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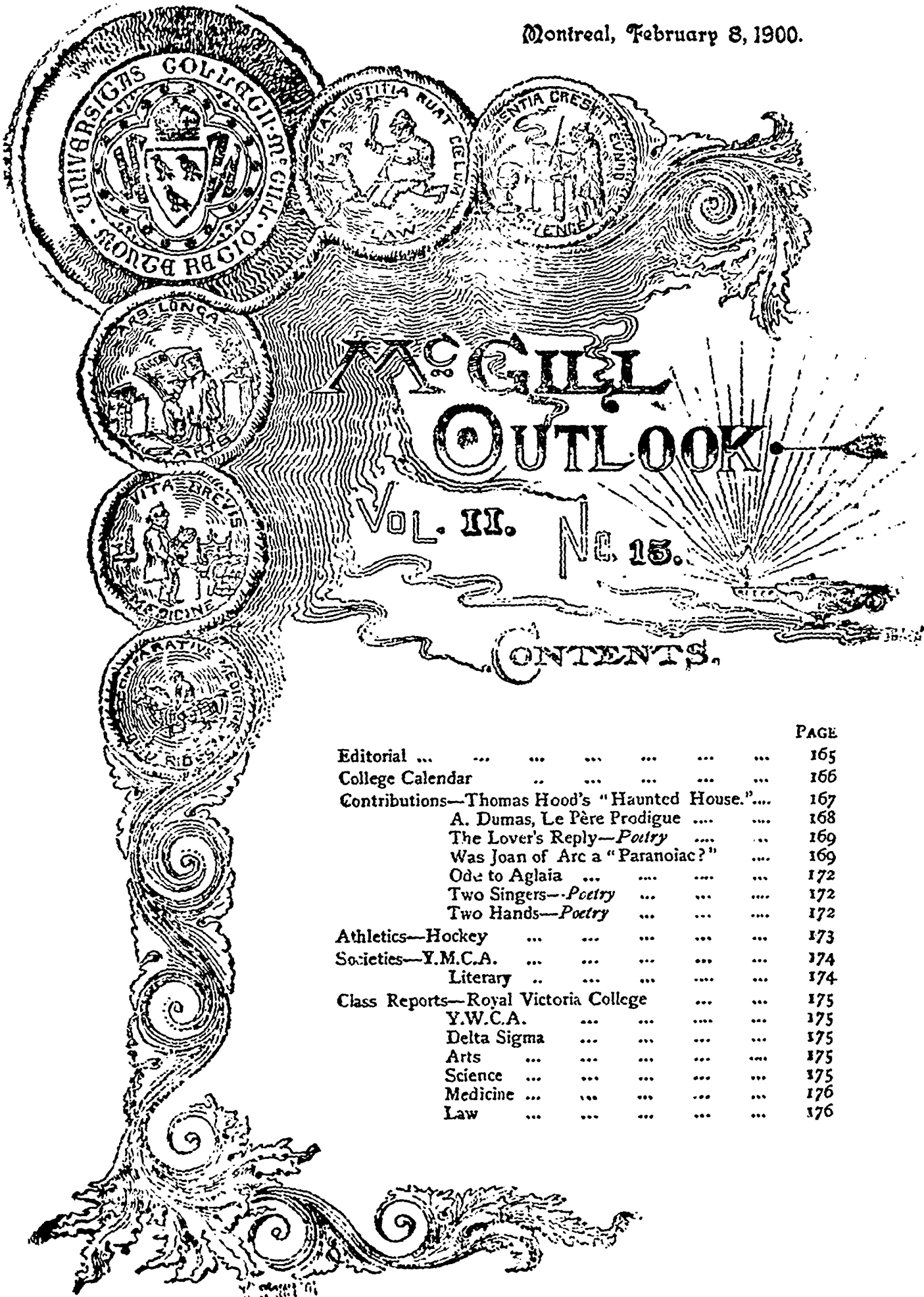
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Montreal, February 8, 1900.



# MCGILL OUTLOOK

VOL. II. No. 15.

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Editorial ... ..	165
College Calendar .. ..	166
Contributions—Thomas Hood's "Haunted House."...	167
A. Dumas, Le Père Prodigue ....	168
The Lover's Reply— <i>Poetry</i> ....	169
Was Joan of Arc a "Paranoiac?" ....	169
Ode to Aglaia ... ..	172
Two Singers— <i>Poetry</i> ... ..	172
Two Hands— <i>Poetry</i> ... ..	172
Athletics—Hockey ... ..	173
Societies—Y.M.C.A. ... ..	174
Literary .. ..	174
Class Reports—Royal Victoria College ... ..	175
Y.W.C.A. ... ..	175
Delta Sigma ... ..	175
Arts ... ..	175
Science ... ..	175
Medicine ... ..	176
Law ... ..	176

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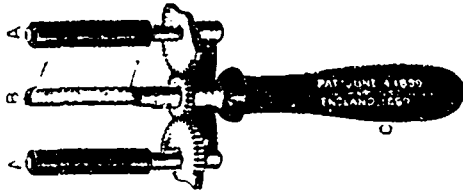
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# McGILL OUTLOOK

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VOL. II.

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 8, 1900.

No. 15

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The MCGILL OUTLOOK is published weekly by the students of McGill University.  
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The Annual Subscription is \$1.00, payable strictly in advance. Remittances should be made to the Business Manager, Mr. HUGH McKAY, McGill University, Montreal.

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## Editorial.

It is a pleasant duty on the part of the Editorial Board to call the attention of all the students of all the Faculties to a letter from Mrs. Walton, to be found in another column of this paper.

McGill men should do everything in their power to be present at the entertainment in Her Majesty's Theatre on Friday evening, February 16th, in aid of the Patriotic Fund. We have a number of our men at the front, and there is surely no man at College to-day who does not take a deep and personal interest in the Transvaal struggle.

It is an easy way of helping on the good work. If the students take the gallery and enliven up things a bit, it will greatly assist in making the entertainment pass off successfully.

It is not too much to assure the ladies and gentlemen who are in charge of the coming entertainment of the sympathy and support of the students of McGill University.

EVERY student should turn out to the Victoria-McGill hockey match Saturday afternoon, and help our players do their very best in this their most important contest. Defeat will undoubtedly put McGill out of the race and shatter her hopes for championship honours, while victory will place our team in the finals with bright prospects for success in their remaining matches. The presence of a large and enthusiastic following does a great deal to encourage a team; the students should remember that our players are battling for McGill, and on Saturday afternoon McGill men should give them the hearty support they deserve.

A very interesting old war relic, a reminder of the troublous times of 1812, has lately come into the hands of Dr. W. H. Drummond, of this city. This quite famous Canadian writer has a valuable collection of curios, but none does he value more than this recent addition to his treasures. It is an old drum

very old, but in excellent condition, and it was captured from the American troops at the Battle of Chateauguay in 1812 by a Canadian Voltigeur, named Bellemare, serving under de Salaberry.

The drum was made by one Abner Stevenson, of Pittsfield, Mass., in 1809. Stevenson was a maker of musical instruments, particularly of drums, and was known as one of the fiercest of the "war democrats." But one of the brave Canadians wrested Mr. Stevenson's prized instrument from the American troops, and, until recently, it has remained in the hands of the Bellemare family as a trophy of war, and one greatly prized.

A short time ago it was presented by one of the Bellemare's, a direct descendant of the Canadian soldier, to Mr. John J. Drummond, of Radnor Forges, who, in turn, presented it to his brother, Dr. W. H. Drummond, of Montreal.

As remarked before, the old drum is in excellent condition, except that the sheep-skin on one side is missing. Whether or no this was accomplished by the patriotic habitant, history says not. The drum bears the thirteen stars of the American Union, and on one side the letters "U. S. A."

