

THE MCGILL GAZETTE

VOL. III.—NEW SERIES.

MONTREAL, JANUARY 1, 1877.

No. 3.

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CANNÆ.

Round Cannæ's scattered hovels,
Beside Aufidus' stream,
The blinding wind Vulturæus
Is sweeping o'er the plain—
Over two stately armies
Advancing to the fight,
Their standards and their armour
All glancing in the light.

The serried front of Carthage
Is formed for the fray,
With its varied line of soldiers
In many a strange array ;
There, cruel, strong-limbed negroes
From Afric's arid waste
Are mingling with the giant Gauls,
Light-hued of hair and face.

And there uprears each elephant
Its huge, unwieldy mass,
And wheeling swift in dusky troops
The fierce Numidians pass ;
And the white-vested Spaniards
Are standing side by side,
With bands from Labian cities
Tired of the Roman pride.

How fearlessly and proudly
Bears Rome upon the foe !
Far in the van, reared high aloft,
The conquering eagles go—
Go haughtily and bravely
Across that fatal plain,
Which few of those beneath them massed
Shall ever leave again.

Now rises loud the shout of war—
Now steel rings sharp on steel—
The armies shake like storm-swayed grain,
As grain, Death's scythe the they feel ;
But slowly breaks the Roman line
Before the savage foe,
And down go Romans, stricken hard,
And down the eagles go.

Spurs off in haste proud Varro,
Who caused this fatal day ;
While good Emilius fights and dies,
As only heroes may.
And the sluggish stream Aufidus
Now deeply-coloured runs,
Tinged by the blood of thousands
Of the seven-hilled city's sons.

* * * * *

The conflict stern has ended,
And night has covered o'er
The sodden shapes that once were men,
The pools of clotted gore ;
And far above the quivering field,
Where lies the pride of Rome,
The stars are shining silently
To welcome true souls home.

O Rome ! hadst thou not omens
To trust not in thy might,
Did not the gods in kindness
Forewarn thee of this fight ?
Did not the Sabine statues
Perspire red drops of blood,
And the fountain at fair Cœre
Pour forth a heated flood ?

And on the Campus Martius
Did not the bolts of Jove
Bring death to many a trembling wretch
From the darkened heaven above ?
O Rome ! when next thou sendest forth
Thy citizens to slay,
See that the gods be on thy side
And envious pride away.

THE CANADIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

An Essay Read before the University Literary Society by Mr. H. Folly, B.A.

My object in qualifying the term Literary Society with the word Canadian, was to give myself scope for making a few general remarks upon intellectual life in Canada. These I now proceed to make.

Canada is in her youth, and, as is very often the case in youth, the animal in her is predominant. Commerce, agriculture, manufactures—physical things seem to confine the hopes and bound the enterprise of the people. And yet not altogether ; there is some little stir of the higher life of mind, some kindling of mental fervour, some slight energy of intellect.

This is most clearly seen, perhaps, in political circles. Here we find the greatest heat of intensity, the most restless and enthusiastic activity. True, this is not always of the best kind. The mercenary idea, the grossly utilitarian, seems to thrust itself in everywhere. Personal interest rather than pure love of the thing, selfish hopes instead of public spirit seem to be the impelling force, the stream which turns the little mill-wheel of our life. If our newspapers—strongly partizan, as they usually are mirror with any truthfulness at all the real state of the country, then we must conclude that there is interwoven into the fabric of our national life a very strong element of the lower part of human nature.

Still, taking them with all their failings and faults, the political excitements of our country are a hopeful sign. We

are not dead; we are not intellectual mummies; we have thoughts and interests which transcend the bounds of absolute social selfishness. We do get a little above the mere animism whose everlasting motto is "what shall we eat and what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed." There is good along with the evil—there is something more than vanity and greed in public life. Our business, then, is not to cry down political agitations, even though they do at times rock the land like an earthquake, but to purify them. Our duty is, not to keep out of the struggles of national life, but to throw into them the elements of honor and purity which spring out of a high level of character and thought in ourselves.

Leaving the sphere of political life, we might ask what is the condition of literature in this country? The term embryonic might well describe it. Its manifestations are scanty in extent and narrow in range, transient and of little worth in ultimate achievement. It is hardly to be expected that they should be anything else. And this is not altogether the fault—misfortune rather, of the writer. Those for whom he writes must share in the blame or the pity as the case may be. Let any man undertake to write a book that will cost him time and study, and what is the prospect he has to look forward to? Is it not neglect? We have a tide of foreign literature flooding into the land, and we are not sorry that there is a demand for it; but we are sorry when it sweeps away all attention and interest from our own productions. There has been much talk about protecting our manufactures. We need to talk a little about protecting our literature. This protection must come, however, not from law but from what is better, the intellectual sympathy and self-respect of the people. But every good cause the world over has its martyrs, and these are generally the men who go in to break up the new land. They have to suffer that others may be crowned. They have to toil in the shadows of obscurity that others may come out into the sunlight of success. Men like Heavyside must sing unheeded amid the stir and bustle of the audience in order that those who come after may obtain a hearing when people have time and inclination to sit quietly and listen.

Need I apologise if for a moment I tread upon theological grounds. I think not. The theologian who knows naught but his theology, who is ignorant of the thought and life of those who are not theologians, is a miserable being indeed, too narrow to be clearly seen or much noticed. But I venture to say that he is not more wretchedly cramped than the man of literature who persistently and contemptuously leaves out of sight those deep perplexing problems which theologians ought to deal with, though alas! they sometimes do not even know of them. With reference to these questions there is much stagnation in Canada. Men array themselves submissively, and without independent thought, under some of the generally received forms of religious life, or else fall in just about as submissively under the banner of a radical materialism. There all move on self-contained in their own spheres, knowing little of each other, and too often feeding bitter and contemptuous feelings upon their ignorance. Now, what I would contend for is that there should be more of contact, that men may become broader and better by understanding each other. True, there might be storm and strife, but that is healthy. They say it is like leaving the whirling of a tempest for a dead calm, to come from the intense religious life of the old country to the mental apathy which seems to brood over us here.

