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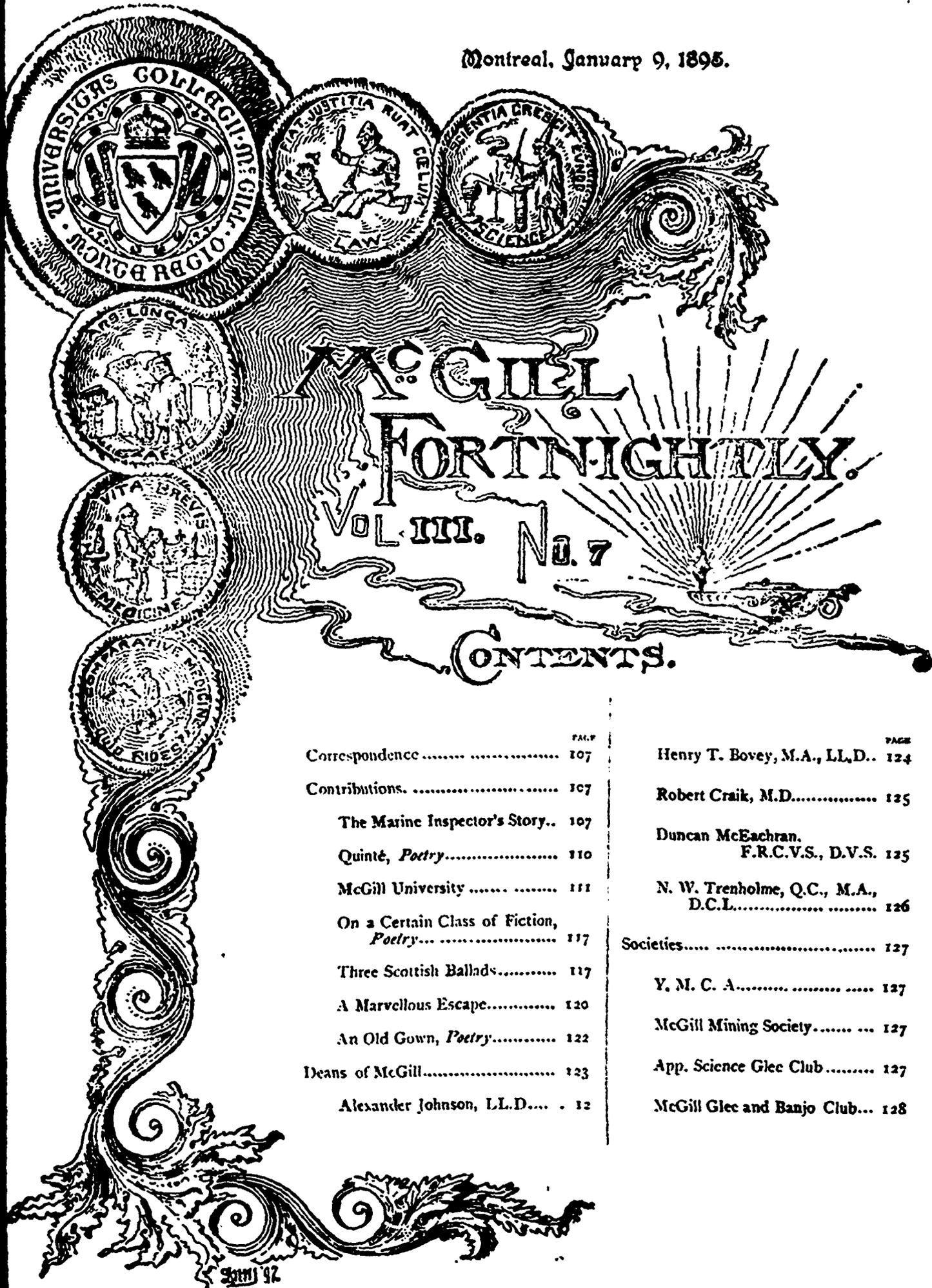
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Montreal, January 9, 1895.



MCGILL FORTNIGHTLY.

VOL. III. No. 7

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Correspondence	107	Henry T. Bovey, M.A., LL.D..	124
Contributions.	107	Robert Craik, M.D.....	125
The Marine Inspector's Story..	107	Duncan McEachran.	
Quinté, <i>Poetry</i>	110	F.R.C.V.S., D.V.S.	125
McGill University	111	N. W. Trenholme, Q.C., M.A.,	
On a Certain Class of Fiction,		D.C.L.....	126
<i>Poetry</i>	117	Societies.....	127
Three Scottish Ballads.....	117	Y. M. C. A.....	127
A Marvellous Escape.....	120	McGill Mining Society.....	127
An Old Gown, <i>Poetry</i>	122	App. Science Glee Club.....	127
Deans of McGill.....	123	McGill Glee and Banjo Club...	128
Alexander Johnson, LL.D....	12		

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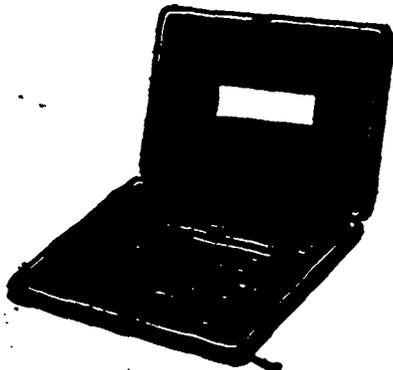
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VOL. III.

