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Montreal, January 6, 1898.



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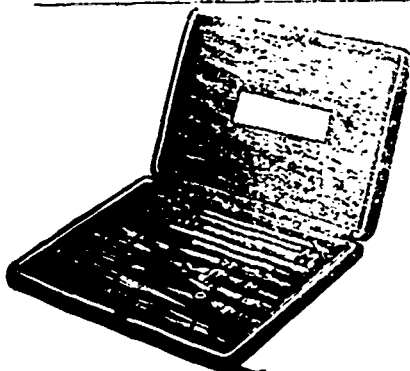
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VOL. VI.

MONTREAL, JANUARY 8, 1897.

No. 6

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## Editorial.

THE Governors have doubtless thanked Mr. McDonald, on behalf of the University, for the very timely Christmas-box that he has presented to us. THE FORTNIGHTLY feels sure that the pleasure of being a Governor, is at least doubled when one can feel confident that any gift of University equipment will be provided with an endowment amply sufficient for its maintenance. We rejoice also to think that Mr. McDonald realizes his self-imposed responsibilities, and has made his donations complete in this respect. We sincerely hope that neither "reckless expenditure" nor "frills" has necessitated this supplementary estimate—doubtless it has been a long-foreseen necessity—and pending an announcement of the endowment of the Royal Victoria College (which many regard as the "New Arts Building"), we shall not cry poor for Arts. And this leads us to confess that we read with a feeling of no little resentment the reflections called forth by our recent good portion in the *Journal of Queen's University*, published on Christmas day.

In a four column article "McGill University Present and Past," the writer observes that our latest benefaction but points to a prevalent tendency for "Merchant princes to spend millions on the founding and equipping the faculties of applied science in connection with universities, whose arts' faculties, their very soul and centre,

are starving for the bare necessities of life." We venture to think that, at McGill at least, the reflection must be regarded as beside the mark. Please, Mr. University, is the arts' faculty at Toronto University starving for the bare necessities of life?

Further on we read "The prosperity of McGill of late years is one striking example of our national tendency. Originally the arts' faculty was its pride and boast, the central structure round which the other faculties were grouped. Now, however, the economic faculties, those which train the student for an income by their rich endowments, have completely dwarfed their alma mater, until, like some old mansion in a garden overtaken by the growth of a city and surrounded by modern sky scrapers, what was once a fairly imposing structure now occupies the bottom of a well." Surely our Faculty of Arts is not the deserted and pity-provoking body the writer has in his mind. Our Faculty of Arts is prepared to compete with the best in the classics and natural sciences. Our chairs of Mathematics and Philosophy may well be the pride of any Canadian College.

We cannot reproduce at length the extracts taken from the *Montreal Gazette* of June 24th, 1820. They remind us that our original endowment consisted of ten thousand pounds and the estate of Burnside.

HOCKEY AT MCGILL. —The University which encourages study to the exclusion of all physical exercise is not fulfilling in the best and most complete manner the primary object for which it is founded. The really successful student, or at least the man who has the best chance to become such a one, is not he who remains glued to his reading-table, but he who diversifies his studies with a judicious and reasonable exercise, thereby creating within himself a greater zest for future application. It used to be said of this great University that there was too little encouragement given to sports, and this was considered as one of the principal causes of her early backwardness. But this has been changed to a certain extent, and though this volte-face is slow, yet it has had sufficient time to show that one branch of athletics is favored to the detriment of another far more popular and far more beneficial. We refer in the first case to Football, in the second case to Hockey.

We have heard a great deal lately of the lack of University spirit in this University; but the efforts which are at present being made to establish and foster it would succeed in a much more permanent and decisive way if directed towards creating unity in athletics. Common interest in sports will create a common interest in the University, as has been proved in innumerable instances in England and the United States.

But in McGill, this is impossible under the present unfair conditions. Hockey, the premier Canadian sport, and one in which more interest is evinced than in any other, has been subjected to the irresponsible whims and fancies of the Football Club. This last-named Club never allows a session to pass without sending the hat around in the different faculties for charitable contributions. The Hockey Club, on the other hand, can truly say it has always been independent of any alms, and what tickets are so sold are bought by Undergraduates of their own free will, men who take a personal interest in the game, and who know that merit in the game will win the day and not the influence of a clique.

The Hockey Club has heavy expenses (of course by the Hockey Club I mean the Skating Club too), expenses for heating, lighting and wages, and yet it manages to struggle along on voluntary contributions, \$150 from the Grounds

Committee and the good-will of the Undergraduates.

But independent and practically self-supporting as it is, the Hockey Club has lately fallen into unfortunate circumstances, and McGill, instead of being represented on the ice by possibly the strongest hockey team in the world, is reduced to Inter-Faculty and Inter-Class matches. Efforts, repeated efforts, have been made by the Hockey Club to remedy its misfortune, and for this end its attempts to form an Inter-Collegiate Canadian Hockey League have met with failure, and why? Because, instead of sending separate delegates to Kingston on November 24th last, it allowed itself to be corralled by the Football Club representatives, who, entrusted by the Hockey Club to introduce the subject of Inter-Collegiate Hockey, were so overcome by their success in forming an All Canada Inter-Collegiate Football Club with one other Club that they saw nothing but visions of big, fat Football gates to the great detriment of the Hockey Club.

I may venture the statement that such a Football League cannot exist in Canada with any hopes of success when two such Leagues as those of Ontario and Quebec have shown themselves so signally capable up to the present moment. But I am equally certain that a Hockey team such as McGill can turn out, a Hockey team without a peer would do more for McGill in one season than her precious Football Club has ever done during the long years of its half-hearted existence.

The great majority of the Undergraduates prefer Hockey to Football, not only because, first, in Hockey merit wins the place, but more especially for the total absence of those dangerous and disagreeable features which are already commencing to bring Football into discredit.

Let McGill prefer the Football Club; if she likes an empty trophy case her preference will make her one with a vengeance. But if, on the other hand, she would foster a game healthier far than any other, if she would encourage that *esprit-de-corps*, the absence of which she laments so much, let her turn her efforts to support and back up Hockey, the game which is the most popular with the Undergraduates, the game which is the most truly aboriginal, patriotic and Canadian.

## Contributions.

### THE FORTNIGHTLY.

(A discussion and a suggestion.)

"What do you think of the FORTNIGHTLY?" is a question which put in any department of McGill would elicit one answer. The expression of that answer might differ, but the same meaning would be conveyed. The FORTNIGHTLY is a wretched paper. It is useless. It is not dignified. It is bosh, etc., etc.

Now, there is much ignorance concerning an essential point that is apparent in these remarks from grave professor down to jaunty freshman. The essential point is this:—does the FORTNIGHTLY proceed satisfactorily along the lines on which it is based? and not—does it compare favorably with one's own pet paper, whether that be the *Star* or the *Nineteenth Century*?

The lines on which the FORTNIGHTLY is to be worked are indicated in the first number of its first volume, bearing date 1892-1893. Here the writer of the Editorial begins by saying that the *University Gazette*, discontinued during the previous two years, had filled in a creditable manner the mirroring of the intellectual and literary progress of the University, that the paper was run by a company which was to have been composed of the undergraduates themselves, and shares had been issued at a moderate price. But that differences had arisen, interest had flagged, complaints of various nature had come in, and finally the Directors of the paper had ceased its publication. Thus for two years the students were without a College journal and to an appreciable extent the different interests of the University had suffered.

Then the writer speaks of the infant FORTNIGHTLY. The new journal has been established on a firmer basis. Committees have considered difficulties, and the promoters come before the students with a paper properly constituted, having a strong business directorate and an editorial board. Each Faculty elects a business manager and an editor. Class reporters are elected by the various years of the different Faculties, whose duties are to canvass for, collect and hand

in to the Faculty editors all matters intended for publication, and also to aid the editors in the matter of contributions.

The concluding number of the same volume states that the aim has been to make of the paper a students' organ, founded by students, subscribed to by the men of McGill, and contributed to by the undergraduates of the various Faculties and affiliated branches of the University.

This constitution and aim are those in existence to-day. From each of the Four Years (or Three Years, as the case may be), of Arts, Medicine, Comparative Medicine, Science, Law, come -- or are expected to come—every fortnight some items of information.

Further, every society in the University seems to have its elected reporter, who also contributes his minutes to the FORTNIGHTLY. At its best then the College paper must be, with this constitution, to a large extent a hotch-potch.

When all these ingredients have been allotted their space and the editorial notices written, which do try to treat of subjects that students are concerned with, there is little of the FORTNIGHTLY'S sixteen or twenty pages left for the insertion of matter of a purely literary character. The FORTNIGHTLY may be even credited with a fine instinct here. It sees, if some learned people do not, the incongruity of printing on one page—say: Reflections on the Metaphysical Views of the Fourteenth Century, and on the opposite page the remark that as Mr. Tom Smith was proceeding to class he tumbled down the last two steps of the staircase, but received no injury.

The FORTNIGHTLY then, as it is constructed, is rather a chronicle than a paper capable of assuming any decided literary tone.