Another very interesting relic that has recently been presented to Dr. Drummond is an iron cannon ball, weighing some six pounds, and which was fired in 1660 by a French Frigate while helping to defend the French mission at Three Rivers against an attack of the Iroquois.

To the Editor of the MCGILL OUTLOOK:

Sir,—May I draw your attention to the fact that an entertainment in aid of the Canadian Patriotic Fund is to take place on Friday evening, the 16th February, in Her Majesty's Theatre. The Organizing Committee hope that the McGill students will show their patriotism by attending in large numbers, and helping to make it a success.

I am yours sincerely,

MARY WALTON.

#### COLLEGE CALENDAR.

Thursday, Feb. 8th :—Historical Club, 8 p.m.  
Hockey—Arts '01, vs. Arts '03 7 p.m.  
Hockey—McGill, Juniors, vs. Cedars, Cedar's Ice, 9.30 p.m.

Friday, Feb. 9th :—Undergraduates' Literary Society, Arts Building, 8 p.m.  
Annual Arts-Law Debate: "Resolved, That the English Revolution of 1688 has had more effect on the world's history than the French Revolution of 1789."  
Medical Society, Medical Bldg, 8 p.m. Papers:—"The Power of Nature," E. L. Pope, B.A., '00; "The Relation between Mind and Body in Treatment of the Insane," H. M. Little, B.A., '01; "Polylactylism," B. E. Wiley, B.A., '02; "Instinct," R. C. Paterson, B.A., '02.

#### FROM THE THEATRES.

A very excellent production entitled "Little Nell and the Marchioness" holds the boards at the Academy this week. It is useless to hope for a thoroughly satisfactory dramatization of Dickens' "Old Curiosity Shop;" nevertheless, the present production is very satisfactory as a play, and when produced as it is with so admirable a company it forms a splendid evening's entertainment. Miss Mary Sanders, on her first starring tour, is a very capable young actress, and deserves every praise in her present role, particularly as the Marchioness. In her support are many old and sterling players, John Jack, Max Figman and Mollie Revell, all of whom help to make the production a very high-class one and deserving of large patronage. It remains to be seen, however, whether this will be given, a very large portion of our theatre-goers prefer an entertainment of the risqué order of "The Rounders."

At Her Majesty's Theatre there is an abundant opportunity for "the weeps." *Quo Vadis* is, indeed, a sermon, teaching us how awfully hard it was to be a Christian in the early days, and, as a boy in the gallery remarked, "what a cinch we have of it now." A great many people delight in the play of the *Quo Vadis* description, and to them the present production is heartily commended. Flighty and frivolous persons are, or should be, denied admission to Her Majesty's this week. This is a feast for the more serious and sober-minded of our citizens.

At the theatres next week there is no particularly alluring bill. Pudd'nhead Wilson at the Academy will no doubt be a drawing card, and the successor to that delightful Italian opera "Finnigan's Ball" at the Royal will also, doubtless, draw large audiences from our better class of theatre-goers. However, we can look forward to some very fine attractions at our local theatres between now and the end of the season. "The Runaway Girl" is actually coming. Sir Henry Irving is giving a series of performances, and if only the present promises are fulfilled Montreal will have a very excellent theatrical season instead of the very poor one predicted.

Meeting of Mining Society in Chemistry Building, 8 p.m. Address by Capt. Adams.

Saturday, Feb. 10th.—Hockey—Med. vs. Sci., 2.30 p.m.  
McGill vs. Victoria (Intermediate Arena Rink 2.30 p.m.)  
Weekly Social Y.M.C.A., 8 p.m.

Sunday, Feb. 11th :—University Day of Prayer. Meeting in David Morrice Hall, Presbyterian College, 3.45 p.m.

Monday, Feb. 12th :—Hockey—Med. '00 vs. Med. '01, 7 p.m.

Tuesday, Feb. 13th :—Hockey—Arts '00 vs. Arts '01, 7 p.m.

Wednesday, Feb. 14th :—Annual Meeting of Athletic Association Arts Bldg. 8 p.m.  
Hockey—McGill Juniors vs. Montreal Juniors, 9 p.m.

Thursday, Feb. 15th :—Hockey—Sci. '00 vs. Sci. '01, 7 p.m.

## Contributions.

## THOMAS HOODS' "HAUNTED HOUSE."

I never tire of reading this poem, as I knew the the old house well, and away back in the ages have paid many a visit to it. It was situate at Wanstead, only a few miles from London, and Hood has immortalized it by a most faithful picture of it. The ruined mansion, the deserted garden, the old sundial, the weeds, the wild rabbits and the rest are all familiar memories with me; and a fresh reading of dear Hood's poem has taken the following shape with me.

H. M.

*Non Numero Horas Nisi Serenas.\**

There stood a dial in a wilderness,  
That once had been a garden kept and trim;  
The trees drooped there in very loneliness,  
But rarely broken by the brown bird's hymn.

Weeds of all sorts had overgrown the place,  
Where violets grew rank marigolds were crowding,  
And ivy, over all, with vagrant grace,  
Hung down, the shrunk espaliers over-shrouding.

There were a few nails on the south wall yet,  
And ravel'd shreds that once were miled with care,  
Flutter'd, week after week, in wind and wet,  
Sole indication of what once grew there.

No childish footstep stirr'd the brushwood thicket,  
The birds among it hopp'd in fearless riot,  
Unused to hear a sound but chirping cricket,  
Making more audible the charmed quiet.

While men had toiled, and labour'd hard to gain  
The splendid vanities of fame or gold;  
Honour abroad, or credit with much strain,  
Of heart and mind, and weariness untold;

While all their clamorous voices through the years  
Had shouted poems to the thousandth one,  
Who, climbing on the failure of his peers  
And doing what by them was left undone,

Had reached the topmost height of his desire—  
Through the long years this tranquil spot had been  
Preserved untouched; the blackbird's wonted quire,  
The rabbit's haunt, home for a Dryad queen.

Far from the din of cities, world-forsaken,  
Its favorite denizens the bird and bee;  
Aurora's steeds each morning there had shaken  
Their bright manes from the pearly dew-drops free.

There Spring had strewn her primroses, and laid  
A carpet where no foot could ever tread;  
There Summer brings her garlands, and the shade  
The wild rose brightened with her blossoms red.

A dial stood yet in a mossy plot,  
A sunflower rear'd its disc above the stone,  
As though to hint man's reckoning matters not,  
Since birds and flowers keep seasons of their own.

"*Non numero horas nisi serenas*, so  
Ran the worn lettering round the dial's face;  
Are they uncount'd, "*horas serenas*," though  
They leave of their brief life but little trace?

Who has not known such? Known, who could  
No gloomy days enter the golden portal [forget?  
Where memory in her queenly state is set,  
Crown'd with amaranth in light immortal.

\* "*I number but the hours of each bright day;  
The dark ones unrecorded pass away.*"

Ces rats qui les livres rongeurs,  
Se font savants jusques aux dents.

Le besoin crée l'organe et en revanche le dit besoin est entretenu, fixé, exagéré par l'organe qu'il a créé. Cette loi de l'évolution universelle s'applique à l'Amérique plus qu'au reste du monde, ou pour nous tenir dans les limites du langage scientifique, c'est en Amérique que nous pouvons en observer plus facilement le fonctionnement.

Les Européens jetés sur cet immense continent se sont trouvés au milieu de nouvelles conditions climatiques, économiques, sociales et instinctivement sans plus s'en rendre compte que la main qui se durcit au travail ou le muscle qui se développe par l'exercice, ils ont créé une nouvelle société, un état des choses spécialement adapté à ces conditions.

En retour, maintenant, cette nouvelle organisation sociale tend à conserver les conditions premières dont elle est sortie. Et ceux qui s'occupent de sociologie américaine doivent considérer le sujet, surtout à point de vue de cause et d'effet à réaction mutuelle.

L'Amérique a donc produit des espèces nouvelles qu'il est amusant et instructif d'étudier et dont je voudrais esquisser quelques types.