MONTREAL, JANUARY 9, 1894.

No. 7

McGill Fortnightly.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

WE REGRET that the following communication reached us a few days too late for our last issue, we insert it now, feeling assured that its appearance will be gratifying to the many who have been eager for information upon the subject with which its contents deal.

MCGILL UNIVERSITY,
Dec. 17th, 1894.

To the Editor of the "McGill Fortnightly" :—

DEAR SIR,—In your issue of Dec. 7th, reference was made to excessive delay in publishing the new edition of the "McGill University Song-book." On behalf of the committee appointed to collect material and get it ready for the press, I have been asked to state the chief obstacle which has hitherto prevented the appearance of the work.

When the labour of compilation ended,—and this was almost a year ago—final arrangements were about to be made with a Montreal firm to publish the book immediately. Almost at the last moment, however, the committee was informed that it would have to seek another publisher, as important business changes obliged the firm in question to abandon the venture. The immediate steps necessary to publication had to be taken afresh, the result being that the committee

and a second publisher are now on the eve of coming to terms, which will, it is believed, prove satisfactory to all parties interested.

Were I to enumerate the difficulties of various kinds attendant on the preparation of a University Song-book, your readers might not be led to consider the office of the committee a sinecure, but enough has been said to indicate that the committee has not neglected the task it undertook to perform.

I am,

Yours truly,

CHAS. E. MOYSE.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE MARINE INSPECTOR'S STORY.

We were sitting round the big stove in the house of old Louis Chouinard, the pilot, at Cock Point,—or *La Pointe aux Coques*, as the French call it,—about half way between Father Point and Metis, one November night in 1872, killing time by yarning away to each other.

There was Louis, a typical French Canadian pilot, every mortal thing about him home-made except his briar wood pipe, with his face the color of bright buff leather, as smooth as if the wind had blown all his wrinkles away instead of working them in; there was Captain McLean of the ship "Sir John Pink," which had left Quebec with grain for Liverpool, but ended her voyage on the beach at Cock Point, and the sea that was up that night was fast pounding her to pieces; there was Jock, his son, who had shipped as second mate; and I was down as usual in the interest of the insurance companies.

Louis was in rare story-telling trim that night, and I never heard anything better than his description of the phantom ships of Sir Hovenden Walker's expedition which from time to time renew their terrible tragedy.

By the way, that story is a good example of how tradition preserves facts. The squadron was wrecked on the ledges off the Ile aux Œufs early in the last century.

Now, Louis, although he could read enough for his calling, certainly never read a line of history in his life, and still more certainly never saw an old line-of-battle ship; and yet in his story he described the admiral's ship coming on under full sail, her rig, her peculiar build, with her gun ports open, all lighted up between decks, the appearance of the men, the battle lanterns hung along, and the Admiral on the quarter-deck in his dressing-gown—the whole as minutely as if he had actually stood on that fatal coast and seen it all.

However, to get back to my yarn, when the old man finished his story of the ghostly ships coming on to their death, the horrible confusion, the helpless efforts of the crews as one ship after another was ground to pieces on that awful shore, and then the whole thing was swept away with the mist, and he and his companions escaped death by a miracle in the memorable storm which followed—we sat silent for a long time, listening to the wind without and the comforting roar of the stove before us.

"Father," said Jock at last; "tell Mr. Stewart about our wreck."

"Well," began McLean slowly, "I am not so keen on telling the story, because there's more in it than I or any other man can explain, and I'm not over fond of being questioned about it; but here are two of us, and we at least know that every mortal word is as true as gospel.

"It's just four years next month since I sailed from Leith in the brig 'Flora MacIver,' bound for Callao with coal. Jock here was with me as quartermaster,—we had a first rate crew, and for seven weeks we made as fair a run as one could expect from a ship as heavily laden as we were. The weather had held fine from the time we left the channel, and we were all feeling set up with our luck, when one evening, just as I was coming out on deck after supper, the mate came up with his face very white, and he said:—'Captain, the ship's afire.'

"I needn't tell any of you the way I felt. I have been through a lot of tough places in my time, but so far I had escaped that horror,—a fire at sea. However, there was no time for thinking over it, and when I went down between decks with the mate, there was no use in trying to hide the matter. There was a strange, gassy smell the moment you got amidships, and on bending down and putting your nose to the edges of the main hatch there was a strong heated air slowly escaping that told the story. The coal had started by itself, spontaneous combustion, and goodness only knows how long it had been smouldering or when it would break out.