Its strength is that it is a common meeting-place for all the Faculties, and further that each year of each Faculty may voice itself there, however feebly; they are under the protective system, as it were.

Its weakness is, that having its matter thus graded out, an amount of it must often be the poorest padding. A Year will expect their elected reporter to represent their worth in the Uni-



versity by some paragraphs, and he anxious to fulfil their expectations, though, perhaps, recognizing their mediocrity, sends in anything, so long as it is something, about his fellows.

The Editor of the particular Faculty sees that only the members of that one Year, if all of them even will understand half the allusions, yet because he fears if the present matter is rejected he will get no further matter from this reporter he sends it on to the Editor-in-chief. So it gets into print; and the one occasional man who might arise and have something worth saying is crowded out, or has to be content with his minimum of space.

The students have constructed their paper to be largely a chronicle of their doings, and that the FORTNIGHTLY has done faithfully since 1892. There may be slight variations in the general tone of the paper from session to session; one session there may happen to be more things to complain of or to commend from the students' point of view, and then the Editorials will be strong; or class allusions may become so very local that two men instead of three men may see their force. But the FORTNIGHTLY, as the FORTNIGHTLY, can never change radically.

And this discussion maintains, that the FORTNIGHTLY is a brave little paper, and does do exactly what it was constructed to do.

It is another question, however, to ask whether a paper based on any other lines could more satisfactorily express McGill life and work. And, to arrive at some conclusion, a glance may be taken at McGill's literary endeavours in the past, supplemented by a short enquiry into the methods that a great American University and a great English University employ for voicing themselves.

Rummaging in the Redpath Library Stock-room, one finds the *McGill Gazette*, Vol. 3, 1876-77. It announces that it is published monthly by undergraduates of the University, that it has four Editors from Arts and four from Medicine, and its single copies cost 20 cents. The first number has a poem, a Short Essay on the Sun God, a paragraph on Health, a notice of the Glee Club, a note on Applied Science, an Editorial and some Book-Notices. "Personals" take up half a page. The Editorial says that the first volume of the *Gazette*, though beginning well, died in its infancy, and that the efforts made last year to revive it were anything but a success,

"owing to the proverbial lack of enthusiasm and support on the part of the students."

So the cry of FORTNIGHTLY Editors to-day is but a continuation of that arising over the *McGill Gazette*.

The writer adds that they are this year endeavouring by selecting editors from different Faculties to arouse a more general interest and to establish the *Gazette* as a College institution. A College paper is one of the things by which a College is judged; it also serves to bind students. The success of the *Gazette* depends on the students themselves.

Apparently, McGill students then were not very different from the present race, for on turning to the last number of this volume the Editorial pathetically states that their hopes of making the *Gazette* a financial success are now among other *Chateaux en Espagne*. However, they have kept their heads above water, and next year they will publish fortnightly.

Making a leap, one takes up the *McGill University Gazette*, Vol. 8, 1884-1885. This states it is published fortnightly, and has eight "Directors" and seven Editors.

The Editorial says that, during the previous two years, the *Gazette* has been existing on the will of the undergraduates, but that this year conditions are changed. A joint stock company has been formed which in return for the raising of a guarantee fund and assuming the business management has been granted the privilege of naming some of the editors.

Then comes again the familiar complaint. So much apathy on the part of the students has been encountered that to continue the paper the stock fund will have to be encroached on. As the undergraduates had approved of the scheme of a stock company and appointed their quota of editors, so in common decency they are bound to support the paper.

Editorials in future will boldly point out abuses and means of improvement.

In a later number a statement is made that neither the proprietors nor the editors of the *Gazette* are other than the students and graduates.

Looking through the volume one notes the criticisms of College doings are very open, but apparently fair. "Personals" occupy about half-a-page in each number, and a number consists of some thirteen pages.

The *University Gazette* is still in existence in 1887-1888, with its board of Directors and seven Editors.

A long story runs through this Vol. XI, "written for the *University Gazette*." The last number speaks hopefully, yet at the same time in rather an aggressive fashion. They are assured on all hands, it says, of the confidence and support of the great bulk of the students and the best friends of McGill, and in this assurance they can afford to disregard sneers and prejudiced minds, even though they be in high places. They consider it to be their place to draw attention to any evils which may exist rather than to flatter what may be good. They find it remarkable, however, how their professors fume and fret under criticism. There is a ludicrous side to this which College editors see; while the College paper is not worth giving advice to, nor is recognized, and is treated with scanty courtesy, yet it is sufficiently important to be scolded on even state occasions.

Evidently some ill-feeling has been afoot.

With Vol. XIII. 1889-1890 the *Gazette* ends its life. In the first Editorial is given an account of the joint stock company, which had been organized five years previously. The graduates having no special interest in the paper apart from the students feel no longer bound to support it unaided, and they appeal to the undergraduates to assume a larger share in the responsibility and management of it.

The appeal does not seem to have been successful, and McGill survives without a paper until the FORTNIGHTLY makes its appearance in 1892, under the circumstances already stated.

From this account of McGill's past literary aspirations it is evident that all students did not think the College paper worth buying, that editors (and directors) thought they should think so, and that "those in high places" looked down on the efforts made in the College paper.

In all three relationships the FORTNIGHTLY of to-day has much the same stand. The former paper had not nearly so much "local" matter as the FORTNIGHTLY, and on the other hand it criticized more freely, but it was held in no greater estimation. Therefore, the FORTNIGHTLY's particular sins cannot simply be in these two points, since, when the reverse of its present conduct existed, College men were no better pleased.

Allowing for the fact that it has ever been the

fashion amongst the majorities in a College to look slightly on the literature produced by their fellows, it is yet evident that McGill, having made several creditable efforts to issue a good students' paper, never thought in the past, nor yet thinks, that she has attained to an ideal one.

Turning to Harvard, as a type of a great American University, one finds it has four papers conducted by the students. The *Harvard Crimson* is a daily paper of four pages (*Witness* size), costing 3 cents the copy. The number for Oct. 1st, 1897, says "The *Crimson* contains reports of all Harvard activities and full telegraphic news from the other Colleges. It is indispensable to the student by reason of its official notices from members of the Faculty, student organizations and all the University and class athletic teams."

This paper has some twenty or twenty-five editors, contains a great many advertisements, and yields a profit which is distributed among the editors.

The *Harvard Lampoon* is an illustrated humorous paper, published fortnightly. The pictures and jokes appear to be of general application though touching largely on College matters.

The *Harvard Advocate* is published fortnightly; it contains poems, short stories and short essays on University interests and literary subjects.

The *Harvard Monthly*, states its aim:—

(1) To preserve as far as possible the best literary work produced in College by the undergraduates.

(2) To furnish for students and alumni a field for the discussion of all questions relating to the policy and the condition of the University, thus affording a means of communication between undergraduates and alumni.

This magazine has an excellent literary tone in its articles, essays and stories. Brevity and point distinguish the articles.

The existence of these several papers has, at least, one excellent advantage. The daily paper by disposing of matters of merely momentary interest, but yet of importance at that moment, and the humorous paper by giving a vent for the funny student's aptitudes, leave the way clear to the *Harvard Advocate* and the *Harvard Monthly* to take up matters of more permanent interest, and to develop tendencies strictly academic and literary.

If, as the *McGill Gazette* writer said, a College is judged by its paper, then Harvard would probably ask that these latter papers should represent it, and not merely its maid-of-all-work, the *Harvard Crimson*.

Crossing the seas, and coming to the University of Oxford, one finds its journalistic affairs on a totally different footing. The papers dealing with College matters (with the exception of a purely Academic gazette published by the Varsity and dealing only with strictly official business, lectures, exams., reports of meetings of convocation, etc.) are started by private enterprise just as any public journal.

There is the *Oxford Magazine*, a permanent Varsity chronicle, edited by a don, and published weekly. Its twenty pages or so are filled with dignified paragraphs on Varsity ephemeral matters such as would be of interest to any person connected with any of Oxford's numerous colleges. There is often matter, correspondence, etc., by professors, dons and undergraduates, but articles in the strict sense do not seem to have any place in the *Magazine*.

The *Isis* is another weekly paper dealing likewise with Varsity ephemeral interests, but in a much less dignified manner. A notable feature in the *Isis* is the "idol" of each week. This is a half comic account of a professor, don, athlete, actor in the Dramatic Society, or well-known Oxford figure, as, e. g., an old servant of the boat clubs. The whole paper is conducted by an old Oxonian resident in London, while an Oxford undergraduate in residence supplies him with the Oxford copy, but is not official.

Striving to aim at more literary merit, while still remaining strictly ephemeral, is the *J.C.R.* (Junior Common Room), a recently started weekly paper. It gives a half-caricature portrait each week of some Oxford personage.

This paper like the *Oxford Magazine* and the *Isis* costs sixpence the number.

Finally, one may note that an Oxford town-paper editor publishes an undergraduate evening paper. *The Review* which is like a poor evening paper anywhere else with Varsity stuff, theatre news, athletic news, scholarship awards, etc., thrown in. This paper costs a halfpenny, and is published only during term.