Le Rat à fourrure en est un des plus curieux. Il n'est connu que depuis une demi-douzaine d'années et a vu la nuit dans les grands abattoirs de Chicago. Car le rat en question est aveugle comme nous allons le voir.

Quand le génie américain a produit ces immenses réfrigérateurs où, pendant un temps illimité on peut conserver la viande de millions d'animaux abattus, il a non seulement opéré une grande révolution dans l'économie des marchés, mais du même coup il a mis ses provisions à l'abri de la vermine, rats et souris, qu'il avait en vain essayé d'exterminer et qui jusque là avaient déjoué toutes les tentatives faites contre elles.

Et pendant quelques années il n'y eut ni rats ni souris dans les glaciers, car la température y est si basse qu'aucun être vivant n'y peut résister.

Cependant, il faut croire que la gent rongeuse est aussi tenace dans la lutte pour l'existence que dans ses efforts pour percer un plancher de chêne.

Car un beau jour, il serait curieux de savoir au bout de combien d'essais infructueux et après quels états intermédiaires elle produisit un spécimen merveilleusement adapté au milieu de glace où il devait vivre.

Le premier qu'on attrapa était un rat énorme couvert d'une épaisse fourrure comme celle du vison.

Dans la lumière du jour il était aveugle bien que dans l'obscurité des réfrigérateurs il s'orientât parfaitement et on constata que l'œil s'était complètement atrophié, n'était plus qu'un organe rudimentaire.

Les savants s'émurent et pendant qu'ils discutaient le phénomène un garçon de magasin fit une contre mine qui devait lui rapporter une fortune.

Par une sélection rigoureuse il produisit au bout



de quatre ans une nouvelle espèce de chats laineux comme des mérinos, et aveugles comme des taupes qui fuient la lumière comme la peste, s'étendent voluptueusement dans une température de dix degrés au-dessous de zéro et se vendent leur pesant d'or.

Un autre type américain, produit de circonstances particulières, c'est le professeur de langues modernes.

Ce type en raison du degré plus élevé qu'occupe son espèce dans l'échelle de la création offre un intérêt plus grand, une complexité plus difficile à saisir.

Physiquement il ressemble à la majorité des hommes, bien qu'un œil exercé découvre dans son allure et dans son langage l'empreinte qui résulte de l'évolution dont il est l'aboutissement.

Il a dans son maintien, dans sa mise, dans sa façon de regarder les autres mortels quelque chose d'indéfinissable qui rappelle le prêtre avec, en plus, le cachet particulier qui caractérise le pédant.

D'emblée on se sent en présence d'un homme qui a la certitude d'être en possession d'un trésor de vérité inaccessible aux autres.

Cependant comme il n'est à proprement parler pas le seul qui exhale ce fumet spécifique de cunstre, il faut l'étudier dans ses mœurs plutôt que dans sa physionomie.

Il vit solitaire ou par petits troupeaux dépassant rarement cinq ou six individus. Il faut attribuer cette particularité moins à un manque initial de sociabilité qu'aux conditions qui ont développé et fixé l'espèce.

Sa nourriture se compose principalement de racines grecques et latines, de participes, de prédicats, de suffixes et de catachrèses. Dans certains cas il ne dédaigne pas le dictionnaire, pourvu toutefois que ce soit un exemplaire bien mûr, c'est-à-dire qu'il ne s'y trouve pas de néologismes qui produisent sur son estomac bien régi l'effet de pommes vertes sur l'appareil digestif d'un gamin vorace. Quelquefois il va jusqu'à une œuvre littéraire ou même un auteur qu'il traduit, commente, déforme, ronge sans l'absorber, comme fait le chien d'un os trop dur.

Quant à la langue elle-même sa philosophie, son esthétique et son harmonie; quant à la littérature et à sa signification tout cela lui est un livre fermé et il s'en soucie d'ailleurs comme le poisson d'une pomme.

Pour ce qui concerne la poésie il n'a qu'à s'entendre lire une page pour en être dégoûté à tout jamais. En revanche il se rattrape sur la philologie ou plutôt ce qu'il croit la constituer.

Il s'intitule volontiers "Professeur de langues romanes" ou "Professeur de philologie comparée." Cela sonne bien en effet, et sous un tel manteau il est si facile de mystifier les gens.

Au début de sa carrière il va passer quelques mois à une université allemande de troisième ordre et y soutient une thèse sur le rôle du Gèrondif dans les dialectes finnois ou sur quelque autre matière d'égale importance, et moyennant deux ou trois cents francs on lui donne le diplôme de docteur. Alors son pain est cuit, comme on dit. Il est à l'avenir dispensé de toute pensée, de tout mouvement.

Pourtant comme il est glorieux et surtout utile d'ajouter à la renommée d'un érudit celle d'un auteur il écrit des livres.

Ici je voudrais abandonner le ton de la plaisanterie et prendre celui de l'indignation pour flétrir comme ils le méritent ces faux savants, ces plagiaires éhontés, ces mystificateurs sans vergogne, ces ânes diplômés qui inondent la librairie américaine de leurs bouquias insipides, remplis de fautes de goût, de fautes de langue et de fautes de jugement.

Voici comment ils procèdent :

Ils choisissent un livre populaire, pas trop volumineux—généralement une nouvelle ou une pièce de théâtre—le font reproduire avec le plus de fautes possibles, le font précéder d'une préface qui est un pavé de lours avec la mauvaise foi en plus, et enfin ils y ajoutent un glossaire que le premier porte-faix venu pourrait compiler. Et toute cette ignoble besogne finie, ils la signent avec beaucoup de fracas, effaceraient, s'ils le pouvaient, le nom de l'auteur qu'ils viennent de voler—car ils se moquent du droit d'auteur—et d'estropier par dessus le marché.

Supposons qu'il s'agisse d'une pièce d'Alexandre Dumas. Voici quelle serait la première page :

A. DUMAS.

LE PERE PRODIGE.

BY

JOHN SMITH.

Professor of Romance Languages at the University  
of Smithville.

Author of: *Le Misanthrope, Le Ciel, le Voyage de M. Perrichon, etc., etc.*

Ensuite ils se font écrire, par des confrères, les témoignages les plus élogieux, envoient aux journaux les entrefilets les plus flatteurs, bref lancent leur avorton comme on lance une nouvelle pomme pour les hémorroïdes et se font des rentes tout comme l'épicier du coin.

Les chefs de cette bande noire, ceux qui la font à l'érudition, se parent encore plus facilement et surtout plus sûrement de leurs plumes de paon.

Un Gaston Paris publie un volume, résultat de dix ans d'études; aussitôt des nuées de professailons viennent s'abattre sur cette moëlle généreuse comme des corbeaux sur une charogne. Chacun y vole ce que son gésier peut supporter; puis il le délaye, le déguise de cent manières, le mêle à ses propres sécrétions, en fait une douzaine d'articles qu'il vend cher aux journaux spéciaux, puis il les réunit en un volume qu'il fait adopter dans les écoles et les collèges et qu'il a l'impudence de dédier à sa mère ou à sa femme.

Et comme le public, même le public cultivé n'est pas au courant des sciences aussi spéciales que la philologie, ces faux prophètes sont considérés comme des puits de science, ces ballons gonflés de vent deviennent des soleils, et ce qui est presque incroyable, finissent par se prendre eux-mêmes au sérieux.

M I.

## THE LOVER'S REPLY.

"Oh, tell me why thou lovs't me still," she asked,  
 "When I have loved thee not?  
 Tell me why thou hast yet remembered me,  
 'Though I forgot?"

"Sweetheart, why it should be I cannot tell,  
 I only know," he saith,  
 "That I have ever loved thee, long and well,  
 And shall till death."

"I only know that love has blessed my days  
 And been Life's sun to me;  
 The fairest flower- that bloom along earth's ways  
 I've plucked through thee."