"I stood up, and the mate held up his lantern, so that we could see each other's faces.

"Well, sir, what do you think?"

"There's no 'think' about it, Mr. Angus,' said I; 'but it might be worse. Call all hands aft at once.'

"Without another word we went up on deck and in a few minutes the mate and I stood on the poop with all the crew before us.

"Men,' I said, 'I've bad news for you. Mr. Angus and I have just been down between decks, and this ship's afire, and no doubt about it. If I wasn't sure that you are the right sort of men, I'd have kept this dark as long as I could; but we're all in the same boat now, and I know there's not one of you as will go back on me in a time like this. You know as well as I do that the coal may burn for days, and weeks even, without breaking out; and now I'm going to alter her course and make for Montevideo. I'll stand by her just as long as there's any reasonable chance, but not a minute longer; and so long as I stand by her I expect every man to do his duty as before.'

"That was pretty much as I gave it to them, and they took it well."

"Of course with a wooden ship it was a pretty slim chance before us, and before forty-eight hours the deck was growing so hot that the tar began to bubble up in the seams. We kept it well flooded with water, and that was about all we could do. Of course we could not get at the fire itself, for if a hatch had been raised it would be out on us at once.

"At last there was no good holding on any longer, the smoke was bad between decks, wriggling up like little serpents from a dozen places, and the heat was intense, so the boats were well provisioned, and when the flames at last broke out we pulled off and lay to in an almost calm sea, watching the old 'Flora' blaze like a mountain of fire through the short night; and before morning we were picked up by a Norwegian barque that had come down on us when she saw the blaze.

"She proved to be the 'Ole Olsen' of Christiana Captain Neilson, bound for Liverpool with lumber, and as she was short-handed, our fellows turned to and worked with a will, just to show how thankful they were.

"'Misfortunes never come single,' as the parsons say, and that was a true text for us that trip, and, I tell you, it was well preached. On the third day we were struck by a hurricane, dismasted, and would certainly have foundered if we had carried any other cargo but lumber. As it was, when the storm was over, we were without a stick higher than three feet from the deck, and absolutely water-logged. There we were, twenty-seven of us, men and boys, on the deck of the water-logged barque in the South Pacific, without a morsel of food and only one water butt half

full of fresh water. She had sunk to the level of her main deck, and we set to work and cut away the bulwarks in places, so as to let the sea have a free run as she rolled heavily in the long swell.

"I need not tell you what we went through. The only thing that kept us up at all was, that we were in the track of ships and the weather was fine. But what nearly drove us crazy was the sight of ships that showed up only to keep straight on their course and by and by get hull down and out of sight. I'll never forget as long as I live the first one we sighted on the morning of the second day. When the man who saw her sung out, you'd have thought we were as good as on board her. We laughed and talked as we watched her standing toward us. We made no signals, for we'd nothing to fly a rag on, and we couldn't start a flare if we'd had dry stuff, for there wasn't a match in the lot of us. And anyway it didn't seem to matter, for she came straight on, and it didn't seem that it could be any time till she picked us up. Well, sir, we stood there talking and laughing like a lot of school boys, and the Norwegian captain was just saying 'Well, Captain, this is your luck every time,' when we saw her alter her course and begin to pay off on it. Lord! sir, you never heard anything like the way those men went on; they screamed and shouted till they couldn't make a sound, they tore off their shirts and waved them until their arms were so sore they couldn't lift them above their shoulders, and for hours after she was out of sight I don't think anyone said a word.

"Most of the men sat about the deck staring at anything or nothing, and some of them leaned over the rail looking into the water at their feet; it was awful!

"Day after day dragged on; we saw two more ships, but do you know, that first one worked on us so, that we watched them with hardly a word as they slowly showed up, and then went down, down out of sight—too far away even for hope.

"At last our water gave out, and we knew that help must come at once, or—well you know what has happened to castaways like us. Nobody had said a word, and each man hated to look at the others for fear he might look what he wouldn't say.

"I sat all that night wide-awake, with Jock here asleep beside me, his head on my lap, and tried not to think, for fear of the awful thought that would come in spite of me.

"The next day was simply awful. The sun was blistering, and yet when it came evening we saw it go down with terror, for we knew that night, in the darkness, some one would propose what he dared not speak of by day.

"Lower and lower it sank down, and as the edge just touched the water we all stood watching it, know-

ing that what we all feared would be done before we saw it again.

"Some one of us was looking at it for the last time.

"Down it went faster and faster, till at last there was just a jagged see-saw of water against the glow. We turned slowly with a kind of gasp, and as we looked round the horizon, as if in search of something to rest our eyes on, three or four of us tried to shout out together 'Sail ho!' The shout was a failure, there wasn't more than a decent whisper between us, but we pointed straight to the eastward where we could clearly see a full-rigged ship bearing directly down on us.