Thus at Oxford the *Review* would seem to correspond in a manner to the *Harvard Crimson*

and the "idol" and "portrait" parts of the *Isis* and *J. C. R.*, respectively, to the *Harvard Lampoon*. There is apparently no vehicle at Oxford exactly similar to the *Harvard Advocate* and the *Harvard Monthly*. An undergraduate would presumably have to try his fortunes in the numerous English public magazines if he wished to get his articles or stories into print.

In spite, however, of the very radical difference in the basis of the Harvard magazines and of the Oxford magazines there is in both cases the clear recognition of the fact that undergraduate life, itself a passing thing, is largely concerned with passing local interests, and requires these to be put into print to a greater or less degree.

The FORTNIGHTLY, too, has been constructed under the recognition of this fact. But while almost too conscientious in this regard it then parts company with the principles that are at work apparently in the other two Universities. Neither of them attempts to put weighty permanent writing side by side with that concerning only passing interests. Harvard provides other suitable vehicles, and Oxford seemingly points to the public magazines.

A man knows then how much or how little literary excellence to expect when he subscribes to a paper. If he wants *literature*, he buys one paper, if he wants mere news he buys another.

The FORTNIGHTLY, however, is asked to accomplish the incompatible task, not only of dealing with the passing interests of the College fortnight, but also to have bright and clever literary articles, and all in the space of some eighteen or twenty pages.

One man buys a copy to read the remarks of his Year, and thinks he is defrauded because, owing to a long article, his Year has only been assigned three lines. The next man finds the article disposing of its subject much too briefly, and he quarrels with the absurd amount of space given to what he deems worthless class reports.

Now, any person possessing a wheelbarrow, does not expect it to be used for the conveyance of other than matter of miscellaneous and non-descript character. As wheelbarrows go, the FORTNIGHTLY is an excellent one. Yet McGill might ask herself whether, while retaining this useful machine in order to chronicle her ephemeral interests and to call attention in editorials to benefits or abuses, she could not at the same

time support a second and more lightly-rolling vehicle for the conveyance of purely academic and literary subjects.

With the prospect of a considerable development in the English and Historical department of McGill, matter should be easily forthcoming for, at least, a monthly magazine more truly than a chronicle like the *FORTNIGHTLY*.

Such a magazine would represent the thought and work of the University. The magazines published in Canada are not numerous, and therefore a good literary one, edited at McGill, on lines like those perhaps of the *Harvard Monthly*, ought to have a fair chance of being read not only by those immediately at McGill, but by those who have graduated from her and by those who, if joined in no other way, would share in the wish to have good contemporary thought supplied them.

If, however, McGill professors and students do not think it necessary or possible to bring out this second vehicle, let them, at least, realize that it is not to the loads which the *FORTNIGHTLY* carries that they must object, but to the construction which makes it only suitable for carrying such loads.

In conclusion, a criticism of any point in this discussion is solicited, and further suggestions to the *FORTNIGHTLY* on the feasibility of developing a second magazine at McGill would be valuable and of interest.\*

K. B. W.

\* Cordial thanks are due to a Harvard summer student and to an Oxonian for information about the publications at the respective Universities, and likewise for specimen copies of these publications.

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### SONG

From the German of Eichendorf.

1.

How oft a merry strain I sing,  
And joyous seem, and smile.  
When bitter tears in secret wring  
My aching heart the while.

2.

And thus the caged nightingale,  
When balmy Spring allures,  
Pours out in sweetest notes her wail—  
The longing she endures.

3.

Man hears with joy the melting strain,  
His heart grows glad and strong.  
Yet no one feels the hidden pain,  
The anguish in the song.

MONTREAL.

A. G. G.

## A CHANCE MEETING.

Perhaps no place in the wide world is less suggestive of the groves of Academe than is the sag end of Fifty-second street, where it meets and overhangs the East River. The dreary breadth of unswept cobble-stones is shadowed on one side by the brick walls of a factory. On the other side a row of huge carts is perpetually loading and unloading blocks of ice from a straw-littered yard. Grimy, bare-legged children dodge between the horses eager to despoil the "Hygeia Co." of what fragments of ice they may seize. Now and again a wrathful driver lifts his whip against the pestering swarm and there is a general exodus in the direction of the river. A retaining wall across the street end would seem to cut off retreat, but the urchins are well acquainted with the crazy stairway which winds its way to the little dock below. There they find other diversions: many steamers puff and snort on the grey, smoke-hung river and between them sometimes plies a boat rowed by men in cross-barred shirts—a dark faced crew whose home is over the stream on the Island whose name these children speak with fear-touched know- ingness.

Yet this place of criminals and street-gamin is not quite deserted by the gentler world. It is a keen-eyed, intelligent business man who plies his pen in the office of the Ice Co. It was a studious philosophizing youth who parted from him and walked down to the river wall one day in the Autumn twilight. His last errand of the day accomplished, the young man stood for a little gazing over the barrier at the grey river below and the strip of island beyond. The reflected light had died out of the lowering purple eastern sky, and now points of brightness were waking in the dark blocks of buildings on the opposite shore. He knew these for the guard-houses of disease and poverty and crime, and a sense of helpless pain possessed him in the face of all the misery of this great city. How far were men accountable for their own wretchedness? he wondered. How far were circumstances to blame? And then his thoughts reverted to his own particular case. Had he, Stanley Wentworth, any right to stand where he did—the handsomely-paid drudge and much envied heir of one of the business men who ruled New York? He could not prevent the generosity nor the caprices of his rich uncle, he told himself. But

was he bound to accept his alluring offers as though the world held no other vocation. Was it as a preparation for a messenger boy's work that he had read his Spinoza and written his theses under the shadow of Mount Royal?—getting, as he reflected bitterly, just enough learning to make him discontented. So he communed with himself with all that exquisite ingenuity of self-torment which is characteristic of the thoughtful order of McGill students, when a strain of music made him start and look about him.

The sound came from the stairway, just beside him and it was wonderfully like the whistled air of "When a Freshman I sought Old McGill's classic shade." He assured himself that it was all fancy, but, nevertheless, pressed on to the stairhead to scan the people who were mounting from the little dock. Once and again he lost the strain but traced it at last to a long-limbed, swift-walking man in a shabby overcoat and with a cloth cap pushed jauntily on the back of his head. "Thompson! by all that's good" muttered Stanley as the light of a street lamp fell on the pleasant, familiar face, and he recognized an old classmate whose erratic, good-natured ways had made him beloved in the old times. He was an enthusiastic Freshman in Medicine when Stanley had last heard of him, but how came he here? A few seconds more and the two friends were walking Fifty-second street together, their hearts burning within them, but their faces unmoved and speech sparing as became young men of British extraction. After long walking they turned into an unpretentious East-side hotel, where Stanley claimed the right to order dinner. Thompson demurred at first, but finally consented at least to rest a bit in the warm room, which he observed had an all-the-comforts-of-home air about it. "The red carpet and starched curtains look like Nova Scotia herself" he said. Then with a little effort, "speaking of Nova Scotia, I must explain a thing or two to you old chap" he said, "and then you can take or leave me." Before Stanley had time to answer he went on: "You know, my father was something of a personage in the Maritime Province town where we lived. He had some power and more money in his hands, and was rather fond of using both. At the present time he is living a somewhat secluded life in an East-side apartment house. The story of transition is long to tell and I shall not parti-

cularize. Sister Bella would tell you that dear papa has been wronged and suffers for the sins of others, which statement may be true in a large and general way, according to the laws of heredity and such like, but Dad has paid up all such scores very handsomely and showed himself cleverer than most at the wronging business. My mother who was not blinded died of the disgrace, and her little bit of money brought us here." Just a suspicion of huskiness redeemed the terrible conciseness of his story, and Thompson hurried on: "It was all up with my course, and I began to look for employment. Bella was for using the remnant of our money to pay my way at the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons. The little trump actually put a lodger into our second best room and began to look for kids to teach in order to swell the fund, while I was almost idle and my father was profitably engaged in stamp collecting. Of course, I could not incur the P. & S. expenses; mere living was costly enough. It was a talk with our janitor which finally put me where I am." "Where?" asked Wentworth breathlessly, for Thompson had paused. "I am now," he replied slowly, "one of the staff of male nurses in training in the City Hospital, Blackwell's Island, where, as saith our worthy superintendent, 'a young man acquires in addition to his technical training much knowledge infinitely valuable to the future medical practitioner.' "My companions are mostly toughs, our food is goat's-meat and bad butter." As Thompson ended with a little bow, Wentworth stretched an impulsive hand across the table and clasped the bony fingers with an unmistakable grip. "Thanks, old fellow?" said Thompson rather gruffly, turning from the shining eyes of his friend. "And now let's hear your part of it, that is if you like. But first I might as well finish the list of my sources of income. You remember my love of tooting and howling and otherwise musically performing. Well, I sold my banjo in Montreal, but Bella treasured up my old cornet, and I turn it to account. The patients put me up to things. Sometimes I play sacred pieces at charity concerts, where they like to put 'musicians' on the list of expenses. Then again I have performed in the interludes of such classic entertainments as 'Peter Simpkins' Monkey Theatre.' I whistle solos too, or may be a duet with a lady whistler, which is always diverting. Oh its a great life

I assure you." "It certainly is," assented Wentworth, "and my story is tame compared with yours. Nevertheless, I tell it as we eat our dinner." So he told his tale of aspiration and struggle and falling into line with what offered. "As you came along to-night, he said in conclusion, I was making a call on an old chap in the Ice Co.'s office, and I saw him eye me as though I were a greenhorn. As I went out I heard him wonder what old Wentworth was going to make of the Canucks. Stanley's voice had a bitter ring in it, and he slashed savagely at his food. "Circumstances have it all their own way with me," he declared. "I had almost come to think they had with everyone." "So they have," exclaimed Thompson earnestly. "There's no standing out against circumstances. They manage a fellow's life for him." "Yes, especially when they strike a plastic chap like you, Tommie," said Wentworth with a laugh that had more of envy than of mirth in it. "Well, probably I am doing all I am fit for, he added, so it's all right. Let's go out."