"And, after Death itself, I ask but this,  
 That it might be thy will  
 To place upon my brow one dreamed-of kiss,  
 And bid me love thee still!"

FROM A CONTRIBUTOR.

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 WAS JOAN OF ARC A "PARANOIAC?"

The story of Joan of Arc has long been recognized as one of the most fascinating and enthralling of all the tragedies of history. It is doubtless the element of so-called supernatural about her that makes her story so fascinating, for, not only was her life a sacrifice and her death a martyrdom, but her history from beginning to end seems saturated with the miraculous element. The facts connected with her short life are known to every reader of history—her appearance on the world's stage at a time when France was torn by three contending factions and war and robbery reigned supreme,—her early days in the little village of Domremy, a rural district steeped in legends and superstition,—her contention that she saw visions and heard voices bidding her free France—her relief of Orleans and her wonderful military success, her imprisonment, and finally her execution at the stake in the streets of Rouen.

The whole story seems to pivot on one single point,—the reality of what she termed her "voices." Did she hear real voices? Were there any voices to hear? Was she a woman of genius whose achievements were the natural result of her natural unaided powers to the accomplishment of a task that lay within range of mortal capacity, or was she chosen by the Almighty to accomplish His chosen ends and manifest His omnipotent power? Was she inspired or insane? These are the questions that are asked concerning her. It is useless to attempt to answer these questions, but we can at least look at them in the light of the various theories that have been put forward in an endeavour to explain her almost miraculous career. No one will doubt her veracity; everyone will acknowledge that she *thought* she heard voices bidding her free France, and that thought had the same effect upon her as the physical sound would have.

"What now think you of the Maid of Orleans," says one writer. "Explain this miracle by your Psychology and your Sciences, say how was the deliverance of Orleans effected and France freed from the English yoke by a letterless girl of eighteen years! Who taught her the art of war and enabled

her to transfer a huddled mob of sheep into woives of war so that the victors of a hundred years were humbled in the dust before the standard of a peasant maid?" The writer answers those questions by stating that Joan of Arc was the agent in the hand of invisible powers, and that her deeds were accomplished by the agency of spiritual forces whose potency and range cannot be measured by the dynamics of material science. "Some spirit or spirits," he says, "of higher than mortal intelligence, with a capacity more than human of seeing into the future, were in constant communication with her. She spoke their words and acted upon their counsel. We have, in short, not to deal with her as a single personality, but as inspired, directed, and controlled by a higher mind or minds, of whose existence and whose influence upon her she was constantly conscious. On that assumption her hypothesis explains everything. But deny that assumption and what remains?"

This is one view! but those who are not inclined to accept this theory can at least find some explanation for her deeds and her influence. During her childhood, France was in a very disordered state. Merlin, the enchanter, in ancient days had prophesied that France, brought to ruin by a woman, would be saved by a maid from Lorraine. A woman—Isabella of Bavaria, who disinherited her son in favor of Henry V. of England—had brought a calamity on France. Thus, part at least of the prophecy was true. But a heroine was to come from the forest of Domremy where Joan dwelt! Surrounded as she was by tales and legends, and living as she was in a world of superstition, it is not difficult to see how she wove a web of fancy, and came to believe that she was the destined deliverer of France. Left much alone, she brooded with an imaginative temper and religious warmth over the sorrows of her country and the wrongs of her king. Her nature was strongly sympathetic, and it was kindled to ardent patriotism by the condition of her country. Gradually her whole attention became so engrossed with her country's wrongs that all her waking hours were one continued and prolonged prayer for its deliverance. The result was that, owing to a peculiarity in her nervous constitution, her own thoughts and hopes seemed to take audible voice, and returned to her as commands spoken by the saints. Her noble sentiments and strong belief in that uncritical age were like a revelation to distracted France, and the popular feeling rose very fast. "It was no magic," says one writer, "it was no special intervention, no prophetic foresight, but it was the irresistible forward movement of a fearless spirit, which calculated no chances, felt no doubts, knew what it desired, and, firmly believing in a Divine Mission, moved on serenely towards its aim. It is true that he who has unwavering belief will never lack followers, and Joan of Arc was fortunate, not only in inspiring confidence, but also in striking terror. The sudden accession of energy to the one side, the diminution of power of resistance on the other, superstitious confidence in the one army and superstitious terrors in the other; all these give us an easy solution of the wonderful manner in which she gained her victories. It is said that, before her ap-

pearance, two hundred English could defeat one thousand French, but it was not so after. The question is asked, "How was this?" "Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just," is one answer. "God had great pity on France," is another. Never, perhaps, was the power of belief exhibited on so grand a scale. The soldiers believed her when she told them that God was with them, and they fought with irresistible courage; the English believed her to be a witch and scourge of God, and fled from her in the wildest panic. It may not have been superstition alone that produced these results. Every common soldier on either side must have been conscious that the French cause was a just one and the English the unjust. Conscience may have come into the field, and with the English it may have been a case of "Conscience making cowards of them all." She seems to have been endowed with gifts and graces and capacities which were not natural to the people of Domremy, nor indeed could be acquired by an unlettered peasant girl; but her reputation was established by her matter-of-fact method of driving conviction into the natural heart. It is said that she had military genius and the ability to plan campaigns, but the army seems to have been really under command of experienced generals. Then, the soldiers were good fighters and only needed an enthusiastic spirit to lead them on. She inspired them with a frantic enthusiasm, and overawed the enemy by superstitious fear. She was extremely sensitive to sound, and heard her "voices" in the wind as it played among the trees of the forest near her home, but more particularly she heard them when the church bells rang, and even in battle these "voices" spoke, or, at least, seemed to speak to her, encouraging her "to go in boldly." This, then, is one way by which we can find some explanation for her influence.

Another attempted solution is the "mutation of self" theory, but this is probably not correct, as the phenomenon of alternating personality in its simplest phases seems based almost entirely on lapses of memory. The alternations of the self, according to Mr. James, comes from present perversions of sensibility and impulse, which leaves the past undisturbed, but induce the individual to think that the present *me* is an altogether new personage. Masses of new sensation, hitherto foreign to the individual, impulses and ideas of the same inexperienced kind, appear. At the outset they stand in contrast with the old familiar *me* as another distinct personality. The old self becomes falsified and turned into another by the various associations with which the individual is surrounded. The patient may again be quiet, and his thoughts logically correct, but erroneous ideas are always present, and he is no longer the same, but a really new person, the old self transformed. But this state does not continue for more than a few weeks at a time, and when the "old self" returns the patient entirely forgets the second self. It is certain that this was not the case with Joan of Arc, who continued unceasingly to hear her "voices" for five years. This theory, then, is not a correct one.

Then the question arises, "Was she a Paranoiac?" "There can be no doubt," says Mr. Kitchen, "that

Joan of Arc was under the influence of one of the forms of hysteria which has so often produced strange results in young French girls. But the specialty of her case is that her hysterical condition was combined with an amazing power of vigorous exertion—results of a strong constitution and of her early active life as a shepherdess at Domremy"—"Joan had subjective sensations of light and sound..... without external cause sufficient to produce like sensations in others," says Mr. Lowell; "precisely what these sensations were we do not know. The sensations of sound, sometimes, at least, were those of particular words; the sensations of sight was less definite, but apparently they were sometimes visions of definite forms in human similitude. The sensations of sound were usually accompanied by a somewhat indefinite sensation of light. Apart from these abnormal sensations, Joan seems to have been a really perfectly healthy and well-developed, both physically and mentally. It seems to follow then that our opinions concerning her insanity or inspiration are likely to depend, not much on our beliefs concerning Joan, but principally on our beliefs concerning insanity and inspiration."