"It was curious to see how many of the men refused to believe in our luck, even when she came on nearer and nearer, running easily under the freshening evening breeze. We were so near death that it seemed impossible that life could come back to us so quietly.

"We crowded together in silence by the rail, and we waved back our silent answer to the cheers that were sent to us by the boat's crew that came alongside two long hours later.

"They boarded us and handed us down one by one like a lot of children, and before midnight we were all safe aboard the 'Montezuma,' Captain Walter Davies, bound for Liverpool with hides.

"We pretty well crowded them out for room, but nothing was too good for us, and I had the Captain's own bunk, which I kept for three days without stirring.

"On the Sunday evening following our rescue, Captain Davies came up to where Neilson and I were sitting with Jock, and after a word or two said to me, 'Do you know, Captain, how you were picked up?'

"I thought at first he was chaffing, and said, 'Of course I do.'

"'No,' he said, 'you don't; but if you'll listen a minute I'll tell you. Last Tuesday evening, just before supper, I had no more idea of picking up you and your men than of touching bottom. I was walking up and down here, as I always do at that hour, when the steward came to call me to supper. I looked about; everything was fine, the sun just touching the water, and so I walked slowly over toward the companion-way. All of a sudden a bird flew across the deck on a level with my head between me and the companion, and then made a quick turn, and passed again so close that it almost struck me with its wings. It flew straight away from the ship in the direction of the sun.

"It was curious, but I didn't think anything particular about it, and turned towards the companion again, when there was a swish of wings in front of me, and I threw up my hands to guard my face as the

bird went by, and again it turned and flew straight out towards the sun like the first time.

"Still, I didn't think anything of it, and laid my hand on the rail to go down, when I saw the bird return, making straight for me again. It fluttered a minute before my face, and again it turned and flew just as before.

"Well, sir, I turned back, ran over to the side, and jumping up on the rail watched the bird flying on till I lost it, but just between the sun and me I saw something black come into view for half a second. My eyes were too dazzled to be sure of anything, so I sang out, "Mr. Johnston, go aloft with a glass and see what that is on the sun!"

"In a couple of minutes he shouted from aloft, "I think it's a wreck, sir." And that, gentlemen, is how you were picked up."

"Now, Mr. Stewart, there's just one thing I want to call your attention to, and that is, that we were so far off and lay so low in the water that there was no other possible point at which we could have been seen from the 'Montezuma,' except against the setting sun.

"That's our story," the old man concluded, "and whatever anyone else may think of it, I don't need any explanation as to Who sent that bird with its message."

WILLIAM McLENNAN.

QUINTÉ.

(Published through the kindness of McGill University Library, which possesses all the manuscripts of the late Mr. Charles Sangster.)

Spirit of Gentleness! what grace
Attends thy footsteps. Here thy face
With fine creative glory shone,
Like a mild seraph's near the Throne.
On that fair morn when first thy wing
Passed o'er the waters, brightening
The quiet shores that gravely lay
Far far along the tranquil Bay.

No lofty grandeur piled supreme,
But like a sweet, prophetic dream,
The landscape stretched, unfolding still,
The gently sloping vale and hill;
Bright woods of every shade of green;
And over all the sun, serene,
Rolled back the shadowy mists of gray
That veiled the bosom of the Bay.

What spirit of sublime Repose
Was with thee when the forest rose
And flung its leafy mantle o'er
The changeful wild on either shore?
Spirits of Rest and Peace! for here
They build their bowers year by year,
Creating yet, from day to day,
Fresh graces for their favorite Bay.

And still the charming landscape lies
The fairest 'neath Canadian skies,
Trembling with grace and beauty rare,
Blushing to know how sweet and fair
The lovely features all remain,
Untouched, untainted, free from stain;
The matchless face as warm and gay
As when first mirrored in the Bay.

Broad wavy grain-fields touch the shore,
Receding from the dash and roar
Of the hoarse billow from the deeps
Of the wide Lake; rare woodland sweeps
Of upland wild and deep ravine,
In undulating swells of green;
And grassy banks that shoreward stray,
To toy with the delightful Bay.

Fair meadows basking in the sun,
Dotted with stately herds, that shun
The summer heats beneath the shade
Of some old remnant of the glade.
Or having sought the cooling stream,
Defy the sun's intensest beam,
Fanned by the graceful airs that play
O'er the calm surface of the Bay.

Far as the eye can trace the view,
The Indian rolled his wild halloo;
The wide expanse of shore and sea
Quailed at his perfect archery;
And desperate fields were lost and won,
'Neath pitying moon and burning sun,
Staining with blood of deadliest fray
The pure bright waters of the Bay.

