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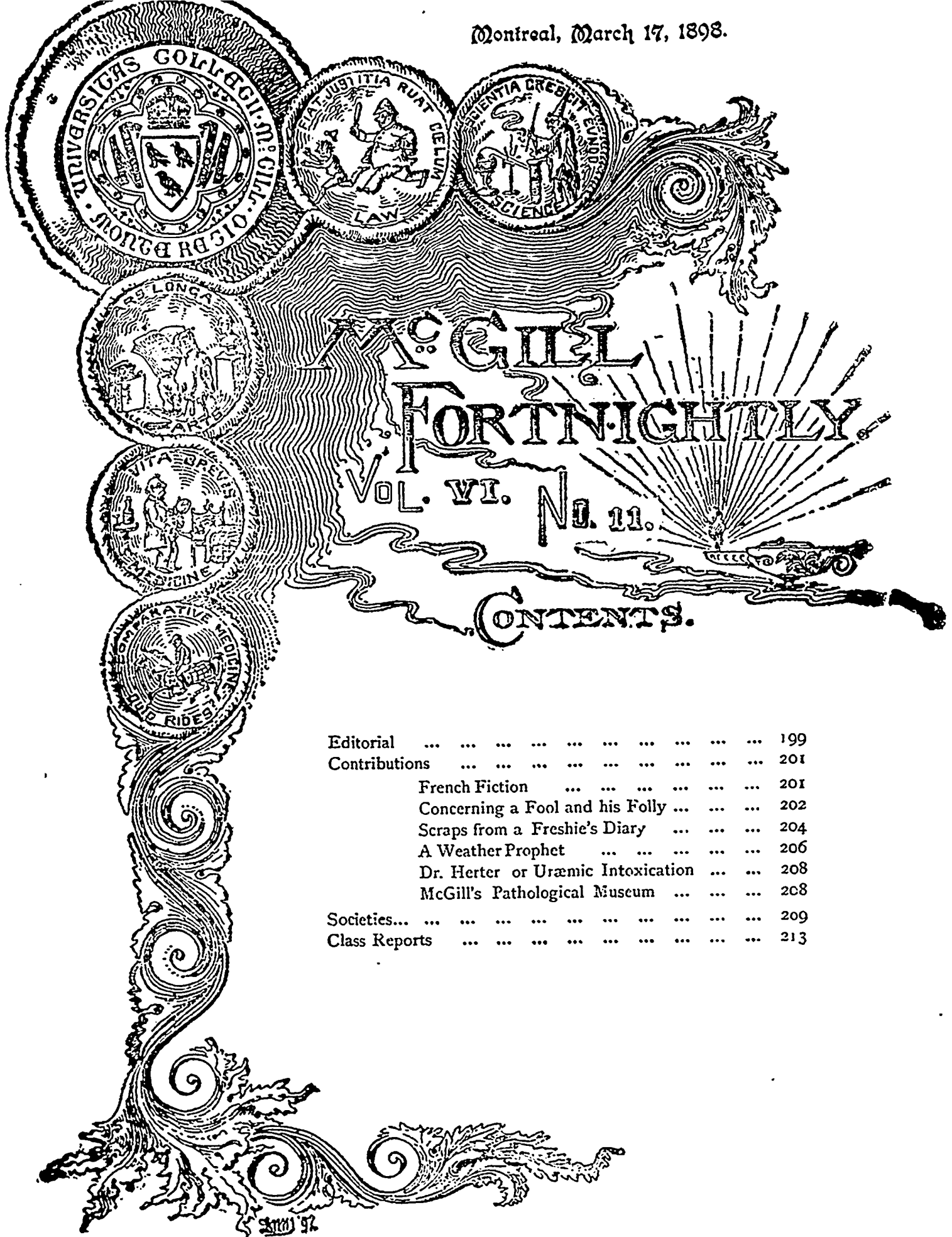
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Montreal, March 17, 1898.



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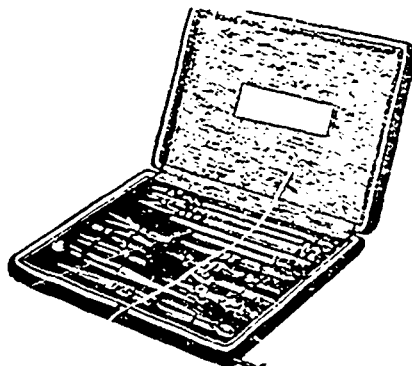
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# MCGILL FORTNIGHTLY

VOL. VI.

MONTREAL, MARCH 17, 1898

No. 11

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## Editorial.

MARCH seventeenth marks the beginning of the end for volume six of THE FORTNIGHTLY. At last week's meeting of the Editorial Board Mr. Wallis handed in his last faculty report, explaining that, although the Faculty of Comparative Medicine would be pleased to receive the last number of the volume, no report need be expected to issue from the press of their examinations. We congratulate the Faculty on the entertaining articles which have appeared in their column. The sayings and doings of Fac. Comp. Med. have been read with pleasure by many subscribers in sister faculties. If ever the present generation establishes a Union we shall hope to enjoy a closer acquaintance with the Faculty in Union avenue.

WE have been requested to insert in the present number a notice or review of the second volume of the *McGill Annual*. At our suggestion the Editors endeavored to secure us proof sheets by which to judge of the merits of their work. Unfortunately all the forms yet printed, save one, are at the binders and, therefore, inaccessible. One or two forms have yet to go to press, but the whole work is promised for delivery before the publication of our next issue.

From the sample furnished us we have no hesitation in pronouncing the typography everything that it should be. The paper has a high finish, and takes the impression of the portraits very well indeed. We believe that in the long run the popularity of this and of future Annuals will rest to a great extent on the nature of the illustrations, which should be a reminder of the year's happenings about College, and naturally upon the quality of their execution. It is no small praise to admit that '99 is offering better value in the reproduction of its photographic groups and portraits than did the Annual of last year. In the preface the Editors acknowledge their indebtedness to the University Librarian and to several members of the teaching staff, 'for their contributions and other aid.' We do not take this as a lack of literary enterprise in '99, as the reading matter must constitute a large portion of the volume. In addition to the above assistance many an intelligent pen has been sharpened in the Editor's behalf within the limits of the Class. This fact we can attest by the unsatisfactory replies received from not a few when approached for assistance by the Editors of THE FORTNIGHTLY. While wishing THE FORTNIGHTLY every success, they have been occupied 'in writing for the Annual this year.'

Since writing the foregoing several of the original drawings have been shown us by Mr. Colpitts. Of some two or three dozen sketches we think those by Mr. Van Horne and Mr. Colpitts are by far the most interesting. To be sure, the silhouette of the Quebec trip is highly suggestive of the immortal journey.

We are glad to announce that one of the great attractions in the volume will be the reproduction of a series of photographs of the delightful encounter between Science and Arts last week. When future generations read of how well Horatio kept the steps, the witness will lie in Mr. Toole's photograph.

THE annual report of the Grounds' Committee is ready to be submitted to the Governors. We would gladly have published a part at least in this number, contributions not being abundant in the spring, but as the report is addressed to the Governors it will not be at our disposal before the next meeting of the Board.

IT is interesting to note that in connection with the increased fee in Arts, a sum of money has been obtained (about eleven hundred dollars) for a bursary fund. These new prizes will do a great deal to overcome the

objections raised against the increased fee. We understand that the capital will be expended at once with a view to showing those interested in such funds that a large number of able students are ready to profit by the more comprehensive course in Arts as soon as the means are placed within their reach.

INSTEAD of resorting to the somewhat hackneyed expedient of fines for raising the money to pay for broken glass in the Arts building, we respectfully suggest to the Faculty that the amount be raised by a popular subscription. THE FORTNIGHTLY, therefore, comes forward to open a "relief fund," knowing that all who were privileged to take part in the fracas on Friday will be keen to subscribe to the fund, and being anxious to make the subscription as general as possible we feel obliged to limit the amount to a maximum subscription of five cents. Small change and unused stamps will be taken at their current value. White car tickets will be reckoned as representing two cents, red tickets three, blue tickets four cents. If any of the younger members of the Donalda department care to send in green tickets these will be acknowledged in our columns at the rate of three for five cents.

Subscriptions are payable to all class reporters and to the Faculty representatives on business and editorial boards!

#### THE DISCONTENTED MAID.

##### I.

Just listen to my tale of woe,  
How I am scorned and flouted.  
How by a maid in the first year  
I utterly am routed.

##### II.

Around the rink we slowly glide;  
Slow sinking westward is the sun.  
The ice is perfect underneath.  
And happy everyone.

##### III.

As thus we sliding, gliding, go,  
My happiness and joy are full.  
When suddenly I hear her say:  
"Pray, sir, why don't you pull?"

##### IV.

Oh bitter, bitter is the grief,  
That comes in midst of bliss,  
And bitter, bitter is the shock  
I get by words like this.

##### V.

On we go with quickening pace,  
Till we in speed surpass them all.  
"Why do you go so fast?" she says,  
"I do not wish to fall."

##### VI.

Why, why is she so discontent  
With her ordained, appointed lot?  
Why does she grumble all the time?  
Alas, I knoweth not.

##### VII.

Nothing to eat but tiresome food,  
Nothing to breathe but the same air,  
Nothing to read but papers, books;  
Nothing but clothes to wear.

##### VIII.

And though I strive and try my best  
To please and charm this maiden meek,  
To her I am a "monument  
Of unprecedented check."

##### T.

## Contributions.

### FRENCH FICTION—EMILE ZOLA.

The readers of modern French fiction, in spite of what Matthew Arnold says to the contrary, do not seem to be on the wane; on the contrary they are on the increase, and every new work from the pen of such masters of their art as Zola, Bourget or Daudet is immediately devoured by thousands of readers either in the original or in translation.