It is probable, however, that her visions and "voices" can be attributed to a kind of mental insanity—PARANOIA. The very term may be taken to indicate a qualitative or quantitative alteration of intelligence. In an article on Paranoia, Dr. Noyes, a specialist in mental diseases, says: "There can be no more beautiful clinical pictures of mental disease than are furnished by the life history of many saints, martyrs, religious enthusiasts and fanatics, for whom, if we agree to call them 'Paranoiacs,' we have a general descriptive term, and one which gives us a clear insight into their mental processes; and, at the same time, the logical and systematic evolution of their false ideas furnishes us with a clue to the immense influence these people have exercised in many periods of the world's history. To read history with this conception of Paranoia is to gain a new light on the forces that have moved men and overthrown kingdoms. Under the guiding and overmastering influence of a Paranoiac, we see France victorious under a Joan of Arc; thousands of men, women and children leaving their homes to perish in foreign lands in the Crusades under Peter the Hermit; a new religion founded through the visions of a Swedenborg; a kingdom—Bavaria—nearly bankrupt through the extravagances of a Ludwig; a rise of the people to full control of the Government under the teachings of a Rousseau, and men and women, the world over, regulating their daily lives, and sustained in every hardship and misfortune that the world can offer by the ecstatic visions of some saint or martyr."

Paranoia is not a single process, but frequently a conglomeration of different processes displaying themselves in the same individual. It is dependent on some weakness of the nervous system, something that came into the world with the individual, and only needs the proper existing cause to burst forth into full developed mental disease. Of all the factors entering into the etiology of Paranoia, mental degeneration is, by all authors, admitted to be the chief. The individuals

are the subjects of their emotions. It is a disease of the ideational life, its chief symptoms being delusions and imperative conceptions, with outbursts of sudden overmastering hallucinations. An all-pervading and ever-present egoism is its most notable characteristic. The Paranoiac believes and acts exactly as if delusions were true, and no reasoning will convince him of the absurdity of his delusions. There is not a previous condition of weak mindedness, and he never recognizes anything wrong with him. The Paranoiac never becomes excited, maniacal or incoherent; the excitement is that of an angry person, not of a maniac. The Paranoiac is, above all, a reasoning being, but his conclusions are sometimes faulty through an inherent defection of his logical apparatus. In mania it is almost impossible to fix the patient's attention, whereas Paranoiacs will talk by the hour. They are logical, have good memories, talk sensibly, and reasoning is generally correct. There are cases where they have risen to the highest rank intellectually, and left an indelible stamp on the world's history. Judgment, reason and memory may be so good as to deceive friends and the most skilled doctors as to their condition. In childhood they may be unusually bright, but show little inclination to join others in play, and, if aroused from solitude, become irritable. New ideas do not often come into consciousness. The Paranoiac is exalted or depressed according to the nature of his delusions. But it is always the external world that is all wrong. The reality of the delusions may at first be doubted, but later on they become fixed. He generally imagines himself to be some great personage, and to be destined for some great mission. Hallucinations may appear at a very early age, as was the case with William Blake, the poet and artist, "who," Dr. Noyes says, "at the age of ten, saw a tree filled with angels." The evolution of the disease is so slow that it may be many years before the person affected is recognized to be insane, and his insanity, even then, may seem to be the exaggeration of his natural temperament. Through his inability to properly orient himself the Paranoiac builds up a most imposing structure on entirely erroneous and fictitious ideas and conceptions. Times for great political excitement are especially favourable for bringing to the front these erratic individuals. Every conceivable incident of their daily life, especially of youth, are seized and woven into their cob-web structure of delusions; an essentially new personality is the final outcome of this delusion building, a personality, that is in every way consistent with the dominating false ideas. Paranoiacs are generally looked upon as incurable. They hold their delusions to the end. Dr. Noyes quotes the case of a French patient, who, after living in an asylum for some time, had apparently recovered. He believed himself to have been sent into the world with a great mission to perform. He was told that he was about to be discharged from the asylum, on which he displayed great joy. But, even with liberty so near, he could not rid himself of his delusions, and, when taken up to sign his name to the documents of discharge, he signed himself "The Christ," thus showing that his delusions still existed.

Another case is quoted by Dr. Fred Peterson, that of a subject who had been a shy, timid child, very bright at school, obedient and well liked by his teachers. He possessed peculiar auditory acuteness which soon gave rise to illusions of hearing. These were transformed into hallucinations, which in turn developed into delusions of grandeur. He believed he was some great personage, and he had a great mission to perform. He heard voices guiding and directing him. Images of saints, which he had loved to gaze on when a child, appeared to him and quoted passages of scripture, telling him what to do. He continued to hear the "voices" till his death, and never got rid of his delusions.

We must admit that Joan of Arc had many of the symptoms of a Paranoiac. In childhood she showed intense mental activity and an abnormally sensitive nervous temperament. Her conduct towards her parents was uniformly exemplary, and her kindness made her a special favourite. But, as she grew to womanhood, she became inclined to silence, and spent much of her time in solitude and in prayer; and, while doing her usual round of duties, she was inwardly engrossed with thoughts reaching far beyond the circle of her daily concerns. The teaching of the Priest, the sorrows of her country and the wrongs of her king, under the peculiar conditions of her young life, projected themselves into actual visions, voices, portents. She became a dreamer, an enthusiast. The Saint Michael she had seen painted on the Church wall showed himself to her enraptured gaze. She met with rebuffs, but they only increased her ardour, and made her more determined to accomplish the deeds, which she believed she was destined to perform. To the very end she still heard her "voices," and believed in them. They did not fail her when she most needed them, though neither forest, wind nor church bells conveyed the sound. When before her judges she heard her "voices" bidding her answer boldly. She never ceased to affirm that she received all her knowledge and capacity direct from St. Michael and the other saints,—those saints on whose images she had loved to gaze on in childhood. She heard them first as "voices," then she saw them as persons, and afterwards held them as friends. Again, she refused to acknowledge defeat in the face of overwhelming odds, and she seemed to be unable to estimate the elements of success in battle. She thought victory inevitable, but she shuddered at the sight of blood, and loved her banner better than her sword. She said her hope of victory depended on God, and on nothing else. She may have been a woman of genius, whose successes were the natural outcome of her own powers, but, if so, how do we account for her voices and visions, for we must believe that she, at least, *thought* she heard voices and saw visions, or that she was a deceiver of the worst kind, and was conscious of it. But she believed truly in her own inspiration. "If the people believe that I am sent from God, they are not deceived," she said at her trial. "My voices were of God, all that I have done I have done by the order of God. I have done nothing but by revelation" and almost her last words were—"My voices have not deceived me, my revelations were from God." "What has been said concerning

Joans's visions and voices applies substantially to her supposed gift of prophecy," says Mr. Lowell. "She certainly foretold the deliverance of Orleans and the coronation at Rheims. Moreover, it is practically certain that she believed that her voices promised her deliverance from prison—a real deliverance—and not the allegorical deliverance by death, which some imaginative writers have construed as the fulfillment of the promise." Her actions and beliefs seem to point to "Paranoia," but the question of her insanity or her inspiration is still a matter of opinion. But, whether or not Joan of Arc was inspired or insane, she was indeed a model woman. In the camp and out of it, her life was universally allowed by those who examined into it to have been "prudent, circumspect, devout and chaste;" pronounced by one who knew her intimately "a beautiful life, and it would be impossible for man to utter a word against her." She may have been a paranoiac, but she delivered Orleans; she may have been a mystic, but she rid France of the English conqueror; she may have been a visionary, but she instilled courage into the hearts of the soldiery; she may have been a superstitious fanatic, but what would have become of France if she had closed her ears to her voices, and rejected their counsel, and, as we leave her dying at the stake in the streets of Rouen, we can truly say, in the words which "Mark Twain," in his Joan of Arc puts into the mouth of Sieur de Conte, "Love, mercy, charity, fortitude, war, peace, poetry, music—these can be symbolized as any shall prefer by figures of either sex and of any age; but a slender girl in her first young bloom, with the martyr's crown upon her head, and in her hands the sword that severed her country's bonds, shall not these and no other stand for Patriotism through all the ages until time shall end!"

