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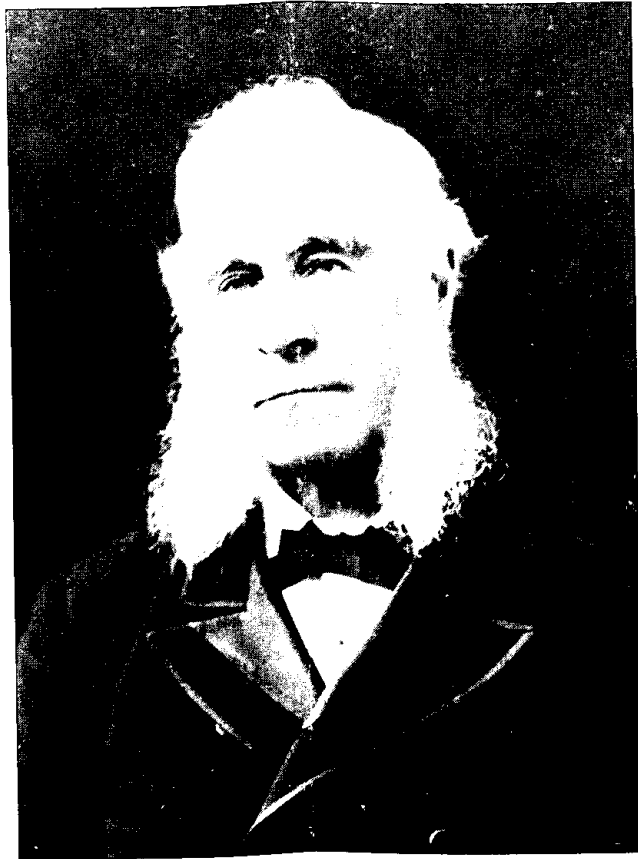
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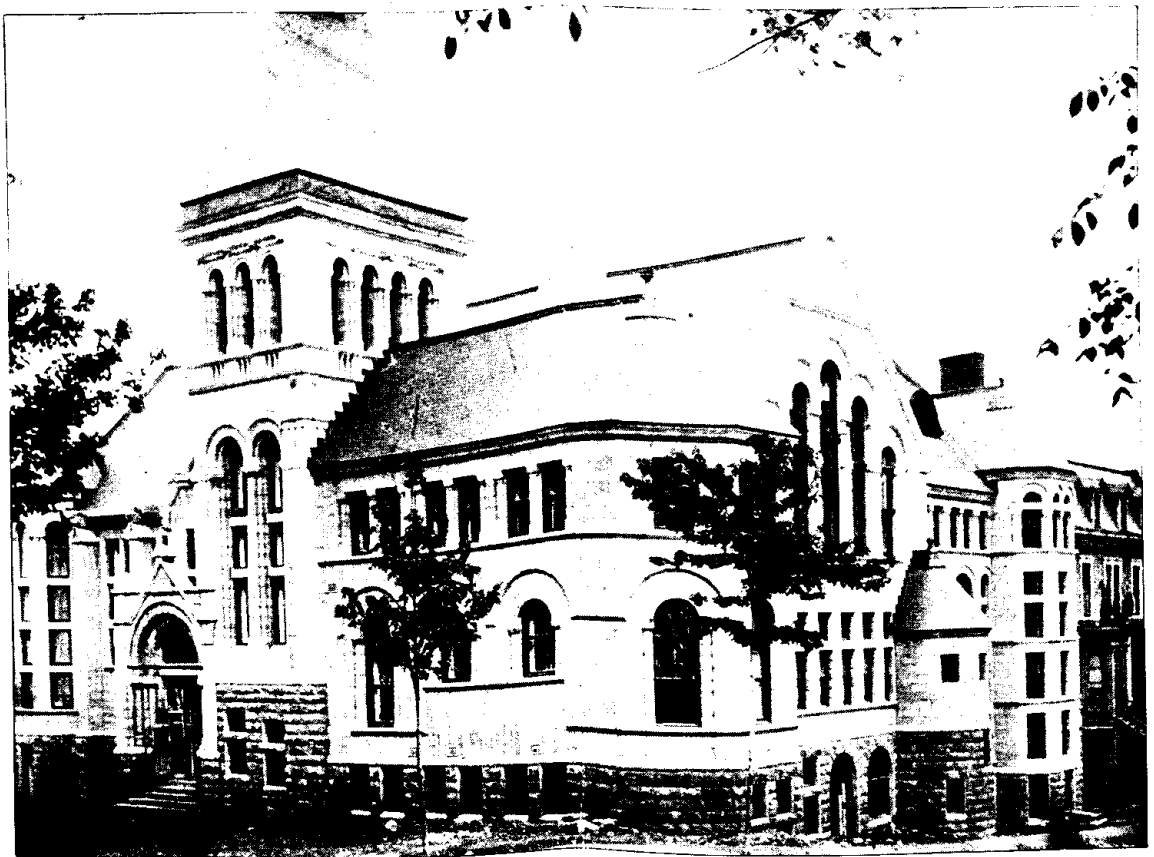
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MR. PETER REDPATH.



THE NEW PETER REDPATH LIBRARY
(As seen from McTavish Street.)

SUPPLEMENT TO THE "MCGILL FORTNIGHTLY."

MCGILL FORTNIGHTLY.

A Fortnightly Journal of Literature, University Thought and Event.

VOL. II.

MONTREAL, NOVEMBER 10, 1893.

No. 3

McGill Fortnightly.

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The MCGILL FORTNIGHTLY is published by the Students of the University on the Friday of every second week during the College Session.

The annual subscription is \$1.00, payable strictly in advance. Remittance to be made to the Chairman of the Business Board, 53 McTavish Street, Montreal. Single copies may be obtained at E. M. Renouf's, Wm. Drysdale & Co.'s and W. Foster Brown's, Booksellers. Price, 10 cents.

Address Contributions to Editor-in-Chief, 131 Lussignan Street, Montreal.

EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

THE NEW LIBRARY.

The Students of McGill may be pardoned if they exhibit a somewhat extravagant joy in the possession of their new Library, when even those to whom it means nothing more than a fine addition to the University and to our city feel a thrill of pride in the mere beauty of the building itself.

No one will accuse us of disloyalty to our Alma Mater or her surroundings if we remark that, although under ordinary circumstances the old Library might have answered our requirements, yet when filled to overflowing with readers it was scarcely the place to induce thought or reflection except in their mildest form, namely, dreams.

But now that the Library has been formally opened, we are waiting with what patience we can command the invitation to come in and "Hold high converse with the mighty dead."

Since the beginning of this session the loss of library privileges has been keenly felt, and if there is any truth in the saying, "Out of sight out of mind," we have certainly had an opportunity to be off with the old love before we are on with the new.

The rousing cheers and hearty applause from the boys in the gallery, that greeted Mr. Redpath when he

rose to present the Library formally to the University, were an expression of the grateful sentiments which animate the hearts of every son and daughter of McGill. Thanks to Mr. Redpath's generosity, we feel that amid such pleasant surroundings, the task of transferring to our minds some of that "potential energy" now lying on the book-shelves will not be so arduous; and our earnest hope is that the result will be apparent in the increased "kinetic energy," not only of our essays but of our work in general. We highly appreciate the special gift of Mrs. Redpath—the two beautiful stained windows at either end of the reading room.

It is needless to say that at McGill, as everywhere else in our Dominion, Lord and Lady Aberdeen have won the love and esteem of all. His Excellency's evident relief, after being assured that he was *all right*, was extremely gratifying to those who offered the compliment.

It only remains to be added that the brilliant conversation of the evening was a fitting close to proceedings fraught with such importance to our University, a fitting close to such an auspicious event as the gifting of the Redpath Library to McGill.

THE UNION CLUB.

The idea of instituting a Union Club in McGill is one that should attract general attention.

With regard to the advantages to be gained from such an institution there cannot be two opinions. It would be of the greatest benefit to the students.

For some years back there have been vague ideas of something of this kind floating about. One of our great needs, for instance, is a dining hall, where the students could get a good meal at moderate cost. A very large proportion of the students in Medicine and Science, and a fair number in Arts, would regard such a place as a great boon, for they are compelled to get meals at cafés, boarding-houses, and the like. Such places are not always convenient or desirable, and if there was such an institution as a comfortable restaurant under the ægis of the University, it would without doubt be well patronized.

Further, there is no common meeting-ground for the students in the present state of affairs, and it is quite possible for one-half of the students to be unaware of the existence, or at least the mode of existence, of the other half.

Much of this isolation would be overcome had

McGill a Union Club Building on the University grounds. If properly equipped and made attractive, this would be a rallying spot for University men. Such a building might have a library, reading-room, smoking room, billiard tables, parlors, debating rooms, refectory and many similar attractions. If cosy and nicely furnished, a spare hour could be spent very pleasantly there.

It was advised in a recent article on the subject that the club should be under the control of officers elected from amongst the undergraduate members.

In McGill, where there are relatively few students as compared with the older universities of Great Britain, it might be well to extend the privilege of membership to all such graduates as would be willing to pay the fee, although retaining at the same time the power of administration in the hands of the undergraduates. By this means stronger support would be given. Some years ago a University Club was started by some of our professors and graduates. A house was hired on University street, and furnished handsomely. For some reason or other the scheme was not well patronized, and in the second year of its existence it fell through, and everything had to be sold off at a sacrifice. At the present time, however, we think that a similar undertaking would be more successful, inasmuch as the number of students has greatly increased, and the desire for something of the kind is much more widely spread. One thing is certain, and that is, that the undergraduates must take hold of the idea and push it vigorously, if it is to succeed. Should they feel that they want a Union Club, a Union Club must come. As to ways and means, that is the difficulty. It is hardly likely that while their numbers are no greater than at present the students could, unassisted, erect and equip a suitable building. Still, were it seriously attempted, something tangible might result. Of course, if such a building could be partially endowed so as to meet a part of the running expenses, that would be an ideal state of affairs. Very likely a certain amount of help would be given by friends and alumni of the University. When we look at the magic transformations that McGill has undergone within even the last five years, it seems as if we only had to rub Aladdin's lamp and the good genii would appear and confer untold benefits upon us. Should we be so fortunate, however, as to get a building for a Union Club, it would lend a new zest to University life, broaden our views, dissipate unworthy prejudices, and do much to cement that good feeling amongst us which is so desirable. Such a state of things would throw new light upon our education, and do much to make that education more real and lasting than it has ever been in the past. The object of a University training should not be *instruction*, merely, important as that is, but also education, a drawing out of all that is grand and noble in a man's nature; in proportion as it fails to do this it fails to do its duty, and may even inflict a positive injury upon the student. Men as a rule come to a University at the most critical period of their lives, and on the quality of the training they receive then depends for the most part their future career, whether for weal or for woe.

We would therefore urge all the students to consider earnestly this project of a Union Club for McGill, and make their views known, so that we may before long welcome, in some measure at least, a realization of our hopes.

THE LATE SIR JOHN ABBOTT.

By the death of Sir John Abbott, K.C.M.G., McGill loses one of her most distinguished sons. In his life, time Sir John was the oldest living graduate of the University. Before he had left her halls many years, he was called upon to organize the Faculty of Law, and was its Dean for a considerable period. As a lawyer he soon made his mark, and his multitudinous duties in the political arena eventually compelled him to resign his immediate connection with the teaching staff of the Faculty. However, the advantages of his experience and wise counsel were not lost to the University, as he was appointed to the Board of Governors, where he rendered efficient service. On the death of the late Sir John Macdonald, Mr. Abbott became Premier of Canada, and soon after was knighted for his services to the country.

At that time was noted the gratifying fact that both the leader of the Government and the leader of the Opposition, the Hon. Wilfred Laurier, were graduates of McGill University, who, however they might differ on matters of policy, nevertheless were in perfect accord in the love which they bore to their Alma Mater. Of such men as these McGill is proud. It must always be for us a matter of congratulation that on the roll of our graduates are to be found the names of many men who have risen to high positions both in this and in other countries.

Sir John, owing to ill-health, was compelled to resign the premiership, after occupying the position for about a year and a half. A residence on the Mediterranean coast only relieved him temporarily, and he gradually sank, passing away on October 30th, at the age of 73.

Not only as Canadians but as members of the University do we mourn the loss of a distinguished figure.

The sympathy of all the members of McGill will be with the bereaved family and relatives, in the loss of one so dear to them—of one who shed so great a lustre upon our Alma Mater.

UNDERGRADUATES! ATTENTION!

We have great satisfaction in announcing to our readers that at a joint meeting of the Business and Editorial Boards of the FORTNIGHTLY held on the 4th inst., it was decided to offer two money prizes for the best original stories submitted to the paper.

The competition will be open to those undergraduates of the University who are or may become subscribers to our college paper.

The prizes are a first prize of twenty dollars and a second of ten.

Full particulars as to the regulations governing the competition will appear in our next number.

OBITUARY.

It is our painful duty to record the removal by death of another of our number, Mr. N. B. Harris, a member of the Arts class '96, who died at his home in Glencoe, October 6th. Mr. Harris went home for the Christmas holidays. He was somewhat weakened in health. He did not return. The condition of his health made it necessary that his studies should be given up for the present. His health did not improve. His lungs were affected, which resulted in his death.

Mr. Harris was not long among us, but long enough to prove himself an earnest, conscientious student. He endeared himself to all with whom he became intimately acquainted, especially with the men of his own college year. He was looking forward to the ministry of the Presbyterian Church.

The Students of the University extend their sympathy to his parents and family in their sore bereavement.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE NEW LIBRARY BUILDING.

I have much pleasure in responding to the request of the Editors of this Magazine to give a short description of the New Library Building erected by the munificence of Mr. Peter Redpath, and presented by him to McGill University. It would be invidious in me to express any opinion on the Building, and I must confine myself to a few facts.

I will begin by expressing my gratification at the opportunity afforded me of endeavoring to solve the problems presented in the designing of a building for such a purpose.

Recent developments in University training, especially in relation to its more practical side, necessitate buildings for which we have no absolute precedent, and therefore present intensely interesting and stimulating problems to work out. How to combine utility and beauty in harmonious relations without sacrificing the one to the other, is an interesting study.

First and foremost should come convenience of arrangement, simplicity of parts, ample light, air and commodiousness; then, as far as possible, goodly proportion, beauty in outline, thoughtfulness and suggestiveness in detail with restrained ornament.

At the time of the revival of classical architecture in England it was the fashion for the elevation or exterior to be designed first, and then the interior was made to fit as best it might; now we go on what I cannot but think to be the better principle of making the elevation fit the plan.

There are many famous libraries in the Old World, which have preserved the priceless treasures of knowledge through the centuries, but their general arrangements are not such as fully commended themselves to me for reproduction here under our altered and special circumstances.