Since the death of the great novelists of the third quarter of this century, England has not commanded continental attention. Russia, indeed, has for some time past attracted attention to herself by the freshness and originality of her work in this department, and may in the near future win that allegiance which France now holds. It seems fair, however, to say that French fiction, for the time at all events, holds the field. Before dealing with Zola individually, let us look for a moment at the origin and general character of this fiction. If one were asked to mention any one work which might be said to have founded this school, the answer would certainly be Madame Bovary, which appeared a little after the middle of the century. It is evident that we have here something vastly different from all that had preceded it. There is no longer the romance and the lyricism of the past generation. The lyrical source was dried up. The ideal had ceased to exist, and, as Sainte-Beuve says, there were introduced a spirit of observation and a touch of hardness. This spirit of observation and this touch of hardness have since been pushed to their very limit. Madame Bovary is a work which contains, however, in germ, almost all the developments of the modern novel. It is deeply tinged with that brutal cynicism, with that contempt of the immortal side of man, and with that dissatisfaction with life and its duties which seems so prevalent among the French race to-day. These are sentiments which, at the present time, pervade a great deal of their literature.

In Madame Bovary there is not one character who is happy, not one who is good and noble,

and not even one whom we admire. Everything is sad and mournful, and one rises from a perusal of the book with the question, *cui bono, cui bono?* The worst of such a book as this is that it does not give you a glimpse of anything better. You do not see the better country which may lie alongside. Your mind is depressed; all your better impulses are checked, and your enthusiasm killed, and without enthusiasm nothing can be accomplished in this world worth the doing. The ghastly suicide of Emma Bovary seems a fitting close to the book, and this very fact is, of itself, strong proof of the pernicious influence of the work.

As I have said, this school originated, so far as any book can be said to found a school, in Madame Bovary, and the principles in force there have since been carried very far. In looking for the chief of this school in our own day you will naturally pick out Emile Zola, and rightly so. He is the undoubted head of the French realistic school. That spirit of observation and touch of hardness have been carried very far indeed by him. Nothing is too trivial to escape his notice, and nothing too sacred for him to touch upon. No action is too foul for his description, and no words too gross for his use.

The main bulk of his work is contained in the Rougan-Macquart series—a picture of social life under the Empire. The system upon which he seems to proceed is that of taking a certain short period of time in the history of some family and giving us a photographic view of it.

Reproducing their daily life for us with the exactitude of a camera, he carries us through a world where there is little else than debauchery and crime, where men's motives are low and their actions foul, and yet everything is painted with such verve and the story told with such dash that we cannot help following him to the end.

His power of description is phenomenal. Every minute detail seems laid bare before your eyes with the vividness and distinctness



with which things are seen in a flash of lightning. The description in "La Débâcle" of the operating room after the battle will never be forgotten by anyone who has read it. Every detail will remain indelibly stamped upon the memory. I remember very vividly the only operation which I have ever seen. It was that of a man who was getting his knee-cap removed. Every detail of the room, of the doctors and of the operating-table and the subject upon it are present as visibly to my mind as if I saw them before me in a picture. And this in a measure is the effect produced by some of Zola's descriptions. In the two last works which we have had from M. Zola's pen, he has carried this much too far, and not only so, but to me at least he seems to have lost his grip. I refer to *Lourdes* and *Rome-Lourdes*; as a catalogue and description of diseases it is excellent, as a novel it is uninteresting and inartistic to the last degree. "Rome," in spite of many fine passages, may be very useful as a Baedeker or as a guide-book to the Holy City, but as a novel it must be denied a place beside his other work.

Zola has for many years been a candidate for a seat among the forty immortals—but has always been rejected. He wishes to become a member of that body as representing the realistic school, and as an acknowledgment from the Academy of the position of that school in the world of Art. The defence of the followers of M. Zola for the foulness of a great deal of their work is that a faithful reproduction of any manner of life is true art, and that in developing the character and in delineating the motives of these people, they must necessarily use the language and reproduce the thoughts and actions of the class they are dealing with. This may be true enough, but I very much doubt me if Zola has even done this much. It seems impossible that there should be so great a preponderance of evil in the lower rank of the people, or that characters taken at random from them should have so little good in their composition. Zola creates the impression that his characters are types, and if that is the case then I can't believe his type a possible one, and his art is false. The seamy side of life is not all of life or even half

of life, and yet he sees no other side, and can't or won't see any other side, for he has steeped himself in this same milieu for the last twenty years. Where then does Zola's power lie? It is in this. He is as I have perhaps indicated already the greatest living story-teller. His novels move on with a majestic stride and grand sweep which carry the reader irresistibly along, and this is what has gained for him the prodigious popular success which he has achieved. Zola, indeed, occupies a unique position in French Literature to-day, but let us hope that it may not prove to be a stable one, and that his influence, which cannot fail to be pernicious, will not extend into the coming generations.

S. G. A.

#### CONCERNING A FOOL AND HIS FOLLY.

Weston was one of those men who have theories. This must be known to understand what follows. Weston was a bit of an author, a bit of a traveller, a bit of a scientist; in fact, a little of almost everything except politician. He used to explain this by saying that every one drew the line somewhere. Some drew it at murder, others at thieving, while he himself fell a little below these gentlemen by drawing his line at politics. However, as some one else had spoiled the Egyptians for him, Weston's principal occupation was that of being a gentleman. And here it must be allowed that he succeeded remarkably well.

It happened that, a year or two ago, Weston found himself spending the summer at one of the more or less small and secluded lakes which nestle among the Green Mountains and the lesser hills which continue that range northwards. At first, he was somewhat at a loss to account for his coming there instead of going to Europe or to the South Sea Islands; afterwards, however, it became perfectly clear to him that a special providence had sent him there that he might meet Miss Alice Leighton of Boston. It is useless to describe that lady because no one except Weston would care for the description, and it is most certain that it would not satisfy him. Let it be sufficient that she was a lady who had ideas and at the same time knew how to express them, besides being the owner of a beautiful

face. For the rest, a mountain lake not very much frequented is quiet, and the summer days are long. Weston and Miss Leighton talked and boated together, admired beautiful sunsets together, and quoted poetry to each other. The waters of a quiet lake make an excellent mirror, a long summer is a most propitious time in which to discover amiable qualities; therefore it is not a very great wonder that Weston and Miss Leighton went back to town engaged. One important result of this occurrence being that Weston took a sudden and altogether unprecedented interest in society; while at the same time he discovered that his Bohemian friends were strangely lacking in culture and totally unfit companions for a gentleman soon to be the husband of Miss Alice Leighton.

It hath been poetically remarked that "man was made to mourn," and further more it is well known to the wise that man walketh up and down seeking trouble wherewith he may torment himself. Consequently what happened is not at all strange. Miss Leighton had a cousin, one of those bad young men who travel to and fro in the wild places of the earth seeing things, after which they come back home to throw everyone else into the shade; one of those young men who will never become great, who will never be Napoleons of finance, as the papers say, nor lawyers who make a murderer caught red-handed seem a persecuted saint, nor even mighty ward politicians, but who, nevertheless, make very interesting and pleasant companions.

This will sufficiently explain how, after Mr. John Morton (for that was his name) and Mr. Alex. Weston had conversed with Miss Leighton, each carefully ignoring the other so far as gentlemen could do it for six evenings within two weeks, Mr. Alex. Weston became jealous. He not only became jealous, but as time went on he grew more so; so that when Miss Leighton went to see the new opera with Mr. Morton instead of himself (Mr. Morton had requested the favour first) he came round to have an understanding, and to gently intimate that Mr. Morton called too frequently. When the understanding ended Mr. Weston was no longer engaged, while Miss Leighton was free. Whereupon, to express their joy at the turn of events, Miss Leighton retired

to her room where she cried a whole day; while Weston went about sounding the horn at the end of a certain bad word, and thought things which would have shocked a theological student.

When these events happened the spring was just arriving, and summer would shortly begin. Now I believe that I explained in the beginning that Weston had theories. This would not have mattered much had he not acted upon them, a circumstance which certainly changed the aspect of affairs somewhat. One of these theories was that if a man wished to forget things, especially if he wished to forget having made a fool of himself, the best way to do it was to work at something else very hard. Consequently about the middle of June, Weston went geologising. There was no particular reason why he should have gone geologising instead of doing something else, but on the last forgetting expedition he had gone trout fishing. On that occasion a large fish had pulled him off a slippery rock on which he had been standing into the river, so that he had lost both tackle and fish. While on a former similar occasion when he had gone hunting, the bear had hunted him instead of him hunting the bear. Hence Weston went geologising. He had been at it about a month and the cure was progressing beautifully. He had passed from the raging and brooding stages to a calm, settled conviction that womankind in general is not to be trusted and is, taken generally, totally inferior to man. (I may state the above reflection afforded him much consolation.) But he was soon to have his conviction put to the test.

