is practising in Ormstown, Que.
 Dr. A. M. Lafferty, '87, has gone out West to practise.
 Dr. A. D. MacDonald, '87, is practising in Carleton, N.B.
 Dr. A. L. MacDonald, '87, is practising in Alexandria, Ont.
 Dr. Evans, '87, Holmes medalist, is practising in Seaforth, Ont.

Dr. H. Lunam, '81, of Campbellton, N.B., was in town last week.

Dr. E. P. Williams, '87, is out on the Algoma branch of the C.P.R.

Dr. Harry Grant, '86, has recently registered at the Canadian Office, London.

Dr. Cowie, '87, is out in British Columbia, surgeon on the C.P.R. construction.

Dr. Bowen, '87, has gone South, and commenced practice in Knoxville, Tenn.

Dr. A. W. Gardner, '87, has settled in the city, and is practising in the West-End.

Dr. Kinloch, '86, returned from Europe in July, and has started practice in the West-End.

Dr. E. H. P. Blackadder, '87, is the resident physician in the University Maternity Hospital.

Dr. Allan, '85, returned from Europe during the summer, and has commenced practice on St. Antoine street.

Dr. Flagg, '87, was in town last week, returning from Europe, where he has been for the past six months.

Drs. Lafleur and K. Cameron, '87, and A. Campbell, '86, are resident physicians in Montreal General Hospital.

Dr. A. N. Worthington, '86, of Sherbrooke, was married in September to Miss Cook, of Simcoe, and has gone to Europe on a wedding tour.

Jas. Walsh, B.A., '87, has turned his thoughts towards the all-absorbing lucre, and is now to be found in the business line at Huntington, Que.

A. R. Johnson, B.A., '87, has gone to prosecute his studies at Cambridge. He has entered for a scholarship, and his class-mates are awaiting the result.

W. H. Turner, B.A., was in the city last week, on his way to undertake his new duties on the editorial staff of the *Manitoba Free Press*. Good luck, Walter!

Drs. Birkett and Orton sailed on the S.S. "Sarnia" last month on their way to England and Germany. Dr. Birkett intends remaining two years and Dr. Orton one year.

C. B. Kingston, B.A., '87, has deserted his faculty for the younger sister, and has commenced the profession of a civil engineer. He is at present engaged in field work out in British Columbia.

Several of the men of '87 are still to be seen in town, some of them following up the teaching profession, others completing their theological studies. J. A. Nicholson, Robt. Johnston, J. P. Gerrie, A. P. Solandt, are among the said B.A.'s.

Just as college opened was announced the sad news of the death of Mr. Rowland S. Hill. Mr. Hill entered Arts with the class of '87, after distinguishing himself in the Montreal High School. After passing the Intermediate Examination with very high stand-

ing, he turned his thoughts towards the professions, and entered Medicine. Here he merely had time to lay the foundations of a reputation as a very attentive student, and hard worker, with bright promise, when the painful disease, which finally carried him off, began to tell on him. During the last two years Mr. Hill was unable to do but the smallest amount of his course, and finally, during last session, he had to give up work altogether.

Exchanges.

The only exchanges that have reached us yet are *Our School Times*, from Londonderry, Ireland, and *Colby Echo*. We shall gladly welcome back our accustomed visitors of former years.

The *School Times* is a model of its kind; well-written, serious, practical articles find a prominent place in the journal, school news and gossip are not forgotten, while "Fairy Legends of the County Londonderry," and "An Odd Leaf from an Examiner's Note Book," are both cleverly written and very amusing.

Between the Lectures.

It is only when in love that the gambler is satisfied to hold a small hand.

If there is really such a thing as a game leg, it must be got in the game of foot-ball.

A red headed student has spent the vacation in making a collection of the various fire-escape catalogues, under the impression that they are advertisements of new devices in hair-dye.

WILLIE'S MISTAKE.—New York boy—"Oh, ma, what a funny little narrow belt!"

New York mother—"That isn't a belt, Willie. That's the waist to your sister's new ball dress."

TALKING SHOP.—"You must be a good judge of human nature," said a young lady of a scientific turn to a photographer. "Would you mind telling me what you find to be the most common type of men?"

"Tintypes, ma'am," replied the photographer; "four for twenty-five."

SURE SIGNS.—"What makes you think that old Moneybags is at last reconciled to his daughter's marriage to young Merritt?" asked Mrs. Cobwigger.

"Because," replied Mr. Cobwigger, "I saw the old man come out in the yard this evening with slippers on and tie up the dog."

MISS KANE.—"I think my girth has broken, Michael."

THE NEW GROOM (who has learned his trade at *Delmonico's as a reserve waiter*).—"Yis, me leddy (modestly); yure chapperoon 'll soon be wid yez. She's jist risin' th' hill wid th' vhictoria (devil take the name!)"

OMAHA CHILD.—The lady in the next house is just as lovely as she can be.

NEW YORK CHILD.—She's no lady.

"Indeed she is, too."

"No she isn't. Her pug dog has the same colored ribbon on in the afternoon that it wears in the morning."

TO THOSE WHO CAN WAIT.—Cousin George—"I've a confession to make to you, Grace, something I've intended to tell you for some time, and"—

Grace (who has been patiently waiting on George for two years)—"Oh, George! this is so sudden (after a sigh), but, go on."

George—"Well, I'm—I'm going to be married."

"Now children," said the Sunday school teacher, who had been impressing upon the minds of her pupils the terrors of future punishment, "if any of you have anything on your minds, any trouble that you would like to ask me about, I will gladly tell you all I can."

There was no response for some time. At length a little fellow on the other end of the bench raised his hand and said:—

"Teacher, I've got a question."

"Well, what is it?"

"Ef you was me, 'an had a stubbed toe, would you tie it up in a rag with arniker onto it or would ye jes let it go!"—*Merchant Traveller.*

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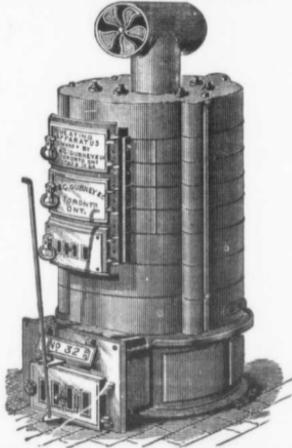
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