Leaving these generalities we come to the Literary Society, which, I think, should act as a sort of bridge from the life of the student to the life of the man, freed from the restraints and guidances of the college course. It should teach us self-reliance. What is the aim of a Literary Society? To me it

seems to be simply this, the development of independent thought and of its expression. You see there are two things there; both are of vital consequence.

There is not much scope for independent mental activity in college life. There is activity, no doubt, with some exceptions, of course, but it is to a very large extent driven and controlled by the professors; and this is right enough in its place. But the time must come when the student will escape from this tutelage. He must begin to think and act for himself. Now there are at least two dangers which beset the path of a young man at this stage. If he is largely developed in the direction of self-esteem and combativeness, he will probably go out of college with the conviction that he was born for the special purpose of setting the world to rights. He will have an invincible confidence in his own ideas—ideas which are great because they are his, and for no other earthly reason. He will all the time be striking his head against stone walls, which don't care much how long he continues the exercise. On the other hand if he is timid, modest and self-depreciative, his trouble will be in the opposite direction entirely. He never has boldness enough to form an opinion at all. He is constantly and painfully playing the part of a foot-ball for men who have more self-reliance in their composition. Against both these dangers the Literary Society ought to guard. It should rebuke the arrogant, encourage the timid; it should soften the conceited down to a becoming modesty, and beget in the fearful a manly confidence. It should teach the student to have and hold his opinions without being entrapped by blundering folly on the one hand, or by an indolent cowardice on the other.

But it is not enough to have opinions; we must be able to send them out from us so that they will have power upon others. The reservoir may be full to the brim of water, cool and clear, but it is of little use as a water-system without channels to convey it to the lips of the city's thirsty thousands. Men may have all the height and length and depth and breadth of their nature stored with knowledge, but if there be no flowing forth it is but buried treasure.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

That word *waste* is most happily employed. What in the name of common sense is the use of the sweetest odour if there are no nostrils to inhale it? In many minds the flowers of thought spring up, give out their fragrance, wither and die, without the world being any the wiser or any the better. The first couplet of the stanza has its analogy too—

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear."

Yes, the gem is there, but it might as well be a common pebble for all the good it does. It must be polished and placed upon the brow of beauty in order that its worth may be realized. Gems of thought are lost, because they lie hidden away in caverns. Some men are walking sepulchres, where forms of beauty lie entombed. The thoughts as they go in feel that they must take a long last look of life, for they are plunging into darkness and death from which there is no resurrection. It is a pity that good thoughts should be treated in such an unseemly manner. If the Literary Society would act the part of a resurrectionist here, it need fear neither fine nor imprisonment.

The Literary Society ought to come in here. College life, while it may put a good deal into a man, does not teach him very much as to how he is going to get it out again in some useful form. The Society should, to some extent at least, fill this breach. It should stimulate the student to the use of pen and voice. How few of us know how to wield the pen with

anything like freedom and power. We have some great big original thoughts seething and churning in our brain. No one has ever thought of this before; nobody ever could! It is a bran new idea and no mistake; we must embalm it. Down we sit with pen and paper; we dip the pen into the ink at once, and then—yes and then—instead of writing with the pen we sit chewing the bitter end of the instrument, until all the fervour of inspiration has evaporated and naught but cold disgust is left behind. All this wonderful thought is lost—absolutely and utterly lost—for want of a little readiness in composition. But this is, perhaps, an extreme case; take another. Here is a man who has an idea to work out. He gets at it and works it out—yes *works* it out. He is as tired afterwards as if he had written a book; and what is the result of it all. Why the idea which at first seemed so clear and luminous to his mind, has got completely befogged in the clouds and mists of language. All strength and beauty in the thought have been missed and lost behind the villainous composition. For lack of training many a man, with the stuff in him to make an author of name and influence, has been kept in the background. Thus the country loses them. We must train, and this is a good place for it. We must write much, and burn much before we can produce anything really fit to live. In Africa they kill the elephants for the sake of the ivory, and we must expect to destroy a vast bulk of matter for the sake of the residuum of ivory which we may give to the world.

We musn't forget the use of the voice. It is a very easy thing for some men to talk; there are thousands who "chatter, chatter as they flow," and what makes it worse still, they "go on forever." But while there are many talkers the speakers are but few; the men who can get up and say what ought to be said without making fools of themselves. Many a good scholar is shorn of influence which he might otherwise wield by the involuntary dumbness to which he seems doomed. We meet again and again with men whose thought is golden, but who, for want of the silver currency of speech, are forced to occupy the position of ciphers. There are plenty of people who measure a man's ability by his power to speak well, and they are not a little surprised when they hear some full-fledged B.A. playing leap frog with the Queen's English and with common sense. How often we have been condemned to listen to the interminable wanderings and convulsive throes of speakers whose education would lead us to expect better things.

The lack of speaking ability is clearly seen in Parliament. Why is it that so many members are mere voting machines, mere appendages to the ballot-box? Is it because they don't think? Is it because they are unable to get a clear grasp of political questions? Is it because they have handed the reins of their judgment over to other men? In some instances it may be so, but in many cases it is simply because they can't speak. Any man who hasn't acquired some readiness in this art before entering the House, must possess a tremendous amount of will and moral courage if he dare to begin there. Men like Sheridan and D'Israeli may persist, after one failure, but it would squelch the majority. And so we often see men of sense and wisdom sitting in silence while ranting demagogues are wasting the time of the country and damaging its interests.