C. M.

## ODE TO AGLAIA.

O thou, dear lady, if thou wilt my soul  
For thine own mirror take, even of thine eye  
That hardly may be mirrored without wrong:  
Look where it lies.

'Tis not a little damsel in the glade,  
With dainty feet a-tripping down the grass—  
A dew-drop perked up sweetly on each blade  
Meet for her glass.

'Tis not a girl of eighteen lissom years,  
With mandolin and carol in the grove:  
A life that laughs. And in her eyes the tears  
Were all forgot.

Nay, fuller beauty have I to my soul,  
O glory of her queenliness of height!  
O rich unhasty melody! O strong,  
Etern delight!

She goeth like a breeze among the pines;  
Or like a cloud upon a silent eve,  
Like luscious laden vintage she reclines  
While twilights leave.

The woods are glory-reeking when the beams  
Dip thro' their leafy lattices aloft  
To wander by, in livery of gleams  
She liketh oft.

Or, on a hill-side on an afternoon,  
With still more glory fleeting thro' her hair,  
To be and revel while the crickets croon  
In grasses there.

But chiefly is she glorious in the night;  
By lake wave-eyelids appled by the orbs,  
Herself, below their fires the brightest light,  
All light absorbs.

Then, all ye mortals, love her from afar!  
'Tho' she be not for us, tho' we be nigher—  
Her lode of life all gathered to one star,  
The lord of fire—;

'Tho' we no more than kindness from her eyes;  
And hope for only praises from her lips;  
Yet these enough. He soareth to the skies  
That sky mell sips.

All hail! thou best beloved of their bower!  
Sweet latest form, but mellowest of three!  
Thou art God's nearest glassing, and His dower  
Is most in thee.

O! thou hast gained thee laughter for thy tears.  
It shadows to all worldly lights belong,  
Thy shadow eadeth when thy lord appears,  
As ends my song.

W. F. CHURMAN.

## TWO SINGERS.

A man there lived in a far-off lan I,  
And he toiled for fame with a tireless hand,  
O'er many volumes he feasted there,  
And he sang his songs with a studied care.  
The world looked on with a glow of pride,  
And a sage proe aimed him to gods allied;  
So he lived his life mid the smiles of men  
And he died like all things else,—and then?—  
Mid the tune scarce tones of forgotten lore  
His songs remained and were heard no more.

A singer lived in another clime,  
And his pulses beat to a strain sublime,  
He sang his songs through the darkest day  
And to perfect gladness attuned his lay,  
And he died like the other, but died unknown,  
For his lot was humble, his life was lone;  
Yet his songs are sung all the wide world o'er,  
From the peasant's hut to the palace door,  
And the Singer's name thrills the earth's great mart,  
For his songs sprang fresh from a Poet's heart.

ESPERANCE.

## TWO HANDS.

Last night I held her hand in mine,  
A hand so slender and divine,  
Endowed with all the graces.  
To-night another hand I hold,  
A hand well worth its weight in gold;  
Just think of it—four aces.

## Athletic Notes.

### HOCKEY.

#### MCGILL vs. NEW YORK.

Definite arrangements have been made with the St. Nicholas Hockey Club of New York, and their team will play McGill in the Arena Rink, Thursday evening, Feb. 22. The members of the Hockey Committee are to be commended for thus giving the students an opportunity to witness an American-Canadian contest, and every McGill man should see the match. Tickets may be procured from any member of the Committee.

#### MCGILL vs. VICTORIA

##### McGill 3. Victoria 2.

McGill Intermediates defeated Victoria Intermediates Saturday afternoon, in the Arena Rink three to two. The McGill men showed vast improvement in their team play and in their staying powers. At half time the score was two to nothing in favor of Victoria, but the McGill men went into the second half determined to win. With less than a score of students to encourage them they succeeded in scoring two goals while Victoria failed to score. When time was called the score was two all but in playing off the draw McGill won. The defence did excellent work, especially Blair in goal, while the forwards played well together; they fought their hardest to the very end, and won a well-earned victory. McGill has played one "draw," lost one and won two games. Next Saturday at 2.30 p.m. McGill plays Victorias and the result of the match will have a direct drawing on championship. McGill has still a good chance to come out on top. It is to be hoped that the students will turn out to the remaining matches, and help the boys do their very best in their hardest games.

The teams lined up as follows:—

McGill:—Goal, Blair; Pt., Yuile, M.; C. Pt., Yuile, H.

Forwards:—Mussen (Capt.), Montgomery, Andrews, Belanger.

Victoria:—Goal, Chuse, Pt., Virtue, C. Pt., Fairbanks

Forwards:—Strachan, Howard, Adams, Allan.

Referee:—C. McKerrow, M.A.A.A.

Umpires:—C. G. McKennin, McGill.

#### MCGILL vs. VICTORIA JUNIOR.

McGill Juniors were defeated by Victoria Juniors in the Arena Rink Friday night 8 to 0. As usual the McGill Team had been completely changed since their last match a week ago, with the exception of the cover point and two forwards. The changes did not strengthen the team, for, owing to little team practice, the men seemed unaccustomed to each other. Changes may be all very well as experiments, but when new players, without team practice, line up for every Junior match, there can

be little improvement in the team play during the season. Even the practice gained in the contest goes for nothing.

The McGill Team was:—Goal, Bulmer; Pt., Carter; Cov. Pt., Gilmour.

Forwards:—Molson, Henry, Browne, Townsley.

Referee:—R. Bowie, Vics.

Umpires—C. G. McKinnon, McGill; — — —

#### AR'S '00 vs. ARS '03.

Arts 1900 defeated the Arts Freshmen Saturday morning 3 to 1. The score does not represent the relative merits of the two teams, as the Seniors were much superior to their opponents. The Seniors' goal was seldom in danger, while the Freshmen's citidal was constantly besieged, but their excellent defence prevented scoring. The Seniors' defence did splendid work, especially Reford at Cover Point, and all the Forwards did good individual work.

The teams were: 1900—Goal, Walker; Pt., Johnson; C. Pt., Reford.

Forwards:—Grier (Capt.), Rowell, Scott, Ells.

1903:—Goal, Sims; Pt., McMorran (Capt.); C. Pt., Frippe.

Forwards:—Nettinger, Phelps, Sutherland, Hogan.

Referee:—J. Copeman, '01.

Umpires:—C. J. Macmillan, '00; Hunter, '03.

#### AR'S '01 vs. ARS '02.

Arts '01 scored a rather easy victory over Arts '02 Saturday afternoon. The first half was closely contested, but the Juniors were in much better condition than the Sophs., and in the second half, especially in the last ten minutes, scored almost at will. When time was called the score stood 8 to 1 in favour of 1901. There was considerable heavy checking. The teams lined up as follows:—

1901:—Goal, Tees; Pt., Mowat; C. Pt., McPherson.

Forwards:—Molson, Moffatt, McDonald, Copeman.

1902:—Goal, McDonald; Pt., Ireland; C. Pt., Prymm.

Forwards:—Browne (Capt.), Cole, Price, Harris.

Referee:—Higman, Sc. '01.

Umpires:—R. Harper, '01; Crowell, '02.

#### SCIENCE '02 vs. SCIENCE '01.

Science '02 defeated Science '01 in a First Science Class game on Friday. The play was fast, and free from roughness, but was sadly lacking in good combination play. The score stood 7 to 1 in favor of '02 at the finish of the game, but, though '02 was much superior, the score did not exactly represent the play of the two teams.

The men lined up as follows:—

1901—Goal, Schwitzer; point, Scott; cover point, Loudon.

Forwards—Blue (Capt.), Tupper, Palmer and Wilson.