Nowhere has modern library planning and architec-

ture been so thoroughly taken up and studied as in the United States, and of recent years such buildings have undergone extraordinary development. There are schools for the special study and criticism of Library designs, and every librarian has his own views on the ideal library, and as a rule is not slow to advocate them. There naturally follows considerable divergence of opinion, but the concensus of opinion in the main is in favor of the stack system, as it is called. This system is briefly as follows: instead of the books being placed in the Reading Room in high book-cases with narrow galleries to reach the upper book-cases, as in most European libraries, the books are placed in a portion of the building separate from the Reading room in tiers of stacks, divided up into floors by gratings or light iron and glass between the cases, just high enough to allow of reaching the top shelf of each tier without a ladder, a light stair connecting each floor. The whole is usually made fire-proof, and shut off by iron doors from the rest of the building. Under this system it is not usual to permit readers access to the books, but on presentation of slips the attendants bring the desired books to the tables.

After studying as carefully as I could the different systems, in which I have the pleasure in acknowledging generous assistance from many librarians in the States, I adopted the stack system with some modification, with the full approval of Mr. Redpath. In working out the multifarious and complex details of the fittings, I have also great pleasure in acknowledging the hearty help and co-operation of Mr. Charles Gould, the talented new principal librarian of the Library, who has devoted much time recently to the visitation and examination of many of the best existing libraries.

The arrangement of the plan of this Library was somewhat influenced by the shape of the site and the different levels of the ground, and also by the desire of the governors to retain for the present the two old adjoining houses on McTavish St., which with the vacant ground adjacent had been previously bought and donated to the College through the generosity of Mr. J. H. R. Molson.

The site of these houses is reserved for future enlargement of the stackroom of the Library, so that intending donors of books need not be dissuaded from their generous impulses by fear of want of room.

We are now prepared to examine more closely the new Building; and if the reader will accompany me on a visit to it, he will the more readily be able to understand its arrangement.

Beginning at the lowest floor, at the McTavish street end of the Building is a wide doorway and a roadway leading to same. This is for bringing in boxes of new books to the unpacking room, where they are relieved from their wrappings and sent upstairs by a lift in the circular projecting staircase, to the cataloguing room above.

Adjoining this on the lower side is the lower portion of the stock room, and on the upper side is the caretaker's house, entering from the foot of the main stairs near the entrance.

At the other end of the Building, facing the campus

is a students' entrance, giving direct access to the study rooms, of which there are five. These are intended for studies in special subjects, and will be fitted up with book-cases, tables and chairs. The remainder of this floor is occupied by the heating furnaces, coal places, etc.

We will now ascend to the main floor, and starting from the main entrance we find ourselves in a vestibule lined with a marble dado and having an ornamental marble mosaic floor; from this through oak swinging doors we enter the Entrance Hall, which has also a marble mosaic floor and a high niche in the angle for a statue to be placed. From here a few marble steps lead up to the staircase hall in the tower. This is so arranged that the attendant at the counter can see everyone that comes in to the reading room or that goes up or down the stairs. We now enter the great Reading room, which is 110 feet long, 43 feet wide and 44 feet high, to the top of inner roof, and has an open timber roof having the hammer beams ornamented by carved heads of grotesque animals. At each corner of the further end of this Reading room is an octagonal bay; in the centre of the south side is a recessed inglenook or fireplace with a stone mantel inside having the following inscription cut in the stone: "Cease not to learn until thou cease to live"; at the entrance to the inglenook is a large massive carved oak mantelpiece with the following inscription cut in the frieze: "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom and the man that getteth understanding."

Round the walls are arranged oak book-cases for reference books convenient of access to the readers, and in another spot, the exact location of which I dare not divulge, is a monument vault for the safe keeping of specially precious and costly books. At the end near the entrance is placed the Librarian's room ready of access to same, and communicating with the cataloguing room. To the right of the entrance is the men's coat room and lavatory, and beyond is the periodical room. From behind the distributing counter access is obtained to the stackroom already referred to, which is four storeys in height and capable of holding from 130,000 to 140,000 books.

We will now go up the staircase in the Tower, and on the way take note of the quotations from various authors in various languages painted on the panels of the windows. It is the intention to have other quotations painted on all the windows of the Reading room in the panels reserved for same, but the task of selection proved so stupendous both as to quality and quantity that these had to be left for the present, but suggestions for same from the readers of this Magazine will be thankfully received.

On the upper floor we enter a gallery which may be used as a Ladies' Reading room, or for cases of rare books, etc., and affords a good vantage ground for visitors to see the Reading room without disturbing the readers. From this gallery entering by two doors, access is obtained to a large room over the stackroom which is allocated as an architectural cast and sculpture room. Over the periodical room is a room of similar size, which

will probably be used as a Professors' Reading room.

We have reserved to the last notice of the beautiful stained glass windows at each end of the Reading room, which attract immediate attention from the visitor. They are the loving gift of Mrs. Peter Redpath, who thus wishes to be associated with her husband in this expression of affection to dear old McGill. A lavish expenditure of time and thought have been spent upon them by Mr. and Mrs. Redpath and by the artists, Messrs. Clayton & Bell, and by others.

The centre window of the three light windows facing the campus is devoted to Poesy—and has portrait figures of the leading poets and writers of all ages.

The side windows are respectively devoted to Art and Music, with carefully painted figures of representative men in each department.

The five light window at the other end of the Reading room embraces the following subjects—Philosophy, Law, Medicine, Astronomy, and History.

This window was purposely kept in a lighter key than the other windows, in order to diminish the light in the gallery as little as possible.

Having thus hastily gone over the interior of the building, in leaving we may just glance at the exterior. After careful consideration I decided to adopt a phase of the Romanesque style as being dignified, and at the same time picturesque, and elastic enough to suit the necessarily irregular plan.

The wisdom of the choice and the measure of success with which it has been carried out I must leave to the judgment of others.

My task is done, and I would only now like in closing to be permitted to congratulate all the graduates and undergraduates on the increased opportunity this new Library building affords for study and research; and to say that I am sure you can best shew your gratitude to the generous donor, and in the way he will most appreciate, by taking fullest advantage of your privileges.

ANDREW T. TAYLOR.

THE NEW LIBRARY.

"Shall my little bark, attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and part like the gale."

POPE.

As the ceremony of opening the new library has been described elsewhere, it is unnecessary to do more than express my admiration of the building and its surroundings, its mile and a quarter of shelf accommodation, and its magnificent reading-room; but it may be expected that I might add a few lines to the general praise of the event. As the occasion of opening any new place of public entertainment is frequently celebrated in verse, I may be pardoned for thus following the fashion:—

Ladies and gentlemen, I will confess,
The notion of preparing an address
On this occasion, when it was suggested,
With difficulty seemed to be invested.
"No rhyme can speak my feelings," I declared,
"No set oration, carefully prepared"—

(For I have that within, which passeth show)
 "Can truly tell of the deep debt I owe—
 "A debt, no matter what that rhyme may say,
 "My own heart whispers I can never pay."

The argument demolished was at length,
 For in its very weakness lay its strength.
 Were I to trust myself to speak my mind,
 My lips must fail; whilst somebody unkind
 Might add: "My friend, I have no wish to scoff,
 "But if you once begin, you mayn't leave off.
 "Take my advice, and get some lines by heart,
 "And having done so, speak it like a part."
 I did so, I'd not very far to seek them,
 By heart I learnt them,—from my heart I speak them.

Nearly six years ago, I made my bow,
 A novice then, but as an "old hand" now,
 The old, old thrill comes o'er me as it then did,
 But with another, deeper feeling blended,
 The old one told me time might make amends
 For my shortcomings,—now, my troop of friends
 Tell me thus Time 's done fourfold what it seemed
 It ever could do; (when I fondly dreamed
 Of popularity, a bright position;)
 Tell me, in cheering tones, that in addition
 To the mere admiration I'd obtain
 There's something far more precious I might gain,
 The warmest sympathy and happy days!
 For when upon these generous friends I gaze
 (And cheery greeting in my ear still rings)
 It tells me one may aim at better things
 Than the mere fleeting triumph of the hour;
 Declares that one may wield a higher power.
 The power to make friends, true friends indeed,
 Who would stand by me in an hour of need.
 To one who loves his art as I love mine,
 This solace helps me, (if I dared repine;)
 I feel as one who greets the light of day
 After the darkness of the night has pass'd away,
 Which means (from metaphor plain truth to sever),
 I'm now your faithful servant, more than ever.

But other thoughts, inspired by my surroundings,
 passed through my mind, and I may be permitted to
 let these thoughts find utterance:—

IN THE LIBRARY.

Who say these walls are lonely, these,
 They may not see the motly throng
 That people it as thick as bees
 The scented clover-beds among.

They may not hear, when foot-falls cease,
 And living voices for awhile;
 The speech in many tongues and keys,
 A down each shadowy aisle.

Here are the friends that ne'er betray;
 Companionship that never tires;
 Here voices call from voiceless clay,
 And ashes dead renew their fires.

For death can touch the flesh alone,
 Immortal thought from age to age
 Lives on, and here, in varied tone,
 It speaks from many a page.

Here searching HISTORY waits,—the deeds
 Of men and nations to rehearse;
 Here, clear-eyed SCIENCE walks and reads
 The secrets of the Universe.

Here, lands and seas, from pole to pole,
 The traveller spreads before the eye;
 Here, FAITH unfolds her mystic scroll,
 The soul to satisfy.

Here, HOMER chants heroic Troy;
 Here, DANTE strikes the harp of pain;
 Here, SHAKESPEARE sounds the grief, the joy,
 Of all of human life the strain.

Alone and silent! Why, 'tis rife
 With form and sound! The hosts of thought
 Are dwellers here, and thought is life;
 Without it, earth and man were naught.

To war and state-craft leave the bay,—
 A greater crown to these belongs;
 The rulers of the world are they
 Who make our books and songs.

In this hour of our joy and pardonable pride, the
 kind and courteous donor must not be forgotten; of
 Mr. Redpath, who, aforesaid, had enriched the College
 with its Museum and his oft-repeated valuable dona-
 tions of books to the Library, may we not say:

Praise to the generous friend who planned
 This princely place, this treasure-crowded hall!
 Praise to the honored worthies of our land
 Who nobly answered to a noble call!
 And when these riches, which improve the heart,
 Are to their fitting places here consigned,
 May this transcendent spectacle of art
 Be mirrored in our souls, leaving its light behind.

H. M.

OUR IDEALS—A FANCY.

I slept, and I dreamed a strange dream. And in
 my dream I opened the eyes of my spirit, and I beheld
 a vast expanse of air, filled with floating clouds and
 lighted by a multitude of stars. And far above me
 was the golden sun—far, yet so near that I was con-
 strained to turn away my eyes, so dazzling were its
 rays; and far beneath me was the earth, and thereon
 was a great multitude assembled, gazing at the clouds.
 I, too, turned to look, and behold! I saw a great white
 Figure, as the form of a woman, veiled in thick mist.
 In her left hand was a great book inscribed with let-
 ters of gold, and in her right she held a torch above her
 head. But the torch burned but dimly, and the book
 was sealed.

And as I looked, great awe fell upon me, and I fear-
 ed. But the Figure turned to me her veiled face, and
 a voice, sweeter than the sweetest music, said:
 "Speak; be not afraid." And trembling I asked:
 "Who art thou?" And the voice replied: "Knowest
 thou not?" And I answered: "No." And the Figure
 said: "Yet hast thou sought me all the days of thy
 life. Blind, blind are the children of men, who ever
 seek; yet when they find that which they have sought,
 they know it not. I am the Ideal of all that is good
 and true and pure. The torch which I hold is the
 torch of Truth, and the book is the Book of Wisdom
 wherein the wise men of old did read; and because of
 the folly and wickedness of men the Torch burneth but
 dimly, and the Book is sealed. All men seek me, but

as yet they may not find me save in dreams. And some dream of me as the highest Truth, and others as the highest Beauty, but none know of the dreams of others. And by night and by day thoughts of me are ever present with them, for, though they may not see me, yet to some is granted a glimpse of the Torch or of the Book. By some, even,—but alas! they are few—my voice may be heard, far, far above them. Once I did dwell on the earth, but the sons of men would have none of me, and forsook my ways, and the Eternal Wisdom took me and set me among the clouds, and they may see me only in dreams. Yet without their dreams of me would come despair, and life would be worthless."

And sadly I asked: "Will it never be permitted to men to see thy face?"

And the voice replied: "Yes;" and through the veil of cloud came a flash of light—the light of a glorious smile, "Yes. When by sorrow and suffering the world shall be purified from sin, then shall I dwell again among men."

And the Figure faded away in the distance, and I awoke.

M. T. W.

SIGURD THE VIKING.

(Continued.)

Act IV.

SIGURD'S and HAROLD'S ships enter rowing towards one another. Men ready for battle.

HAROLD'S MEN:—

Where battle storm is ringing,
Where arrow-cloud is singing,
Harold stands there,
Of armor bare,
His deadly sword still swinging.
The foemen feel its bite,
His horsemen rush to fight,
Danger to share
With Harold there,
Where steel on steel is ringing.

HAROLD'S MEN:—

Advance, advance—
No helmets glance,
But blue swords play
In our array.
Advance, advance.
No mail-coat's glance,
But hearts are here
That ne'er knew fear. (Battle rages).

(SIGURD is victorious, and with other men in tow, his men row ashore, singing "Rule Britannia.")

SIGURD.—Good Dagobert, my trusty friend, another fight we've fought; and now we'll rest until our friends come up with fair Elfrida, whose presence is required, while we try this catiff for his deeds of ill.

DAGOBERT.—Yes, we've got him this time, and we'll make him howl to beat the band. It would be better than cakes and ale to give him the Rista-orn. Well, old man, my eyes begin to water. Now the last obstacle is removed, I guess you'll be joined for better or worse to Frida dear, and give your old chum the slip?

SIGURD.—Nay, nay, my friend. The love I bear for my betrothed is something so grand, elevating and sublime, that it makes all other loves and friendships more lofty and ennobling. My heart is so full of its own happiness that I can scarce feel angry with old Harold here. 'Tis true I may no longer care for the rough sport of war, with Elfrida by my side, but thou, who hast been more than another in past years, shalt e'er have a special resting place in my heart.

DAGOBERT.—Thanks, old man. Don't say more or the briny tears will start to flow. Perhaps I'll have to get married myself some of these days, but the girls are all so nice that I can't begin to choose.

SIGURD.—Wait for the breathing of the god. Hither comes Elfrida.

(Elfrida enters with attendants, old nurse, etc.)

Let me welcome thee, my beloved. (Embraces her.) 'Tis our wedding is celebrated, we must try Harold for piracy and murder. Sit thou here.

Good vassals all, I have to thank you for your aid in winning back my bride. Well have ye fought, and well the victory won. Now, 'tis our duty to try this prisoner here, and decide what shall be his fate.

OMNES.—Let him die.

SIGURD.—Hast thou, oh Harold! aught to say against this judgment? Thine has been a life of fearful deeds. Hast thou aught to say?

HAROLD.—I fear not death. Oft on the stormy sea and off the rocky shores of Bretland, when storms howled long and loud, I laughed at fear. When ship met ship with shuddering shock, and clash of steel rang high above the dying groans of wounded men, I've smiled at death. Thinkest thou, then, that now I'll cringe and beg my life of thee? No! Here in my bonds I curse thee for a prating imbecile and scorn thy petty triumph!