Within these narrow bounds confined,
We scarcely heed the minstrel wind,
That through the drowsy greenwood plays
Its solemn hymns and wild strathspeys,
Waking quaint airs from dream and trance:
Till branch and bough and leaflets dance:
Now to the blithe winds' roundelay
We dash across the broader Bay.

At the blest hour of saintly eve
When fancy dreams and young hearts weave
Sweet fictions that make life divine;
When Love erects his pilgrim-shrine:
How witching is the purple glade,
The dreamy woods, half light, half shade,
Stretching in mazes far away,
Mile after mile along the Bay.

Or when beneath the moonlight mild
The zephyrs slumber in the wild;
When all the stars in heaven gleam,
Like glimpses of an angel-dream;
The mellow light, the sombre shore,
The prospect brightening more and more:
The night, with all its grand array,
Ne'er shone upon a lovelier Bay.

Bay where the soul of Quiet seems
Self-lulled in visionary dreams;
A bark—a gallant bark—and thee,
With a fair breeze and dashing sea,
A straining mast, a swelling sail,
That yields to but defies the gale:
Thus bounding through the surf and spray,
What scene can match proud Quinté's Bay?

CHARLES SANGSTER.

MCGILL UNIVERSITY.

A HISTORICAL SKETCH, COMPILED CHIEFLY FROM THE ADDRESSES AND PAMPHLETS OF SIR WILLIAM DAWSON.

In the years to come, the curious who seek to know the story of McGill and her students in the old days of the nineteenth century will turn for enlightenment to the files of the FORTNIGHTLY. There will they find reflected the University life, its work, its sports, its normal round and occasional excitements, the heaviness of examination seasons as well as the exultation of field days and theatre nights. Yet even this record, full as it may be, leaves something to be asked for, and the seeker will most naturally look for the preface to this energetic student life of which the FORTNIGHTLY is the testimony. What are the events which led up to this state of things? What is the record of the years previous to 1892? That the FORTNIGHTLY may not leave these questions unanswered, it is proposed to insert here in this holiday number an outline of the Rise and Progress of the University of McGill.

Colleges, institutions of learning, any and all institutions grow as a rule out of the recognized need for them, just as new machines are made to meet the demand for certain commodities. Following out this idea, one must believe that Montreal thirsted for learning even as far back as a hundred years ago, for almost that length of time has passed since the first movement was made which was to expand into the establishment of the University.

It was well that the desire for education at least existed, for that was indication that the deficiency of its means would one day be remedied.

The investigation set on foot by Lord Dorchester in 1787 had revealed a lamentable state of ignorance throughout the whole Province of Quebec. The few English schools could scarcely make headway against the tide of denominationalism which constantly opposed them, and the government had hitherto been utterly regardless of the difficulty. Nevertheless, evidence is not wanting that among the thousand inhabitants of the city of Montreal were those who were anxious not only to see primary but higher education available to their sons; and when the report of Lord Dorchester's committee recommended to the government the propriety of establishing not only a number of Elementary Schools but also an institute for the cultivation of the liberal arts and sciences, the response came not from the government but from the citizen body.

Among the Scotch merchants who did business in the Montreal of that day, one of the most active and prominent was James McGill. Mr. McGill was

more than a trader. While carrying on his business with such ability as to make himself a rich man, he was by no means absorbed by it. True public spirit and high intelligence led him into many avenues of usefulness, and lifted him up to intercourse with the most intellectual society available. Thus, while he represented a city ward in the Legislative Council and led the city militia, he also sang good songs and told good stories at the renowned Beaver Club, and enjoyed the friendship of the learned Bishop Strachan. It has been conjectured that it was through conversations with this gentleman that Mr. McGill first conceived the idea of making Montreal a university town, or at least of substantially forwarding such a plan when it should be undertaken by government. Be that as it may, it is certain that in 1811, two years before his death, James McGill made his will, bequeathing his property of Burnside and £10,000 for the foundation of a college to bear his name in the university which the government was to establish.

In 1813 the property at the foot of Mount Royal, far on the outskirts of the town, came into the hands of certain trustees who were pledged to carry out the testator's wishes within the next ten years. Perhaps then more than one youthful Erasmus already saw in the old house a place where knowledge was dispensed. It is to be hoped it such was the case, that these longing souls were satisfied elsewhere with Greek, for the metamorphosis of Burnside was too slow for them.

In 1818 was passed the act establishing the Royal Institution for the advancement of learning;—a high sounding title, but little more, for not being furnished with the promised lands and money, the Board was powerless. The bequest of Mr. McGill remained a reality in the midst of vanities, and soon the Royal Institution was nothing else than a board of management of the McGill estate.

In 1821 a Royal Charter was secured for the future college, but it was not until 1829 that, the government aid again proving an illusion, building was begun with some of the McGill money.

June 29th, 1829, the college was formally opened in the residence of its old founder, Burnside House. The Montreal Medical Institute already in existence became its Medical Faculty, and the Faculty of Arts received its constitution under a Principal and three Professors.