Now, the men who come to a University, as a rule, expect some day to fill positions of honor. They look forward to the wielding of influence, the moulding of thought, the leading of men. Let them learn, then, to utilize their scholarship. If they have no other chance they should make a thorough use of the Literary Society. Nor should vanity hinder the fear of making mistakes. Go right in, hit or miss, at first, if you

want to be able to hit at last. A man who hasn't pluck enough to make a failure is not likely to have in him the stamina which wins success. If you notice the biographies of great speakers, you will very often find that it was in some coffee-house, club-room, debating or Literary Society, that the first stimulus to their powers were received. There ought to be more value set on such societies; we want more spirit thrown into this one. There ought to be more striving after excellence—more keenness of rivalry—more sharpness of criticism. Men ought to be brought out here whose power will be felt in the country, and will live after they themselves are dead. Other lands have their great men. The haze of distance makes them look larger than they really are. We look upon them as super-terrestrial beings, to be venerated rather than to be vied with. But, after all, they are not much different from us. Their complement of senses is no larger; their faculties of mind are not more numerous; their lives are not any longer. But they are alive and active. They are not willing to stay in the valley. They must climb the heights, their less aspiring comrades the meanwhile dwindling into insignificance, but the landscape grows more expansive and more beautiful as they rise. And why should not we ascend with them, and, if possible, keep abreast of them? Why should not our society be the cradle of men who shall enter as new blood into the growing life of the country, and make its pulsations quicker and stronger? Why should we not nurture here, the men whose clearness of mental vision, facile pen, and word of power shall tell in this land of ours for truth and progress and renown? If such an aim as this be achieved by us, then Canada will have good reason to bestow her benison of approval upon us, and to rejoice in the existence of such an institution as a Canadian Literary Society.

COLLEGE WORLD.

—The Oxford University Rowing Club has declined the challenges of the Yale and Cornell Clubs to a four-oared race on the Thames next August.

—A Football Association was formed on November 23, by delegates from Harvard, Yale, Columbia and Princeton. The Rugby Union rules were adopted, with the exception of rule seven, which was modified so that four touch-down count a goal. A Yale gentleman was elected President.

—Harvard graduates are giving dramatical entertainments to pay off the debt incurred by their crews last summer.

—Yale has declined the football challenge of Harvard.

—Mr. Thomas William Lewis, of Caius College, has been appointed President of the Cambridge University Rowing Club, *vice* Mr. P. W. Brancker, who, in leaving Cambridge, leaves a vacancy in the University eight. It is thought, however, that Mr. Prest, son of the Archdeacon of Durham, will take the vacant seat. He is said to be a fair oar, as his father was when he was an undergraduate at St. John's College.—*Crimson*.

—Tufts has a dramatic club.

A philosophical student, writing an essay the other day, closed with the words:—"Brevitas facietiarum anima est." The professor's critique was as follows:—"Non autem tractatum philosophicorum. Atque scriptori quidem potuit tractatus hic parvulus videri facetus, sed minime potest lectori."

THE MCGILL GAZETTE.

1st JANUARY, 1877.

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The examinations are passed, and passed we hope, to the satisfaction of all. The inevitable pluck has victimized not a few; these have themselves to thank, for failure subsequent to honest endeavour is happily a rarity. Hardly had we recovered from the exertions of our last appearance in Molson Hall, and composed ourselves to a thorough enjoyment of the fortnight granted by the Faculty, when we were reminded by the inveterate printer that he was in want of "copy." Our dreams of a *dolce far niente* being thus rudely dispelled, we turned ourselves with unabated energy to the task of satisfying his (the printer's) unnatural cravings. So while our friends have been indulging themselves here and elsewhere, we, poor public servants, have been hard at work; with what success we leave our readers to judge. But to return to the subject that has been engrossing general attention during the last month; we find, on looking over the results on our last page, that the addition of an assistant mathematical professor to the already efficient staff of preceptors has had the effect of considerably thinning out the freshman and other classes. The unfortunate constitute about 45 per cent of the whole. Can this be due to worse anti-collegiate preparation than usual? Can we ascribe to a more widely-extended spirit of laziness? Be that as it may, we think that in this case the old saw about two heads being better than one (even if they are professors') may, in some degree, account for the phenomenon. The respected Professor of Philosophy has adopted a new mode of publishing his results—viz., with the standing opposite the name of each person. We notice a considerable number of names with no ratings; this, we suppose, is due to absent-mindedness on the part of the examiner; however, those gentlemen will have an opportunity of amicably arranging matters in February. In the mathematical physics of the third year one hero stands alone in his glory in the first-class—in the same examination in science three managed to pass. To all, ploughed and otherwise, we extend our condolences and congratulations coupled with the compliments of the season, hoping, also, that all will return refreshed both in mind and body, and with purses well-filled, the strings of which will be readily unloosed at the call of our needy treasurer.