Weston was prospecting one day on the side of a rather small mountain, something halfway betwixt a steep hill and a precipice, the foot of which was skirted by a road in such a manner that Weston could see it plainly. It was a delightful spot to a geologist, and Weston was feeling very well content. There was a mixture of quartz in several stages, from smoky rock to well-coloured amethyst; there were little intrusions of granite here and there; you might even find specimens of feldspar and possibly quartzite; while one would occasionally come across great erratic boulders of gneiss brought down from the far distant North,

It was a most delightful spot. Weston was enjoying himself immensely when he saw a female bicyclist wheeling along the road below. There was something familiar about the lady's appearance which fastened Weston's attention. As she came nearer he became more and more convinced. Yes, it was she, Alice Leighton, who had behaved so badly to him, and on whose account he had come here. Weston had just broken off a large specimen and still held it in his hand, but he had forgotten all about geology now. His thoughts became quite bitter; the cure was rapidly progressing backwards when he heard a scream. He looked down. A tramp who had stepped out of the bushes beside the road had just thrown a piece of a fence rail across the bicyclist's path, and, as Weston looked, she fell. Weston began climbing down that mountain at a pace which would have made a record had he been running a mile, but, as he was on the side of a mountain, was rather unsafe, shouting and threatening the tramp as he went. This last move proved rather unwise, as it gave the tramp warning, and put him on his guard before Weston arrived at the bottom. Weston, however, was not calculating chances very coolly just then. At length he reached the foot of the mountain. Though it had seemed very long, it was really but a few moments since he had heard the scream. He burst through the bushes into the road. The tramp was ready for him, and, throwing a club, struck Weston on the head just as the latter, seeing that it was his only chance, brought the tramp himself down with the specimen (it was orthoclase) which he had broken off before the bicyclist had attracted his attention, and which he had unconsciously held in his hand ever since. After the club struck him, Weston ceased to take any interest in the proceedings for a time. As for Miss Leighton, she had at first had some thoughts of swooning, but, seeing that there was no one to be alarmed by it, she changed her mind; and dragged Weston to a small brook which ran past at a little distance, began washing his face with the cold water to restore consciousness. The tramp was hurt far more than Weston, but Miss Leighton did not seem to have any desire to restore him to consciousness. Weston was

not hurt very badly, and soon began to recover. At first he had a peculiarly mixed sensation, as if some one was stirring him up in a bread pudding, the kind the cooks put any old thing into. Then he became aware that his head was resting on some person's lap, shortly after which he felt some one kiss his forehead. A moment later he knew who it was: and this time Weston was genuinely happy.

"WILFRED JONES."

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#### SCRAPS FROM A FRESHIE'S DIARY.

As I was idly turning over old note books, etc., for in the month of March one has little to do, my old diary caught my eyes. Curious to see whether I could recall my first impressions of college or my tender Freshman feelings, I started to read it. What a fund of profound thoughts and opinions! They ought not to be lost. No. My diary at least shall live—or a part of it—and prove a lasting benefit to mankind.

Sept. 15—"It seems ages since I walked up, to college this morning, feeling a stranger forlorn. Everybody was hurrying around as if the place belonged to them; I felt as if I did not belong to the place. The freshies stood around, simply, or in groups of twos and three, taking stock of each other in true girl's fashion. The seniors moved around with expressions that reminded me of the ghost in Hamlet when he said 'I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood..... make each particular hair to stand on end.'..... I came home feeling subdued and strange; but with resolves and aspirations equal to those of Alexander." (Reader! I was young.)

Sept.——"Are in full swing now. Of course our first few days were strange. The seniors tried to impress us with the fact that we are Freshmen. We soon showed them what Freshmen were worth—perhaps I should say fresh women."

Oct.——"One of the societies gave us an 'At Home.' The other years seem very 'nice'; but on the whole I believe our year is more promising than the rest..... Don't feel green any longer, especially as I now have my gown, have paid my constitution money, joined the

Debating Society, and all the rest of it. The class gets on very well, but we still 'Miss' each other..... Feel quite at home in the library; the librarian is very kind. He 'reminds me of Horace Greeley.' As for the professors, we like them on the whole (now we wonder whether they like us), but one of the Englishmen smiles too much, the other too little. Some of the lectures are fine; but others ..... really it is unjust of the Prof. to yawn and yet expect us to keep awake."

Oct. 18.—"Met Louise on the car this morning; she actually asked me if I was going to SCHOOL..... The Sophomores tried to sit on us to-day; we carried one downstairs."

Oct. 22—"Friday ought to have been Sport's Day, but on account of the rain it was changed to to-day. Of course I went. Was curious to see whether the sports here can come up to those at home. Was surprised to see how well some of the men did. Have just come home from the theatre. We girls went in a body. We knew better than to wear a yard of McGill ribbon. The students made an awful row. Didn't think they would have to tell the public quite so often that they were 'all right, O yes you bet,'—however 'appearances are deceiving.'"

Nov. 5th.—(Why here is some poetry)!

"Feel poetical after this morning's lecture. Believe I will try my hand at celebrating in verse my appearance in the Freshman's Chemistry Class (the 5th of Nov.)"

I.

I remember, I remember,  
When a maiden coy was I,  
How to College mother sent me,  
How I felt inclined to cry.

II.

I remember, I remember,  
How I shook with woe and awe,  
"Men" above me, "men" around me,  
"Men" on every side I saw.

III.

I remember, I remember,  
How the Prof. he glared at me,  
How I dropped my books in terror,  
How I turned in haste to flee.

IV.

I had come to the wrong class-room.  
It was nothing worse than that,  
Yet even now I tremble when....

My muse had evidently deserted me; but such an attempt ought not to be lost. It reminds one of Mr. Verdant Green's first attempts which commence with the noble aspiration:

"O moon that shinest in the heavens so blue,  
I only wish that I could shine like you."

And ends with one of those fine touches of nature:

"But to bed I must be going soon,  
So I will not address thee more, O moon!"

Dec. 10.—"Will not be able to write regularly after this. Exams. are too near. I can't get 'homologous sides' in if out of my head, and when I think of the Dean's oral examination!"

Dec. 19.—"Exams. are over. They were not so bad after all. Off for the holidays!"

Jan.—"Another year has commenced. I hardly realize that the old one is gone.

"Dum loquimur, fugerit invida aetas: carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero." As Horace says: True, only too true, I will 'slope' no more. Am very glad to get back to McGill's Classic Halls once more. After all it's worth the work to come here."

Feb.—"Made good resolutions about not sloping, etc., but.....Am looking forward to the *Converzazione*. Do quite a lot of skating from 5 to 6 p.m. daily."

Feb.—"Went to the 'Conversat.' and enjoyed myself very much. Everybody seemed bound to make the evening pass off well..... and the 'committee had done good work.'"

March—"Really can't write any more this term for I must dig now. The exams. are again looming up in the near future ....."

Items become few and scattered and soon I find that they cease, but it is just as well for I feel myself quite moved..... Have consigned my diary to the flames—I fear it could not have borne the world's harsh criticism; besides I hear rumors of a book of my life soon to be published. Perhaps it will console those who have taken the trouble to glance over my diary.

DONALDA.

## A WEATHER PROPHET.

A small barometer stood on the mantelpiece in Mr. Nichols' room; but though small in dimensions, this little instrument possessed wonderful foresight. Its single arm indicated unerringly the mood Dame Nature would assume in the immediate future.

Now, Mr. Nichols, whose business had to do with ships and harbours, and who therefore was influenced to a more or less degree by the condition of the weather, consulted each morning this small barometer. He had learned by long trial that it invariably was right, and it mattered not to Mr. Nichols that his *Morning Gazette* confidently affirmed that the probabilities for the next twenty-four hours were, "South westerly to westerly breezes, line and rising temperature," if this independent barometer insisted by a downward turn of its thumb that there should be rain, its owner shouldered his umbrella and donned his heavy boots. So it will be seen the instrument exerted no small influence in the Nichols establishment. The small barometer was not the only small affair in the household that commanded respect. A wee girl inhabited and ruled the whole house. Everything that could be reached had in turn been thoroughly inspected by little Jean. Her mother being perfectly aware of the large share of woman's greatest ingredient that her daughter possessed had been very careful to divert her uncertain course from her father's room. Each nurse in turn, as she assumed the heavy burden of guarding this little rogue, had been warned against allowing Miss Jean access to that chamber. Now, possessing so much curiosity, it naturally followed that as soon as Jean found that one room was not to be entered, that very moment did she determine to explore it: for she concluded there must indeed be many wonderful things therein.

One day her mother was out, the new nurse down in the kitchen, and Jean alone with the sacred room. She looked at its big white door half open, and through the space she could catch a glimpse of a white mantel, and on it was a most wonderfully beautiful round shiny thing. Here, indeed, was a toy worth having, so in she trudged, straight towards that shiny thing. By standing on her very tippest toes she could hook

a little finger around one of its legs. The barometer losing its equilibrium descended rapidly from its pedestal, thumping the little upturned nose in its fall. The wails of its possessor summoned the negligent Bridget. She replaced the fallen barometer, and slapped the meddlesome little hands.

Next morning, Mr. Nichols consulted the barometer. It sullenly pointed to 27.30, which number Mr. Nichols well knew indicated a storm of great ferocity. Never before had he seen the barometer so low. It looked a pleasant morning, Mr. Nichols thought, as he surveyed the blue sky and patches of sunlight, but he had every confidence in the strict veracity of his weather indicator.

His married daughter had been ill for some days past, so Mr. Nichols dropped in a moment on the way to his office to console her. Incidentally he mentioned that there was brewing a great storm.

Later in the morning, Dr. Cameron, the family physician, called in the course of his professional rounds to examine the progress of his patient. He was a busy man, Dr. Cameron, having little time for affairs outside his profession, yet a kindly man and much beloved by his many patients. Mrs. Matthews anxious to get out that day systematically set to work to inveigle her physician into granting this indulgence. She talked bewitchingly upon the Doctor's favorite themes, for the Doctor being human had his pet subjects. When sufficiently humored, Mrs. Matthews casually remarked that she expected to take a little drive that day, Dr. Cameron was in a good humor by reason of the conversation, and, noting the glorious day, he hesitatingly granted this disguised request. But now Mrs. Matthews did a foolish thing. She mentioned, as the Doctor took his hat from a chair, that her father, who knew all about such things, had affirmed that there was going to be a grand storm.

"Then, Mrs. Matthews, I must insist that you do not go out to-day. The weather immediately before a storm is most injurious to persons suffering from grip. I am sorry. Good-morning!"

The Doctor pursued his round. "So there is to be a big storm to-day, is there?" thought he.

"I don't believe it. Look at that sky. But still Mr. Nichols should know if anyone does. Guess he's right."

He mentally reviewed his many patients suffering from grip. "Every one of them must stay in their homes to-day," he determined. "Pity too, for it looks fine."

The Doctor caught sight of a group of his friends—unmistakably starting off on a picnic.

"Poor idiots," thought he, "won't they get soaked and catch colds and things—but so much the better for me." Such inhuman thoughts immediately gave place to those more humane.