Here at last was a college where students met together. Had the two Faculties found any ground for contention in those early days, the very few Artsmen, all of them of necessity Freshmen, could have made but feeble stand against the larger and longer established band of Meds. Yet with the Faculty of Arts came the dignity of the University name, which

the Montreal Institute of Medicine had lacked, so that strength was not all on one side. Let us hope that the newly affiliated bands walked side by side in unity, drawing to them by their zeal others of the youth of the land.

Looking over the curriculum of the College to-day, and reflecting on the number of lines of study that have been opened up in recent years, one is prone to think that the old course was a very meagre thing indeed. Yet it should not be belittled. If the medical student of that time received but a fraction of the instruction which is thought necessary at present, he yet held his own among the men of contemporary colleges. If the Arts man passed through his four years without a glimpse of the beauties and mysteries, the curious and marvellous things of the sciences, of botany, geology and zoology, of chemistry, physics and astronomy, he also lived through the time undisturbed by the longing for such knowledge. The natural and physical sciences were not thought of as material for college work. Mathematics was the one science thought worthy of much attention. The time which the student of to-day gives gratefully to the study of his own language, the student of '29 would have considered so much idle expenditure. Culture was very largely represented by knowledge of Latin and Greek, and this the college course supplied, and was so far satisfactory. It was no small advantage that had been attained when two or three men of learning were gathered into this centre, and when even a very small number of young men studied the humanities in the midst of the money-making community.

One of the terms of the charter stipulated that the Principal should be chosen from the Board of Governors of the College. The responsibilities of this double position of legislation as well as administration were very great, and further difficulties arose from want of means and from the conditions of the charter which in many ways hampered the workings of the institution. The Ven. Archdeacon Mountain held the principalship from 1829-1834, when he was succeeded by the Rev. Mr. Uxbridge, who, however, held office but for one year.

For the next twenty years the records are very scanty, but they tell a tale of anxiety and discouragement for the governors, who must have been tempted sometimes to let the whole project sink into nothingness. That they did not do so seems to argue that they were men of strong enough vision to see their efforts rewarded, not in the advantage of the few youths composing the College, but in the education of an ever-increasing body of Canadians in succeeding ages.

The efforts of the Board were directed toward securing an amendment of the charter, for it was seen

that in its cumbrous decrees was the source of much inefficiency. In 1852 the change was accomplished, a new Royal Charter was granted, and the College began anew with some possibility of growth.

A new Principal was needed. During the last twenty years five officers had successively held the position, and now in 1852, Hon. Justice Day, who was also chancellor of the University, was acting as its principal. The advice was sought of the governor general, Sir Edmund Head, and to his wise and discerning counsel the College owes forever its highest gratitude, for this it was which decided the governors to tender their offer to Dr. J. W. Dawson, Superintendent of Education in the province of Nova Scotia.

Dr. Dawson had already identified himself with the body of educationalists. He had taken part in the framing of a school law for his own province, and afterwards as Superintendent of Education had been one of the administrators of the new regulations. His educational work, however, had followed that in another field. By taste and education Dr. Dawson was a naturalist, and the field which he knew best was geology. His papers, published under the auspices of the Geological Society of London, had brought him a reputation which induced the eminent Nova Scotians, Mr. Wm. Young and Mr. Joseph Howe, to secure his services for Dalhousie College, Halifax and afterwards for the educational reforms before mentioned. Scientific work was not superseded but combined with new duties. Tours of school inspection were made opportunities of investigating the nature of the very ground travelled over, and the result was, in addition to reports on education, the book on Acadian Geology now so well known.

To a flourishing institution successfully following approved lines of education, Dr. Dawson would have brought new life and power, to blighted struggling McGill his advent was as the coming of a deliverer. Fortunately, the new Principal did not have the antagonism of colleagues in office to contend with in addition to material wants. In more than one address he has testified to the high qualities of the men who in 1855 formed the board of governors. Themselves well-educated, these gentle men, Judge Day, Mr. Dunkin, Mr. Ramsay, Mr. Ferrier, and Mr. Davidson were desirous above all else to see education prospering and its power extending. With their hearty co-operation to aid him, with the additional support of the governor general, whose influence as visitor was not for nothing, with the royal charter as a solid basis to preserve the University from the dangers of political change, the Principal felt strong enough to attempt many new schemes. Moreover, to courage he added an unbounded power and willingness for hard work and a faith strong enough to see far beyond present risks and discouragements.

The College to-day is his testimony that that labor was not expended in vain nor that faith mistaken.

The Faculty of Arts claimed primary attention. It was greatly in need of assistance, and in value it fell not below the professional departments. The Faculty of Medicine had already gained prominence, and a McGill degree claimed a recognition in the old universities, which was accorded to no other college in America. The Faculty of Law was as yet in its infancy, and in proportion to the number of its students was well enough equipped. The Faculty of Arts demanded the greatest care that its curriculum might present a scheme of broad general education, lacking which a university sinks into a collection of schools for technical and professional training.