SOME days ago we were disagreeably startled by an article in the *Montreal Gazette* headed "Polytechnique schools." It seems that an educational establishment in this city, entitled the "Catholic Commercial Academy," is applying to the Legislature of Quebec for a charter by which they will be empowered to grant the degrees of Civil Engineer, Mining Engineer, &c. &c.; in fact, almost every degree known in Practical Science. When we learn that such a matter is seriously contemplated, it is natural to infer that this is not only a school of high standing at present, but that it also intends to make adequate preparations for the just use of the powers to be granted it. We expect to hear that large sums of money are to be expended; that competent teachers, both in theory and practice, are to be appointed, and a thorough and extended course of study pursued. What is it that we do hear? That this school, of whom not a title of our students have ever heard, expends an additional two or three thousand dollars per annum, adds two or three teachers to its ordinary staff, and will grant, after a few years theoretical training, degrees nominally higher than those which the highest scientific school in the world, *l'Ecole Polytechnique* at Paris, only gives after long years of laborious study, the entrance examination of which, our McGill graduates would find it no easy matter to pass. To take an instance nearer home: McGill only grants the degree of M.E. (Master of Engineering), after six (in a few cases five) years of work—three spent at college and three in actual work in field or office. But the "Commercial Academy" is going to send out first-class Engineers without such lengthy and severe preparation as the French Government, our own professors, and all sensible men, think necessary. If "*l'Ecole Polytechnique*" were to take school-boys, train them for three years' and then call them Engineers, and permit them to add the words "Civil Engineer" to their name, it is possible, some people might say, they would not have a great deal of confidence in such Engineers, or else that the studies must be very severe and the teachers very good; yet this French school is famous, well supported, taught by well-known men; in short it is the chief Government School of such a kingdom as France. Although the "Catholic Commercial Academy" is not as yet famous, perhaps it is one of those gems (?) which hidden by an untoward fate, only wants the aid of the friendly hand of a Mr. Chapleau to come out in its full glory. It is willing to become the chief government school of this Province of Quebec; to take the schoolboys, train them for the three years, and then give them the degree they want. Leaving aside all speculation, this much is certain, that if the proposed scheme be successfully carried out, it will be fatal to the Department of Applied Science in McGill. It is not to be expected that a young man will work six years

for a degree, when he can get a nominally more valuable one at half the expenditure of time and money.

It is gratifying to find so influential a paper as the *Montreal Gazette* taking up the matter so earnestly, and we refer those who wish to see clearly the merits of the question, to the able editorial which appeared in the number of Thursday, Dec. 21st. Were it not so long now since the article appeared, we would venture to suggest that some other of the prominent Montreal journals would reprint it. We hope that Mr. Chapleau (who is bringing forward this bill) will find more opposition to it than he expects.

OBITUARY.

Since our last issue, a heavy blow has fallen upon us, bringing sorrow and desolation to the bereaved family, and awaking profound sympathy on all hands. We refer to the death of our late fellow-student, Mr. J. J. Frothingham, on Sunday, December 10th, 1876, in the 22nd year of his age. Mr. Frothingham graduated in science in 1875, and up till last summer had been following that avocation; not finding it to his taste, however, he determined upon studying medicine, and was pursuing the prescribed course when so suddenly stricken down. Being of a somewhat retiring disposition, he was probably not so well known to the students in general as to some of ourselves. We had always found him a hearty and genial companion, and a true and honest friend. The sadness of the event was increased—nay, even doubled—by the sudden death of his mother on the evening subsequent to his funeral. We cannot overlook the resolutions of condolence passed by the medical students and the various societies with which he was connected, and with deep feeling wish to add our own thereto.

CHRISTMAS.

Christmas 1876 has passed by, faded into the dim past, laden with memories of happy gatherings of friends and relations who shall, perhaps, never all meet together again. What stony savages they must be who refuse to observe such holidays, and talk in their selfish wisdom of the folly of wasting one's time in fun and mirth on this, the greatest of our English holidays! England and Englishmen the world over have kept this day for hundreds of years, often beneath tropical suns, or amid the snows of the Arctic regions; but in England is the true Christmas observed.

"So now is come our joyfulst feast,
Let every man be jolly;
Each room with ivy leaves is dress'd,
And every post with holly,
Round your foreheads garlands twine,
Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,
And let us all be merry."

So sings a poet of the first half of the seventeenth century.

How curious that human (and particularly English) ideas of enjoyment should culminate in a good dinner! Even Milton—lofty, grave, severe—could not describe a day in heaven without feasting his angels.

"All in circles as they stood,
Tables are set, and on a sudden piled
With angels' food, and rubied nectar flows
In pearl, in diamond, and massy gold,
Fruit of delicious vines, the growth of heaven."

Christmas dinners have long been famous, but now-a-days we do not go into any such luxuries as they considered proper of old, such as peacocks, carps' tongues, &c. At such times, however, the boar's head always took the first place at the board, and was brought in with first-rank honours, so to speak.

"Caput apri deferro,
Keddens laudes Domino.
The boar's head in hand I bring,
With garlands gay and rosemary,
I pray you all sing merrily
Oui vive in contrivis."

Though with us Christmas has now lost much of its noisy revelry, still special attention is paid to the Christmas dinner, and it is generally to be remembered ever after with special reference to Longfellow's lines—

"Not enjoyment, and not pleasure,
Is our destined end in life."

Because of the long start it gives to that goblin indigestion in the race for next morning's light.

We wonder when our time-honoured phrases, "A Merry Christmas," "A Happy New Year," first originated; we wonder how many people, as they exchange them, coupled with a hearty shake of the hand, mean what they say. But what matters it whether or not the words are used sincerely; at any rate, they are hearty old English ones, whose very ring conveys pleasure. How can any man go round idiotically muttering "the compliments of the season?" We should like to have a view of the lunatic who first invented this utterance; doubtless some scented exquisite with gold-topped cane and curled hair. Would that some modern witch of Endor could call up in contrast to him the man who first sent Santa Claus down the Christmas chimney. We think mentally of some portly, good-humoured old gentleman with round cheeks and twinkling eyes, possibly with a ponderous coat of mail over his generous heart.

Alas that we, miserable students, are compelled to pass our Christmas in fear and trembling, awaiting with failing hearts those ominous "Results!" How can we enjoy a family party? How enjoy a Christmas dinner? How have "a happy new year" with perhaps supplementary to pass in the beginning of February? Pity us, ye that are free and care-less, and have no Christmas holidays!