So out into the night they went, adding two more to the throngs that paced the streets of the great city. Hundreds of thousands were there, toiling at the same sorry task, striving to fit conduct to destiny and losing their guide-threads in the labyrinthine windings of circumstance.

S. E. C.

#### A STROLL WITH COMM. LANCIANI ON THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA.

##### THE GROTTOS OF CERUARA.

By Ada M. Trotter.

It was Professor Lanciani's field-day, and we, the members of his class at the University, followed him across the Campagna some two miles after leaving the train, which had set us down at the wayside station of Ceruara. Although a January day, the sun was hot, and the howling of the distant cattle and the song of the larks in the heavens above us seemed indications of spring rather than winter. The extraordinary clearness of the atmosphere brought the mountains with their picturesque villages on the heights into strong relief, and showed us snow peaks of the far away Apennines glistening white above the purple line of the Sabine hills.

The surface of the Campagna, which presents the aspect of an unbroken plain to one who sees it from a distance, is in reality undulating, a series of ridges and miniature valleys, which in spring become a flower land, covered with violets and anemones, and later with crimson poppies. But, at this early season the dried grasses rustle about us, while here and there a few pale daisies courageously face the winter, and patches of green mosses blend their fresh tint with the predominating golden brown of this famous "plain," which stretches away to the mountains bounding our horizon.

It seemed surprising that after an hour's walk over apparently deserted country we should suddenly as it were sight a mediæval tower, against which a small house was rudely built. It was, the Professor explained, a mediæval farmhouse, built on the site of an old Roman dwelling, evidence of which appeared in huge foundation stones in the yard, and architectural fragments, broken columns and bits of marbles set up to tell their story of past greatness to the passing stranger. We took our lunch in this yard, seated as pleased our humour in sun or shade, in classic environment, and close proximity to very modern products, such as fowls and contadini, both apparently interested in our "ways and manners." And what a moment of charm was this halt at the mediæval farm! How restful was the atmosphere where no one appeared to have anything to do, the careless attitude of the contadini bespeaking the leisure hour. We ourselves, with our modern garb and lunch bags, seemed anachronisms, having no place and part in the world about us. But the magic atmosphere of the Campagna was already weaving its spell, giving us not only intense appreciation of its beauties of colouring in this flood of golden sunbeam, but establishing its place in our hearts once and forever as a region of ineffable charm. Presently our eyes were withdrawn from the mountain ranges bounding this magic land by the nearer interest of approaching wheels, and two lordly oxen of the Campagna, the famous mousegrey creatures with wide branching horns, drew a wagon of hay to the entrance gate and stood as though disdaining to notice the yoke of servitude which bound them to this labour in dignified repose.

The signal was given to move on, this time accompanied by a contadino, who was an interest-

ing figure, tall, slight and handsome, with a thoughtful refined cast of countenance. A month since he had been in Massue, whither he had been sent in charge of oxen from the Campagna, and a very poor opinion he seemed to have brought back with him of that land where Italy is spending her strength and her money.

A few minutes' walk brought the party to an abrupt slope which led to the first of these wonderful Grottoes.

"Who could have thought" we said to the Professor "that the Campagna hid such magnificent colonades beneath her apparently uninteresting surface."

"Ah," he replied, "it would take two or three years of study to exhaust the marvels of the Campagna. Behind St. Peters, for instance, there are many most interesting places, which we shall see some other time."

These Grottoes of Cervara are in fact the quarries from which the Romans in the Republican and Imperial periods procured their building stone. The Grotto form in which these quarries are found is due to the fact that the tufa rock is of recent formation, and the upper stratum is not so strong as the lower. Our quarries are open to the sky, but the Romans left theirs in the Campagna roofed, cutting away the lower strata of the rock, and opening their way into the section they wished to take by means of magnificent archways.

These Grottoes throw an important light on the manner in which the Romans of that period measured the size of their building stones. The walls are lined with exactness at intervals of about two feet in height. The stone is cut with the utmost care, the flat or vaulted roofs being beautifully finished as well as the walls. As a rule these quarries are perfectly dry, and we walked through some which were used as stables for cattle, and others, storing-houses for hay.

It is impossible to give adequate idea of the colossal size and marvellous beauty of the Grottoes of Cervara, which cover a space of more than two kilometres. The rock consists of tufa light red in colour, and, although the galleries must be termed subterranean, the lofty archways cut in the side open to the Campagna, let in stray gleams of sunlight, which relieve the sombre shadows of the pilastres. Looking up through these lofty archways, sometimes of thirty or forty feet in height, one sees the bound-

less blue of the heavens through the opening, a most beautiful contrast to the red rocky archway. Springs make of one or two of these Grottoes reservoirs of profound depth, which, however, in parts are shallow enough to serve as watering-places for cattle.

We rambled through these vast colonades, crushed by their marvellous and picturesque beauty into silence. Adjectives fail to express the mental effect produced by such a succession of lofty halls and pillar aisles and superb archways as these we passed in review. And here and there we perceived that the Grottoes had been made of service as resting-places for the dead, places being cut in the rock precisely similar to those one sees in the catacombs, of which the Campagna held the secret for so many centuries.

It was late in the afternoon when we at length left the Grottoes and walked back to the wayside station. The sun now low in the heavens flooded the Campagna with golden and crimson light, setting the world about us in an atmosphere of poetic charm. Before us on a slope a herdsman led his cattle home. He walked in front, and the herd of some forty head followed in single file. The largest of these beautiful creatures tossing its head and lowing as it went brought up the rear. And on they stepped as though treading a golden ladder up among the sunbeams. On the top of the ridge each stood a moment tossing his head and hesitating as though dreading some declivity on the other side, then disappeared. At last the superb animal in the rear stood there on the brow of the hill alone, his form outlined against the sky.

Later, when we ourselves, had rounded the hill, we saw the herd again, now in a mess in near vicinity to a little village of shepherds' huts. Any one passing the huts might have mistaken

them for haystacks of various sizes, such is the form of a shepherd's hut on the Campagna.

We reached the wayside station and Osteria in good season, and, as our train was not yet in evidence, we climbed a ridge near at hand, and stood at this vantage point to watch the sun go down over the Campagna.

Behind us lay the great city of Rome, its turrets outlined against the sunset sky, the Dome of San Pietro dominating all. In the glow of the "great dying flame," the snow-crowned peaks were dazzling in brightness against the dark purple of the Sabine hills. Tivoli, Frascati and Albano stood out in strong relief, and many little villages came out one by one, demanding interest. Below them at the foot of the hills at the meeting point with the Campagna spread a lake of azure hue.

The atmosphere at this witching hour invested the broad waste with its magic, and one transformation scene followed on another. The shadows of the hills grew liquid, became an azure lake, the mists on the plain, a tossing sea that broke the mountains apart and filled the rocky rifts with foam. Above this the hill cities showed as castles in the air.

The sun set, a crimson ball in the golden heavens, just as our train came in. But to-night there was no dusk, for the moon rose as the shadows deepened and shed glittering beams from the cloudless sky. The distant snow-peaks caught the silver chains, next came the graceful aqueducts on the Campagna as it were, leading the flitting, dancing moonlight across its many arches to the hills and ridges of the Eternal City.

Through which the Tiber pours  
His smiling waves along, with rapid whirls  
And yellow sand, and bursts into the sea.

(Æneid vii. 35f.)



## LE DOLMEN.

Les hasards de la vie de garnison m'ont valu une des amitiés les plus sincères et les plus spontanées qui aient jamais uni deux hommes.

Parmi les jeunes gens que le sort avait jetés dans la même chambrée que moi, il en était un vers lequel je me sentis, dès le premier jour, tout particulièrement attiré.