"I say, Thomson," said he, calling across the street. "Don't you know you are an ass to go off on a picnic to-day? I have just learned from a gentleman who knows all about the weather that there is to be a great storm. His barometer is away down and it is always correct."

"Funny thing," said Thomson, "I took very careful notice of mine to-day and it registered away up."

"Then I'd throw it out of the window if I were you," retorted the Doctor as he gathered up his reins.

Thomson went back to his friends and acquainted them of the essence of his conversation: "Doctor says some one told him that there is a big storm coming. The chap has lots of barometers, and does nothing else but watch the weather indications. Besides, I think the Doctor said his own barometer was way down."

The effect of this speech was to make every joyous face fall below 27.30. After some debate they considered it best to return and hold the picnic in someone's garden, where a quick retreat to shelter could be effected.

The Doctor pursued his course.

The day was momentarily growing warmer, but he had persuaded himself that it was a treacherous heat and quite unnatural.

His patients were, one and all, not merely advised but peremptorily commanded to stay within doors, much to their disgust, for many had fully expected to be allowed their freedom upon such a balmy day.

The Doctor became elated at the unexpected news he had to relate. It was quite enjoy-

able he thought to watch the changes in his friends' faces as he told them.

Being Saturday, this piece of information, although doubtless "a warning in season, was certainly not pleasing," as could be easily gathered from the gloomy faces the Doctor left behind him. Never before had he met so many of his personal friends. He had usually avoided the weather as a topic of conversation, both because it was so hackneyed a subject and because too it smacked a good deal of his profession, but to-day he could talk of nothing else. Each familiar face reminded him of the coming storm. Many times he drove out of his way to acquaint some distant friends of the approaching hurricane. The original small barometer of Mr. Nichols had subdivided into three, and each part had grown to be a very large and correct instrument. To these was added the testimony of the Doctor's own instrument, which at first he vaguely hinted, and later confidently affirmed, registered the same low pressure. Let it not be imagined that the Doctor had willingly exaggerated. He had not been certain, even at first, whether Mrs. Matthews had stated that Mr. Nichols had only one barometer or many, and as for his own, incessantly turning it over in his mind, it seemed to him that his barometer too had been preternaturally low as he glanced at it on his way out. So from doubt at first, he grew convinced that Mr. Nichols had four barometers all agreeing about the weather, and his own had coincided with their views.

Many plans did the Doctor upset that day. A few disbelieved the source of his information, but they were very few, for the Doctor was a man whose words claimed respect. By the very fact that he so seldom made any forecast of the weather, it was argued that his views were worthy of consideration.

Dr. Cameron returned to his home much later than usual that day, for he had wasted much time in conversation during the morning. He sat down to read near his window, so that he might watch the approaching storm. But he remained there until it became too dark to discern anything but stars, and still no storm descended. He lit his lamp and tried to read, but he was restless. The many happy faces he had dark-

ened that day passed in solemn procession, and a guilty feeling of injury done stole over him. What, after all, if he were wrong! What if Mr. Nichols had only one barometer, and that one had made a mistake, and if he had misjudged his own! At this last thought he rose and inspected his barometer. The hand was indicating "Set fair." That night he went to bed feeling the remorse of a murderer. Next morning he started again on his rounds, commencing as before with Mrs. Matthews. She had a funny story to relate.

"Such a good joke, Doctor!" she said, as he entered. "You remember I told you that father's barometer was very low?" The Doctor remembered. "Well, do you know, Doctor, the pater actually thought we were in for a terrible storm. He insisted on harboring all the ships and made all sorts of preparations for a gale. The joke is that Jean had dropped the barometer and broken it, and father's reputation as a weather prophet is lost."

The Doctor smiled in a sickly way at the story. Mrs. Matthews was surprised, for the Doctor usually laughed so uproariously that it was a pleasure to tell him anything funny.

It is needless to say that Doctor Cameron had lost any hope of establishing a reputation as a prophet. His injured friends presented him with an extremely large thermometer. "With the hope that in future, Doctor, you will confine your investigations of the weather to the enclosed."

#### DR. HERTER ON URÆMIC INTOXICATION.

Under the auspices of the Montreal Medico-Chirurgical Society, Dr. Herter has delivered in the large lecture room, No. 3, in the Medical Faculty, a most interesting lecture, on the subject of uræmic intoxication. A large number of Montreal medical notabilities and a goodly representation from the junior and senior years were present.

The lecture gave an *exposé* of the various theories of uræmia and the experimental work of the author on a series of 42 cases. He con-

tends that urea is not *per se* the productive factor in the condition, and is often only an imperfect indicator of another substance of a proteid nature, and to whose account must be laid the manifestations of uræmia. This substance increases the toxic power of natural transfused serum about 9 times, but this is destroyed by a heat of 60° C. This knowledge is an important quota, and, though not of proximate advantage, will, it is hoped, become of ultimate benefit, and will serve to show along what lines further researches should be made. It is by such steps that experimental medicine has been able to do such brilliant work of late years. At the close of the lecture very appropriate remarks were made by Sir Wm. Hingston, Profs. Armstrong, Blackader, Adami and Lasleur and others. Prof. Adami, remarking upon the logical deductions of experimental work by the author, said that one should "chew the cud of reflexion" for a week before venturing any criticism.

In answer to a query of Prof. Blackader as regards the treatment of uræmia, the lecturer spoke extemporaneously, referring to the series of cases on which he had made observation. In a series of cases the secreting epithelium of the kidneys is destroyed; in such it would be in vain to hope anything more than to make the patient comfortable; in other cases there is plenty of kidney tissue left, but the toxins have paralyzed its action; here appeal to the other secreting and excreting membranes; the author has found in many cases that the skin refuses to act; in such an event an appeal can be made to the mucous membrane of the gastro-intestinal tract by saline and other emata injected as high up as possible. In the hands of this experimenter, venesection has produced good results, but neither does he recommend it for all cases indiscriminately nor claim for it an absolutely sovereign action.

Upon diet he lays much stress, being a strong advocate of the milk treatment; nevertheless he would not carry this too far, and believes that for persons accustomed to the constant use of meat, some meat might be allowed with safety, as a habit and tolerance have thus been established, and it is not impunely that long-standing habits are rudely disturbed.

## MCGILL'S PATHOLOGICAL MUSEUM.

It is perhaps not generally known to the scientific public, not to say even to the Medical profession, that the Medical Faculty of McGill is the possessor of a pathological museum which is a real gem.

This museum occupies two large rooms in the east of the old building; these rooms are adjoined and connected by a lighted archway, in the middle of which a flight of winding stairs lead to an elevated balcony which encircles both rooms, and thus giving an easy access to the storage shelves in the upper part of the museum.

In the space above the shelves allotted to specimens and the ceiling a row of neat detachable frames have been inserted, in lieu of frieze, and in these frames a series of plates illustrative of various cutaneous affections have been inserted; most of these, to the student of medicine, acquire in interest what is lost in the beauty of the portraiture.

A small section is taken up by specimens of human embryology and its pathology, and as we behold the contents of many a glass jar, we are brought to within easier conviction by the Darwinian theory, though it may seem futile and worthless at other times.

The many specimens of diseased organs are not less interesting to us, and it is here that we will find specimens of a calcified gall-bladder, or of distended gall-bladders with their many faceted and multitudinous calculi of cholesterin and bile-pigment, and which Naunyn laid for

the most part to fashionable lacing. Elsewhere you will see the contents of urinary bladders, in the form of calculi in section, of varied form, color, consistency, and like the so-many pebbles with which some of us used to play on the sea-shore; or again various objects encrusted with phosphatic deposits, from the timothy head to the ubiquitous hair-pin; or again, in some selected corner, you will find many evidences of the industry of the gynecologists, in the shape of monstrous ovarian cysts and other malignant or benign tumors.

The enumeration of even the most striking specimens would take too much time. But I must say one word about the section on osteology. It is considered the best in America, inclusive of the one in Washington. It is the result of very many years of labor and perseverance on the part of the chairs of Pathology, Anatomy and Surgery. It is in virtue of this richness of material that, not long ago, as many as twenty-two specimens of the fracture of one bone could be exhibited to the class, being the only one in existence or rather on record; and the other, one of the eleven recorded cases of its kind in the literature of the world. The circumstances of each case now transmitted *verba vive* by the initiated few adds so much to the specimens; but when our old teachers are gone, what will become of the facts traditionally transmitted? It is for their preservation in all their truth and simplicity that one makes wishes for a written record, and for more than neat labelling of a specimen with a pompous name.

## Societies.

### THE HISTORICAL CLUB.

If "the proper study of mankind is man," which no one in this age will deny, the propriety of the study of history cannot be questioned. For, as Emerson has said, "There is no history but biography." He who would study man, must study history.

No subject is so calculated to instil philanthropy as history. It is also not to be wondered at, that at a great university the interest in historical study should reach its highest point.

But, alas! to alter the old aphorism, "the historical field is great, the time is short," and the subjects which can be taken up in the regular courses must, of necessity, be limited, time sufficing for little more than a bare outline of facts.

To meet the case of those who were not content with this meagre supply, Dr. Colby proposed, last fall, that an Historical Club be formed, for the purpose of discussing historical subjects in a manner impossible under existing conditions.



On a stormy night in November a number of students met in No. 1 Class-Room, and the club was formed.

It was decided to keep the membership limited, not for the sake of being exclusive, but with the object of making membership a privilege much prized. The plan has worked admirably, and hardly a meeting has taken place without a full complement of members. The meetings have been held, through the kindness of the college Y.M.C.A., in their building, every second Thursday. Among the subjects discussed were:—"Garibaldi, and United Italy," "Secret Political Societies of this Century," "England in Egypt," etc. The club has had a most successful career thus far in every respect, and looks forward to a bright future. Much credit is due the retiring officers for their faithfulness in forwarding the club's interests.

One thing is certain, the interest in history has increased at McGill, and if the saying of Goethe be true, that "the best benefit we derive from history is the enthusiasm which it excites," certainly the McGill Historical Club has received its due quota of this beneficence.