SIGURD.—Then shalt thou die!

ELFRIDA.—Nay, nay, my lord. Let clemency rest with thy victorious hand. Hast thou not won enough? This man is old, and was a king. He used me well, and only wanted me to wed his son. Now his son is slain, and he will live a lonely life. Spare him, and in old age thou too shalt find some pleasure in thy kindness.

NURSE.—Well speakest thou, Elfrida, for he is thy sire.

SIGURD.—What sayest thou?

ELFRIDA.—My sire?

HAROLD.—Can it be that she is indeed my long-lost child?

NURSE.—Aye! Thy daughter, King, who was carried off by that old robber Hakon, whom Sigurd's father overthrew. She then was taken to good Atholes' home, and there grew up. I had never known her had I not seen this scar upon her arm, that as an infant she got while playing on the hearth. Bitter were the tears I shed that day, little thinking it would be a remembrance in after time.

SIGURD.—Unbind the king! Oh sire, thy daughter I restore, and trust that thou wilt not deem me an unworthy suitor for her hand.

HAROLD.—(Embracing Elfrida) No, ne'er shall I see a braver nor more abler man than thou. I have been a relentless warrior in my day, and now I crave pardon for my crimes, and want but rest. Do thou take and protect her through life, and let me see in you the happiness that I have lost myself.

(Sigurd embraces Elfrida) and

CURTAIN.

JOTTINGS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The following has been contributed by one of our Students who attended the "big show":

I arrived home from the World's Fair only a few days ago. While there, the following suggested itself:

Mr. H. Afedy, to his spouse on examining the Statue of the Discoverer of America in front of the Administration Building:—"Gosh, Lizey, this Columbus were a good sized man, eh?"

* * *

My last day at the Fair I spent in looking through the State Buildings. I must tell you that the Official Guide has a cut of the Canadian Building, with the words "Building of the Canadian States" printed beneath (*Brebis comptées, le loup les mange!*); and while looking at the mummy in the Utah one, I overheard the following remark:

"My dears, see here! This is the dead body of a mummy. It was found in the abode of the cliff dwellers this year, and was brought here to show that there were people in the world before Columbus discovered it."

The foregoing are the exact words of the speaker, a lady of about 30 years.

I had it all written in my note-book one minute later.
—L. J. B.

MY FIRST GERMAN LESSON.

SONG I.

Oh, when shall I forget the day
Of my first German lesson?
The grim professor in his chair,
The trembling students pressed with care,
The dingy room and musty air
Made everything oppressin'.

Refrain: Oh, my first German lesson
Made everything oppressin'!
Ah! when shall I forget the day
Of my first German lesson?

II.

The gutturals made me tear my hair
At my first German lesson;
I couldn't catch their beastly sounds,
I had to clear the verbs in bounds,
And fight the rest in standing rounds,
Or get them all a mess in.

Ref. Oh, my first German lesson!
(Its truth I am confessin')
The gutturals made me tear my hair
At my first German lesson!

III.

The Umlants almost broke my heart
At my first German lesson!
There grunting of distempered shoats,
And snarl of dogs, and bleat of goats,
And hacking from catarrhal throats
United to distress one.

Ref. Oh, my first German lesson
Was utterly distressin'.
The Umlants almost broke my heart
At my first German lesson!

IV.

The grammar drove me to despair
At my first German lesson!
The syntax was so strangely mixed
I couldn't get the order fixed,
The more I tried, the more perplexed
(Grew I, beyond expressin').
Ref. Oh, my first German lesson
Was quite beyond expressin'!
The grammar drove me to despair
At my first German lesson!

V.

I dislocated both my jaws
At my first German lesson!
The master "umph'd" and "ach'd" and "schwied;"
And when he bade me try to read,
I "auf'd" and "ach'd" and "umph'd" as he'd
Doue,—all the rest was guessin'!
Ref. Oh, my first German lesson
Involved some mighty guessin'!
I dislocated both my jaws
At my first German lesson!

VI.

But, after all, I bless the day
Of my first German lesson!
At it I learned to love the tongue
In which the deepest thoughts have rung,
And sages writ, and poets sung,—
To master it I press on.
Ref. Oh, my first German lesson
Inspired me to press on!
So after all I bless the day
Of my first German lesson! JOHLE JOHR.

A UNIVERSITY STUDENTS' NIGHT.

The very term University suggests unity,—all the parts of one great organization working in harmony for some common end. That end I take to be the development of the whole man. The faculties exist for specialization. The latter, however, is fatal to the highest development of the individual if carried to an extreme, because it implies neglect of general culture of head and heart. A STUDENTS' NIGHT is either a good or a bad institution, according to the conditions under which it exists. It is good if it fits into the above platform on which all can stand, unless I am greatly mistaken; and in all discussions it is just as well at the outset to know upon what principles people who differ or seem to differ can agree.

It seems that the faculties could not this year agree to make students' night a university one. Whatever the causes, is this not to be regretted? Has not university spirit suffered? Has university spirit anything to do with national spirit? Few thoughtful people will deny that while provincialism is strong enough, indeed too strong, national spirit is weak. In fact, is any people among the leaders of civilization so weak in national characteristics and national spirit as the Canadians? If this be true, why is it thus?

The Olympian Games did much to foster a national spirit in Greece.

Is it not possible to have Canadian intercollegiate sports, debates, etc.? This by the way.

About the only objection perhaps to a University

night is that with the growth of McGill the faculties might become so large that the affair would be unmanageable from the masses being unwieldy. We have not, however, arrived at this condition of things yet. But the principal object of the writer just now is to enquire whether a *theatre night* is the best for either a university or faculty annual gathering of students "on pleasure bent."

The fact that a considerable number of the students and a probably larger proportion of the parents are strongly opposed to the theatre as an institution is a serious consideration in connection with any proposal for its endorsement by the University.

It is known that some of the professors, who would like to join with the students in their pleasures, have refrained from attending students' night, because of the belief that by so doing they would seem to endorse the theatre as an institution, and thus run foul of the conscientious convictions of the parents who have entrusted, in a measure at least, their sons to their care. Some of these very professors believe themselves in the theatre as an institution that may, and as regards certain presentations does actually, tend to good. They believe that Hamlet, Macbeth and indeed most of Shakspeare's plays, with others put on the stage, are great moral levers, doing a work that neither the pulpit nor any other existing institution can equally well accomplish. Nevertheless, they cannot but respect the views of those to whom they are so peculiarly related as the parents of the students.

Is it not possible to select a mode of celebrating Students' Night which will be entirely beyond cavil, and will heartily commend itself to all? At present the students have little or no selecting power as to the play they shall witness. At all events, it is quite a subordinate part of that long series of somethings not very easy to define which make up that unique institution—Students' Night. The music will be conceded first place. Why not then let this students' institution follow entirely its natural lines of development, untrammelled by the accidental and foreign element of a play, on which the student's part is attempted to be grafted with but indifferent success for both, and change the theatre night into a concert night?

By such a change the students could develop an institution that would be entirely in harmony with their own views, traditions and feelings, and to which no one could raise reasonable objection.

Various athletic organizations in this city have held concerts, in which the genius of their own peculiar institution was admirably reflected, especially in their music. Students' music is susceptible of great development, as witness the results in Germany; while amongst ourselves, the advances in this direction are to me one of the best assurances of the progress students are making in the ethical and aesthetic. Imbued then as a solution of the problem which is before us, a University Students' Concert Night, using the term "concert" in a somewhat free sense, so as to include, if thought desirable, other features not strictly musical.

WESLEY MILLS.

AT MISSION SAN JOSÉ.

MOONLIGHT ON THE VIRGIN, San José, Cal., 1892.

The sleeping moonlight lingers
On Thy shrine at San José;
The tender velvet shadows
Shroud the rigor of decay,

While shafts of palest silver
With soft, caressing grace
Bend o'er Thy ruined altar
And light Thy Holy face.

The patient hands that carved Thee
Long have crumbled into dust;
Thy chalice bowl hath yielded
To the ravages of rust;

And they who knelt before Thee
In the days of long ago
No longer swing the censer
To the organ's rhythmic flow.

But ever through the ages,
With their tender, Holy light,
The moon and stars of Heaven
Still shall keep Thy altar bright;

And though by man forgotten,
From above, the white moon's shine
By angels earth directed
Shall for ever guard Thy shrine.

Though no melodious music
From the friars' voices rise,
Yet the melody of silence
In Thy purple shadow lies,

And for e'er the stars drip glory
On Thy crumbling ruins gray,
And for e'er the mellow moonbeams
Bless Thy shrine at San José.

EDMUND DAY.

[Mr. Day, one of the prominent members of Alexander Salvini's troupe, has sent the above original poem, and in the letter accompanying it states that he "would be more than satisfied if he could think that it would reach the hearts of the "boys" in anything like the way that their kindness touched and possessed the hearts of the "nummers."]

We hope that Mr. Day will again favor us with another contribution, and wish him every success in his literary as well as in his histrionic career.—Ed.]

THE FRESHMAN'S TALE.

It was one of those bitterly raw evenings in November, that I left my snug study to plough through the snow and slush of Dominion Square to have a smoke and chat with my college chum, Hugh Felton.

He occupied a very cosy bedroom and sitting room in one of the McGill College Avenue boarding houses, and any evening in the early part of the session was sure to see three or four college men congregated in his den.

The very strong smell of smoke which greeted my nostrils as I came up the stairs convinced me that Hugh was not all by himself.

As I came into the room I saw an elderly-looking

man, sitting over the fire, smoking away industriously at a huge pipe; he looked like a jolly fellow, and his first greeting convinced me that he would be good company.

After we had chatted on general matters for a short time, the conversation naturally turned on college affairs, and I found out that Hugh's guest, Mr. Arthur Drummyer, was an Arts graduate. He had a lot of interesting information regarding Old McGill in her younger days, so that I was very well pleased to have met him.

Some incident which he told reminded me of a rather peculiar accident which had occurred in my freshman year, and which I recalled to Hugh's memory.

"Talking of funny things happening in one's first year," broke in Drummyer, "reminds me of a bad break that I made in mine, and one which I have never forgotten. Wait till I fill my pipe again, and I'll tell you about it."

After he had accomplished this, and emitted a huge cloud of smoke, he started:

"In the old times in McGill we quite frequently used to get up theatricals amongst ourselves, and give the public the benefit of them for a small consideration, which was devoted to some college society. We prepared a play which we acted one January during my first year, and in which I was to take the part of a girl.

"Of course we had a considerable amount of fun at our rehearsals, although there was quite a bit of solid hard work connected with it.

"As you can imagine, I felt very proud at being selected, in my first year, to take part in it, and used to be greatly amused by the big seniors coming around when I was in ladies' dress, and carried on a lively mock flirtation with the 'girl student' as they nicknamed me.

"During our first rehearsal, when I was waiting to 'go on,' a pleasant, rather elderly-looking man, who, I was informed by someone, was a graduate, came up and chucked me under the chin in quite a *chic* manner, and when I squeaked out in feminine tones, 'Go way, you great big rough man,' he laughed to beat four of a kind. We became quite friendly before our play came off, and although I did not then know his name, I felt more than proud, when I happened to meet him, at getting a cheery nod from a graduate, for at that time, as you can well understand, a graduate appeared to me to have reached the pinnacle of human greatness.

"What the cause of it had been, whether I had given too much time to studying up a play earlier in the session, whether it was that the period before Christmas had been too greatly occupied by heroic efforts, insisted on in spite of unpleasant obstacles to acquire the tobacco habit, as it is now called, or whether it was through laziness due to nothing else but "pure cussedness," I cannot say, but the melancholy fact was, that I had come considerably short in my exams at Christmas, and I was under the painful necessity of bothering the professors to give me 'supplementals.' These came off the week after our play. How I hated those beastly 'sups.," perhaps you fellows may have some idea, but they had to be taken.

"Our theatricals had taken place successfully on the 30th of January, and the 'realistic drama' of 'sups' was due three days later.

"With the logic so peculiar to the freshman, I convinced myself that I was performing a highly meritorious act in sloping all the lectures during these three days to plug up, so that I might have the evenings to devote to the many attractions that new life in a big city offered me.

"A conscientious adherence to this idea caused me to be snugly seated in the library the day previous to the dreaded 'sups.' grinding away for dear life, and I was so busy that I forgot to look up as anyone passed through the room.

"However, I was quickly aroused by hearing a lady's voice say, 'Why, there's Arthur Drummyer.'

"I looked up to meet the smile of an elderly lady, whom I at once recalled as having shown me great kindness at Cacouna the previous summer, and to whom I had once with boyish pride confided my ideas of what I was going to do 'when I went to McGill.'

"When I came forward to speak to her I was surprised at seeing her accompanied by my graduate friend, of whom I have been speaking. I replied to her kind enquiries that I was getting on swimmingly in college, but, unthinkingly, explained my presence in the library, by stating that I was preparing for exams on the following day. She immediately exclaimed: 'Why, I did not know that you had exams at this time of the year.' I saw my mistake at once, and also noted the grin on my graduate friend's face.

"Well, you know, boys, a fellow can't always tell the truth, and as I recalled the hopes I had confided to her, I thought it might disappoint her somewhat to know that I was plucked, so I at once tipped the wink to her companion not to betray me, and stammered out: 'Well, you see, these are our *Intercessionals*.' The man turned away quickly, but an oscillating motion of his shoulders shewed that he was stirred by deep emotion of some kind. Alas! my little white lie was not destined to stop there. She said: 'Well, but do you all have to take these examinations?'

Here was a fix, and the only way out was to lie even more cheerfully, so I answered, with another wink at the graduate, who appeared more than interested, and who I knew had 'spotted' me: 'No, these exams are not what you would call obligatory on all of us,—in fact, you need not take them, but, on the other hand, they are a great help, I might almost say that some of us could hardly get along without them, although as a matter of fact they give rise to a great amount of extra work. But,' I added virtuously, as I walked with them to the door, 'there is no doubt it is absolutely useless for a fellow to come to college if he is going to shirk a little hard work, and as these are of great assistance to me, I don't hesitate to avail myself of them.'

"Why the graduate passed out of the door so quickly, and very impolitely preceding the lady, I don't know; but as she was saying good-bye, she added: 'I must say I am very glad to find you so industrious. I

was afraid that college might present too many attractions outside of your work for your own good.'

"I went back to my books, when a revered senior came up to me with the exclamation: 'Well! for a freshie you have an admirable amount of nerve. I suppose you know to whom you were telling your yarn.'

"Of course I do, she is a Mrs. Anderson of Philadelphia.'

"No I don't mean her, but the gentleman she was with.'

"No. I don't know his name, but I know him quite well, he is a graduate,' I added proudly.

"Graduate! great guns! perhaps he is, but, you fool, do you mean to say you don't know his name.'

"No, who is he?'

"Who is he, Well, he is only one of the senior professors in the faculty of—: that's who he is.'

"Well, you fellows can imagine my feelings," said Drummyer, as he shook out the ashes from his pipe.