Il s'appelait Alain Thouars. Il était Breton, et résumait toute une race dont il était le type parfait. La tête arrondie, le front moyen, les yeux grands et ouverts, le nez droit et arrondi à l'extrémité, on aurait dit un Venète du temps de Mariadec,

Mais où l'atavisme était culminant, c'était dans le caractère de Thouars. Il était brave comme une épée, franc et généreux, impétueux et tenace dans la discussion, ne supportant pas la moindre contradiction, d'une imagination ardente et d'une mobilité extrême dans les idées et pardessus tout têtue comme un vrai Breton.

Son père, riche propriétaire du Morbihan, l'avait destiné au barreau, mais Alain avait bientôt lâché les pandectes pour la poésie. Il rêvait pour sa chère Bretagne de grandes destinées, de grandes choses à accomplir. Il connaissait toutes les ressources de ce vaillant petit peuple; il n'avait pour cela qu'à s'étudier lui-même. Il était trop bon Français pour jamais penser à un remaniement politique. D'ailleurs cela ne signifiait rien pour lui la politique. Il s'était donné pour mission de faire revivre d'abord la littérature et l'influence celtique, de devenir le Mistral de la Bretagne.

Doué d'une facilité merveilleuse, il composait par douzaines des chants bretons qui, même traduits, avaient encore l'allure pittoresque, le charme sauvage des celtes.

Au bout de trois mois nous étions devenus inséparables et j'avais fini par partager, sinon son enthousiasme et sa foi, du moins son admiration pour les Cornes de la Gaule. On devient Breton bretonnant comme on devient Shakespearien, Hugolâtre ou simplement bibliophile.

Il me conta, de son cher pays tant de merveilles, me peignit les habitudes et les paysages avec des couleurs si attrayantes, me parla du passé de la Bretagne et du rôle qu'elle avait encore à jouer, avec tant de feu que je finis par accepter d'aller passer notre premier congé dans sa famille.

Je n'avais alors vu que l'Italie et l'Espagne, et je n'étais pas fâché de me plonger dans une atmosphère nouvelle, dans l'espoir d'y éprouver quelque sensation neuve, d'y surprendre quelque vibration inconnue.

Dans toutes mes lectures sur la Bretagne, il avait été question de l'hospitalité bretonne. Mais j'étais loin de m'attendre à la réception que me fit la famille de mon ami, aux attentions touchantes dont je fus l'objet de la part de tout le monde, depuis le grand-père, vieux chouan intransigeant jusqu'à la jeune soeur, belle comme une Bretonne quand elle se donne la peine de l'être.

La propriété du père de mon ami est située entre Rennes et Ploërmel, dans une de ces vallées étroites et pittoresques qu'on ne retrouve nulle part ailleurs. C'est une terre immense, sauvage, d'une poésie si étrange et si pénétrante que j'en garderai toujours une impression indélébile. Tout était nouveau pour moi, depuis la langue et la cuisine jusqu'aux paysages et à l'atmosphère.

"Qui nous délivrera des Grecs et des Latins ?" s'écrie Berchaux, dans un mouvement de révolte, que comprendra tout ancien élève de Charlemagne, né et élevé à Paris.

"La Bretagne," répondrai-je sans hésitation. En effet, ce coin béni de notre France a su se soustraire à l'influence latine plus que tout autre pays qu'il m'a été donné de visiter, depuis l'Algérie jusqu'au Canada.

Mon séjour à La Mettrie, c'est le nom de la propriété des Thouars, a été pour moi une révélation. Il me semblait vivre dans un autre temps, sur un autre globe et au bout d'une semaine, j'étais définitivement acquis à la Bretagne.

Tous les jours nous faisons des excursions, soit à cheval, sur ces vaillantes petites bêtes qu'on élève là-bas, soit en break en compagnie de quelques-unes de ces charmantes petites femmes dont la Bretagne a le glorieux monopole.

Comme notre congé tirait à sa fin, mon ami me dit un jour: "Il faut pourtant que nous allions visiter le Dolmen un de ces jours."

"Quel dolmen?" lui demandai-je, car j'en avais vu des centaines, de ces pierres druidiques qui semblent pousser comme des champignons.

Alain, alors, m'expliqua que le dolmen en question n'était pas un dolmen ordinaire; qu'il était d'abord plus grand que tous les autres et

mieux conservé; qu'on y voyait encore des taches de sang provenant des sacrifices humains; que ce doimen était éternel comme la Bretagne elle-même; qu'il était impossible de le déplacer, non pas à cause de son poids qui ne dépasse guère mille kilos, mais que chaque fois qu'on avait essayé de le transporter ailleurs, une force invisible l'avait ramené dans son G'hoad.

Il court à ce propos une foule d'histoires plus étranges les unes que les autres.

Une fois, il y a de ça quatre cents ans, un seigneur du pays voulut par bravade en faire la pierre angulaire du château qu'il construisait. Il en fut cruellement puni, car dans la nuit suivante il périt avec toute sa famille, et son nom même fut oublié tandis que le lendemain matin le Broz se trouvait de nouveau au milieu de son bois, plus sombre et plus fort que jamais.

Plus tard, pendant les guerres de Vendée quelques officiers de Hoche, pour détruire ce qu'ils appelaient la superstition du dolmen, l'avaient enlevé et précipité dans un lac voisin. Le lendemain matin le lac était à sec et le dolmen à sa place accoutumée, et depuis ce temps personne n'a plus osé y toucher.

Toutes ces histoires et surtout le respect farouche dont tout le monde semblait pénétré en parlant de la fameuse pierre, avaient émoussillé ma curiosité et ce fut avec un indicible mélange de sentiments qu'un soir je suivis mon ami, en route pour le G'hoad.

Pour Alain, c'était un pèlerinage. Lui si gai d'ordinaire, ouvrit à peine la bouche et nous chevauchâmes dans le recueillement le plus profond.

Il faisait un clair de lune transparent qui détachait nos ombres avec la netteté des ombres chinoises.

Nous arrivâmes vers onze heures au G'hoad. Il se révéla subitement au détour de la route sombre, majestueux, superbe.

Tout ce qu'en fait d'architecture gothique, j'avais vu avant et tout ce que j'ai vu depuis, s'é-

face devant l'édifice merveilleux qui s'offrait à notre vue.

Il y avait au plus quatre ou cinq cents arbres, mais quels arbres! Des ormes je ne sais combien de fois centenaires qui formaient des ogives et des rosaces dont les maçons du moyen-âge ont dû s'inspirer pour construire les cathédrales qu'ils nous ont laissées.

Au loin semblable à un autel ardent au fond d'une basilique, j'aperçus une espèce de clairière où les rayons de la lune formaient comme une tache d'argent.

Mon camarade sauta à terre et sans s'occuper de son cheval, ôta son chapeau et avança respectueusement vers l'endroit lumineux.

Je crus devoir l'imiter, mais par esprit de prudence je voulus d'abord attacher nos montures.

Les chevaux sont naturellement ombrageux pendant la nuit. Les nôtres semblaient terrifiés. ils soufflaient, leurs crinières se dressaient, leurs yeux jetaient du feu et j'eus toutes les peines du monde à les attacher.

Enfin je pus suivre mon ami et le rejoindre. Il était debout et comme transformé devant un de ces monuments druidiques qui pour moi ressemblait à tous ceux que j'avais vus.

Dans la trompeuse lumière, filtrée par le feuillage il avait pris des proportions gigantesques.

Il gesticulait et de sa voix vibrante, il débitait une tirade en langue bretonne.

A l'accent de ses paroles, aux intonations de ses phrases, je devinai que c'était une invocation. Il ne semblait pas me voir.

Il resta plus de vingt minutes dans cette espèce d'extase, et quand enfin je m'enhardis à lui parler, il sembla sortir d'un rêve, tout surpris de me voir là. Il me dit d'abord quelques phrases en breton, puis se resaisissant complètement il me demanda pardon de ne pas m'avoir attendu. La lune commençait à se voiler. Nous retournâmes vers nos chevaux qui s'étaient mis à brouter et nous rentrâmes sans échanger une parole.

MAXIME INGRES.

## MCGILL MEDICAL FACULTY DINNER.

It was a merry day when the Medical Faculty Dinner was celebrated by our worthy sons of Aesculapius and their guests at the Windsor. This pleasant event took place on Friday, Dec. 17th ult., and those who were present will long remember it with a genuine feeling of pleasure. As a result of the labors of our worthy Dinner Committee, the ladies ordinary, where this feast of reason was held, was worthily decorated by the national flag and skulls and tibias in the form of a Grecian cross.

The students sat each year separately at four different tables, at right angles to which, at another table, sat the chairman of the occasion, Mr. H. J. Schwartz, '98, and about him sat McGill's Principal and the Deans of some of the other Faculties, as well as several noted visitors and guests:—Sir Wm. Hingston, Sir James Grant of Ottawa, and others. Drs. Roddick and Bell, Sir William Dawson, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Lord Strathcona and Lord Aberdeen were unable to attend; some on account of ill-health, others owing to distance and other business, and excused themselves by letters or telegrams.