E. C. W.

At a meeting of the Historical Club held Thursday evening, March 3, the following officers were elected for the Session '98-'99:

*President* ..... Mr. S. G. Archibald, B. A., Law, '00  
*Vice-President* ..... Mr. R. Hardisty, Arts '99  
*Secretary-Treasurer* ..... Mr. E. C. Woodley, Arts '00  
*Committee*... Dr. Colby, Mr. A. Wainright, Arts '99, Mr. A. Radford, Arts '00.

#### THE UNDERGRADUATES' LITERARY SOCIETY.

Looking over the work done during the session we feel that there is much on which we can congratulate ourselves, and only in one regard need we be uneasy about the future.

A splendid move was made when the list of subjects for debate during the session and the list of essayists were put into print and copies circulated among members, with the result that the standard of the papers to which we were treated was much in advance of anything of the kind that we have had for at last three years. Further, it is especially gratifying that our representatives in the intercollegiate debate, held

this year in Toronto, have won a very creditable victory. These annual contests with 'Varsity always carry with them a great deal of good feeling, and, as they afford opportunities for the meeting of the students of the respective universities, they should be looked forward to with the greatest of pleasure and supported by the greatest liberality. Finally, this year in our Society has been a unique one: in the first place a precedent was created in asking Mr. G. B. Williams to favour us with his rendition of Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing." It can be justly said that our departure in this line is a good one, and that it will benefit the Society very materially to have some such artist before it once or twice annually; secondly, the influence of the Society beyond the walls of *Alma Mater* has been shown in a tangible way by the gift of Mr. Baikie of two prizes, one for oratory and one for essay writing.

Now a few words with regard to the future. Two things are essential to success and continued activity: the quality of the material and the quantity of it; of the quality we can be assured, but not so as regards the quantity. This session the first meeting found seventy-five members present, and until Christmas the attendance did not fall below thirty-five, but since resuming studies it has been with difficulty that three meetings have been held, and this owing to the small number present. It is, alas! too true that the University Literary Society is really a Faculty of Arts Literary Society, since it takes nine-tenths of its members from that faculty; it is also true that there are many other societies at McGill, perhaps too many; but there is another reason and nearer the truth: it is that too many students, especially of the above mentioned faculty, make their *summum bonum* a continual grinding at books, ignoring the fact that good talk will give you what you cannot get in your books, and that a college education does not consist exclusively in having your name appear in *Class I*.

#### MCGILL MINING SOCIETY.

The regular fortnightly meeting of this society was held on Friday evening, March 11th, in the Engineering building. The President, Mr. Percy Butler, was in the chair and

about twenty-five members of the Society were present.

The first paper, by Mr. W. Cole, B.A.Sc., a member of the Canadian Geological Survey, was on the Graphite Deposits of Canada. He presented in a very interesting way the manner in which this mineral occurs and the methods used in its concentration. He claimed and showed by the results of analysis that the graphite of the Buckingham district was superior to any other produced, but owing to the cheap labour in Ceylon, the graphite of that country could be bought at a lower price and so controlled the market.

The second paper of the evening was read by Mr. J. Bell, B.A.Sc. This paper was written by Mr. J. Turnbull, Sc. '97, and gave a great deal of information regarding the methods of mining in the mine at Laurie, B.C., in which he was engaged.

Following these papers took place the regular business of the Society, and the election of officers for the terms of '98-'99.

The officers elected are as follows:

*Hon. President.*—Dr. J. B. Harrington.

*President.*—Mr. J. E. Preston.

*Sec.-Treasurer.*—Mr. F. Gillean.

#### ANNUAL MEETING OF MCGILL GLEE, BANJO AND MANDOLIN CLUB.

The Annual Meeting of the McGill Glee, Banjo, and Mandolin Club was held Friday evening, March 4th, in the Science Building, and the reports read by the Secretary, Business Manager, and the Leaders of the three clubs, Messrs. Moore, Hilborn and Wood, showed most satisfactory results for the session '97-'98.

The debt of \$1,200, with which we began the term, has been reduced during the season to \$450, and too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the students for the patriotic way in which they supported our concert, in the Monument National, on Theatre Night, October 15th, at which Yale's celebrated quartette, together with an instrumental sextette from Princeton, and Toronto's soprano, Mrs. Carroley, rendered valuable assistance, and helped materially to make the affair an artistic and financial success.

The Club in the latter part of October had to

mourn the loss of Mr. Gunn, their business manager, who had been connected with the Club for years, but whose removal to St. Albans, Vt., made it imperative for him to resign.

His position, however, has since been ably filled by Mr. Byers.

During the session the Club assisted at two local concerts in Windsor Hall, and in response to invitations, paid two visits out of town, one to Quebec on Nov. 27th, an account of which has already appeared in the FORTNIGHTLY; the other to Burlington, Vt., where a concert was given to a crowded Opera House, in conjunction with the W. V. M.'s.

A very notable feature of the year was the formation of the Mandolin Club, in connection with which the services of "Daddy" Wood deserve honorable mention.

The election of officers for the following session resulted as follows:—

*Hon.-President*..... Prof. Capper

*President*..... W. W. Colpitts.

*Vice-President*..... R. E. McConnell.

*Secretary*..... R. L. Gardner.

*Business-Manager*..... A. F. Buyers.

*Assist.-Business Manager*..... G. T. Hyde.

*Leader Glee Club*..... E. Burke.

*Leader Banjo Club*..... H. H. Hilborn.

*Leader Mandolin Club*..... D. F. Wood.

Although nothing definite has yet been decided upon for next year, it is generally understood that, besides the usual Xmas tour, a trip to Toronto will be taken early in the fall, and then with the prospects of another trip to Quebec, where a very favorable impression was left last fall, together with other engagements which will undoubtedly turn up during the year, an unusually active season is looked forward to.

In conclusion, we would like to dispel the impression which prevails to some extent among the students, that only those who possess considerable musical qualifications are eligible for membership. Such is not the case, and next year we hope to receive more general support.

R. LORNE GARDNER,

*Secretary.*

### THE MONTREAL VETERINARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.

The regular meeting of the Society took place in the library, No. 6 Union avenue, on Thursday evening, March 3rd, at 8 p.m. The President, Professor Charles McEachran, occupied the chair. After roll call and the reading of minutes, Professor D. McEachran and Dr. Martin were elected judges of the essays that had been read before the Society during the Session, and the Secretary was instructed to request these gentlemen to be kind enough to undertake the duty.

Mr. Bell then reported an interesting case of a somewhat sudden death in a dog, which the post-mortem showed to have been due to the perforation of the intestines from an ulcer, though the patient had shown no symptoms up to 24 hours prior to death. Further examination revealed a collection of parasites, "The Filaria immitis," in the left ventricle.

Mr. Spanton also reported a rare case of Primary Sarcoma in the lungs of a dog, the patient dying suddenly after a short illness.

Mr. Symes next read a carefully prepared paper on the subject of lameness, in which the symptoms generally supposed to indicate the various seats of the trouble were thoroughly reviewed, showing also that the essayist had given much study to the mechanism of locomotion.

A good discussion followed, which was well sustained till ten o'clock, when the President addressed the meeting.

He pointed out the great difficulty this subject presented to students, who, though, they might be thoroughly familiar with the symptoms as given in the lectures and text books, might readily make a mistake at a practical examination, and strongly advised them never to miss an opportunity of carefully inspecting, both in the hospital and on the street, the variations in action of sound and unsound horses. Continuing, he made some valuable and practical remarks on the diagnosis of various forms of obscure lameness, and in conclusion, cautioned the members against giving a decided opinion in any case, without having thoroughly examined the foot.

There being no further business, the meeting then adjourned.

Y. W. C. A.

The regular meeting of the Y.W.C.A. was held on Wednesday, March 2nd. Miss Garlick, who was our delegate to the Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement, lately held in Cleveland, took charge of the meeting, and gave us a particularly interesting and detailed account of the great gathering of our fellow-students from all parts of the globe.

A meeting of the Y.W.C.A. was held on Wednesday, the 8th inst. Miss Rorke presented the subject, "The Sure Word of Promise," in a most interesting manner. The meeting was then thrown open and a number of the members took part.

V. E. C.

Δ Σ

The last meeting of the Δ Σ was held on Thursday, Feb. 24th. An essay on Nansen was read by Miss Finley, and one on George Meredith, by Miss Cameron. Impromptu speeches and a debate followed:—"Cramping," by Miss Scrimger; "The good to be obtained from attendance on Δ Σ Meetings," by Miss McGregor. The debate was, "Resolved that life in residence is advantageous for college girls."

Miss King and Miss Bennett upheld the affirmative. Miss Potter and Miss J. M. Budden the negative. The decision of the audience was in favour of the affirmative. The election of officers for next year was then held, with the following results:—

*President*.....Miss Finley.

*Vice-President*.....Miss Day.

*Secretary*.....Miss Molson.

*Committee*, Miss F. Botterell, B.A., Miss Macdougall, Miss J. Radford, Miss E. M. Budden.  
*Reporter*, Miss Potter.

A vote of thanks to the President, Miss Carr, closed this Session of the Society.

We regret very much two mistakes in our last notice. The essay by Miss Reid was on J. R. Lowell (not on Emerson).

In the Impromptu debate the speakers were as follows:—Miss Scrimger and Miss MacGregor for the affirmative, Miss Kerr and Miss Reynolds for the negative.

F. C.

## Class Reports.

### SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

#### Science *versus* Arts.

Internal feuds and Class antipathies are somewhat keenly marked in Science. They are not, however, so keenly fought out as of yore. In the olden days, when the Fourth Year were Freshmen, many were the interesting "scraps" indulged in in the corridors. Here occurred to the astute financial mind of the Faculty an opportunity of increasing the revenue of the College. The Library fund grew fat apace; interest on the annual deficit became beautifully less; the walls of the drawing rooms beautified and cleaned of the result of pencil-sharpening thereon, and everything was in a prosperous condition. Then it was that the students evolved the idea of settling their differences outside of the halls; result—no more fines; final result—\$5 for wear and tear.