"Pass me the tobacco jar."

S.C.

BACK TO OLD MCGILL.

From where the vast Pacific beats against the rocky shores
To where St. Lawrence in the sea his swelling wave outpours,
From where the northern fields are wrapt in ruthless ice and snow.

To the gay gardens and bright mines of burning Mexico,
From many a fair Canadian plain, from city, vale and hill,
From many a sunny southern town we're back to Old McGill,

We're back to Old McGill again, back after work and play:
To some the summer months have spell like one long summer day.

To some they've been a vale of gloom and grief, but now they're o'er;

The cloudy pillar is behind, we'll light the fire before,
And from the cup of cheerfulness we'll each one drink his fill
To youth and hope and joy, because we're back to Old McGill

No oak shall yet be sported—this is not the time for care;
We'll sit, and while the hours away on lounge and bed and chair:
Now shall the social pipe be lit, the mirthful tale go round;
Now shall the genial jest be fired, the jovial laugh resound;
We'll find in boon companionship a cure for every ill,
And feel, whatever else we feel, we're back to Old McGill

Away with dark foreboding's frown and disappointment's sting:
So much of failure and success each day is bound to bring;
And college life like other life will have its downs and ups:
We cannot all get scholarships, and someone must have "supps."
'Tis not too late to rally yet, and, if defeated still,
Why, then, the longer we shall say, we're back to Old McGill.

CAP'N GOUN.

OPENING OF THE NEW LIBRARY.

Tuesday, October 31st, was a red-letter day in the history of McGill College, and indeed it may be recorded as an important event in the history of the city of Montreal.

The city newspapers furnished faithful reports of the opening ceremony; we extract from the *Gazette* the following pertinent notice:—

"A treasure for the use jointly of present and future undergraduates in the Faculties of Arts, Science, Medicine and Law students at McGill that are now and are

to be. That was what the University of McGill comes into possession of, in the form of a magnificent home for the books of its library, through the munificence of Mr. Peter Redpath; a storehouse worthy of its object, for the stores of 'potential knowledge' to be accumulated there, as Vice Principal Dr. Johnson expressed it.

"In the past, many of the princely donations McGill has received have been for special faculties; this one will be for the benefit of the University as a whole, and, as one of the speakers put it, for that of the city, the country generally, and consequently of the human race. Science has received endowments that places it abreast of any University in the world; Medicine is well provided for; Arts is in a good position, but requires many things yet, as Sir William Dawson has often hinted, for it is the faculty of the University; and Law can be trusted to look out for itself.

"McGill, as a whole, is to benefit by this, and the friends of the College have reason to rejoice.

"That Montreal is proud of its University was shown by the attendance of so many representative citizens at the inauguration by Their Excellencies of the new library building. Her graduates taking an interest in the welfare of Alma Mater naturally turned out in force, but there were many prominent ladies and gentlemen present who cannot claim that privilege, but who be took themselves from pressing business to manifest their interest by their presence. The opening was a very successful function, and passed off pleasantly. McGill is to be congratulated on being the recipient of such a gift. Mr. Redpath on presenting it, and those who had the management of the ceremony on the success of their efforts.

"Long before the hour fixed the invited guests began to arrive, and the college grounds presented an animated appearance. The Faculty gathered in the William Molson hall, attired in their academic robes, and awaited the arrival of the vice regal party. Their Excellencies and suite arrived about 2.45, and were at once escorted to the platform. With the handsome uniforms of their suite and the variously-colored gowns of the distinguished gentlemen in the audience, and the Donald graduates in their academic gowns and caps, the spectacle was a very striking one.

"The following address was read by Mr. Hugh McLennan:—

"To His Excellency the Right Honorable the Earl of Aberdeen, P.C., Governor-General of Canada:

"May it please Your Excellency,

"We, the Governors, Principal and Fellows of McGill College, feel highly honored by the presence to-day in the halls of this University of the representative of our Gracious Sovereign, and we are gratified to have the opportunity of renewing the expression of our heartfelt loyalty and of that deep-seated love and reverence for our Queen which prevail here in Canada not less than in other parts of Her Majesty's world-wide dominions.

"We desire to thank Your Excellency personally for the honor of your presence so soon after your arrival in Canada, and for the favor therein implied. The countenance given to institutions of learning by those who

are highly placed has always been greatly esteemed, and we are fully sensible of its value. We owe much gratitude to Your Excellency's predecessors for the great favor they have extended to this University, and we trust that we shall equally obtain that of Your Excellency, more especially as by our Royal Charter Your Excellency is the official visitor of the College, with the same powers as those exercised by those in similar position in England.

"From Your Excellency's intimate knowledge of Canada, you are probably aware of the variety of principles on which the Universities are constituted, while all work together harmoniously for one common end. This University, which is Protestant, but non-denominational in its character, presents a happy exemplification of this fact, in the co-operation received from, and given to, other Universities for common educational objects.

"It owes its origin and growth to Montreal alone. Founded by one citizen, maintained and extended by the liberality of other citizens, it offers its benefits to all Canada with a success which cannot but be gratifying to those who have striven for this end.

"It has five Faculties, together with a separate department for the education of women, which contained in all over 900 students at the end of last session. There are besides four affiliated Theological colleges in the city and outside, in this province, there are three affiliated colleges in Arts. By means of its Normal School, the advantages of special training are given to those who are preparing for the duties of teachers.

"So great an expansion in comparatively few years fully justifies the foresight and munificence of those who by their endowments have aided in producing it. We are happy to-day that, in presenting this address of welcome to Your Excellency, we can also present, in the case of the new library building and of the land on which it is built, two instances of that remarkable generosity in the encouragement of liberal and professional studies which casts honor on the name of Montreal.

"To the Countess of Aberdeen, whose strenuous efforts for the benefit of humanity in so many ways are so well known, we tender our warm thanks for the encouragement of her presence, and we hope that the special attention which the University gives to the education of women will meet with her approbation.

"It is our earnest hope and prayer that blessing and success may attend Your Excellency's administration of the duties of your high office, which may conduce to your own happiness and to that of all loving subjects of the Queen.

"His Excellency replied as follows :-

"Mr. Principal, Your Honor, Fellows of the College, Ladies and Gentlemen: Your address, with its graceful and appropriate assurances of sincere and affectionate loyalty to the Queen, and good-will towards Her Majesty's representative as such, will form a pleasing and permanent souvenir of a most interesting occasion, though also there must inevitably be an under-current of sadness in the proceedings of to-day, especially for those who personally shared the friendship of the emi-

nent man who has just passed away from our midst."

"I appreciate the kindly and cordial manner in which you refer to our present visit to the College. It is, indeed, not surprising that, like my predecessors, I should have felt more than willing to take the earliest opportunity of responding to your invitation, especially in connection with so auspicious an event in the history of this University as that which will to-day be celebrated. For, owing to its liberal endowments, its comprehensive system, and its high efficiency, to which you allude with well-grounded satisfaction, the fame of this seat of learning has become widespread.

"It is sometimes said that 'coming events cast their shadows,' but it is also true that the unexpected most often happens; and, certainly, when, as casual visitors, Lady Aberdeen and I had the advantage, some years ago, of inspecting the museum and some other portions of the College, with the excellence of which we were greatly impressed, I could not have foreseen or expected that my next visit would be made in the high official position which I am now called upon to occupy.

"But with all the more pleasure and heartiness, as one who can claim at least some previous acquaintance with your institution, do I accept and assume the privileges of visitor of the College, which will, I trust, involve and create an intercourse of more than a merely formal and perfunctory sort during my tenure of office.

"Allow me now to express the sincere thanks of Lady Aberdeen for your particularly cordial allusion to herself, and to say that you do Her Excellency no more than justice when you attribute to her a hearty appreciation of the well-devised and enlightened extension of your educational advantages, to which reference has been made. Ladies and gentlemen, we value the good wishes which you have so thoughtfully expressed, and we join in the hope and the expectation that, with the divine blessing, a large and lasting success may ever attend the noble work of this University.

"Their Excellencies were then escorted to the library building by the Faculty and graduates, where a large audience had assembled. Many of these were ladies. In the west gallery, the front of which was hung with college and national banners, was a concourse of the 'undergrads,' who entertained those present during the wait with college songs, well sung. The procession entered with the Registrar at its head, followed by the Donalda graduates, graduates, professors, and then the vice-regal party. As the latter came in sight the students arose and sang the National Anthem with vim and correctness. As Their Excellencies were taking their seats, 'the boys' gave three rousing cheers for Lord Aberdeen, for Lady Aberdeen, for Mr. Peter Redpath, for Sir William Dawson and for His Honor Lieutenant-Governor Chapleau.

"Rev. Dr. Cornish having opened the proceedings with prayer, Mr. J. H. R. Molson briefly explained that they were present that day to receive from their old and valued friend, Mr. Redpath, the deed of the library building.

*Sir John J. C. Abbott, ex-Premier of Canada, died the evening before.

" Mr. Peter Redpath, who was received with much applause, said: I beg Your Excellencies to accept my most sincere thanks for the honor conferred upon me by your attendance on an occasion which it has been my privilege to create. I also thank His Honor the Lieut. Governor of the province of Quebec and the distinguished company around and before me for the interest manifested in the function of to-day. There is always a feeling of satisfaction in the mere doing of what one considers will be of benefit to the University and to the city, and, possibly, beyond it. But it is pleasing also to have the approval and sympathy of those who feel an interest in the object of it. We mourn to-day the loss of a very eminent public man, who had an official connection with this University. It would have been gratifying to me, had circumstances permitted, to have postponed the proceedings for a few days. The conventional few words which are now expected from me will be devoted entirely to matters relating to the building in which we are assembled. The necessity for largely increased accommodation for the library of McGill University has been manifest for some years past. I believe that this building, with its possible extensions, will provide space for all the books that the University is likely to own for many years to come. It is the result of as much care and attention as the architect and myself knew how to bestow upon it.

" The plans of many other libraries were examined, and many other libraries were visited both by myself and the architect, with a view to arriving at the best possible plan for this building. The newly-appointed librarian, too, gave many valuable suggestions in matters of detail. I know that we have not attained perfection: but experience will show how far we have advanced towards that end. In no case has utility been sacrificed to architectural or æsthetic effect, yet I believe that the architectural design and the architectural effects have met with the general approbation of the comparatively few persons who have hitherto had an opportunity of studying them. I remember a meeting of Convocation a good many years ago, at which Principal Dawson, in a general appeal for aid to the University, described the library shelves as 'gaping for books.' The shelves then 'gaping' have been filled and the books have overflowed. But now the shelves here will absorb them all, and there will still be shelves gaping for more. Let me here take the liberty of saying to those who may desire to present collections of books to the University, that they should not diminish the value of their gifts by requiring that the books should be kept together as special collections. The librarian ought to have, and, in fact, must have, the liberty of classifying all the books under his charge and placing those on the same subject together, from whatever quarter they may come, otherwise some confusion and expense will be caused, and the donor may in that way be disappointed. The only features in the building to which I will make special reference are the painted windows at each end of the hall. They are the gift of my wife, who has heartily encouraged me during the whole progress of the building. I have much pleasure in acknowledging

her and my obligations to Messrs. Clayton & Bell, of London, the designers, who have expressed the sincere pleasure they had in executing the work. They were willing to accept suggestions, and their previous experience led me to confide in their artistic taste. I hope that the result, considering that they had no Raphael to consult, will be considered satisfactory. The decorations are not quite completed. There are spaces in the windows which will hereafter receive inscriptions and texts which may be strewed around to teach the civic, as well as the rustic, moralist—not to die but to live.

" Mr. President, I have no deed of gift to offer to-day. I know what follows when a man knowingly builds upon ground belonging to another. This building already belongs to the University, without any gift from me. I know that it is only a convenient shelter for its more valuable contents, but students will, I hope, appreciate the facilities here offered and the pleasant surrounding I have endeavored to provide.

" Mr. J. H. R. Molson, in the absence of the Chancellor, Sir Donald A. Smith, then accepted the gift on behalf of the University. He referred to the pleasure it afforded him to do so from his old friend and school fellow. The University now had two fine buildings as a visible sign of the great good it had received from Mr. Redpath, and they now had to express their thanks, remembering that the man who did good to posterity was the greatest benefactor. How long and how faithfully he had worked for the University only those who were associated with him knew. Since he had been called to live in Europe he had not forgotten them. He would conclude by thanking Mr. Redpath on behalf of the University, which would long remember his venerable colleague. He used the word venerable because Mr. Redpath was his senior. After again thanking Mr. Redpath, the speaker closed with an eloquent tribute to his generosity to the College in the past.

" Mr. Redpath then presented His Excellency with a gold key to the library, suitably engraved, enclosed in a beautiful silver case with the remark that it was not so large as the famous one at Abbotsford, but it was large enough to unlock the front door of the building. At the command of Lord Aberdeen the students gave three cheers for Mr. and Mrs. Redpath, and added to this by declaring Lord Aberdeen 'all right.'

" His Excellency then spoke as follows:—Mr. Principal, Your Honor, Mr. Redpath, Ladies and Gentlemen—Once more the governing body and friends of this University have assembled to receive and to celebrate a magnificent contribution to the equipment and material for its work. McGill College has, indeed, become in a real and active sense a monument of the enlightenment and generous public spirit of several of the most successful and esteemed of the sons of Montreal. I trust it will be a cause of happiness to Mr. and Mrs. Redpath, as it will assuredly be to their friends, that they are personally present on this occasion. Many years of a successful and upright career, and of much public usefulness, have rendered the worth and the name of Mr. Peter Redpath so familiar,

that it is unnecessary, nor would it in his presence be acceptable to himself, to dilate upon his claims to public esteem and good will; and now, *si monumentum quaris, circumspice*, I confess that I regret somewhat that there was no actual deed of conveyance from Mr. Redpath by way of outward sign and symbol of this splendid gift; but, after all, we have this golden model of the key. I confess I did not quite understand Mr. Redpath's reference to the risk of dealing with land not absolutely in one's own possession. I do not think that there need be any misgiving on that account. I can, if I may quote once more, mention a favorable example where no difficulty has arisen. I refer to the case of the University college of Oxford, which I claim as my Alma Mater. That college was founded by King Alfred. On the one thousandth anniversary of that foundation many men of mark were present, among them being the late Dean of Westminster, Dean Stanley. He entered into a very learned disquisition as to whether King Alfred actually had been the owner of the land and the founder of the college, and I am afraid that he did not absolutely argue in favor of that. Lord Sherbrooke who was present, said that he had never doubted the fact; but, after all, the Dean's summing up tended to incredibility, because he had remarked that probably it was not founded by King Alfred, because the land did not belong to him but was in the hands of the Danes. Mr. Lowe said: 'This increases my conviction, because it is not always easy to give away what belongs to us, but it is easy when it belongs to somebody else.' Whatever may be the conditions as to the land, I am sure the building placed here will be secure, and I trust that it will remain as long as the world lasts. It is not necessary to enlarge upon the personal aspect of this noble gift to the University, but we may, at least, remark that Mr. Redpath's munificence may be justly regarded as, on the one hand, in some sense the result, and, on the other hand, certainly a conspicuous token of the earnest appreciation of education and knowledge that prevails, not only in this city of Montreal, but throughout Canada as a whole. This fact is full of hopeful significance. Mr. Molson has already alluded to the unavoidable absence of the esteemed Chancellor of this University, and I am sure we all regret, and none more than Mr. Redpath, his absence on this occasion. Sir Donald A. Smith is a man whose name has become a household word for energy, for public spirit, and especially for practical and princely generosity in promoting works of public utility and benefit; and that is nowhere more fully exemplified than in the case of this College, in which he so worthily occupies the position of Chancellor.