"Now all our neighbours' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning;
Their ovens they with baked meat choke,
And all their spits are turning.
Without the door let sorrow lie,
And if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury 't in a Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry."

And amid all our fun let us not forget what Christmas means, and where and for what our Christmas was first remembered, and keep an open hand for those who pass their Christmas in cold and hunger in this blustery Canadian winter of ours.

"This is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of heaven's Eternal King,
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great rede: ption from above did bring."

EFFECTS OF THE LIFE OF TRADE ON THE LIFE OF MAN.

As many of my readers will know, in the summer of 1874, by reason of competition, the fare to Quebec by steamer, was remarkably low. As a consequence of this, the boats were always crowded with passengers.

One evening my friend, Tom —, proposed to me that we should take a trip and visit the ancient capital. I agreed to this and we parted, promising to meet at the Richelieu wharf at ten minutes to seven.

I was on hand at the proper time, but no friend could be seen. This was at a time when the rivalry between the companies on the route was at its height, and it was difficult to find anyone in the dense crowd that surrounded the steamers. As soon as one attempted to get near the boats he was set upon by agents of both companies, who talked of the merits of their boat, and the bad qualities of their opponent. Having freed myself from them by buying a ticket for the "Trois Rivières," I made my way to where she was tied, and stood near the gangway, hoping to see my friend make his appearance, but herein I was disappointed. The hour for starting at length arrived. The bell struck. "Haul in the gangway," shouted the captain. With a cheer the men in charge laid hold of it, and as they did so an old *habitant's* wife stepped on the outer end and was drawn in also. But horror of horrors, as soon as she was aboard she discovered her spouse standing on the wharf looking for his wife, all eyes and mouth. With a yell of despair, such as she alone could utter, she shouted: "Ah, mon mari!" I did not wait to hear any more, but went up-stairs, and to my no small delight, stumbled against Tom, who was giving up all hopes of meeting me. When we had promenade around for some little time, we were conscious of a feeling that the inner man required something more than walking. Going to the office we procured tickets, marked "good for supper;" with these, and with bright expectations, we proceeded to the table. The sight that here met our gaze almost baffled description. The table was forty or fifty feet long; and it was seated, in close proximity, a large number of hungry looking men. At the back of each chair stood another person holding it, and claiming it for the next table; then there were a few fights by way of accompaniment; two parties would lay claim to the same chair, and the dispute would be settled by the man who could strike the hardest blow obtaining the seat. As Tom and I had some respect for our beauty of face and figure, we waited until we found an opportunity of having supper in peace. About eleven o'clock we were nicely seated, and I was on the point of making the acquaintance of a piece of beef-steak, when I was startled by hearing some one opposite me cry out, "waiter, take away this leather, and bring me something I can *chaw!*"

In my previous ignorance, I thought leather grew on the outside of a bovine creature, but really the animal off which this so called beef-steak was taken, must have been leather through and through.

There was one old man who evidently enjoyed the leather. He would get a piece on his fork, then place one end between his teeth, throw back his head, get hold of the fork with both hands, and pull till you heard a click; and then the old fellow would smile as much as to say, "I have overcome the leather." After supper was over I began to feel drowsy; so, taking two keys I had received from the captain I went in search of a bed. Here new troubles awaited me. I found the room corresponding to the number on my key, and opened the door, I was met by a fierce-looking fellow who cried out

"what you want here?" "I want to go to bed." "Can't go to bed here," and pointing to one berth he said "that's my wife's and the other is for me." I then tried another room with like success. Seeing a heap of mattresses and pillows in one corner of the cabin, Tom and I each laid hold of one and twice as many pillows, dragged them to a quiet part of the boat, and sought to make ourselves as comfortable as possible. Wishing each other goodnight and pleasant dreams, we ceased talking and courted sleep. As far as I was concerned this was almost out of the question, for at our heads sat an American couple, far on the road to marriage, whose sweet cooing had not the effect of lulling to sleep an inexperienced youth longing for instruction in the noble art of courtship.

This was not all that drove away sleep; just beneath us a group of "young bloods" spent the night gambling, yelling and drinking, which did not form a very soothing lullaby.

About 2 a.m., being thoroughly wearied, I dropped asleep, and whilst I was dosing, some poor weary mortal threw me off my mattress, and occupied it himself. In the morning I spoke to Tom about the noise made by the gamblers, all of whom were French Canadians. He smiled and looking like a sage of old said, and not altogether without truth: "Our Frenchman is equal to a great deal of noise, two make it unbearable, and three Pandemonium."

In due time, however, our good steamer brought us to Quebec, where we spent three or four very pleasant days in company with a resident friend.

One of these days we set out to visit the Falls of Montmorenci. For this purpose we hailed a *calèche*, a sort of cab having a very great likeness to our Montreal butcher cart, only that it possesses a cover.

We entered the *calèche* and were going merrily on our way, neglecting the oft mentioned Beauport—significant fact—when suddenly our horse stumbled and fell. The next moment our resident friend was on mother earth, his mouth in the dust, shouting like a good fellow, and trying to call the cart and his horse not a very nice name. I was astride the old nag and Tom was laughing heartily at us. We then all laughed, got into our conveyance again, reached the falls in safety, and after having spent a pleasant day, returned to the city.

The next night we took steamer for Montreal, got some more leather and a stateroom, by engaging it twenty-four hours in advance.

We reached our destination in "good order and condition" next morning, allowing that opposition might be the life of trade, but being convinced that it was not, in this case, the life of man.

WYGRAM.