1902—Goal, Johnson; point, Beck; cover point, Lockerby.

Forwards—Meyers (Capt.), Meldrum, Crawford and Newton.

Referee—D. McCallum, Med. '03; umpires, W. E. Murphy, '02', and P. Ogilvy '01.

The officers of the Hockey Club and the members of the Intermediate teams will be the guests of Professor Capper at the Stanley Cup match between Shamrocks and Winnipeg Victorias Monday night. Since coming to McGill Professor Capper has manifested a deep interest in College sport. He has done a great deal for hockey in the University, and this is only one of his many acts of kindness to the Hockey Club.

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## Societies.

### Y. M. C. A.

The annual meeting was held last Saturday evening, and the officers whose names were in last week's issue as nominated were unanimously elected. From the various reports brought in it was seen that the past year has been the most successful in the history of the Association. This is the first year in which the treasurer was able to present a clean sheet, with an estimated balance of \$45. The membership has increased 33 per cent. during the year, the large number of new students being from Medicine and Law. Quite a large number of last year's members have shown their desire to help the Association by becoming sustaining members this year.

The religious work has also been very successful, not only the Sunday afternoon meetings where the room has been filled several times, but the membership of the bible study classes has also steadily increased.

The work among the new students was begun very early. Students were met at their trains, and boarding-houses found for them, and they were aided in becoming acquainted with the class-mates by receptions at the beginning of the term.

Several ladies have given receptions to the members this year, and the social Saturday evenings have been as successful as ever.

Though the year has been so successful, yet there is much yet to be done for the number of students at McGill presents a large field for those who are anxious for their religious welfare.

The General Committee of the World's Student Christian Federation have appointed Sunday, February the 11th, as a universal day of prayer for students. This committee includes representatives from Germany, Scandinavia, Great Britain, France, the Netherlands, Switzerland, the United States, Canada, Australasia, South Africa, Japan, India, Ceylon, China, and includes 1,300 student societies, with a membership of 55,000.

The Y. M. C. A. of McGill have decided to observe this day by holding a meeting for students and

friends in the David Morrice Hall, Presbyterian College, at 3.45 o'clock, when an address suitable to the occasion will be delivered by the Very Reverend Dean Carmichael, and prominent members of the University will take part in the service. All students and friends are cordially invited.

All McGill men have been glad to meet Mr. Fred W. Anderson, B. A., of 'Varsity, who has been with us during the past week in the interests of the Student Volunteer movement.

### LITERARY SOCIETY.

#### FRESHMEN WIN DEBATE.

The regular meeting of the Literary Society was on Friday last devoted to the annual debate between the Sophomores and the Freshmen. The programme began with an extremely interesting essay read by Mr. Gray, of Arts 1903, after which the champions of each side prepared for the fray. The subject was: Resolved, that departmental stores are injurious to the best interests of Canada. The affirmative was supported by Messrs. Adams, Munn and Jack, representing the Sophomores, while the cause of the Freshmen was upheld by Messrs. Couture, Johnson and Parkins, who spoke in favour of the negative. Both sides of the discussion were well maintained, and some excellent speeches were made. The decision, however, was given in favour of the Freshmen. Messrs. A. R. MacMaster, B.A., Law, '01, C. C. Ferguson, Arts '00, and C. J. MacMillan, Arts '00, acted as judges, of whom the first mentioned, as chairman, delivered the criticism and announced the decision.

The meeting was well attended by students of the first two years, but it is much to be regretted that more of the Juniors or Seniors do not make it a point to attend regularly. It seems astonishing that men who take an Arts course for the sole purpose of acquiring a broad education should neglect the means by which their object can perhaps be best obtained. The Literary Society might be called the laboratory in which the theory supplied by the College curriculum may be put into practice.

## Class Reports.

### ROYAL VICTORIA COLLEGE.

The First Year Class luncheon outshone all the rest by adding a drive to the "things to eat," which the others indulged in. If we did have a long and almost fruitless chase after our President, we prized her all the more when she did come, and if one horn did succumb the other did not. When we got back all were ready for the refreshments provided (which included a happy inspiration of the monitor's). Not all were so ready for Ciceronian duties, however, and the President's text was, "I'm not used to this!" Miss Cameron and Miss Brooks responded to "Our Guests," and Miss Cameron responded most happily for Miss Oakeley. We were sorry to miss three of our number, for, though we have no ambition to form a "thirteen" club, fate has twice been too strong for us. However, a baker's dozen is one better than a common dozen, and shows our generous way of doing things.

#### Y. W. C. A.

The attendance at the weekly meeting of the Y. W. C. A., held January 31, was unusually large. Miss Lunn, who takes a great interest in the Society, conducted the meeting. After a few short prayers Miss Lunn gave a delightful talk, basing her remarks on the first chapter of the first Epistle of St. John.

#### DELTA SIGMA.

The Regular Meeting of the Delta Sigma Society, Monday, Jan. 29, 1900, was replaced by a delightful entertainment tendered the members of the Society by the Alumnae.

The meeting of the Civil Council to discuss measures of great importance proved no less instructive than amusing, and no doubt the measures which were discussed so ably, and the decisions arrived at, will soon be put into practice by all who were present.

The members of the Delta Sigma wish to thank the Alumnae Society most heartily for the very pleasant afternoon which they spent.

#### ARTS.

1903.

"'02."

What's the matter with '02?  
Why do they forget to strut?  
Wherefore are their looks so blue?  
What is wrong within the hut?

On Friday eve they undertook  
With contempt too big a job;  
For defeat they did not look  
From what they thought but a mob.

Though just now they feel cast down,  
Let them be up and at it;  
Ambition still may win a crown,  
Other worlds perchance may fit.

CONSOLATOR.

### SCIENCE.

There will shortly be held a meeting of the Science Undergraduates Society to consider the revised Constitution. As several important changes have been made, the Committee in charge of the revision would like to see as many men as possible turn out. Due notice of the meeting will be posted on the boards.

Captain Adams is announced to give a lecture under the auspices of the management of the Mining Society on Friday, Feb. 9th, at 8 o'clock.

Captain Adams has had much practical experience in the West, and his remarks will be of more than usual interest.

1901.

There's a man whom his class mates call Lizzy,  
And his hair does not tend to be frizzy,  
But if he took off his shirt,  
And wore a shirt-waist and skirt,  
His appearance would knock us all dizzy.

Our Hockey Team gave a fine example of moral courage the other day in their hockey match with the Sophs. Our men say that time after time they were tempted to shoot a goal, but they stifled these sinful temptations and resisted nobly. Our weaker brethren of the Second Year were, sad to say, not so steadfast, with the result that they fell seven times to our one. Our team will now be another group in the world's unwritten heroes.

1902.

Victory is sweet, and on Friday we tasted its richest flavors. Our A1 hockey team defeated Third Year with the neat little score of 7 to 1. But we won't boast. We give the simple facts and let them speak for themselves. Nor will we exult over fallen opponents, but rather write over their remains the simple epitaph, "They did their best."

Well done, boys! But just here let me drop a word of advice to the players. If you want to have a continuation of your present success you must do some more practising. You have some splendid players, but you lack combination. With such a strong defence there is no reason why you should not always play a winning game if you work up a combination. We wish you success. Friday's game was all right, and it is not necessary to mention any names, but simply to speak of the team as a whole.

We are very sorry to hear that Mr. S. Barwick has been seized with diphtheria, and is at present lying in the Civic Hospital. It is hard luck this time of year, and Barwick was no loafer. We heartily sympathize with him, and hope to see him back with us soon.



## MEDICINE.

1901.

Medicine is certainly improving in College spirit; a Theatre Night was arranged for Friday last. About 50 men represented the famous Faculty of Medicine. It was remarked that these were all Freshmen.

Those who saw the "Rounders" at the Academy will notice the likeness in the following lay of woe:—

Same old Transvaal, same old wars,  
Same old Oom Paul, same old Boers,  
Same old Buller, Roberts, too,  
Same old story,—nothing new.