"The roll of former students of McGill who have attained to mark and merit is already considerable, and none surely will rejoice in the fact more than the learned Principal, who, for so many years, has ably presided over the work of the College, and who, on his retirement from the active duties of his position, will be followed by the warm and grateful good wishes of his colleagues and many friends.

"I see some of the present students of the College in

this hall, and I should like to take this opportunity of thanking you, gentlemen, for the cordial welcome which you extended to Lady Aberdeen and myself upon our arrival. Will you also permit me to thank you, not only in my own name, but in the name of this large and brilliant assembly, and I would venture to say in the name of Her Majesty the Queen, for the manner in which you rendered the National Anthem on the entrance of the procession into this hall. The words and the melody of 'God Save the Queen' are tolerably familiar—but there is a right way and a wrong way of singing it, as well as a right and a wrong way of understanding the principle represented thereby. Therefore, I appreciate such a rendering as that you gave, which was not only characteristic of the evident spirit of strength which entered into the singing, but of correctness of time, measure and expression. Well, gentlemen, I need not, I think, attempt to address to you words of exhortation or incentive. You are doubtless actuated by a sense of the far-reaching importance and responsibility of the opportunities for your equipment in the great work of life which are here provided for your use. Any utterance which I might venture to offer to you would, therefore, be that of congratulation and of confident expectation. Surely we may say in the words of the text inscribed on that mantelpiece:—'Happy is the man that findeth wisdom and the man that getteth knowledge.' In acquiring knowledge there is happiness and real conscious satisfaction. At all times and everywhere the work of education is of sacred importance; but if any condition of things could enhance its value, it is the case of a young country with vast capabilities and scope for future development and influence. Nor should we forget that every intellectual or scientific advance, in this or any other country, is not for the benefit of that country alone, but indirectly, and sooner or later, for the benefit of the whole human race.

"And again, with reference to this fair land, the fact that she is within the British Empire in no way detracts from the distinction accruing to Canada by reason of the success of her sons in any branch of literature, science or art. The Canadian student, author, poet, scientist or theologian, who rises to eminence does so as a Canadian, and brings fame to his country as such, because of the happy combination of Canadian nationality and patriotism with attachment to the mother country and her constitution, in harmony with which Canada may look forward to an ever-increasing influence and success.

"Mr. Principal, it is impossible to speak in public to-day, especially in connection with this College, without reference to the announcement which has reached us this morning, and which necessarily imparts a sombre hue to this gathering. The distinguished man who has just passed away was one of the most eminent of the many who have claimed McGill as their Alma Mater. The close of Sir John Abbott's career has taken place in the midst of the sympathy and sorrow of many attached friends, and with the respect and esteem of the public at large. His loss is mourned,

but here especially, in this centre of preparation for future work, we must not use language of gloom or despondency. The former Prime Minister of Canada would have been the first to recognize and rejoice in the fact that when one worker resigns his commission of service in this world, others are coming forward to fill up the ranks of the great army of all who, in whatever sphere are striving to press on in the service of God by serving their fellow-men. No better wish can be expressed for this College than that such a spirit may be the key note of its operations and its influence. I now declare the new library building to be opened.

"Sir William Dawson being called upon was heartily received. He felt he said, too deeply for words, but there were a few things that might be appropriate on such an occasion. Such a gathering brought up matters relating to the past, the present and the future of the University. Some of those present probably remembered in 1855 when they had no library except a few books belonging to the medical faculty. In 1858 they purchased a few books on English History, and in 1860 when they moved to the present site from the old Fraser building, they carried up some 1,500 volumes. Two years later, when Mr. William Molson generously undertook to complete for the College the old buildings, part of his plan was to fit up a library room for 20,000 volumes, and they had only 2,000 books to place on these shelves. This probably accounted for his old and, to him, forgotten address, referred to by Mr. Redpath, when he said that the shelves were gaping for books. Some people even smiled at the idea of their calling it a library at all. However, the disparity between the number of shelves and the number of books acted as a stimulus to their friends, and donations were freely given until in 1870 they had 10,400 volumes, in 1882 20,000 volumes, and now they had about 55,000. Long before they were prepared to leave the old building the shelves were filled to overflowing. That was the story of the past. As to the present, he pointed out the value all who had any experience in educational work placed on a library. Hitherto they had labored under the disadvantages of a crowded room and poor light, but now they had this magnificent reading-room, which he knew was not surpassed on this side of the Atlantic for beauty and utility. He had no doubt that reading, study and original research would be promoted by this library. He touched on the beauty of the room, and the beautiful gut of the stained windows by Mrs. Redpath, and expressed the belief that the history of the past would be repeated in the future. They now had four times more room than they had books for, but he had no doubt but that the shelves would fill up more rapidly than they had in the past.

"Lord Aberdeen had referred to the loss sustained, the shade cast upon the gathering by the death of Sir John Abbott, and he wished to add a word more. Sir John was their oldest living graduate. Not only that, when some years ago they wished to establish a law faculty, the corporation pitched on Sir John Abbott, who had only graduated a few years previously,

to form it, a tribute of Judge Day, Judge Dunkin and others of that day to his ability, and a recognition of what was before him, showing the prescience of the corporation as to his future career. When, more recently, his public employment necessitated his withdrawal from these duties, he remained a member of the Board of Governors, and, as he could testify, was always ready to give aid and sagacious counsel. He could recall many occasions upon which Sir John did good service for himself and the University that was never heard of. Were Sir John with them to-day he would have rejoiced, for he loved learning for its own sake. In conclusion, he said that every student, graduate, professor and well wisher of McGill thanked Mr. Redpath for his noble addition to the University.

"Dr. Johnson read the following communication from Sir Charles H. Tupper, who, it had been expected, would be present:—

"I find that the Hamilton ceremony for the unveiling of Sir John Macdonald's statue takes place on Wednesday. Of course, I must be there. This prevents me attending on Tuesday night on the opening of the Redpath library at dear old McGill. I am very sorry. I wished most sincerely to be with you to join in your rejoicing, and to say how much Mr. Redpath's public and generous spirit is to be admired. McGill University is not only flourishing among Canadian schools of learning, but it can now claim to be one of the best on the continent of America."

"The speakers then went on to refer to the value of a library, and said that value could most readily be seen when it was remembered that the great function of a University was to maintain the continuity of human knowledge. The function of the library was, therefore, obvious; it was the storehouse of that intellectual food from which the professor drew those supplies required day by day for the needs of the Students. After speaking of the warm thanks which were due to Mr. Redpath for his splendid gift, he said that the building might be called a suggestion in stone on a magnificent scale, and he felt certain that the citizens of Montreal, when they saw the vacant spaces in the interior, would not fail to interpret the suggestion aright.

"In the absence of Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper, Dr. J. G. Bourinot, C.M.G., president of the Royal Society of Canada, was called on. After alluding to the fact that there was one thing he had learned by sitting at the head of a table in the House of Commons, that one could not be too careful of what one said in public, he discoursed on the friendship of books. Being a Nova Scotian, there was one name he was always taught to respect, and that was Dawson, a Nova Scotian. Having since made his acquaintance, he had learned to love him, and now congratulated him on seeing his labors in the cause of education so satisfactorily crowned. Let the cities of Hamilton, Quebec, Halifax and Toronto follow this example and then he would be able to say Canada possessed great libraries. He pointed out how many fine libraries there were throughout New England, and said that McGill ought to have 100,000 volumes. In conclusion, he urged everyone to do their best to

increase the value of McGill's collection by donating good books.

"Hon. J. S. Hall spoke on behalf of the graduates of McGill, and expressed the pleasure they felt on the occasion of the opening of a grand library built by Mr. Peter Redpath on the grounds of Mr. J. H. R. Molson. Lord Aberdeen as visitor to the University would besides be able to see the whole benefactions of a Smith, a Macdonald, a McLennan, and would have the satisfaction of saying that for its age McGill stood unequalled on the American continent. He alluded to the donations of Mr. Molson and Mr. Redpath, complimented Mrs. Redpath on her beautiful gift, and urged the graduates to assist in stocking the shelves of the new library.

"His Excellency then said: Mr. Principal, Your Honor, Ladies and Gentlemen, I hope you won't think that a very dangerous precedent is being set if I inflict myself upon you for a moment once more.—in fact, I believe it is one of the several prerogatives the Governor-General of Canada has that he may rise a second time in a Canadian community without being greeted with cries of 'spoke.' I heard no such utterance proceed from anyone in this hall when I rose again. I wish to be allowed to express in a more definite manner than I did before, because I did not quite realize the significance and the extent of my gratitude for the beautiful and handsome present I received from Mr. Redpath; I mean the golden key. It bears an inscription, the reading of which conveys to me the certainty that it is not merely a model to be placed in some conspicuous place in the library, but is to be carried away by me as a souvenir of a most interesting event. The inscription reads: 'To His Excellency the Right Honorable the Earl of Aberdeen, Governor-General of Canada, from Peter Redpath.' On the beautiful box in which it is placed are the arms of the University, with the words: 'McGill University Library.' I need hardly say that it is a most valuable token of his kindness and of this memorable occasion. I only hope that the librarian will not look upon it with any misgivings so far as I am concerned.

"We all know that libraries are afflicted with people who have a way of taking out books and not returning them. I must not forget that I am now a Visitor of this College, and if at some unseasonable hour I make use of this key and extract a book, it might happen that this would cause some difficulty; but I trust that if on any occasion a book should be missing, none of the students will suggest to the librarian that the Governor-General is the culprit. Ladies and gentlemen, I am sure that the excellent hint thrown out by Mr. Molson at the outset, that the speeches should be short, has been admirably followed. Indeed, I could have wished myself that we could have heard a little more of that silver speech to which Mr. Bourinot alluded, and of which he gave us such an excellent specimen. Perhaps he was unconsciously speaking of some I see upon this platform when he spoke of silence not being golden, but criminal. But we must feel that the proceedings have been most pleasant and attractive.

My reason for rising is that I have to make an intimation, and it is that I hope I may be allowed, like, I think, my predecessors have been, to present a gold medal for competition by the students of this University, by some test to be arranged by the governing body and the professors, if they will give me the satisfaction. I am only sorry that the students of this University have reached those riper years of discretion which would make anything like the suggestion of a holiday superfluous and out of place. I suppose the best thing I could do would be to ask that the professors should arrange for an extra course of lectures. But, perhaps, the professors would demur to an addition to their labors. However, I again beg to thank those who have arranged these proceedings for the interest they have taken in them.

"His Honor Lieutenant-Governor Chapleau, in a brief and eloquent address, offered congratulations to McGill on the splendid donation it had received, and said happy were those who could receive such princely gifts, and happy and happier still were those who could make them. He had read somewhere that the three great enemies of libraries were moths, mildew and fire. Mr. Redpath, by his prudent gift, had provided against the first, the students would themselves take care to provide against the second, and the high spirit of the country would guard against the third.

"Rev. Dr. Barbour then pronounced the benediction, which brought the ceremony to a close, after three cheers, on the call of Lord Aberdeen, had been given for the Queen."

The opening of the Library was brought to a fitting close by a brilliant conversation held in the new building. The guests entered through a lighted covered passage way from McTavish street. The building was illuminated from top to bottom and presented a gay spectacle.

The guests were received by Mr. and Mrs. Redpath, Sir William and Lady Dawson, Mr. and Mrs. John H. R. Molson, and Mr. W. C. Macdonald. About 9.30 His Honor Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Chapleau and their party arrived; at 10.30 their Excellencies Lord and Lady Aberdeen came in from the Caledonian Society's Concert. Presently, to the strains of "God Save the Queen," the distinguished guests entered the room, Lady Aberdeen escorted by Mr. Peter Redpath, followed by His Excellency, who was in full Highland costume, wearing the tartan of the Clan Gordon, Lady Aberdeen wore a sash of the same tartan.

For this event about 700 invitations were issued, and nearly 600 persons were present; doubtless many familiar faces were missed owing to the death of Sir John Abbott. The scene from the gallery was a very gay one. There was nothing to mar the beauty and symmetry of this truly beautiful building. The architect may well feel proud of his work; and the memory of the donors, Mr. and Mrs. Redpath, together with that of Mr. John H. R. Molson, will be held in loving gratitude by all the students, present and future, of old McGill.

The songs given by the Glee club were well rendered and warmly received during the evening, and

also selections by the Banjo Club, whose dulcet playing would not prepare one for the force with which they give their college cry, "Fac. App. Sci." An orchestra also contributed very much to the general brightness of the evening in their selections, principally Scotch music in honor of "Hallowe'en."

SOCIETIES.

DELTA SIGMA.

The second regular meeting of this Society was held on Thursday the 26th inst.

It is pleasant to see that the wives of some of our Professors find time to attend our meetings, and that the majority of the regular members were also present. The house was crowded, and the early promise of the Society bids fair to be fulfilled.

On this particular occasion excitement ran high among the members, and their eagerness to hear the anticipated discussion was scarcely suppressed until the business of the day had been concluded.

The subject chosen for debate was:

Resolved: That Scientific Research is conducive to Scepticism.

Miss Warner and Miss Cameron argued on the affirmative, while the negative was supported by Miss McKenzie and Miss Armstrong. By petition, owing to the vastness of the subject, a few minutes extra was granted to each speaker, which, it is needless to say, was used to the best advantage by them. The vote was taken according to the merits of the debate, and resulted in a majority for the affirmative.

Miss Milda Leach, B.A., acted as critic, and in this capacity her criticisms were tempered with the leniency of one who had not so long ago emerged from her *curialis* into the full effulgence of a graduate.

The Logic of the second year was referred to, and those laws of parliamentary debate which had been broken, cited.

The sympathy of the audience was with her when she said that all the speakers had shown a clear grasp of the meaning of the subject under discussion.

BANJO AND GLEE CLUBS.

It is encouraging to note that music in McGill is not going to die out, if one can judge by the enthusiasm with which the Glee and Banjo Clubs have begun their work for the season. The ranks in both clubs are full, and consist of the following men, which are seen to be fairly divided among the three leading Faculties: Glee Club leader, Mr. W. D. Lambly; 1st Tenors, W. D. Lambly, Med. '95; F. H. Graham, Arts '94; R. O. Ross, Med. '96; 2nd Tenors, T. Tetreau, Med. '96; R. H. Burrell, Med. '97; O. S. Finney, Sc. '97. First Bass, M. C. Hopkins, Arts '95; F. W. Horney, Arts '94; A. T. Bazin, Med. '94; 2nd Basses, F. M. Fry, Med. '94; E. J. Williams, Med. '97; W. R. Askwith, Sc. '95.