One of these settlements was in course of adjustment on Friday morning on the occasion of the photographing of the gentlemen of the First Year. The Sophs. objected to this officialism and independence of action on the part of the Freshmen, and proceeded to administer a just chastisement on the offenders against custom and proverbial Freshman dependence on the will of their Seniors. Every receptacle obtainable, from drinking cups to fire buckets, was pressed into the service to convey water from the lavatories to the Reading-room, thence over the parapet on their heads. The admonition to "look pleasant," needless to say, went unheeded.

About this time reinforcements from the Second, Third, and even from the Fourth Year came up the avenue on the double, and sent a volley of snow-balls into the midst of the discomfited group. Some Artsmen, looking for honor and renown, and a word of commendation from the Science men, wished to ally themselves with the besieging party, and consequently joined forces against the Science Freshmen. Magnanimous as were their motives, they were not appreciated.

Laying aside Class feelings, the redoubtable Scientists, who would not brook any interference by outsiders in their affairs, banded themselves together, and, forgetful of all differences of opinion, turned as one man against the would-be allies. Driven back step by step, the Artsmen intrenched themselves behind the monumental plot, and, having abundance of ammunition, for a time defied the determined onslaught. This change in the scene of battle did not at all please the Faculty of Science, who saw the shining pile of fines elude their grasp, while the Divinity of Arts hovered from window to window, calling down the wrath of Heaven and threatening the direst punishment inflicted by the Calendar against the combatants.

Fierce and long raged the fight; vehement and angry protestations against those horrid Science men were heard from fair though partial occupants of the East

Wing. From the upper windows could be seen nothing but "two ragged lines" of water-soaked humanity, divided by a shower of ice and snow. Now the crisis comes. With a rush they come together. Friend and foe roll together in an almost inextricable heap in the good-natured struggle for supremacy. Science rises for one decisive effort. The Philistines are forced back. Up the steps and into the halls they retreat for safety—vanquished.

As trophies of the fight, Science gathers up the fragments of Artsmen, three specimens intact, and bear them triumphantly to the Engineering Building, followed by the glances, now admiring and sweet, of the Donaldas grouped about their door. Trenchers and gowns, collars and ties, caps and coatsleeves of the dismantled and sorrowing Arts men are now on exhibition in the Museum, and attract well-merited attention.

The three captives were treated well. First they were given a ride in the elevator, with which they were duly impressed—other strange things were they shown, and, finally, after a cold water shower bath in the Hydraulic Lab., they were allowed to go home to their mammas and tell of the wonders they had seen.

"Look pleasant" is the motto of '98 at present.

At Notman's—

Student.—What are your rates to students?

Dark-haired clerk.—\$3.50 for 1st dozen, \$3.00 for second dozen, and \$2.50 for 3rd dozen.

Student.—I'll have three dozen of the third dozen style.

Same place—

Photographer.—Steady, please!

Angry Miner.—What do you take me for?

Photographer.—The Class Photo, of course.

Ditto—

Artist.—Will you have full face or half-an'-half?

W. B.—The former is my normal condition.

Dean arrives at Power House half an hour overdue, and Prof. N. expostulates warmly, advising him not to go out with Irving again!

### THIRD YEAR.

"Thomas," who looks after the material interests of the Engineering building, treated the Third Year to an elementary demonstration in Hydraulics—the Dean was also a witness, but took no active part in the operations. The apparatus used was just a large pail filled with water. Mr. Thomas had gracefully washed the blackboard and was about to leave the platform, carrying the pail in his arms, when he suddenly decided on the demonstration referred to. The Class saw his head suddenly go down until it disappeared behind the desk. Then his heels came up into view, and there was a crash and a deluge.

The gentleman from Dunham has had a hair cut, a shampoo, a singe, and a shave—what next?

Mr. S. Blaylock, Sci. '99, has almost recovered from his attack of typhoid fever. He was able to leave the hospital ten days ago, and went to his home, being "seen off" by a large contingent from '99.

The grounds are becoming unpopular as a thoroughfare for High School boys. The snowball nuisance is consequently diminishing. Thanks are due to Messrs. Whyte, Ewan, Cape, and a few others, who prepared a little surprise for the obnoxious urchins a few days ago.

#### SECOND YEAR

Mr. Gillean was appointed secretary of the Mining Society for the forthcoming year at the meeting of Friday last.

There were not enough trees in the war of 1812 for the Yankee Colonels to get behind, neither were there enough pillars for the Arts' men to get behind on Friday.

It is strange that the fact of an Art man's "fiz" grinning out of a window caused it to be broken; however it will be comforting for them to know when they come to foot the bill that the panes of glass, like most of the things connected with Arts, are not very extensive or formidable.

Who would not like to know the person who was mean enough to do that reporting to headquarters in Physics?

Our Freshies looked both surprised and grieved when they got that water on the neck.

#### SECOND YEAR.

Upon noticing the large number of Freshies and Third Year men present at the sups last month, we were forcibly reminded of the aptness of one of Sydney Smith's witty remarks. It appears the Chapter of Lis Cathedral was discussing the best method of block-paving the courtyard of the building. The worthy Dean coming in late was appealed to, and after a moment's reflection, said: "Well, gentlemen, it appears to me to be simply a matter of putting your heads together."

We feel tempted to think that it would perhaps have been better for the Second Year Arts' men if they had gone into that Greek lecture and studied their Greek history a little better. They or their representative would then perhaps have had more sense and less conceit than to compare themselves to the Spartans, who, if we remember correctly, were not given to such bombastic outbursts as we are accustomed to see lately in the 1900 Arts' column.

Some of our pickaxe brigade tried to look learned at the Windsor last week.

The miners report no new notices in the Chemical Lab. last day.

#### AN EPISODE.

Who 'midst the silence deep and grim,  
Of mathematics—fearful thing—  
Heard the sharp crack—an awful din?  
Nineteen hundred.

Who walked the floor erect and straight,  
A scowl was on his face irate,  
Until he reached the foremost seat?  
W --- g.

Who wondered how a dogfish skin  
Could be so deuc'd discomfortin'  
And cause the Year at him to grin?  
R --- y

Who said the class would smaller be  
Though he the rumpus didn't see,  
But spoke on it most feelingly?  
The Professor.

#### FIRST YEAR

Our year is proven. We have been weighed in the balance and found not wanting. Science rejoices over her Freshman Year as an empire over a newly acquired province.

Friday last was the day appointed on which we were to have our class photo taken. The Second Year, hearing of this, and being jealous of our strength, intelligence and beauty, resolved to try and put a stop to it at all hazards.

Notwithstanding their threats, we gathered ourselves together on the steps at the appointed time. All was ready, the camera pointed, the photographer waiting. Freshyet had his fine profile moulded to the correct angle (he stayed away practicing the first two lectures that morning); McL., shorn of the flowing hair that has so long adorned him, looked like a dethroned Samson; Ormand, jun., had taken the usual injection of morphine, and, as a result, was looking pretty and attractive, while Ogilvie had his Klondyke face (discovered by P. A. doncherknow) arranged as usual.

But it was not to be. The Second Year, armed with snowy missiles, charged down upon us, and in a trice aroused the sleeping lion within our Freshmen breasts. The smiles relaxed, the poses collapsed, and in an instant all that was left of that ill-fated Year was flying towards the doomed Arts' building.

But even here shelter was denied them. The denizens of that place resented the unasked intrusion, and, before one could dissect an Arts' Freshman's brain, the fight had developed into an interfaculty one.

The cohorts of the enemy were drawn up *en masse* on the entrance to their citadel. Thus they had the advantage as regards position, and also numbers; yet in spite of all we charged again and again with deadly effect. The Donaldas worked hard at supplying us with snowballs, and cheering us on to victory. Our Year especially acquitted itself nobly, and enjoyed itself thoroughly. Spud was heard to say as he lead the gang into the thickest fight that it was better than holding a straight flush on a fifty cent jack-pot. And Spud knows.

Finally, after the windows of their building were broken, and themselves mishandled, the Dean of the Faculty came to the assistance of his wretched disciples, who, by this time had been driven into their building, followed by the victorious Scientists.

Then, after a farewell volley, we hied ourselves back to our own quarters to try once more to have the interrupted picture taken. But the Sophs, who had run away from the interfaculty fight, at the earliest opportunity were in the window above the steps, and caused to fall "a gentle dew from heaven upon the place beneath" in the form of several gallons of hydrogen monoxide. But such little pleasantries had by this time ceased to make any great impression upon us. We treated them in silent contempt, and once more assumed our various poses. Mike placed himself to the front, struck a Van Dyke attitude, and waited for the pressing of the button. Willie Brass, who had during the fight remained near the rear, in order, as he explained, to lead the retreat if necessary, was spasmodically corrective as usual. In fact, everyone was just as he ought to be, except our freehand-drawing medalist, who was unavoidably detained. Finally, the picture was taken, and then Pa and the rest of us went home to put on dry clothing, and think of our well-earned Victory.

#### FACULTY OF COMPARATIVE MEDICINE.

A feeling akin to sadness comes over us as we take up our pen to complete our share in that pleasant division of labor necessary for the welfare of the McGill FORTNIGHTLY and it is with regret we bid adieu to our *confreeres* on the Editorial Board, assuring them that their courtesy so heartily extended to us, the temporary smallest Faculty of the University, will last as one of the many agreeable reminiscences of College Life; nor can we omit to express our appreciation of the excellent manner in which our items have been published under the management of the Business Board.

We thank our fellow-students for electing us to fill the office as their representative, and trust our efforts have met with the approval of the majority, whilst to our occasionally severe critics we would ask them to remember that our so-called "roasts" have ever been made in a spirit of good-will, and that our only goal has been the advancement of the Faculty of Comparative Medicine.