AMERICA BEFORE COLUMBUS.

The historian Bancroft, in his great work, "History of the United States," begins with a few words on the traditions and legends relative to the times prior to the bold and successful expedition of Christopher Columbus.

Without giving credence to these relations of the days of yore, still it might be useful and instructive to collect a few of them, shrouded as they are in all the fanciful dimness of the "twilight of fable-land," and embellished with all the imagery of northern *scalders* and Sagas.

I.

The prehistoric traditions of the Egyptians mention a large island westward of the column of Hercules, which bore the name of Atlantides, and later on the omnivorous poetry of

Greece and Rome seized upon the fabled isle, and there placed the Elysian Fields; Plato, in his philosophical dialogues, speaks of Atlantis, the inhabitants of which conquered a great part of Europe, a great war was about to ensue, when the formidable nation beheld their island submerged by the ocean, and peace followed as a necessary consequence. This event is mentioned by the ancient books of Mexico, and some now think that the majestic ruins found in Central America are remnants of antique American civilization, its authors having perished in one grand catastrophe; still we have nowhere heard that any marine remains have been discovered among these structures, such as are observed clinging to the broken columns of Neptune's temple on the shores of the Gulf of Baïæ.

We can only say, therefore, respecting this tradition, that at a remote period relations between the two continents certainly existed, the definite character of which still remains to be ascertained.

We may here remark, before passing to a later epoch, that the ancient Mexican language has many roots in common with Latin and Sanscrit, and that a remarkable coincidence exists in the mythology of these nations.

In speaking of the navigators of a later period, the French author, from whom we draw the materials of this essay, quotes those well known verses of Horace, as applicable to the

" Illi robur et æs triplex
Circæ pectus erat, qui fragiliter truci
Commisit pelago ratem
Præmum * * *

Truly never were verses more suited to a description than these.

Our first historical accounts of the settlement of Iceland date from the year 861. At that time a Norwegian pirate, named Naddod, set sail for the Feroe Islands, and during a violent storm was driven to an island, which he found covered with ice and snow, hence the name Iceland.

Skipping various events, we find Bjarn, a son of one of the companions of Eric the Red, pushing boldly forth in search of his father. Wandering about in unknown seas, he beheld at last a hilly and well wooded shore, then to the south he discovered a still more fertile country; here, however, he once more remembered the object of his journey, and after a few days arrived at the inhospitable shores of Greenland.

A number of surmises have been made with reference to the identity of these localities. M. Gravier, in a work upon this subject, is of opinion that, taking into consideration the polar currents, winds and direction followed, that the coasts seen were no others than those of Nova Scotia and of Maine. There is certainly much presumptive evidence, if we add to the foregoing the precise number of days which were consumed in the voyage.

The news of these discoveries called forth another expedition, which was commanded by a son of Eric the Red. Following in the steps of his predecessor he explored still more of the newly-found land. He entered *the* *oe* puritanical waters of Massachusetts Bay, casting anchor at the mouth of the Pocasset, he named the country Vinland, from the abundance of wild grapes, and wintering among the future head springs of Yankeeedom, returned to Greenland with a cargo of wood.

A younger brother pushed still further southward, and perished in a battle with the natives. The old records place the scene of the combat near a promontory, and strangely enough, a tomb has been discovered in the vicinity of Cape Alderton, containing a skeleton and a sword hilt, which antiquarians consider to be of a make anterior to the 15th century.

(To be continued.)

MCGILL COLLEGE—FACULTY OF ARTS.

CHRISTMAS EXAMINATIONS, 1876.

GREEK.

Third Year.—Class I.—Ross (Jas.); Donald and Graham, equal; Stewart, Blakely. Class II.—McFadyen, Dawson, Lyman, Taylor, Ewing; Thornton and Torrance, equal; McKillop, McLaren. Class III.—Guerin, McOuat, Sweeney.

Second Year.—Class I.—Eadie, Stevens, Cross, McClure. Class II.—Howard and Mercer, equal; Lane, Wood, Robertson (H. McN.). Class III.—Allen, McConnell, Lighthall, Houghton, McKibbin, McLaren, Redpath.

First Year.—Class I.—Hanton and McKenzie, equal; Darcy and Raynes, equal; Laflaur, Currie. Class II.—Ball; Gowaloch and Ogilvie, equal; Bayne and Scriver, equal; Anderson (Alex.) and Bennett, equal; Cook and Pillsbury and Roberts, equal; Molson and Ross (And. G.), equal. Class III.—Black, Klock, York, Muir, Guerin, Cunningham, Algure, Lariviere, Cole, Macpherson, McIntyre.

LATIN.

Third Year.—Class I.—Graham and Ross (Jas.), equal; Stewart; Donald and Blakely, equal. Class II.—Guerin; Ewing and McFadyen, equal; Sweeney and Taylor, equal; Thornton; Lyman and McKillop, equal; Class III.—Torrance and McOuat, equal; McLaren.

Second Year.—Class I.—Eadie, Cross, McClure, Mercer, Stevens, Howard. Class II.—Robertson (Henry McN.), Lane, McConnell, Lighthall, Wood, Redpath. Class III.—Meighen, McLean, McKibbin, Allen, Houghton.

First Year.—Class I.—Hanton; Darcy and McKenzie, equal; Ball, Raynes, Laflaur, Currie. Class II.—Ogilvie, Molson, Macpherson, Ross (Andrew G.); Cook and Scriver, equal; Bayne, Klock. Class III.—Anderson (Alex.), Gowaloch, Black, Pillsbury; Algure and Bennett, equal; Lariviere, Muir; Cunningham and Cole, equal; Robertson (W. R.), Ami, Guerin.

ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

Fourth Year.—Class I.—Warriner, Atwater, McGillon. Class II.—None. Class III.—Chubb.

Third Year.—Class I.—Dawson and Stewart, equal; Graham. Class II.—Torrance, McKillop; Lyman and McOuat, equal; Thornton. Class III.—Guerin, Taylor.

First Year.—Class I.—McKenzie, Currie, Laflaur, Ball, Darcy, Hanton. Class II.—Gowaloch, Raynes; Ogilvie and Cunningham, equal; McIntyre, Black, Cole, Bennet, Molson, Ami, Roberts, Klock, Lariviere, Algure. Class III.—Ross, Anderson, Pillsbury, York, Scriver, Cook, Macpherson, Muir, Campbell, Guerin.

MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

Fourth Year.—Class I.—Warriner, Laflaur; Amaron and Scott, equal. Class II.—McGregor, Robertson (R.), McKibbin, Meyers, Anderson, Atwater, Forrester. Class III.—Barthrop, Baugh, Edwards, Hobbs.

MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

Third Year.—Class I.—Donald and Lyman, equal; Blakely and Ross (J.), equal. Class II.—Dawson, Thornton, McLeod (J. R.), Stewart; Godwin and McLaren (James), equal; Graham; Ewing and Guerin, equal; Torrance. Class III.—McKillop; McFadyen and McOuat and Wright, equal; McLeman (F.), McLaren (D. C.), Orme, Penman, Nelson.

ELEMENTARY PSYCHOLOGY.

Second Year.—Class I.—Eadie, McClure, Allen, McConnell, Howard. Class II.—Mitchell, Lighthall, Baugh, Stevens, Lane, McLaren (J. J.), Cunningham, McKibbin (R.), Edwards, Redpath. Class III.—Mercer; McLean and Penman, equal; Shearer, Meighen, Hobbs, Houghton, Wood, Robertson (H. McN.), Campbell.

HEBREW.

Senior Year.—Class I.—None. Class II.—McLaren (J. F.) Class III.—McKibbin, McLean, Penman.

Junior Year.—Class I.—Currie, Munro, Gowaloch, Nelson (T. A.), Eadie. Class II.—Mercer; Grant (R.) and Mitchell, equal; Arthur, Houghton, McKenzie. Class III.—Hyle, Bayne (G. D.); Anderson (A.) and Guerin, equal; York, Algure; McIntyre and McNab, equal; Bayne (G. T.)

MATHEMATICAL PHYSICS.

Fourth Year.—Class I.—Gould. Class II.—Amaron. Class III.—Anderson, Atwater, Forrester, Robertson (Robt.), McGregor (A. F.), Chubb.

Third Year.—Class I.—Ross (J.). Class II.—Dawson and Graham, equal; Donald, Thornton. Class III.—McFadyen, Stewart, Blakely, McOuat, Lyman (C.), Torrance (F.), McLaren (D. C.), Ewing, Guerin.

MATHEMATICS.

Second Year.—Class I.—McClure, Stevens, McConnell. Class II.—Eadie, Robertson (H. McN.), Howard. Class III.—Cross, Wood, Shearer, Lighthall, Redpath, Meighen, Allen; Lane and Mercer, equal.

First Year.—Class I.—Huntton, Currie, Darcy; Cunningham and McKenzie, equal; Gowaloch, Bull, Lafleur, Class II.—Ogilvie, Algine. Class III.—Lariviere, Molson, Cook, Scriver (C. W.), Pillsbury, Ami, McIntyre, York; Anderson and Guerin, equal; Ross (A. G.), Raynes, Cole, Carriere, Roberts.

EXPERIMENTAL PHYSICS.

Fourth Year.—Class I.—Lafleur (E.), Scott, Chubb, McGibbon. Class II.—Robertson (R.), Forneret, Gould. Class III.—Atwater.

Third Year.—Class I.—Ross (J.), Lyman (C.) Class II.—Dawson, Thornton, McLaren (D. C.), Blackley, Guerin, Stewart, Class III.—Torranche (F.); Donald and McOuat, equal; Taylor, Graham.

MINERALOGY AND PHYSICAL GEOLOGY.

Fourth Year.—Class I.—Scott, Adams, Chubb, Anderson. Class II.—McGregor, McGibbon, Balfour, Forneret. Class III.—Atwater, Livingston.

ZOOLOGY.

Third Year.—Class I.—Dawson and Donald, equal; McLaren (D. C.), Ross (J.), Lyman, Thornton, Ewing; Sweeny and Godwin, equal; Guerin, Class II.—Torranche, Wright, McKillop, McOuat, Taylor, McFadyen, Graham. Class III.—Miles, McMartin, Lemay.

BOTANY.

Second Year.—Class I.—McConnell, Howard, Eadie, Cross, McLaren, (J. F.), Stevens, McClure. Class II.—Wood, Godwin, Allen, Mercer, McKibbin, McLean; Lighthall and Redpath, equal. Class III.—Shearer, Robertson, Lane, Houghton, Orme, Meighen.

CHEMISTRY.

First Year.—Class I.—Currie, McKenzie, Gowaloch, Darcy, Bull, Cunningham. Class II.—Ogilvie, Molson; Lafleur and Raynes, equal; Ross; Anderson and Hanton, equal; Scriver. Class III.—Guerin, Roberts, Hughes; Algine and Pillsbury, equal; Campbell and Klock, equal; Black, Bennett, Bayne (G. D.), Robertson (W. R.), Cook, Muir, McIntyre, Macpherson, Arthur, Ami.

FRENCH.

Third Year.—Class I.—Guerin. Class II.—Lyman. Class III.—None. Second Year.—Class I.—McClure, Lighthall, Cross. Class II.—Eadie and Howard, equal; Stevens, Meyers, McConnell, Lane; Redpath and Wood, equal. Class III.—Caverhill, Robertson, Meighen, Allen.