The Banjo Club is comprised of Mr. R. H. McDun-

nough, leader; Bandolas, R. H. McDunnough, Sc. '95; H. D. Herdt, B.A.Sc.; G. A. Walkem, Sc. '96; W. F. Carter, Sc. '95; F. Lambert, Sc. '94; O. L. Bickford, Sc. '97. Mandolins, G. W. Oliver, Med.; J. K. Kennedy, Arts '96. Banjos, S. Graham, Arts '96; J. K. Larmonth, Sc. '94. Guitar, R. D. Gunn, Sc. '94.

Mr. Donald Guthrie, who won such praise in Montreal and Burlington last year for his excellent readings, is again with the new club this year.

The clubs made their *début* at the opening of the new library, and were enthusiastically received, rendering two selections in splendid time and manner.

Arrangements have been effected with the manager of the Grand Opera House, Ottawa, to appear there on Dec. 22nd, when the Ottawa Valley Graduates' Society are expected to turn out *en masse*. The clubs have also arranged to appear here in the Windsor Hall on Jan. 9th. They also desire to arrange additional concerts in the towns near Montreal.

All business and other communications to be addressed to R. A. Gunn, App. Sc. '94.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

The address by Sir William Dawson on "Bible Study," Oct. 27th, was eagerly listened to by some ninety men. The address dealt with Devotional Study, Sir William emphasizing the power of the Old Book to sustain and develop the Christian life and character. His personal testimony of its continued interest to him was very helpful to hear.

The Association has made provision for Bible Study this year, and already 30 men are meeting weekly, and pursuing "devotional" and "practical study." Members are invited to communicate with the General Secretary with a view of entering a class. There is no habit more important than that of "Systematic Bible Study."—formed in college, it will be retained; neglected now, it will likely remain so.

The fact that no "Freshmen's Reception" has taken place in Molsan Hall may have caused some disappointment and surprise to not a few. It was with regret that the Social Committee concluded to do away with this established custom for this year; but after careful consideration they could arrive at no other conclusion, on the ground that it failed in its ultimate object, and the expense which a successful reception entailed did not justify its continuance. The Committee have arranged a number of private receptions, made possible through the kindness of friends who opened their homes for the occasion; in all, 75 members of the Freshmen class have been welcomed in this way. This has proved a very successful medium of getting acquainted with the new students, and is greatly appreciated by them.

The Semi-Annual Business Meeting took place on Friday evening, Nov. 3rd, in the Arts Building; Pres. Day in the chair. Over 70 new members were elected and welcomed to the ranks of the Association. The

Treasurer's statement was very encouraging, showing the probable receipts \$150, and disbursements \$50 less.

A recommendation from the Building Committee was read, to the effect that the Association made application to the Governors for accommodation in the University. This, it was stated, did not in any degree indicate the abandonment of a building, but rather pave the way for such an event and give the Association immediate opportunities for widening the scope of the work. The recommendation was unanimously adopted and referred to the Executive Committee.

Sunday, Nov. 12th, is observed throughout the world as the Day of Prayer for Young Men, and our Association will seek to fittingly observe this. Let us have the largest and best meeting at 4.30 in the afternoon, Y.M.C.A. Building, Dominion Square.

THE LITERARY.

The usual weekly meeting of the Society was held on Friday evening the 27th of Oct. The meeting opened promptly with Mr. Lambly in the chair. The minutes of last meeting were read and approved of. Mr. Angus Graham, who had previously given notice of motion, moved that Section 17 of the Rules of Order be struck out of the Constitution, as it impeded the working of the Society. This motion was carried unanimously. After the appointment of Mr. Howard as critic and of Mr. Archibald as reporter, the programme was taken up. There was no essay, nor has there been an essay at any of the three meetings held this year. Why this should be so we do not know, but it is to be hoped that this, one of the most interesting and instructive items on our programme, will not be permanently dropped. Mr. Howard then led the boys in one of our rousing choruses. There was no reading, as Mr. Scott failed to put in an appearance, and having sent no substitute nor explanation he was censured by the Society. The subject of debate was, "Resolved, that Canada would be more benefited by Imperial Federation than by Annexation to the United States." The debate, although the subject was a rather broad one, was very successful. Mr. Davis, 4th Arts, Mr. Cruickshanks, 3rd Med., and Mr. Solandt, 3rd Comp. Med. speaking for the affirmative; Mr. McIntosh, 3rd Arts, Mr. Hopkins, 3rd Arts, and Mr. Brodie, 4th Science, spoke for the negative. Mr. Davis and Mr. McIntosh are old standbys, and both spoke well and to the point, Mr. Davis being particularly strong in his summing up. The other four men were new speakers, and will, we think, prove valuable acquisitions to our Society. Mr. Solandt, especially, who filled the place of Mr. Donahue, and whose speech was entirely impromptu, spoke very strongly and with a great deal of fire. And if we could imbue more of our men with this same fire, we might even be willing to raise the desk a foot or so for the greater convenience of the speakers in pounding it. But, indeed, if we could only get our men to warm up to their work in the way in which Mr. Solandt did,

we would have a more successful society. On the vote being taken, the affirmative side won by a large majority. The case, however, was evidently judged before its hearing; and this, we think, is too often the case. The men ought to sit as dispassionate judges, and give their verdict on the merits of the arguments. Instead of this, there is far too much partisan spirit shewn.

We are glad to see that the other faculties are beginning to realize the fact that this Society is a University one, and not intended for the Faculty of Arts alone. The more fully this fact is recognized the larger and more widely useful will the Society become. Mr. Howard gave his criticism in his usual able manner, after which the meeting adjourned.

MONTREAL VETERINARY MEDICAL SOCIETY.

The regular meeting of this Society was held in the lecture room, 6 Union ave., on Thursday evening, Oct. 26th, with the President, Dr. J. G. Adami, in the chair. There was a good turnout of members, and the meeting was a very profitable one.

After the transaction of business, Dr. Adami addressed a few words to the members, thanking them for the honor they had conferred upon him. He said that he hoped to be with them at every meeting, and with the expectation of profiting by the papers that were to be read.

The first paper of the evening was read by Mr. McLeod. It was a report of a very interesting case that came under his notice during his vacation. Mr. Bruce Anderson followed with a paper on Laminitis, which evoked considerable discussion.

Mr. French's paper on The Metastasis of Laminitis was then read. The paper showed careful preparation and a great deal of study of the subject. The meeting was then adjourned.

MCGILL MEDICAL SOCIETY.

The second regular meeting of the McGill Medical Society was held in the Upper Reading Room on Saturday evening, Oct. 29, there being about twenty members present.

The President called the meeting to order shortly after eight o'clock.

Owing to the indisposition of the Secretary, Mr. Wm. Oliver, Mr. Alfred Bazin was elected as his substitute for the evening.

After the usual business had been dispensed with, the President called on Mr. Hugh Kinghorn to read his paper on Fracture of Bone of Skull, followed by Motor Aphasia.

This proved to be a very interesting and instructive paper, and was listened to very attentively by those present.

Considerable discussion followed the reading of the paper, in which the members took part. A hearty vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Kinghorn for his excellent paper, after which the meeting adjourned.

McGILL COLLEGE CLASSICAL CLUB.

At a meeting held on Wednesday, 25th ult., the officers of this Club were chosen for the ensuing year. These are as follows:—

- Hon. President*,—Dr. Eaton.
- President*,—Mr. David T. Davis, Arts '94.
- Vice-President*,—Mr. J. Blackett, Arts '94.
- Treasurer*,—Mr. W. P. Garrett, Arts '94.
- Secretary*,—Mr. M. MacIntosh, Arts '95.

Executive Committee. Mr. M. O. Lambly, Arts '94, and Mr. W. W. Craig, Arts '95.

The prospects of this Club are bright, and a movement is on foot which will no doubt bring a profitable and agreeable surprise to the many that are interested in the "Litteræ Humaniores." What this movement is will be divulged later on: for the present, let it suffice to know that energetic measures are being taken to make this club a success.

The first meeting of the year will be held on Saturday, Nov. 11th, at 8 p.m., in No. 3 Class Room. Dr. Eaton is to read a paper on "Classical Myths in English Literature," accompanied with illustrations. At the ensuing meeting, Nov. 25th, Mr. David T. Davis will read an essay on Aristophanes and the "Frogs." Mr. Garrett will also contribute to the programme.

Anyone wishing to join either as ordinary or associate member can obtain all particulars from any of the above officers.

SPORTING COLUMN.

FOOT-BALL.

McGILL vs. BRITANNIA.

McGill First defeated Britannia First, on Oct. 28th, by a score of 17 to 16. The two days rain had left the field in regular Britannia condition, three inches of mud and water. Our team was radically different from the one which met Montreal: and as they defeated Britannia, who under the same conditions of ground and weather had tied with Montreal, it looks as if the changes had strengthened it. It seems hard that one match, lost at the beginning of the season, should irretrievably destroy McGill's chance for the championship.

The scrimmage worked hard, and covered themselves with unlimited mud, as well as glory. Angus especially was completely unrecognizable. Rankin played his usual fast offside game on outside wing, and to those who know him it was most amusing to see him protest Whitham for offside play. As the *Herald* said, "It was Satan reproving sin." Cowan and Schwartz both worked hard, and showed that they deserved their promotion. The former worked in a fine combination with Rankin.

Gaudet surpassed himself at quarter; the whole back division played well, although the ball was soon so wet and heavy that scientific kicking or passing was out of the question. Brunelle at full back played a

great game; just before time was called he saved a couple of rouses that seemed inevitable.

The following were the teams:

<i>Britannia.</i>	<i>McGill.</i>
Rawlings	back
P. Saunderson)	} McDougall } Trénholme } Leslie
Hill)	
C. Saunderson)	
Linton	back.....
Patterson)	} Rankin } Cowan } Jacques } Proderick } Schwartz } Robin
Tatley)	
Browne)	
Whitham)	
Crathern)	
Garvin)	} Angus } Guthrie } Hamilton } Donkin
Grace)	
Carter)	
Vipond)	
Barry)	

Referee, V. C. Buchanan, M.A.A.A.

McGill winning the toss, Grace kicked off for Britannia.

After a few minutes play near the Britannia twenty-five, a clever body check by Schwartz gave Rankin the ball, and the first try was scored for McGill. Later, Cowan got another which McDougall converted, this with a couple of rouses, and a touch in goal was McGill's score for the first half, Britannia getting five points.

In the second half Britannia did most of the scoring, getting eleven more points, while McGill had to be satisfied with a try. During the last few minutes the play was very fast and the excitement intense.

Britannia has protested the match and the meeting of the Rugby Union, which was plainly packed, decided that it must be played over again on November 8th. We would draw attention to the fact that the representative of one of the clubs was a player on one of the Britannia teams, and was instructed, we are informed on good authority to vote in favour of the protest before the meeting was held.

The team from Toronto Varsity to play McGill will probably come down with the champions of Ontario on Nov. 18th.

THE JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP.

The Junior championship has come back again to old McGill. The final match in this series was played on Nov. 4th on the McGill grounds, when McGill third defeated Britannia third by 38 points to 1. The game was exceedingly one-sided and slow.

McGILL vs. QUEBEC.

McGill III defeated Quebec by 20 to 17 on October 28. As the Rugby Union does not recognize the existence of a Quebec senior team, Quebec was able to play their first team against our third.

The match was very fast and even from beginning to end. McGill opened proceedings by a rush, and scored two rouses and a try within five minutes of the

commencement. Quebec braced up, their half-backs were playing a splendid combination game, two of them, Swift and Stocking, being very fast and hard to tackle, so that Quebec scored three tries, one of which was converted, and a rouge before half time. McGill getting another rouge and a touch in goal, making the score 15 to 8 in favor of Quebec.

Soon after beginning again, the only combination play by McGill during the match was made by our left wings, who starting with the ball near our 25 yard line carried it by beautiful passing behind the Quebec goal line. This try was converted by Drinkwater, making the score 15 to 14 in favor of Quebec. Then followed half an hour of as hard and fast play as has been seen on our campus this year, ending in a long kick by Molson, a fumble by Pugh, a quick follow up by our wings, and a throw in from touch, from which Lewis got a try which was successfully kicked by Drinkwater. Quebec scored two more rouges, when time was called, ending the fastest and cleanest game our third have played since they lost the championship. For McGill, Davidson at quarter played particularly well.

The following were the teams:—

Quebec.		McGill III.
N. Pugh.....	back.....	K. Molson.
Oliver.....	} ½ backs.H. Molson.
Swift.....	Drinkwater (capt.)
Stocking.....	Thompson.
Henderson.....	¼ back.....	Davidson.
F. Tofield.....	} wings.Switzer.
H. Tofield.....	Hill.
Russel.....	McDougall.
Turner.....	Sutherland.
Scott.....	Wilkin.
T. Pugh.....	} scrimmage.Bishop.
Shaw.....	Balfour.
Salter.....	Russel.
Adair.....	Collyer.
Henry.....	Lewis.

Referee, Dr. Elder, M.A.A.A.

McGILL vs. OTTAWA.

The McGill First XV, left Montreal by the C.P.R. Ottawa train on Saturday morning, Nov. 4th, to play the Ottawa City Club. McGill was represented by the same team that played against Britannia, with the exception of Guthrie and Angus, who were replaced by Drum and Alley. The match was called for 2.30, but owing to delays did not commence until nearly 3 o'clock, which made the time very short, as the boys had to leave for home at 4.30, necessitating a start from the grounds at 4 sharp.

McGill won the toss, and the teams lined up as follows:—

Ottawa.		McGill.
Shay.....	full back.....	Brunelle
Russell.....	}half backs.....	Leslie
Young.....		Trenholme
Fosberry.....		McDougall
Leigh.....	¼ back.....	Gaudet
McLean.....	}Wings.....	Rankin
Ketchum.....		Cowan
Pulford.....		Jacques
Cameron.....		Donkin
Dumoulin.....		Schwartz
and another		Sparrow
Clarke.....		Proderick

Bradley }
Moffatt }Scrimmage..... } Hamilton
McDougall } } Drum
Alley

To describe or criticize a game that lasted only forty-five minutes is rather hard, as the men did not get properly shaken down into their places.

In the first half Ottawa secured a try, from a very apparent off-side piece of play, and a rouge, to one rouge obtained by McGill. Our men were just settling down to their work when time was called, 5-1. In the second half Ottawa secured another rouge, which was the last point taken: from this to time the play was very even. Drum did splendid work in the scrimmage, heeling out with great accuracy, while our halves played a brilliant and unselfish game. Ottawa's tackling was far superior to McGill's, but the play of their back division was poor. In this half Trenholme got his collar-bone badly bruised, but pluckily played on to the finish.

The team felt quite at home, as a number of the Ottawa College boys turned out and encouraged them with the true old McGill yell.

At four o'clock the whistle blew, and the team made a rush for the train which was just leaving as they got to the station.

Mr. J. Smith gave every satisfaction as referee.