The gentlemen of the scalpel used their weapons admirably and to good advantage on the poor victims at whose expense they feasted. Gaiety and wit were on terms of intimacy with erudition, and youth and flowers made even Father Time smile for once at this lovely spectacle, and the furrows with which study and anxiety plough the brows of the votaries of the Art were smoothed out as a result.

After appropriate remarks of welcome and good wishes, the Chairman, Mr. H. J. Schwartz, proposed the health of Her Majesty, and then called upon Mr. Scanlan, '98, to sing a topical song written for the occasion by Mr. A. C. L. Fox, '98, and supposed to soliloquize some of the feelings of the student during the holidays.

The song was so well rendered that it was encored. It then fell to the lot of Mr. George Fagan, '98, in one of his admirable and classic speeches to propose the toast to his Alma Mater. Principal Peterson responded to the toast in a most felicitous speech which brought down uproarious applause. The toast to the Dean and Faculty was proposed by Mr. Francis and responded to by the Dean in person, Dr. Craik and by Dr. Buller who spoke on behalf of the Faculty; the former respondent evoking appropriate reminiscences of the first gatherings of the kind, the latter after a few witty tirades dealt fully with the subject of a University residence for the boys.

Mr. Harry Hill, of the Century Class, proposed the toast to the Sister Universities, and it was responded to by:—Mr. Stewart, on behalf of Toronto 'Varsity; Mr. Shoemaker, representing Trinity College; Mr. Condal, of Queen's; Mr. Thompson, from Dalhousie College, Halifax; Mr. Boyer, of Laval; Mr. Nicholls, of Bishop's Dental College; Mr. Creitchlone, of Bishop's Medical College; Sir James Grant, on behalf of the Ottawa University.

The toast to the Senior Year was proposed by Mr. McKechnie and responded to by Mr. A. M. Smith of that year, whilst Dr. Wyatt Johnson, ever mindful of his young boys as a balm to the sound admonition which he gave the Freshmen in his memorable opening lecture, now proposed them a toast, which was replied to with vim by Mr. Little.

As the members of the Faculty each in turn arose to respond to the toasts, they were greeted by a chorus of "How d'ye do, dear Pete, etc.," and a musical invitation to quaff. A bacchanal song, "In Cellar Cool," was rendered by Mr. Scanlan, who had to respond to an encore, and Mr. Harvey followed with "There'll be a hot time to-night," and Mr. Lamb rendered "Auld Lang Syne," after which the National Anthem brought this interesting dinner to a close.

KEEPING THE HOLIDAYS.

It is the children's time o' year;  
 Their faces, radiant with delight,  
 Fill e'en the poorest homes with cheer,  
 And make the happiest still more bright;  
 The gravest eyes put on a smile,  
 To watch their pranks and merry ways,  
 And mark how glad the world is, while  
 With gifts and laughter, songs and plays,  
 The children keep the holidays.

But how shall we, whom years have taught  
 The bitter truths of toil and care,  
 Whose sob'rer grown-up hearts are not  
 Like theirs, as light as Summer air,—  
 We, who have learned that time beguiles,  
 That youth departs, that joy decays,  
 That Fortune's frowns outlast her smiles,  
 And life deceives and age betrays,  
 How shall we keep the holidays?

We cannot dance in cap and bells;  
 We cannot blind ourselves to truth—  
 For time, the oculist, dispels  
 The glamour from the eyes of youth;  
 We know life's cheats and mockery,  
 And hope's sweet lies and soft delays;  
 And ghosts which children do not see  
 Sit at our feasts and haunt our ways,  
 And help us keep our holidays.

But selfish grief is vain and weak;  
 Those souls are ever happiest  
 Which, through this devious journey, seek  
 Their bliss in making others blest.  
 If we but shed one helpful gleam  
 Along the world's bewild'ring ways,  
 And make one sad life brighter seem,  
 More warmly shall our home-fires blaze:  
 And happier be our holidays.

Ah! he whose tender thought gives heed  
 To poverty and wretchedness,  
 Who hears the cry of woe and need,  
 The plaint of hunger and distress,—  
 Whose heart with pure compassion burns  
 For those who walk in thorny ways,  
 Who dries the mourner's eyes, and tunes  
 The orphan's tears to songs of praise,  
 Most fitly keeps the holidays.

QUEVEDO REVIVUS.

Graduates' Column.

A highly successful re-union of the West Kootenay graduates of our old University was held last Christmas at Slocan City, B.C. The celebration took the form of a dinner, held at the Arlington, and was attended by eleven men, as follows:—The Rev. Mr. Cleland, Sandon; the Rev. Mr. Knowles, Slocan City; H. W. Mussen, Science '96, Nelson; Walter Adams, Science '92, Midway; J. M. McGregor, Science '92, R. H. Stewart, Science '96, G. G. Hare, Science '96, Raoul Green, Science '96, and F. A. Wilkin, Science '95, Rossland; J. C. Gwillim, Science '95, and W. S. Johnson, Science '96, Slocan City. Letters regretting their unavoidable absence were read from Messrs. W. A. Carlyle, Victoria, Taylor, of Golden, O. E. S. Whiteside, of Anthracite, N.W.T., and Moffat, of Nelson.

The long and varied toast list began with the Queen, followed by Old McGill Donaldas and absentees. The various districts represented

were heartily toasted and ably responded to as follows: Rossland, by F. A. Wilkin; Sandon and Boundary Creek, by W. C. Adams; Nelson, by H. W. Mussen, and Slocan City, by W. S. Johnson. The enjoyment of the evening was greatly enhanced by the presence and good fellowship of the "Theologs," whose witty speeches and clever recitations received hearty applause. The chair was ably felled by Mr. Gwillim. The banquet hall was tastefully decorated with crimson and white. Some lady friends contributed a beautiful shield from which the three crows smiled benignantly down upon our spread, as they were wont to do in olden times.

Our evening closed with an adjournment to the middle of the street, when the hills of Kootenay were made to ring for the first time, with the classic yell of Old McGill, followed by the Faculty yells of Arts and Science, the natives being greatly edified thereby.

Next morning as we sauntered down town at a rather late hour we were confronted by placards stating that the Slocan City Hockey Club would play McGill University, *Toronto*, at 1.30 p.m., and a little later we met their captain, who informed us all details were arranged and we must not disappoint, so we scratched up a team whose *personnel* it is only necessary to remember to anticipate the result.

*Forwards*, Green, Stewart and Wilkin (capt.); *cover point*, Mussen; *point*, Adams, and *Goal*, Johnson.

The halves of 20 minutes each were fiercely disputed from beginning to end, the McGill men being encouraged by the inspiring sight of an array of beauty and fashion, wearing their colors (notwithstanding the fact that our order for ten

yards of the same sent in to Scroggie & Co., came short of fulfilment.)

McGill won the toss, and electing to play with the wind and down the hill, opened the game with a brilliant rush, which might have ended disastrously for some one had not the referee seen the decided sneak made by Stewart on facing.

The best team certainly won; the true score is suppressed for obvious reasons, but through the courtesy of the Slocan City team it is here given as two all.

This hockey match was only one of the many pleasant incidents of the visit, the enjoyment of which was heightened by the cordial hospitality of the Slocan City people.

## Societies.

### Y. M. C. A.

Notwithstanding the near approach of "exams," and the consequent supposed necessity for a walk in the open air or a quiet siesta at home, a larger number of students than usual assembled to hear the Rev. Principal George, of the Congregational College, at the last regular gathering of the Fall term. And it is safe to say that no one regretted whatever sacrifice the effort may have cost. The address with which those present were rewarded was nothing short of inspiring. At the outset Dr. George took occasion to express his thorough sympathy with student-life in general, and particularly with the work of the Y. M. C. A. He was satisfied of the usefulness and helpfulness of the latter from observation of its results in the neighboring republic. He also declared in no uncertain language his deep appreciation of the now famous editorial in the last number of the MCGILL FORTNIGHTLY, calling for a purer and more refined journalism. As the main subject of his remarks, the Principal announced "The Greatest Work in the World." This was a movable term. To do the will of God was the greatest work in the world for any man, but the will of God was different for different individuals. Accordingly, some were called to the preaching of the gospel, some to the practice of medicine or law, and others to exert themselves in other spheres

of labor. But the mechanic or clerk or doctor or lawyer was just as truly "called" to his position in life as was ever any minister or missionary.

The various activities of the Association will be resumed without delay, with renewed energy. The first Sunday afternoon meeting of the term will be held next Sunday, the 9th inst., at the usual hour. All members are urged to co-operate with the various committees in making the next few weeks genuinely successful, and any who contemplated joining, but have not yet done so, are requested to act at once. To all students of "Old McGill" the Association wishes a very happy ninety-eight.

### THE MONTREAL VETERINARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.

A regular meeting of the Society took place on Thursday evening, Dec. 10th, at 8 p.m., in the Library.

The President, Professor Charles McEachran, occupied the chair, there being present also Professor Baker, a full attendance of members, and the following visitors: Messrs. C. F. Bouthillier, Colin Campbell, W. R. Miller, G. Farmer, etc.