Some of the plans and hopes entertained by himself and the governors Dr. Dawson expressed in his inaugural address given in November, 1855, on "The Course of Collegiate Education Adapted to the Circumstances of British America." Carefully acknowledging the need of the principle of utility in education, he showed the danger of carrying such a principle to excess, and outlined an ideal course in which the natural and physical sciences should have the place which had come to be recognized as their due, and in which the ancient Semitic writings as well as the great things of English literature should have place beside the old yet ever-new, poetries and histories and philosophies of Greece and Rome. The course then shaped out became substantially the authorized course in Arts, though some of its features have not yet been realized.

In the reorganization of the College, it was felt that not only must provision be made for ample education, but that the institution must be brought well before the notice of the citizens of Montreal, that so its resources might be strengthened and the opportunities increased. To this end it was very desirable that a habitation befitting its dignity should be found for the University. Their remote situation, as well as the lack of means for their completion, had caused the abandonment of the unfinished buildings on the McGill estate. The Medical Faculty had a building on Côté street, while the Faculty of Arts, with the affiliated High School, held its classes in the building on Belmont street now occupied by the Normal School. From this the classes were transferred to the old Burnside Hall, which had accommodation enough for the fifteen or sixteen men then composing the Faculty. As their numbers increased, a further move was desirable and became imperative, when in 1856 Burnside Hall was destroyed by a fire, which involved the further loss of the College books and the Natural History collections which Dr. Dawson had placed at the service of his pupils. Rooms were hastily arranged, and good work was done even in

rather unhappy circumstances. The year 1860 had come before the Arts Faculty felt strong enough to maintain the building first designed for it, the Hall of the cupola, the now historic Arts Building. The grounds in 1860 bore but a faint resemblance to the present enclosure. Then the sight of the passer-by on Sherbrooke street was refreshed by no level stretch of green; no lines of beautiful trees led the eye to stately buildings beyond; no sinuous tracks of board-walk stretched out to broad porticoes resounding to shouts for the Fac. App. Sci. Then no east wing held its band of demure Donaldas; no Molson Hall received the convocation. The great Redpath buildings were as yet unthought of. The Artsmen were there, however, tramping down the miry walks, and ejecting the cows which had been peacefully browsing on the weedy campus. There, too, was the Principal making a home of the forlorn-looking house on the east side, planting trees and training vines, bringing beauty out of desolation. Other workers were there too, taking part in this good and profitable work, so that soon the McGill grounds began to attract the attention of the citizens of Montreal, certain of whom soon showed their interest in a very substantial way. Mr. William Molson was after Mr. McGill the first of the band of benefactors whose generosity lives in the strong buildings now so conspicuous. He built first the Convocation hall, the lower part of which served as a library room, and afterwards connected this and the Principal's house with the middle building by blocks which contained rooms for museum and chemical laboratory and theatre. The new library was filled with shelves for 20,000 volumes, in which the 2,000 actually possessed made so forlorn an appearance that several donations were provoked. The museum was stocked partly from Dr. Dawson's collections and partly by specimens obtained by exchange and private purchase. Gifts of buildings alone, however useful, were not enough to sustain the ever growing college; money was urgently needed, and great efforts had to be made to obtain it. In the first year of his office the Principal made a midwinter journey to Toronto to solicit government aid. The hardships of the undertaking, the dangers and discomforts of crossing the river by canoe at a time when ice blocks barred the way, the tedium of five days travel on snow-blocked roads was but ill repaid in the small pecuniary help received. Nevertheless, the journey was not for nothing, for Sir Edmund Head had shown a gratifying interest in the College, and had given valuable information on the subject of a coming Education Act. The next appeal was made to the citizens of Montreal, and here a response was met with which never since has failed when similar requests have been proffered. In 1857 the chair of

English Literature was endowed by Mr. J. H. R. Molson, and assistance to the amount of \$35,000 given by other benefactors. This made possible the appointment of three new professors, Drs. Johnson, Cornish and Darcy, now the senior professors of the University.

It is creditable to the University and to the youth of Canada that supply has never equalled demand in the statement of its resources and possibilities. Liberal gifts have from time to time replenished the College coffers, but immediately these have been absorbed in some special object of which the want has been felt. The revenue has grown greater from year to year, but from year to year, too, students have come in larger and larger numbers, demanding increase of accommodation, better appliances, more instructors. As time went on, the men who had watched their institution grow from small things to great saw more and more plainly the possibilities which lay in it; and longed to see it take its place among the great universities of the world.