Same old campus, sopping wet,  
Same old Football Team, same old debt,  
Same old Hockey, Tennis, too,  
Same old story,—nothing new.

Same old Medicine, same Four Years,  
Same old Freshmen, younger in years,  
Same old subjects, grinds, too,  
Same old story,—nothing new.

Same old Sophomores, just as free,  
Same old troubles, anatomy,  
Same old sleigh-rides—chorus girls, too,  
Same old story,—nothing new.

Same old Juniors, best of all,  
Same old Dan McKay, same old bawl,  
Same old Stewart, Collinsons, too,  
Same old story,—nothing new.

Same old Seniors, learned and wise,  
Same old clinics, skin and eyes,  
Same old bother, few get through,  
Same old story,—nothing new.

Same old Baillie, same old Cook,  
Same old Dr. Mills, same old book,  
Same old guinea-pigs, pigeons, too,  
Same old story,—nothing new.

A. J. L., Med. 01.

1903.

(Although fourteen numbers of the OUTLOOK have already appeared no Class reports have yet been received from the Freshman Class in Medicine. We do not know where the fault lies, but if the Class has neglected to elect a Reporter, the Class President should see that one is appointed even at this late date. Ed. Outlook.)

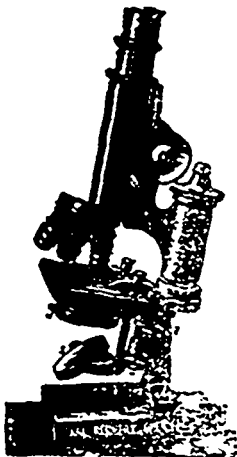
## LAW NOTES.

We understand that the comparative purity of the recent municipal elections was due to the almost universal presence of the law at the polling booths. The telegraphers were utterly unable to face the eagle eye and massive brain of the Students of our illustrious Faculty.

At last our well-beloved friend and colleague, brother West-r, has returned. His shoulders are somewhat more stooped and his spacious brow is furrowed with more lines of care than formerly. Also, his gentle laugh is less frequently heard, and his cheerful voice is less often upraised in urgent entreaty to know what the Professor is whispering to himself now; otherwise he is the same. Our hearts are relieved of a great load, for we feared he had gone down in sorrow to the grave. We have heard from his own lips the story of the campaign. The great engagement of the war took place at Snetsinger's grist mill, where our friend led the on-laught against the enemy.

Fully nine persons of various sorts and conditions were assembled: when our friend, having first refreshed himself with a cup of vinegar, began the battle with an eloquent allusion to the fatness of our turkeys and the size of our chickens. He then passed on to the mitigation of our climate, which, he said, was entirely due to most of the frost having been used to keep our cold storage system going. After various other remarks extending over a period of two hours and three quarters, the meeting broke up by singing "We won't go home till morning." It is stated on good authority that, as a result of the meeting, three opposition voters were so fatigued that they were obliged to take to their beds, which they were unable to leave until after the election was over. This accounts for the reduction of the enemy's majority.

One of the members of the First Year was recently caught instructing the electors of the City of Montreal. If there are any more elections, and the disease keeps spreading, there will be nobody but Mr. Mc-m-st-r and Mr. B - -rk left to study law.



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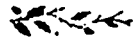
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At night he used to sleep out in the  
Square;  
Policemen ever moved him off their  
beats,  
He wasn't any use, and didn't care.  
Whate'er he tried, luck turned the  
other way;  
Howe'er he lived, he knew alone, and  
God;  
He'd go without a bite for day on day,  
Just passed by of the world—a  
worthless clod.

He hadn't rags enough to keep him  
warm,  
Just how they hung about him  
Heaven knows;  
They managed somehow though to  
fit his form,  
But yet you'd hardly dare to call  
'em clothes,  
They called him Lazy Leary, with a  
jeer;  
A butt for ribald jests, he bore the  
load,  
He'd never known one thing to make  
life dear,  
Yet trudged on down his weary,  
dreary road.

His frame was just the same as  
yours and mine;  
His heart was quite as warm, and  
beat as fast;  
And so, when men were needed for  
the line,  
In war he found a haven at the last.  
He donned a uniform as brown as sod,  
Became a cog in Britain's vast ma-  
chine,  
And beggar, outcast, passed by, worth-  
less clod—  
He died a gallant soldier of the  
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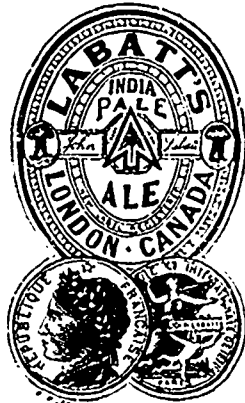
The recent large type heading, "Death of General Joubert," was one with which we became tolerably familiar. Nobody is oftener killed than the old Boer commander. With astonishing frequency he gets slain in battle, only to bob up again with unflinching regularity, much to the confusion of newspaper correspondents.

Major Coventry, it will be remembered, was reported as having been shot dead in the famous Jameson Raid of a few years ago. The whole house of Coventry immediately went into mourning, and more than a week elapsed before a welcome cablegram reached the grief-stricken earl, announcing that his gallant son was alive, although badly wounded.

One of the officers reported killed in the battle of Corunna was Sir Charles Napier, and some time passed ere it was discovered that the famous British General had merely been taken prisoner. In the meantime probate of his will had been granted, and, upon his return to England, Sir Charles was astonished to hear that he was officially dead. Ultimately the Probate Court was obliged to formally resuscitate him.

A young non-commissioned officer named Millington underwent a somewhat parallel experience. While engaged upon a reconnoitering duty in Afghanistan, he was captured by a notorious band of hill-robbers, and thrown into durance vile. Nearly two years passed without any news of the missing man, so it was naturally concluded that he was dead.

One day, however, Millington was liberated, and in due course arrived in England. Here he learnt that, shortly after his disappearance, an uncle of his had died, leaving him the sum of £200. This money had, when all hope of the legatee being alive was abandoned, been made over to the nearest relative—a scapegrace brother, who lost no time in squandering it. It is pleasant to record that when the circumstances of Millington's hard case became known, the officers of his regiment organized a "whip round," with



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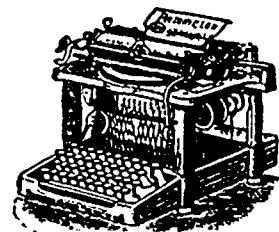
the result that the man was presented with the full amount of his lost legacy.

Engaged upon light duties about Aldershot camp there may be seen a man whose name is enrolled among those of the dead. This is ex-trooper Matthew Wagg, who, at the battle of Abu Klea, was surrounded and cut down by the enemy. For six awful days did this man lay among the slain, his body covered with ghastly wounds. No doubt that Wagg had perished was entertained, and at the present day his name may be read upon a tablet which was raised in All Saints' Church, Aldershot, to the memory of those who had fallen at Abu Klea.

Wagg's escape was a miraculous one. When the dead round him were being accorded a burial, he was discovered with just sufficient life in his poor mangled body to give the doctors hope. Slowly the faint spark of vitality was fanned into flame, until at length Trooper Wagg was invalided home to Netley.

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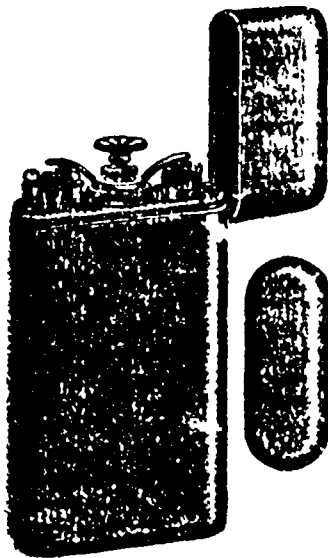
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