The report of the Experimental Committee, being received, and some minor business attended to, the Chairman, after extending a hearty welcome to the visitors, introduced Mr. C. F. Bouthillier to the Society as the Essayist for the evening, congratulating the members on their opportunity of listening to such an able and experienced authority.

Mr. Bouthillier on rising thanked the Society for the honor that had been conferred upon him by being requested to read a paper before them, and proceeded with his Essay on "Conformation in the Hunter," which proved to be a most interesting and instructive communication.

He explained his reasons for choosing this class of horse, as it was undoubtedly above all others the one in which a combination of good points was indispensable, being moreover the type to be chosen for the improvement of the common stock of horses in every country, embracing as it did every limit of size or height from the polo pony, not over 14 hands, 2 inches, who should be a miniature weight carrying hunter to a horse 17 hands high and up to 18 stone.

Continuing he carefully described in detail the various points necessary for the "Ideal Hunter," referring frequently to such celebrated animals as Rayon D'Or, Ormonde, etc., as practical examples of his arguments, and, though preferring himself an animal possessing a happy medium in all parts to one in which some point had been especially well-developed at the expense of some other portion of the anatomical frame, he stated that the law of compensation might greatly influence some undesirable conformation, giving as an example a straight shoulder, being partially atoned for by an exceptionally sloping pastern.

No hunter, he said, with any pretense to Bone and Substance should measure less than 8 inches below the knee and 9 1-2 inches below the hock. He considered the feeding care and harness of a good horse to be of great importance, few men possessing that species of Equine Ocular Vision known as "an eye for a horse," when seen in the rough.

In conclusion, he stated that, although well aware

that many good horsemen considered conformation of secondary importance to action and performance, he thought that if they took the trouble to consider attentively the best horses in their classes they would come to the conclusion that a considerable majority of them possessed the best conformation.

Professor Baker then proposed a vote of thanks to the Essayist for the trouble he had taken in coming so far to read such a pleasant and instructive essay, which was unanimously carried.

An animated discussion ensued, assisted by the Chairman and Professor Baker, when technical terms were involved, in which Mr. Colin Campbell's Historical and Physiological knowledge of bone in a hunter was worthy of a skilled osteologist, whilst Mr. Bouthillier defended his arguments in a manner which showed that the many years that gentleman has spent in breeding this class of horse has made him thoroughly familiar with its conformation, as recognised by many of the best authorities.

The Chairman then addressed the meeting, congratulating the members for the valuable information they had received both from the Essayist and from several well-known sporting gentlemen amongst the visitors on points of practical interest which were generally neglected by Students in their pursuit of Scientific knowledge.

He extended an invitation amidst enthusiastic applause to Mr. Colin Campbell to read an Essay at some future date on the race-horse, which that gentleman has taken under consideration.

Messrs. Bell and Burke were appointed Essayists for the following meeting.

There being no further business, an adjournment took place.

## Class Reports.

### FACULTY OF COMPARATIVE MEDICINE.

With best wishes to our Supporters for a Prosperous New Year, trusting that the majority who spent their Xmas at home enjoyed the Festive Season as much as those of us, who, remaining in Montreal, will long remember the kindness and hospitality of our Professors and Friends, we once more assume the responsibilities attached to an official position, as the medium whereby our Habits and Thoughts, amidst scientific environments, are handed down to posterity.

Dean McEachran, whose much-regretted departure took place on December 21st, has kindly promised to send items of interest from time to time in connection with European Schools of Veterinary Science for insertion in our columns of the FORTNIGHTLY during his visits to England, France, Germany and other countries.

The account of Dr. Charlie's Annual Xmas dinner to the Students, which for many years has replaced in popularity our youthful ideas of Santa Claus, Christmas

trees, etc., can well bear repetition, for the charming manner in which our Host and Hostess show us on this occasion that it gives them pleasure to give us pleasure is a lesson one should profit by. This year, in addition to the usual enjoyments, we were privileged to inspect "The First Hunt Cup," won by our Popular Professor, a handsome trophy, the capacity of which should be eminently satisfactory at his Hunt Breakfasts, and is well worthy the efforts of his gallant mare "Magic." If the wishes of Students of Veterinary Science have any weight with the Goddess of Fortune, already could the well-developed embryo of a future Grand National Winner be discovered out at Back River by a close observer of "conformation in mares."

An interesting communication from Professor Wesley-Mills on "Road-making in Germany" was recently received by The Veterinary Medical Association, written with that clearness and accuracy of detail so characteristic of our prized Text-book on Physiology. Most of us realize now the benefits to be derived from a proper appreciation of probably two of his most valuable lessons, viz.: "Force of Habit and Inhibitory

Power," and we acknowledge this practical example of his teachings on "The Development of the Powers of Observation" with gratitude.

We suggest that The City Street Committee, in charge of the distal extremity of Union Avenue, apply at our Office for a copy of the minutes for the meeting at which the above letter was read.

Another item has been added to the long list of obligations we are under to Dr. Gunn for his professional services, he having successfully steered a Fellow-Student, Mr. Henderson, through a serious and protracted illness. We trust the patient's convalescence will progress rapidly, and that he may shortly return to our Class.

The annual presentation of edible ovarian tissue, scientifically inspected and pronounced free from contagious disease, to the Hospital Staff, at 6 Union Avenue, took place on Friday, December 24th, accompanied with an address by Mr. Spanton, on behalf of the Students, in which the force was congratulated on its present efficient condition, especial attention being drawn to the fact of Mr. Milloy, after many years of unsuccessful efforts, having at length succeeded in guarding two of Nancy's pups from being kidnapped.

Lack of space forbids our giving a detailed account of the last meeting of the Faculty Club, but, with the versatile B. K. Baldwin in the chair, and such supporters as Messrs. McDonough, Bell, Lambert, etc., the success of the very pleasant evening we passed was assured. Mr. Kato, whose graceful dancing was worthy of an accomplished Geisha girl, must be especially mentioned for his efforts to entertain us.

Your reporter is dreaming of "shoot that nigger, if he don't keep step." How Nancy will enjoy parading with the new rifle corps!! The idea only needs a little advertising to make it a great feature of University life.

"The Pity of it!" Owing to the unreasonable amount of time required to satisfy our somewhat exacting Examiners, next Spring our Theatre-going contingent feels compelled to give up their Season's Box at a well-known Opera House.

"Odds on," are being offered that "The Boston Terrier" will by next Spring have broken the record for the number of Examinations passed in a six months' go-as-you-please.

"Jake" was unable to account for the unusual amount of attention his presence attracted as he walked through his homeward bound train till he discovered that some practical joker had pinned a placard on the back of his new fur coat, bearing the inscription "Off to the Klondyke."

#### "THE DISADVANTAGES OF SCIENTIFIC LANGUAGE.

(Examiner.) How would you treat a "case of collapse?"

(Star Student.) Cito, Tuto, et Jucunde.

(Examiner.) Too vague, sir. Next?

(Practical Student.) Give it some Scotch.

(Examiner.) Very good, sir.

(Star Student.) Hang it! that's what I meant.

#### ARTS NOTES.

Well, '98, are you glad that that mystic signature is no longer a forgery? Mind you keep your credit good with the Faculty, until the mystic flitting day, May first.

Who is starting a rifle corps in Arts? The reporter heard of the idea before the holidays and takes to it hugely. Would have no difficulty in enlisting all our brave theologs and militia men from the country. High School corps would be a good feeder too. Push your Senior's idea along, ye Juniors, Sophs and Freshies.

1900.

Every issue of the FORTNIGHTLY contains a full column of 1900 class news. But, owing to the extreme dullness of '99, '01, and their own incapacity, the reporters of these two years are never able to write more than a third or half a column, of which the larger part consists of ravings at 1900. In fact, the 1st Year orator is sometimes unable to write anything at all. Jealous of the Second Year's overwhelming superiority in all respects, the other two scribes vent their demoniacal rage upon our noble brows in such loving and gentle names as "lunatics, gas-bags, wild Indians." Crazy men always regard sane people as maniacs. This accounts for the incurable madness of the Third Year Reporter. Our gas is strong enough to suffocate '99, when we let it escape. The reporter of the '01 infant class gave us the very appropriate name, Apaches (not Apachees)—the best possible one for us, seeing the large number of '99, '01 scalps which adorn our belts. The squibs of eloquence from the pen of '99's Shakespeare are also full of truth. While we have no butchers (though we do make sausages out of '99, '01), we have a first-class Baker and a good Cooke, who roast and fry our Fresh and Three Year old victims. While eating these meals, we quaff Wein from our well feld glasses. Among our Elder members, we have two good Walkers who show us how to wade through our would-be opponents already mentioned. Like all Scots we drive all before us. In their fearful terror of us the Third Year have often been found hiding panicstricken in Cracks and corners. Altogether, we are a Hardy lot, and headed by the noble Horse have given '99, '01 many a bad fall. These years are a Newsonce which we sometimes abolish. We permit them to live only through pity for their pale White faces. With all their faults they have some Cumming men who will be Revs of light in their particular spheres. Most of them, however, are stuffed with unstable substances Cotton, Rice and Brown Holland woods which any Third class Gardner can raise. But once and for all we warn them that if they don't stop Boning us we'll throw the whole Pack of them Down stairs. It will take the survivors, if there are any, some time to Heal their wounds and Patch themselves up. Some day we'll drown them; we can DeWitt too. As for the infant class of '01 they are all Boulters who run at the first signs of trouble, in an opposite direction to it. They are about

as Strong as the weakest of Tees. They can take shelter on their Mount or fly to Ireland, the land of the Harper. We can easily catch them there, for Ireland belongs to us also. There is not a man among them to Cope with us, not even their Scringers. They throw Cole at us but Mo(u)ffat every shot. In the fewest possible words '99, '01 are no good. All we ever see of them is an occasional Stern view when fleeing in terror from the great and only Arts' 1900.