CLASS REPORTS.

LEGAL BRIEFS.

Prof.—The father may administer reasonable correction to a minor son who will not work.

Sh—n.—But, Professor, the son might thrash the life out of the father.

Prof.—Very true, the father takes that risk and may possibly take the thrashing into the bargain.

To Mr. Alex Hall, Law '93, the Faculty is indebted for the first draft of what may become a good faculty cry. The difficulty in procuring a really good one has been that neither "law" nor "order" could be encroached on, and the one referred to approaches as nearly as possible to these requirements. Here it is:

"Law, Law, Law,
Rhymes with jaw,
Hip, Hip, Hurrah!"

The only substantial objections to it that we see at first sight are:

(a) The first line is alarmingly analagous to "Caw, caw, caw."

(b) The final word of the second line is apt to cause a resurrection of antiquated notions of the lawyer's real mission.

(c) The last line is dangerously near to the fringe of order that encircles "the great field of law"—a single misplaced accent might precipitate the entire Faculty into the abyss of lawlessness.

The Law student who, at the Academy on sports night, left his back seat to find a front one, and as a mat-

ter of course remained standing throughout the evening, is about to frame a statute to be introduced into the Quebec Legislature at its next session, with a view to amending the law of Domicile, which, at present, he declares is "a dead letter." The new bill will propose to enforce the rule that "when the domicile of choice is abandoned the person reverts to his original domicile."

Mr. Hatchette, Law '91, and Messrs Hall, Johnston and Glass have given the Law Faculty the honor of their presence on one or more occasions of late.

A Second year Law student has handed in the following item as a specimen of sophomore wit :

Mr. Ha—the visiting class is requested to make a speech, but declines.

Sophomore (reproachfully)—"It's a pretty hard thing when a ha—et cuts his own friends."

The following gentlemen were elected to represent the students in the Faculty of Law at the Conversazione held in the New Library last Tuesday evening :

Law, '94, Messrs. Walsh and Sawyer.

Law '95 " Landry and Carmichael.

Law '96 " Donahue, Doucet and Mitchell.

The Moot Court held a session on Friday, 3rd November. The subject was a commercial one, and was argued by Messrs. Devlin and Boyer for the Plaintiffs, and by Messrs. Carmichael and White for the Defendants. Dean Trenholme presiding ; judgment reserved.

Counsel for the Defence (concluding)—We have shown clearly that the Plaintiffs are entirely mistaken in their contentions.

The Judge—Counsel for the Plaintiff, do you wish to reply ?

C. for Plaintiffs—Yes, your honor, I want to reply to my opponent's arguments, if any arguments have been adduced. I will now reply to their words.

Prof.—Does anyone know if Prof. L— will be here to-night to deliver his lecture ?

J—n '93 (Going out of Lecture room)—No, sir ! He has gone to Brome.

Prof.—Oh ! then that will give me a chance to deliver my lecture.

M—ll.—Get out !

J—n '93 skips.

Prof.—Looks daggers.

M—ll.—I did not mean that for you, sir.

Prof.—I'm sure of that Mr.— No, gentlemen.

On Friday evening, 3rd November, Dean Trenholme referred in sympathetic and highly complimentary terms to the distinguished services rendered by the late Sir John Abbott to this University while a professor in the Faculty of Law.

"Who got into the new library through the window ? Who proposed M—t—ll ? Who got his hair cut ? Who can read French with an English accent ?

THREE KINDS OF HOLDING !

With shouts and cries and hurried rush
The brawny athletes onward push.
At last their course by force is stayed,
Opponents strong defeats evade.

The Ball is held !

Forensic eloquence resounds,
And snores of sleeping judges drowns,
The Jurist quotes from bulky tome
With which he feigns to be at home

So Coleridge held !

The lights are low, the music sweet,
The moon scarce sees their cosy seat ;
A maid in gauzy gown of white
Sits by a youth, nor tempts a flight—

Her hands are held !

WYDOWN.

An eminent jurist and an able doctor were one evening discussing the question of the depravity ascribed to lawyers. The doctor said : "Well, members of your profession certainly do not make angels."

"No, perhaps not, certainly not so quickly as a member of your profession does."

D——n Bros. report to the class reporter that their health is good at present. We cannot determine, all unaided as we are, whether their statement is inspired in view of the coming Faculty dinner, or to assure us that four dishes of ice-cream and cake to match had no deleterious effect last week.

Found—The Law class reporter was found on Tuesday night in the new Library building being presented to the Governor General and the Countess, and we feel relieved to know that he was kept out of mischief, and he has since handed in his class report. The business management of the FORTNIGHTLY call the attention of advertisers to this fact as an evidence of the value of the journal as an advertising medium.

MEDICAL CLASS REPORTS.

The first clinic was held in the Royal Victoria Hospital a week ago last Wednesday. A patient was brought up from the General, and there was a good opportunity for using the new electrical apparatus. The formal opening of the Royal Victoria is not to come off for some little time yet.

It is rumored, in connection with the formal opening referred to, that the new song-book and the University pin are to be used for the first time on this occasion ; but we call upon everybody to repel this insinuation with the scorn it deserves.

When a man meets with an accident on the street, the first thing the bystanders think is to pull his leg.

The *Silver* Question : Have you paid your subscription ?

Some free translations from the Classics :
De mortuis nil nisi bonum.
 Of the dead nothing is left but the bones.
Finis coronat opus.
 The coroner finishes the job.

Physician (to patient who has received some injury)
 —“ Now, tell me exactly where you were struck, please.”

Patient—“ Sure, dochter darlint. at the corner av St. Catherine and Bleury.”

It is reported that some freshman endeavored to inflate the lungs through the foramen magnum.

Hello, old man, what do you know about the head anyway?

It is a great bother moving trunks, isn't it, boys?
 Moral—Do not study aloud.

Messrs. E. C. Hart and G. S. McCarthy represented the Faculty of Medicine at the *Conversazione* held to celebrate the opening of the new Library.

Sports Night seems to have had a very strange influence on the visual organs of some, causing an ecchymosed condition necessitating the use of green spectacles for days.

Under what conditions is one dead body quieter than another?

“ What is this patient getting, nurse?”
 “ Nothing sir.”
 “ Dear me, that will never do. Can't have him getting well without medicine.”

“ What causes this horrid smell in the room?”
 Third year student—“ Please sir, the *freshmen*, sir.”

The Third year have a baseball team.
 Success to it.

COMPARATIVE MEDICINE CLASS REPORTS.

This department has been somewhat neglected, owing to the absence of the faculty editor; but now that he has returned, the Vets will no doubt be heard from.

The Final men have all returned, with the exception of Sherman Cleaves. It is said that he intends going to New York to graduate.

“ What is the matter with Old McGill?” is a yell the boys have long been proud of. But the question came home to them in a new light the other night, when the students of the Veterinary College bid good-bye to two of their fellows who were departing for New York, where better advantages for the study of Comparative Medicine can be found. This makes three that have gone to New York this year, and the question naturally arises, where will it end? It has become evident that if McGill wishes to maintain her standing in the veterinary world, she must provide her students with advantages equal to those of other colleges. Right well the boys may ask, “ What is the matter with Old McGill?”

At the last meeting of the Society for the study of Comparative Psychology, Mr. J. McGillivray took his seat as secretary amid loud applause. The opinion of the members is that he is the right man for the right place

As you enter the hospital you are at once informed by the orator that silence must prevail. By way of suggestion we would advise those who enter to provide themselves with rubbers.

The Freshmen have elected the following officers:—
 President,—J. C. Parker.
 Sec.-Treasurer,—J. A. Ness.
 Class Reporter.—Harry Dell.

The class has thirteen names on the roll. An unlucky number, to be sure, but let us hope that it will bring nothing but good luck to the boys.

FEATHERS FROM THE EAST WING.

“ There is a red spot on your face.”
 “ Oh! that is ink-red-ulous.”

Country aunt, after visiting her nephew at McGill —“ Yes, Jim's getting just like a girl. He wears a gown, and he says that when he graduates he'll get a bonnet.”

The World's Fair is closed, and over 200 children left on their hands. Here's a chance for anyone to become the Father of his Country.

The Sophs. of last year are keeping up their artless wholesale confidences of by gone times:—“ He took my hand, and in a low voice said ‘ Adieu; ’” that's what one of our Juniors said.

Lost: Somewhere between the Redpath Museum and the Outremont quarries, the head of a small hammer. Finder will be rewarded by returning it to. Geologist, *East Wing*.

From that central point, Convocation Day, many paths diverge, and the class of '93 is scattered widely.

Miss Fairclough is pursuing her studies in Philadelphia, having entered on a post graduate course through the winning of a handsome scholarship.

Miss Seymour and Miss Jackson are also studying, but farther afield, having gone together to Dresden. Later advices say that these ladies have been attacked by a malady, somewhat peculiar to Canadians in Germany, called Himming, which nothing but a return to Canada will cure. They are expected to start for home soon.

Blowpipists are in a critical condition; they have caught the copper fever. You would not have thought so had you seen them blowing for two hours in the vain endeavor to find one single bead of that precious metal. Then to be told you had not roasted enough, and would have to repeat the process! The effect was almost fatal.

ARTS NOTES.

The Students in Arts have for a long while considered themselves invincible in debate, chiefly because they have had the Literary pretty much to themselves hitherto; but if Law, Medicine, and Comparative Medicine have many more debaters of the stamp of Mullin, Cruikshanks and Solaudt, the Arts men will have to look to their laurels.

Mrs. Alexander Johnson gave a very enjoyable "At Home" on the evening of Saturday, October 28th, to the students of the Third and Fourth years. The men seem to highly appreciate these kindnesses on the part of our professors and their wives.

The annual "scrap" in the Chemistry room was a little later than usual this year, but none of the old time vigor seemed to have been lost on that account, as sundry torn gowns and collars testify. Our professors seem to consider, and justly so, we think, that these "scraps" are a relic of barbarism.

The ushers for the occasion of the opening of the new Library building were chosen from the Fourth year. Those chosen were: Messrs. Day, Boyd, Graham (A.), Ireland, Barlow, Fraser, Ogilvy, Duclos, Garrett and Lewis.

The representatives of the Fourth year at the *Conversazione* were Messrs. A. Graham, President; and L. Boyd, Sec.; while the Third year were represented by Messrs. Hickson and MacIntosh, and the Second year by Messrs. Robertson and Turner.

Professor (busily engaged in disentangling some threads needed in an experiment) — "This could be done, I imagine, more expeditiously by one accustomed to do up back hair."

Chorus of Juniors. — "Go down and give him a hand, S—h."

There is at least one Junior who is not in love with the method of pronunciation of Latin in vogue in the College. He declares that if Julius Cæsar had heard his famous despatch from Zela read "waynee, wēedee, weakea," he would have had a fit of the "falling sickness" and expired on the spot.

Our reading-room is again well supplied with periodicals of all kinds, affording a pleasant place for an occasional hour's reading.

The Students in Arts are anxiously waiting for the time to come when they will again have access to the books in the Library. The closing of the Library has seriously interfered with their studies,—indeed, work along certain lines is at a standstill. Doubtless, the elegance and comfort afforded by the new building will amply compensate for the inconveniences under which Professors and Students are now suffering.

"Corporations have no soul." Corporations are not remarkable for delicacy and consideration in their dealing with the matters of business which come before them, but we think that the civic authorities have abused their privilege in this respect by placing one of their patrol "huts" in such close proximity to the building designed for the use of the Donalds. Their lack of taste in this instance is in a measure atoned for by their wisdom in placing another "hut" so near the Theological College on McTavish Street.

Most of the Juniors have either joined or expressed their intention to join the Classical Club. The officers intend to do all in their power to make each meeting very interesting, and bespeak the hearty co-operation of all the Students.

We learn with regret that one of our graduates has been so affected by the reports of oppression by the agents of the South African Co., in Mashonaland, that the other day he was seized with the idea that he was a Zulu warrior, and, calling upon his fellow-students, he charged a fence near by with a surveyor's picket. His charge resulted in considerable damage to—the picket.

It took all the patriotism one could muster to keep

from "getting mad," on Wednesday 1st inst., when, after having waited for an hour or so at the door of the Engineering Building to give the Governor-General and his estimable Lady a loyal and royal send-off, we were informed that they were having a quiet lunch inside. No wonder the boys bounced the coachman, and left.

The awkward squad at the gymnasium is gradually getting into form, thanks to the help of the popular instructors; but there is a great deal of unnecessary flourishing of arms and legs in several of the exercises, while some have not yet learned when their right hand is "up" or their left foot is "diagonally back." Visitors will please not bring any bouquets yet a while.

After the very able description of the Geological trip to Lachute by the contributor to "Feathers from the East Wing," it is not necessary to go into particulars. It must not, however, be supposed that we were interested only in Geology, for we learned one or two things which may be of use to us when next we go to Lachute. Geologically stated, they are: that the beef-steak has the appearance of a dried up bull of "17 summers;" sp. gr. same as lead; lustre, decidedly greasy; color, black; hardness, seven or same as quartz. Beside, it possesses a peculiar property of making you feel as if life were not worth living. As for the cigars, they are for all practical purposes infusible.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

The young lady said "good night," and the nervous freshmen in great relief replied "thank you"

The Science Glee Club is well on its feet, and this year will be a stronger organization than before. Practices are held every Wednesday afternoon at five.

Two members of '94 at a recent entertainment were disputing in the hall, over the right to see a certain charming damsel home. While they were still arguing the point with all the subtlety of Fourth year men, a freshman stepped in and carried off the prize

"This space is reserved for the 2nd year class reporter."

A meeting of the four years was held on Oct. 30th, and the advisability of asking permission to hold a Faculty "At home" discussed. The meeting was strongly in favor of the idea, and the secretary was instructed to interview the Faculty on the subject.

City Freshie.—Does the city water disagree with you?

Country Do.—No, I drink it with impunity.

City Do.—I generally drink mine with whiskey.

The field work is over for the season; e Second year seem glad that their rodding is finished.

Our Third year students feel that they are really getting more lectures than they have paid for. Rumor says that one with a particularly tender conscience went to the secretary's office lately and volunteered an additional \$50 fee.

The little boy who amused himself at the expense of another little boy, by telling him that the carriages of the Governor General and suite constituted a funeral, should be reminded that funerals are too *grave*: a matter to make fun of

The reading room is adorned by what may be the nucleus of a valuable botanical collection.

The Fourth year can afford to fall asleep at lectures, and treat roll-call with sublime indifference.

O.E.S.W. (from the far West):—"The mine was timbered with ch—"

Professor.—What is that in English, please?

The Governor-General drove up on the morning of Nov. 1st, in order to go through the Science buildings. The undergraduates were out in full force, and welcomed him with cheers and "For he's a jolly good fellow," as he was going into the testing laboratory, after which a rush was made for the top flat.

With Beckett at the piano and Edwards leading, the Students gave Lord Aberdeen a vigorous rendering of the national anthem, "the Boots" and other choice selections. His Excellency made a few happy remarks, beginning by referring to the genuine patriotism of the students, and going on to say how beneficial a University course was, not so much for the knowledge acquired as for the character formed.