We request the favorable consideration of our Professors on the feeble witticisms occasionally attempted at their expense, pointless on reconsideration, when compared with the respect earned by our mental development under their instruction, and it is with pleasurable anticipation we look forward to receiving the McGill FORTNIGHTLY for "'98-'99," and noting the progress achieved by our successors.

We trust that by the time this issue appears, our anxiety concerning the safe arrival of the steamship "Gallia" will be dispersed, and in return for the efforts of Professors Baker and McEachran our class will be impressing the Dean with the amount of knowledge and common sense absorbed during his absence.

We failed to notice in the last issue any allusion by the contributor of the article on "School Days" to the eminently satisfactory manner in which the slightest difference of opinion is generally promptly settled in English public schools, either behind the gymnasium, or in some secluded spot, where a ring especially dedicated to such debates, is situated, the neighborhood of which,

through some unwritten law, is rarely encroached upon by Headmaster or Tutor. The recent forcible argument between two of the juniors vividly recalled many scenes of our schoolboy days, where the motto of every principal on these occasions was "Never say die," and when dead, shake hands and bear no malice. We congratulate the above young gentlemen on the additional advantage they derive from having followed this method, for has not the action of the striated muscular tissue of the ox on a hemorrhagic infiltration of the subcutaneous tissues around the orbit a greater interest to students of medicine than the application of a pound of beef-steak to the black eye of a schoolboy?

Few of us will again run up against a stimulus of equal intensity to that afforded by the final examinations, taxing as it does our mental capacities to the utmost, and theoretically our cerebral centres are in a probably better condition of organization just at present than they ever will be again; practically we are thankful this high state of discipline amongst them is not a permanent necessity, for the constant manoeuvring in order to successfully encounter the various attacking powers just at present is decidedly trying to the organism as a whole.

Stress of work must be our excuse for curtailing our Class items, for the system of revising a few subjects on which the Board may wish to be enlightened in the near future is in full swing, and so, with best wishes to our fellow students for their success and prosperity, we bid our adieu to our position as Reporter for the Faculty of Comparative Medicine.

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#### LEGAL BRIEFS.

If I make a contract with a person to shave me during my life time is he bound to shave my "heirs"?

Each man is supposed to have his own individual taste, but there are always exceptions to the general rule. The exception would seem to apply to the members of our Class since the introduction of *Mis(s)* Demeanor, who has made a general "hit," no one having escaped.

There seems to be a disposition on the part of many of our members to make a specialty of criminal law. The excitement connected with the practice of this particular branch of the profession, as well as the many beautiful "Crooks" to be found in criminal proceedings, act as an irresistible temptation to the youthful aspirant for legal honors.

#### LAW-ASTRONOMY.

The Dean (lecturing on Roman Law).—"An impossible condition in a legacy is taken as *non scripta*."

Bright Student.—"For instance, sir, I heard of a man in Paris who made a bequest to the first one who would establish communication with the planet Mars?"

The Dean.—"I would decide that an impossible condition."

Bright Student (incredulously).—"But, Sir, it is hard to say; it may happen *one* of these days."

Perhaps the Superintendent of our College Observatory has never even heard of this Parisian generosity,

while it may be that long before Old McGill has established the necessary communication with our sister planet, some of her boys having already spent their summer holidays there, and some of our enterprising benefactors may be only waiting the conclusion of that Yukon Railway business to urge upon the Government the great advantage to the Dominion at large of closer relations with the people of Mars.

HOW-HARD, confined to local laws of this planet, must be the situation of one whose intellectual endowments fit him better to grapple with problems of extension such as even Imperial Joe himself has never fancied in his fondest dreams. To the gods, verily, limitations of possibility are unknown, and we look not for them to revolve within the staitened rounds of our merely human WILLS. Let our Observatory friends take courage—nothing is impossible to those who WILL—not that the Dean says it, but that even within the law classes themselves there is an over-ruling spirit who declares it. Gentlemen, there is money in it—try your hand.

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#### MEDICAL NEWS.

It was inadvertently that the name of Prof. Stewart was omitted from the list of speakers at Dr. Herter's lecture on March the 4th inst. As usual, Prof. Stewart made a few appropriate and very substantial remarks.

On account of illness, Mr. F. S. Jackson was unable to read his paper on Biology; this paper, which was to be illustrated by lantern views, would no doubt have been of material aid to the students in view of their coming examinations. Its postponement has been made indefinitely.

Prof. F. J. Shepherd will give an address, on Friday, the 18th inst., before the Medical Society of Undergraduates.

It is to be regretted that at least three of the valuable papers to be read before the Society have had to be cancelled, one on the "Significance of Fever," one on the "Causes of Jaundice," and one on "Biology," as well as the debate on "Eclampsia."

It is rumored that Mr. H. R. Macaulay's valuable contribution against the exclusive milk treatment of typhoid fever will find room in the columns of the *Montreal Medical Journal*.

Our class-reporters have been too busy of late, either with Eclampsia, or examinations in Jurisprudence, Bacteriology and Anatomy, to do much in the reporting line.

The old adage: "Beware of the Ides of March" has lost much of its propriety since the introduction of the nine months' session; with the exception of the exams, in Anatomy, Jurisprudence, and Bacteriology and Chemistry, the bulk of the exams, now taking place in June, and orals, in May.

Why did not the Law gentlemen interpose in the snow-ball contest of Friday between Arts and Science? and why were not the Medicos summoned to dress the wounds of the contestants?

It is hoped that the "Cook Benefit" will not be postponed too much this year, as it has been customary to include in our last issue a report of this annual *fete*.

The Senior Year have given their contract for the Class groups to Messrs. Notman & Son, and, now that the photos are being sat for, *pommades* and *frateur des cheveux et moustaches* are in great demand.

The hockey match between the R. V. II. and M. G. II. staffs has proved a very interesting one, and at times quite comico-dramatic; happily that no serious accident had to be registered.

We are glad to see Dr. McKenzie around the dissecting room once more.

Carlton, who has been laid up at the R. V. with some pulmonary trouble, is expected out soon. Chamberlain, at the General, is reported to be progressing favorably.

McC—ly, S—mp—n and McN—l have finished fleecing the concern on Notre Dame Street. "They all return with money to burn."

The chief topic of conversation and altercation at present is the Anatomy exam. Every man has his own pet report as to when it will be held, but so far little seems to have been decided. All agree, however, that it will take place within the next two years.

The Chemistry lectures are getting interesting. Oxygen is the subject at present, and under Dr. Girdwood's manipulation many wonderful results are reached. A few days ago the "gun" act was performed with great success, but much to the discomfiture of a man in the front row, who, throwing up his arms, cried: "My God, I'm shot," and fell back. One of his neighbors ran for a beaker of water, which turned out to be  $H_2SO_4$ , and another began playing on him with a hose attached to a gas jet. These remedies were unavailing, until one cute youth shouted "no lecture," and this had the desired effect.

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#### FEATHERS FROM THE EAST WING.

It will be interesting to many Donalds to hear of Mr. Mott in a further aspect besides that of their ever kind and courteous library friend. The following note has been supplied us at our request:—

Those who have had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Mott's "Snap Shots at London," and other charming papers, will not wonder that he was listened to most attentively a few evenings ago, when he gave a talk on "Epitaphs" before the Unity Club of the Church of the Messiah.

The subject lends itself to presentation in varied aspects, and Mr. Mott certainly made the most of this, carrying his audience "from grave to gay, from lively to severe." Of mirth-provoking epitaphs there were many excellent specimens, and these only served to enhance the beauty of the grave and tender ones.

Last words and last poems are so nearly associated with epitaphs in point of time that it was a happy

thought to include some of these, and thereby add greatly to the interest of a very scholarly paper.

M. N. E.

We would like to call attention to a photographic study made recently by one of the Fourth Year Honor English students. It is entitled "Gaining Parnassus," and represents a group of youths eagerly pushing one of their number up a precipitous wall. The whole conception, together with the poise of the separate figures, is entirely after the modern school. Those who are not blinded by love of the antique will find much to praise in this study. The life-like struggles of the upward striving youth, and the concentration of effort on the part of his companions to get him up, are admirably represented.

The Honor English Course is having a marked effect on the imagination of a Third Year student. As she seated herself beside a friend the other day, she begged her to draw in her "trailing clouds of glory." Now, the friend had on the undergraduate gown!

1899.

Those of '99 who had the pleasure of going to the '01 reception enjoyed it immensely, and wish to take this opportunity of thanking the members of the First Year.

The height of bliss, according to our Latin Professor: "Mene totum dormies."

You may sleep the whole morning.

Mineralogy Student.—"I have only done eighty-nine minerals. I am so discouraged."

Sympathizing class mate.—"How many have you to do?"

M. S.—"Ninety."

At the recent Student Convention in Cleveland, two of those awfully clever girls from North-Western University, Michigan, were actually quartered at the "Home for Feeble-minded Women."

We are thankful, no such mistake (?) was made with our delegates.

Library, 11 a.m.—

Six or seven young ladies stroll in. Have they finished lectures for the day? Oh no, this is the hour for Mechanics in Physic Building, but it doesn't worry them.

1901.

The Donaldas of Arts '01 wish to render their most hearty thanks for the pleasant entertainment given by the members of the Class of Arts '01. Although a skating party without skating might reasonably be expected to prove a failure, yet, on this occasion, the evening proved quite as enjoyable, if not more so, than if the weather had been more favorable, especially to those who are not proficient in the art of skating. The evening was thoroughly enjoyed by all who were able to be present.

(Curtains and corners were kindly provided for the bashful, and were much enjoyed by some.)

AFTER THE BALL.

Youthful Freshie D. (going down Avenue on slippery side-walk).—Oh!!!

Senior (in a paternal ? voice).—Take my arm.

She took it, and they journeyed on, even past her own house, being deep in sweet converse.

The Donaldas of Arts '01 are *not* sentimental. They were asked to express in French their impressions concerning the approaching exams. Next lecture, when *le maître* was collecting the exercises, he discovered with real grief that some of them "had no sentiments." "Pauvres filles!" dit il.