First Year.—Class I.—Lariviere, Lafleur, Darcy, Guerin, McKenzie; Ami and Ogilvie, equal; Raynes, Carriere, Scriver, Bull. Class II.—Cook, Molson, Ross, Walker, Campbell, Cunningham, Roberts, O'Heir, Class III.—Macpherson and Muir, equal; Hughes, Hanton and Robertson, equal; Cole, Klock.

GERMAN.

Third Year.—Class I.—Ross (James). Class II.—Meyers. Class III.—None.

Second Year.—Senior Division.—Class I.—Cross. Class II.—Mercer. Class III.—None.

Junior Division.—Class I.—None. Class II.—None. Class III.—Caverhill.

First Year.—Class I.—Darcy, Ross (A. G.), Lafleur, Pillsbury. Class II.—Huntton, Bennett, Macpherson, Walker. Class III.—None.

DEPARTMENT OF PRACTICAL AND APPLIED SCIENCE.

ENGINEERING FIELDWORK.

Middle Year.—Class I.—Hall and Nelson, equal. Class II.—Ross; Boulden and Swan, equal. Class III.—Bolton.

MENSURATION.

Middle Year.—Class I.—None. Class II.—Swan; Ross and Boulden, equal; Hall. Class III.—Bolton.

DRAWING.

Middle Year.—Class I.—Swan, Boulden, Hall, Ross. Class II.—Nelson. Class III.—Bolton.

Junior Year.—Class I.—Cochrane. Class II.—Smith. Class III.—Brown, Power, Robertson (W. F.); Evans; McConnell and Skaife, equal.

CHAIN SURVEYING.

Junior Year.—Class I.—Cochrane. Class II.—McConnell, Power, Robertson (W. F.), Evans. Class III.—Brown and Smith, equal; Robertson (H.), Duddridge, Foster, Skaife.

MATHEMATICAL PHYSICS.

Senior Year.—Class I.—Sproule. Class II.—None. Class III.—Wardrop; Jones and Rogers and Thompson, equal.

Middle Year.—Class I.—None. Class II.—Swan. Class III.—Hall, Ross (P. D.).

MATHEMATICS.

Middle Year.—Class I.—Ross (P. D.), Boulden, Swan. Class II.—None. Class III.—Bolton, Hall, Adams.

Junior Year.—Class I.—None. Class II.—Smith, Power, Duddridge. Class III.—Cochrane, Evans, Brown.

EXPERIMENTAL PHYSICS.

Senior Year.—Class I.—Sproule. Class II.—Jones, Thompson. Class III.—Wardrop, Walbank, Rogers.

Middle Year.—Class I.—Swan, Ross (P. D.). Class II.—None. Class III.—Adams, Boulden, Nelson, Hall.

MINERALOGY AND PHYSICAL GEOLOGY.

Senior Year.—Class I.—Sproule, Thompson, Rogers. Class II.—Jones; Wardrop and Walbank, equal.

ZOOLOGY.

Middle Year.—Class I.—Ross (P. D.), Nelson, Swan. Class II.—Adams, Hall. Class III.—Boulden, Bolton.

CHEMISTRY.

Junior Year and Middle Year in Part.—Class I.—Cochrane. Class II.—Brown, Boulden. Class III.—Duddridge and Power, equal; Foster, Robertson (W. F.); Skaife and Bolton, equal; Evans.

ENGLISH.

Junior Year.—Class I.—None. Class II.—Brown, Foster. Class III.—Robertson, Power, Evans, Skaife, Smith.

FRENCH.

Senior Year.—Class I.—Sproule. Class II.—None. Class III.—Walbank, Jones, Thompson.

Middle Year.—Class I.—Ross (P. D.). Class II.—None. Class III.—Swan, Nelson, Adams, Hall.

Junior Year.—Class I.—Skaife, Foster. Class II.—Cochrane. Class III.—Power, Brown, Smith, Robertson, Evans.

GERMAN.

Senior Year.—Class I.—None. Class II.—None. Class III.—Rogers. Middle Year.—Class I.—Boulden. Class II.—None. Class III.—None.

Junior Year.—Class I.—Foster. Class II.—None. Class III.—Skaife.

ALEXANDER JOHNSON, LL. D., } For the Faculty.
GEORGE COVATISH, LL. D., }

EXCHANGES.

In the *Trinity Tablet* of December, we find a well written article entitled "Hasty Judgment," which we cannot let pass without complimenting the Editors on the sound and careful manner with which the subject has been treated. It is a lesson that cannot be taught too often, and we wish that our readers could have the benefit of perusing it. Hasty judgment and unjust accusation are hidden rocks upon which thousands as they struggle against the temptations of this world, get wrecked. In a world like our own, when we think of how much there is to lead a man into wrong-doing, how easy it is to slip, do not let us be womanish, and pass judgment from a feeling of our own security without putting ourselves in his place, tempering our verdict with charity, looking at the temptations to which he was subjected, fairly and conscientiously, and I doubt not but that we will find ourselves taking a far different view of our brother's sin. Did universal charity prevail, earth would be a heaven and hell a fable.

ITEMS.

—Freshmen had a snow-shoe tramp on the 29th ultimo.

—The Glee Club concert is to come off in February.

—The U.S.S. has adjourned for two weeks. Next meeting will be held on the 12th inst., at 15 Philip's Square.

—We have noticed and read with much pleasure Dr. Dawson's excellent review of Huxley in the *International*. We would advise any who have any doubts on the subject, or who may desire to see the *contra* arguments clearly set forth, to read it.

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