Scippity hoop! Scippity hoop!  
Run you beggars. Yah!  
The 2nd Year will kill us all  
If they catch us. Rah!

Buzz bzzzz-----bzzzz.

Last Greek Lecture.

#### MEDICAL NEWS.

One of our Montreal dailies, in reporting the election of the Valedictorian for '98 Medicine, reports it as unanimous and makes the recipient of the honor, Mr. A. C. L. Vox. It will be seen that this is a fair sample of news-reporting, when it is known that the election was not unanimous, but a hotly contested one, and that Mr. Fox was duly elected. A curious coincidence is that it was the "vox" part that was objected to; otherwise, the election might have been unanimous.

At the Medical dinner, what might have struck a layman was the absence of the word "health" from the after-dinner speeches. It was jocosely asserted that it was done as a matter of principle, and that to do things still more fittingly, the undertakers' association should have been represented.

The gentlemen of the three first years in Medicine were unable to put in an appearance at College after the 17th ult. One naturally thinks of dinner, and puts the blame on this coincidence. Of course, our younger brothers are usually a studious and orderly lot, and a good excuse for this little exceptional shirking of duties must be found.

New evidences of respect for Dr. Kirkpatrick and sorrow for his untimely end come to us in a letter, recently received from one of his old classmates.

When Medicine takes up the formation of a rifle corps, then let the Sister Faculties begin to feel small. Which of our sisters can turn out four hundred able fighting men! Here, Mr. Cook, please drink a dish of tea to the health of your stalwarts who are about to begin to talk of enlisting in McGill's future rifle corps! Set Mr. Fox at work on a birthday ode, if at all convenient.

#### SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

Eighty men were keen last year to form an Engineering Corps. How many will enlist in the rifle corps next session? We have several professors and students over four feet high in the Faculty, so there can be no lack of material. Let's talk the matter seriously over before April begins to cast its shadow before!

#### LEGAL BRIEFS.

The Undergraduates of this Faculty desire to extend to the Dean and Professors their very best wishes for a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

*To the Freshmen* :—The New Year has come; the time approaches when we will be called forth to greater things; our way is before us; we must step out on it. But, dear Freshmen, before we go, we feel it to be our duty to place before you your present precarious position and the stormy days the future has in store for you.

Young and unsophisticated, fresh, exuberant, buoyant from verdant meadow, quiet village, rural environment, you have joined the race for legal honours, coming from country schools and academies with their happy insouciance and childish rules, imbued with the sunny ways of an ever-increasing indulgence, little you know of what awaits you in the seemingly far away April days of sunshine and showers; alas, you ignore, guileless yet unhappy youths, the sword which a fond Alma Mater has suspended over your devoted heads; a sword which a ruthless and implacable Faculty will cause to fall. May you all escape—and yet you are many, you are devoid of experience; to send you forth into the world would be to undecieve you in the most cruel manner, and so some must and will mature and ripen within these classic walls. May you all escape such a fate; such is our prayer. Kind, dear Freshmen we pity you; we sympathise with you, and yet if you fail you can at least say that you had the honor, privilege and glory of having received a word of unheeded warning, a few lines of sound advice from that august body of law-makers, that senate of all that is learned, of all that is profound,

Your well wishers,

CLASS '98.

*Special Notice* :—We beg to announce that a high class comic tragedy has been written by a member of Class '98, whose efforts in this direction are well-known.



We have read the proof sheets and can vouch for many exciting climaxes, especially in the 17th act, where the villain eats seven bologna sausages, swallows a collar button, two boot laces and a shirt stud, has his head split open with an axe, is stabbed to the heart twice, then proceeds to put the hero to sleep in the 147th round of a glove contest at catch weights, kisses his mother-in-law, snatches up the heroine, dashes through the serried ranks of 200 hobbies, slides down an ash shoot and escapes on the headlight of a locomotive going 107 1-2 miles an hour amidst the sobs of a mother and twelve children in the orchestra chairs, the enthusiastic yells of the gods and the inspiring strains of "The Dead March in Saul."

The FORTNIGHTLY has secured all rights in this masterpiece, which will be published for the first time, at a tremendous expense, in our next issue. Tell your friends.

#### EXCHANGES.

From the shores of the bay of Cumberland comes once more to us the welcomed *Argosy*, with pleasant tidings to so many of our Medical boys. Our Medical Editor will ever remember the classic halls of Mount Allison with pleasure, and takes a vivid interest in the numerous evidences of intellectual avidity which the College paper evinces. May you send us many more of your stalwart sons!

*Dalhousie* has over its rivals the great advantage of position; it has put it to good use in the past. It is expending a great deal of time and money just now in enriching its College library.

but judging from the November number there is greater knowledge in their midst of Virgil than of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

*Acadia* has a new and distinguished president in the person of Rev. Thos. Trotter, D.D. The College has been renovated during the summer, and on every hand there are signs of material prosperity. Wolfville, thy charming location in the midst of thy apple groves, thy charming landscape, are things which one cannot readily forget who has seen them.

The *Cresset* is the organ of a Medical School for women in the city of New York. Its editors Anne and Bessie and Elizabeth and Sue and Celia, in the name of the College give out an invitation to young ladies contemplating the study of the Art. Were we within easier reach many of our *Medicos* would no doubt take the invitation and go in for a chat about matters of professional interest. The *Cresset* is a very neat little paper.

#### I.

"Is there anything else you can play?" she said,  
And she scornfully smiled with high-poised head;  
For the football season now was o'er,  
And McGill stood last on the football score.

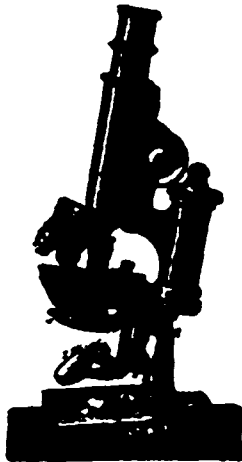
#### II.

He smiled as he stroked his dark moustache,  
Then gently drooped his left eyelash,  
"Why yes," he said, "but you must not tell,  
I play post-office pretty well."

#### III.

To tell the result would not be fair,  
What would have happened if you'd been there?

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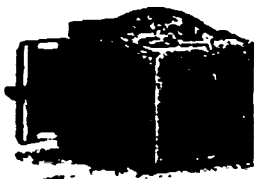
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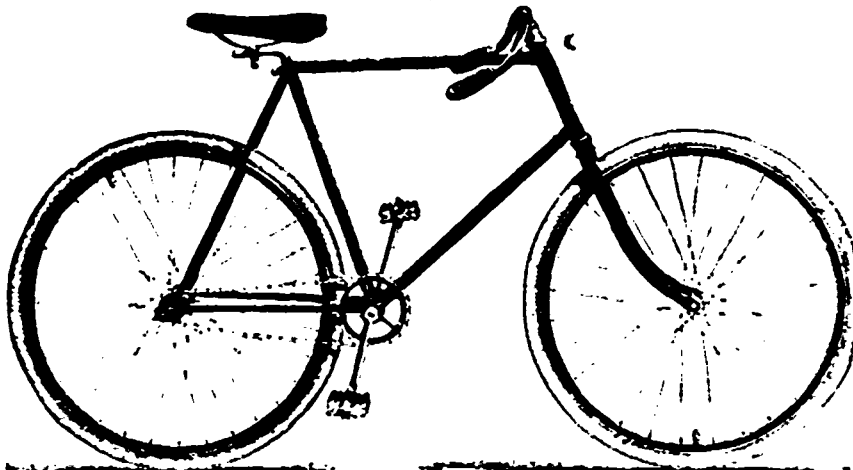
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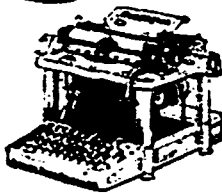


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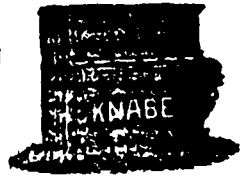
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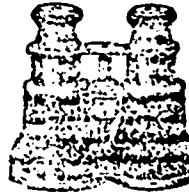
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