The following contribution has been marked "for Donaldas Notes." Why? Is it because only Donaldas understand Latin these days?

B. A. HONORS IN CLASSICS.

Translation at Sight.—Latin. 275 Saturday, April 9.

1. Is a bibe heres ago,  
Fortibus es in aro;  
O nobile themis trux,  
As quot sinem, pes an dux.

Value—40 marks.

2. Qui crudus nam te lectus abus et spitavit. (Not to be mistaken for the sentiments of the examiner). Value—30 marks.

3. Voluntas ego sum cucurrit suus caput p'ene sed contra te homo die pax. Value—30 marks.

Number one must be attempted by all or both candidates. Any idiot could answer numbers two and three.

Signed, RATHUMOS.

ARTS NOTES.

There have been no class notes from '98 for some time. Perhaps the readers of the FORTNIGHTLY think we are dead. "Not so, not so," replies the prophet, "'98 is too busy to advertise themselves, as some of our more youthful friends do. Many and various, indeed, are the occupations of the men of '98. Some cultivate the restal moustache, others the ambrosial whisker; others of us again are intent on acquiring proprietary rights over the chairs in the Library; still others desire proprietary rights over other things in the Library. The vast majority of us are slowly being ground in the millstones of—

Unanswered Questions going round the Class at present:—

"In how many hours can I "get up" six months' work?"

"Will six hairs show in the Class picture?"

"Who owes the Matrimonial Committee one dollar?"

"When will Notman's new camera be ready?"

"Who broke the last one?"

"How many dozen pictures can I get for a quarter?"

"How many 'Honor Philosophy' men will get the medal?"

"How many 'sups' will the Faculty grant for a B.A.?"

"Does the 'six-year' course last seven or eight years?"

"When will the 'worm's eye view' of convocation be published?"

"How many pounds (Avoir.) did your essay weigh?"

"What should be done to a person who does not pay his 'Faculty fee'?"

Answers to the above questions may be addressed in confidence to Editor of Notes and Queries, care of "William."

It is really too bad that the members of '98 have no consideration for the overworked Matrimonial Committee. The fine should be raised.



Although Class Notes are an essential to a College paper, and in the last three or four issues the Seniors have been deficient in this respect, yet silence, in some cases, is certainly golden, and this quality in the Senior Year appears well by contrast to the ceaseless garrulity of some of the Junior Years.

It will be interesting for those who think the career of '08 closes forever in the spring to know that provision has been made for the continued existence of the Class by an Alumni Society.

It is to be hoped that the *esprit de corps*, for which we have been noted, will make this idea a success. The idea itself is old, but it is the duty of '08, the originator of almost every successful scheme for the last four years, to rejuvenate it, and do what other Years have failed to accomplish.

Unfortunately, germs of the epidemic, which was so prevalent in the early part of the year, are still in the air, and certain individuals show very evident symptoms of the disease. Be vigilant, Matrimonial Committee; soon these offenders will be beyond your jurisdiction, and your efforts will be useless, unless the Alumni will continue the work of the Class and judge such cases.

#### Note of Mat. Comm.—

In reply to the above, we beg to announce that one member is being shadowed, and the case is nearing completion, nine witnesses having been notified. This will illustrate the ceaseless activity of the Committee in preserving the members from this fearful pestilence.

*Pres. Mat. Comm.*

#### ARIES '09.

##### Latin Sight 40.

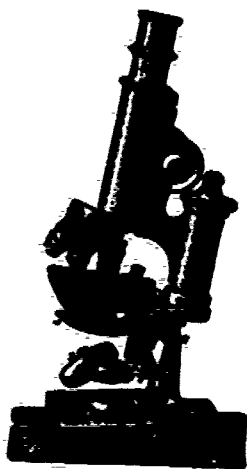
"No sight, methinks, Messenio."

The above is a true copy from the prose book of a Third Year man. It will be seen that the meaning of the words struck the translator as bearing a profound meaning. The work was therefore discontinued, and an *alpha plus* thus lost by one of '09's ablest translators. The reporter hastens to accord the palm to the modest student commending his translation as "out of sight."

#### 1900'S AT HOME.

The At Home, postponed from Feb. 19, took place March 4, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. D. McCormick, Q.C., Westmount. Those present were: Ainley, Baker, Burke, Charters, Davies, DeWitt, Dickson, Dorion, Elder, Ellis, Ferguson, Greig, Grier, Horsfall, Mathers, McCormick, McKinnon, S. Mitchell, Nutter, J. Walker. The guests were: F. C. Douglas (op), J. C.

Copeman (op). An impromptu concert was first held, to which the contributors were Burke, Grier, Horsfall, McCormick. This part finished, all dignity was thrown aside, and the hot time began with the lancers. At least, that is what they called it, though it reminded one strongly of a good old college scrap. Next, two charades were acted, Ainley, Charters, Davies, Dickson, Douglas, Grier, Mathers illustrated COELEN-BUS, IN-CAN-DESCENT was taken in hand by Dickson, Dorion, McCormick, McKinnon, Walker. All the actors showed great histrionic ability, and their costumes were very appropriate. At twelve o'clock a stop was made in order to do up the eating programme. In fifteen minutes all was over, 100 sandwiches, 65 cups of coffee, 5 quarts ice cream, and goodness knows how much cake were destroyed. Not bad for 22 men. Baker was the star. He is noted as being noisy, but he said nothing and sawed wood. Burke was a good second. The plates were only saved by main force, so hungry were these two individuals. The riot once more broke loose. Greig executed an artistic dance, and Poleon gave several selections from Macbeth, Romeo and Juliet, Merchant of Venice. Irving will have to look to his laurels. The inevitable cake-walk followed. The competitors were Mr. and Mrs. Timothias Ainley-Burke; Elder and Miss Greig; Charters and Mrs. Douglas; McKinnon and Miss Poleon-Mitchell; Mathers and Madame Dickson. The ladies' costumes were very rich and artistic. All the couples did very well, especially Mr. Burke and his bride, who won the coveted trophy, a huge cake in the college colors. Mathers and Mad. Dickson were a good second. For the presentation of the prize, the band was brought into action. It consisted of a drum, trombone, violin, xylophone, played by Davies, Dorion, McCormick, Walker. The music was delightfully horrible; the cats and dogs of the neighbors are still suffering from the shock. The judges were Copeman, Horsfall, Nutter. The two representatives were now called on for speeches. Mr. Douglas expressed his pleasure at being allowed to associate with the mighty Sophomores. Mr. Copeman extolled that great and learned year, 1900, to the skies. He said he was obliged to admit that in scraws '00 could do '01 every time. By this time the neighborhood was in an uproar, and people were yelling for the police. So the crowd decided to leave such a noisy town. Accordingly, at 1.30 a.m. Mr. and Mrs. McCormick and McC. junior were cheered, the National Anthem was sung, and the gallant band departed to the tune of a Hot Time, etc. On the way home Prof. Carter was honored with a visit and cheered. At the McGill Club Ferguson discovered he had no key. So, of course, the only thing to do was to sweetly serenade the street till someone let him in. Next—but it is time to let up. Some things are better left unsaid.



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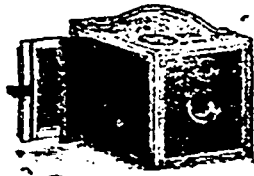
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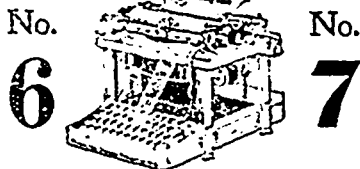
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A representative of *The Mills*, who was anxious to know something more about the matter than the mere fact stated above, called the other day on Mr. Hall, the manufacturer of "Hall's Coca Wine," and had an interesting chat with that gentleman. It is Mr. Hall who has paid £1,000 for an inch of space in *The Strand Magazine*, and the

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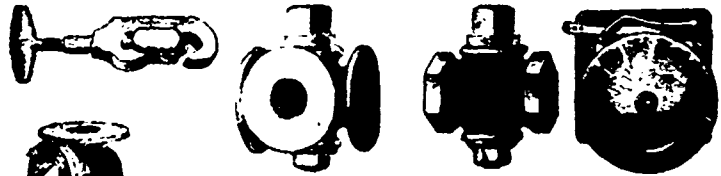
"Oh, yes, the money will come back all right," Mr. Hall remarked in reply to a question, "though it may take some time in doing so. Is a matter of fact, I am only just getting back the capital I invested in advertising six years ago, when I commenced to sell the wine publicly. I remember my first advertisement very well. We started in the Christmas annuals, our first batch of ads costing £150. The result of that was the sale of seven 3s 6d bottles of wine. That shows you the necessity of persevering in advertising. We have spent enormous sums since then, and are now spending £10,000 a year in advertising alone.

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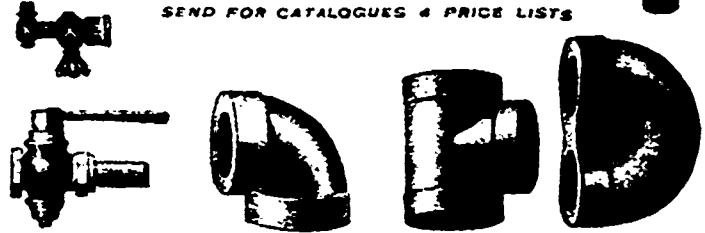
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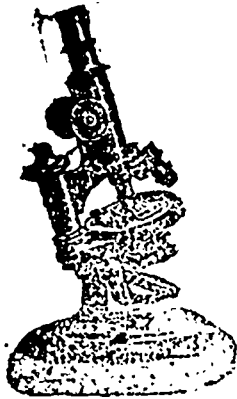
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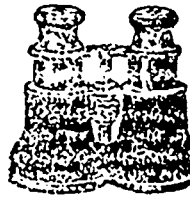
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