Lady Aberdeen was presented with a bouquet of flowers by Mr. W. A. Duff on behalf of the Students of the Faculty.

OLLA PODRIDA.

In the western part of Greece lies the regions of Acarnania and Aetolia. A picturesque land is this, with its pleasant valleys and its lofty mountains. Eastward towards the blue Aegan stretch the spurs of the Pindus range, rising to their crowning glory in the famous Olympus, the home of gods and heroes. To the West, the sea again, with its many islands, reposing upon a living sea of liquid turquoise. Here lie, Santa Maura, Ithaca and Cephalonia, and further to the north, Corfu, islands famed in myth and history. In Ithaca was the home of the patient Penelope, and to it returned Ulysses after his twenty years of wandering. Indeed, every wave could tell its story, as the "many-twinkling smile" of ocean breaks upon these lovely shores. Even the shells upon the beach seem to hum a song of days long passed away, and the wind as it gently touches the tree-top whispers a tale of former greatness. In these regions, in the bosom of the Pindus range, and upon the slopes of the mighty Olympus, was the home of a form of poetry, which, while not aspiring to be called a school, yet for certain characteristics is unparalleled in the history of any age or nation. These poems are the so-called Klephtic ballads.

The capture of Constantinople in 1453 by the Turks did not give them the complete mastery over Greece. Liberty still reigned in the lofty peaks of Olympus, Pindus and Acarnania. Many dauntless spirits, scornful to submit to the invader, and relying upon their trusty weapons, took to the hills, and with strong hand maintained their independence. To this day we have their descendants in the Wallachians or Romanians, who still inhabit these districts.

These men went by the name of Klephts, Armatoles, or what we might term brigands. To them we owe the Klephtic ballads which are unique in the realm of poetry. A marked feature of their character was an inveterate hatred for the Turk, resembling in intensity that of the Helots for the Spartan, of whom it was said that they would gladly eat a Spartan raw. The Klepht was imbued also with an intense love for Nature, even in her sternest and wildest forms. For him every cave was a home, every hill suggested Liberty; every mountain torrent, as it leaped from ledge to ledge to break in sparkling mist in the valley below, recalled to him the stirring tale of Salarius and Marathon, and inspired him to emulate the doughty deeds of old. For him the very birds had joyous songs of freedom. In the winter the snow was his couch; and when the swallow, flying landward, brought the good news of returning spring, "starry kirtled" Night gave him sweet dreams of peace and happier days to come.

To be alone with Nature, to be free as a bird, impetuous as a mountain torrent, was the "all and in all" to a Klepht. As a consequence, the ballads which they produced are pervaded by an intense realism and a constant love for natural objects. The swallow, the nightingale, the row, all inspire the strains of their untutored harp. Though rude, the style is vigorous,

poetic and often lofty, and strikes a sympathetic chord in the hearts of all who hear them; the language is rugged but always robust, and the ideas are often couched in striking metaphor. The poems, too, are faithful pictures of the stirring events, amongst which they took their rise. Rugged as they are, like the hills from the heart of which they sprang, they tower, in many ways, with a weird beauty high above similar productions of any other language.

The following poem, entitled "The Klepht's Farewell," illustrates some of their points very well:

"O mother mine, in Turkish chains a slave I will not serve.
I cannot, will not, for my throbbing heart forbids the deed;
I'll take my gun, I'll go and join a roving band of Klephts,
To make a home amid the hills, to dwell on lofty peaks,
To have the woods for my companions, my discourse with the
beasts,
To have the snow for coverlet, and for my couch the crags,
To have my daily dwelling-place among the robber lads.
I'll flee,—yet, mother, do not weep, thy blessing o'er me breathe,
And we will pray, my mother dear, that Turks in hosts I slay;
But plant the lovely ro-chush and the dark carnation, too,
With sugar and with musk, be sure to sprinkle them each day;
So long, my mother, as they bloom and put forth beautiful
flowers,
Thy son's not dead but with strong arm is fighting 'gainst the
Turk.
But, should the hateful day arrive, a day of evil hap,
And should the two together fade, the blossoms pale and droop,
My fate I shall have met, so wear for me dark robes of grief."
Since then twelve years and fifteen months have dragged their
weary round,
In which the flowers have blossomed and the buds appeared;
But one fair morning in the spring, upon the first of May,
When joyful birds were singing and the face of Heaven smiled,
The lightning's glance, the thunder's roar, a sable pall creeps
o'er,
The dark carnation sighed for grief, the lovely rosebush wept,
Then both together withered and the flowers drop down
beneath:
With them the hapless mother fell a lifeless heap to earth.

Here we see that intense hatred of the Turk which animated the Klepht and his thirst for freedom. The love of Nature is well brought out, and the poem is full of simple pathos.

One of the best-known and most striking of these ballads is "The Burial of Demos:"

The sun was setting in the West when Demos gave his orders:
"My children, hasten to the brook, and eat your bread at even
And thou, Lamprakes, nephew mine, come take thy seat before
me.
Here! take the arms that now I wear, and be a valiant captain;
And ye, my children, take my sword, deserted by its master,
And cut green branches from the trees, and spread a couch to
rest me.
And hither bring the holy man that he may haste to shrive me,
That I may tell him all the sins I ever have committed,
While thirty years an Armatole and twenty-five a robber.
But now the conqueror, Death, has come, and I for death am
ready,
Build me a broad and spacious tomb, and let the mound be
lofty,
That I may stand erect, and fire, then stoop and load the mus-
ket;

And on the right hand of the tomb a window leave wide open,
That swallows in their flight may come, the early spring
announcing,
And nightin gales of lovely May in morning song may tel
me!"

Lord Byron, who was a great admirer of Romaic ballads, has translated one which was a great favorite with the Athenians :

I enter thy garden of roses,
Beloved and fair Haidee,
Each morning where Flora reposes,
For surely I see her in thee.
O Lovely ! thus low I implore thee,
Receive this fond truth from my tongue,
Which utters its song to adore thee,
Yet trembles for what it has sung :
As the branch, at the bidding of Nature,
Adds fragrance and fruit to the tree,
Through her eyes, through her every feature,
Shines the soul of the young Haidee.

But the loveliest garden grows hateful
When Love has abandoned the bowers ;
Bring me hemlock—since mine is ungrateful.
That herb is more fragrant than flowers.
The poison, when pour'd from the chalice,
Will deeply imbitter the bowl ;
But when drunk to escape from thy malice,
The draught shall be sweet to my soul.
Too cruel ! in vain I implore thee
My heart from these horrors to save
Will naught to my bosom restore thee ?
Then open the gates of the grave.

As the chief who to combat advances
Secure of his conquest before,
Thus thou, with those eyes for thy lances
Hast pierced through my heart to its core.
Ah, tell me, my soul, must I perish
By pangs which a smile would dispel ?
Would the hope which thou once had'st me cherish
For torture repay me too well ?
Now sad is the garden of roses,
Beloved but false Haidee !
There Flora all wither'd reposes,
And mourns o'er in the absence with me.

In these poems we can note that love of ornament, contrast and color which is so striking a feature in the Celtic ballads. Besides this, compared with the other ballad-poetry of Europe, there is a certain similarity in subject, style and motive, a circumstance which is to be explained by the fact that the natural man is the same wherever we find him, and that all ballads are a spontaneous outburst from the full hearts of a primitive people. As Lang well puts it :—

" Ballads sprang from the heart of the people, and flit from age to age, from lip to lip of shepherds, peasants, nurses, of all the class that continues nearest to the state of natural men. They make music with the splash of the fisherman's oars, and the hum of the spinning-wheel, and keep time with the steps of the ploughman as he drives his team. The country seems to have aided men in their making, the bird's note rings in them, and he has lent her whispers, the stream its mur-

murs, the village bell its twinkling tune. The whole soul of the peasant class breathes in their burden, as the great sea resounds in the shells cast up on the shores. Ballads are a voice from secret places, from silent peoples and old times long dead ; and as such they stir us in a strangely intimate fashion to which artistic verse can never attain."

A. G. N.

THESE BE JOKES.

The following is related of a great but pompous American lawyer by a young man who placed in his hands for collection a promissory note for \$50.

The lawyer had been a great friend of the family, and had often told this young man to come to him at any time he was in trouble, and he would try and see him through.

A few days later, he received a word from the great lawyer to come and see him, which he did at once and was ushered into the lawyer's private and commodious office.

While the client was looking around in an awed manner, overwhelmed by the grand scale on which the offices were furnished, the lawyer commenced :

" We got your little matter settled without any trouble, my dear boy ; and I am very glad to have been of service to you. As for the question of our fees in this matter, we will charge you a mere nominal sum. You of course understand our charges are merely a question of professional etiquette, so just receipt this in full," handing him at the same time \$20. " You know, my dear boy, I knew you as a child, and have watched you grow up. Your father and I were always intimate friends, and I always had the deepest respect for your dear mother now gone."

The client stood up quick, breathed hard, clutched the \$20, and thought of his fifty dollar note as he said in an earnest manner :—" I thank Heaven you didn't know my grandfather !"

It is a cold wet night, and the rain comes whistling down in gusts impelled by the raw wind, and simply chills old Hardfist to whatever there is of marrow in his dried old bones, as with snarling lips and soured temper he steers his way to the miserly lodging where he exists.

Suddenly, from a secluded street corner, a miserably wretched figure glides out upon him, covered with a greasy looking coat, which is only out-done in shabbiness by the battered remains of a silk hat. He button-holes old Hardfist there in the rain, and commences his begging story with the preface :

" Excuse me, friend, but I have seen better days, and was reduced....."

" Seen better days," snarls old Hardfist, starting on again ; " deuce take it, man, what do you stop me to tell me that for, it's one of the worst days I've seen this season, and I have no umbrella," he adds as a cold rain-drop lights inside his shirt collar.

Passing up Sanguinet Street last Sunday afternoon, I saw a number of the students at Mount St. Louis College playing at football. In the course of their play, the ball, by accident, was kicked over into the street, where it was picked up by a passer-by, and thrown up to a student who had perched on the top of the wall, and was whistling, appropriately enough, "After the Ball."

"I assure you, gentlemen," said a convict, an ex-politician, upon entering the prison, "the place has sought me and not I the place. My own affairs really demand all my time and attention, and I may truly say that my selection to fill this position was an entire surprise. Had I consulted my own interests, I should have peremptorily declined to serve; but as I am in your hands, I see no other course but to submit," and he submitted.—GREEN BAG.

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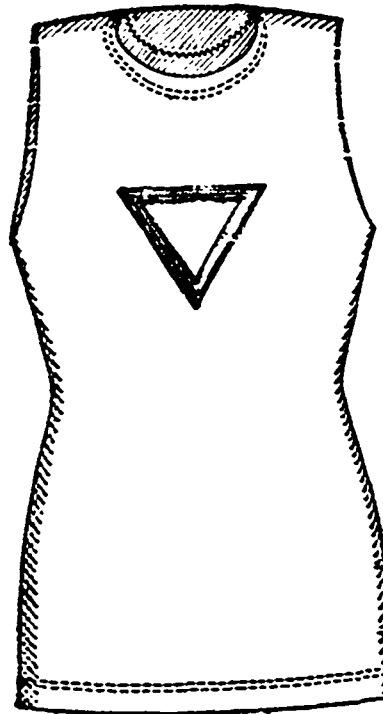
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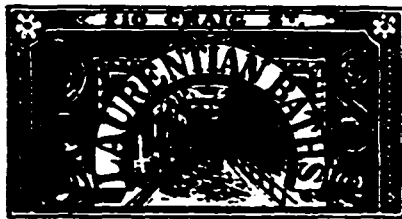
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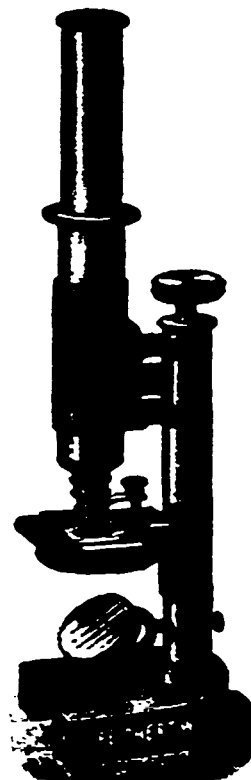


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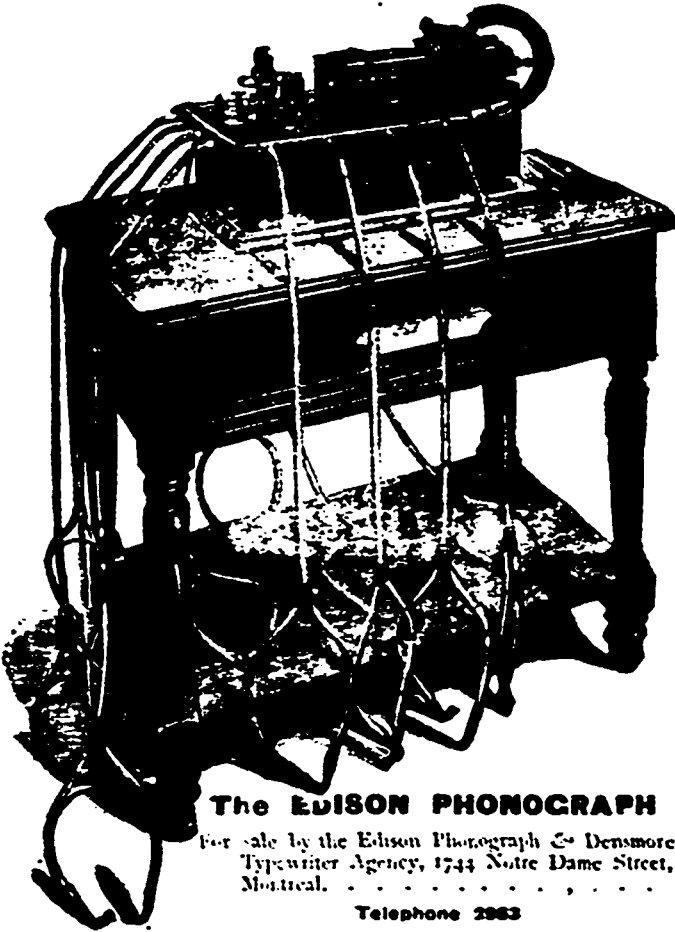
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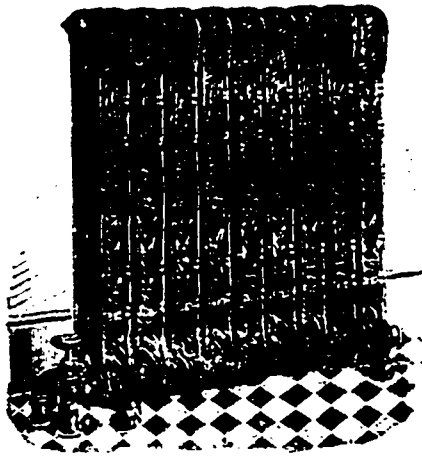
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