In a pamphlet published in 1870, the Principal set forth his hopes and designs, giving at the same time a clear statement of the position of the College. Its three hundred students were divided among the Faculties of Medicine, Arts and Law, and were instructed by twenty-six professors and lecturers. The Molson library held 7000 volumes, and the Museum had been augmented by the fine conchological collection of Dr. Carpenter; St. Francis College, Richmond, Morrin College, Quebec, and the Theological colleges of the city had been affiliated. Much had been done, yet in view of the growth of Montreal much extension was necessary. Some lines in the direction of useful work had had to be closed because of want of means or of the interest of the community, yet their founders were not discouraged. Speaking of the school of engineering, the chair of practical chemistry and the classes in scientific agriculture, which had all passed temporarily out of sight, Dr. Dawson said with the prophetic insight born of his strong faith: "Some men may regard these efforts as failures. For my part, I am not ashamed of them. Directly or indirectly they have done good; there is not one of them which is not important to the material progress of this country, and there is not one of them which by us or others will not be at length successfully carried out. I do not despair of any of them.

".....We wait for some Canadian Lawrence or Sheffield to endow for us a scientific school like those of Harvard and Yale, which have contributed so greatly to the wealth and progress of New England." Some years were to pass before this dream could be realized, but in due time the Canadian Lawrence indeed appeared. In the meantime, there were other pressing wants which Dr. Dawson candidly

stated. The University had, he said, in 1870 reached the highest point of development which its resources would permit. Obviously those resources must be increased, or the College must sink relatively to the progress going on round it.

The endowment of the Redpath, Logan, and Frothingham chairs of mathematics, geology and philosophy greatly strengthened the power of the College, but ready money was still wanting. Through a period of financial depression, much embarrassment had been felt, and a series of slight losses culminated, when a fall in the rate of interest reduced the already narrow income by almost 20 per cent. There seemed but one expedient, and it was not tried in vain. A meeting of constituents was called in 1881, and Judge Day and Mr. Ramsay simply and eloquently stated the perilous condition of affairs. The citizens of Montreal were neither stupid nor parsimonious. In the practical assistance which they ungrudgingly gave, on this and other occasions, they showed themselves fully in sympathy with the educators who spent themselves on the project: "the erection and permanent establishment of a university worthy of this great city, and fitted to be the centre of the higher education for the English of the Province of Quebec and to shed abroad the practical influence of scientific training and the amenities of literary culture throughout Canada."

Promptly in answer to the appeal of the governors came contributions amounting to \$28,500 to the endowment fund, \$36,335 to special funds, and \$18,445 in annual subscriptions. The pressing wants were relieved, and at short intervals came a succession of handsome gifts, making possible extension in various directions. The bequest of Major Hiram Mills, \$43,000, endowed the chair and medal of classical literature. Mr. David Greenshields' gift of \$40,000 was given to the chair of chemistry. The will of Mrs. Stuart of Quebec provided for the Samuel Gale chair in the Faculty of Law. A gift more generous than any of these, and which was embodied in a form which makes it ever conspicuous, was the educational museum. The circumstances attending the addition of this beautiful building and its contents to the possessions of the University were peculiarly interesting and happy.

The year 1880 being his twenty-fifth year of office, Dr. Dawson resolved to celebrate the occasion in a festive gathering, to which should be brought every available member of the University. While answers came to almost all of the 850 invitations issued, it was possible to bring together only about 350 of the graduates, even this being counted a goodly number, considering the wide area over which McGill men had scattered. The fête was a most happy one, and the speeches displayed a spirit of loyalty and enthusiasm

pervading the sons of McGill. Great, therefore, was the rejoicing when in the course of the evening it was announced that Mr. Peter Redpath, long the friend of the College, proposed shortly to erect on its grounds a large and costly museum for educational purposes, and that the building was to be stored with the valuable collections of the Principal. A further announcement stated that the graduates proposed to commemorate this anniversary by the creation of a fund to be expended on some object which should perpetuate the name of Principal Dawson.

The project announced in April saw the beginning of its fulfilment in September, when with all due ceremony the corner-stone of the museum was laid by His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne. The speech of His Excellency on this occasion contained a tribute to the Principal, which is so pleasing to McGill students that it seems not inapt to quote a few of its sentences here. After speaking of Dr. Dawson's studies in Acadian geology, the Marquis said: "just as it was not for Acadia alone but in the interests of Science that his first labor was undertaken, so now it is not for any special locality but for the good of our whole country that he is at the head of this place of learning.....Even in his presence it is right that this should be said of him, here on this spot where you are to raise a new temple of the practical sciences, and now that he with you has become the recipient of this gift which is a tribute from one who has earned success in the hard battle of life offered to men who with so much devotion are training other lives to win their way by knowledge through the difficulties which lie before them."

In August, 1882, the museum was formally opened, and has ever since that time been one of the most highly prized of the advantages offered to students of the University.

In 1882 the number of students had reached 415, of whom the largest portion belonged to the Medical Faculty. The infant Faculty of Applied Science was being carefully nurtured by Professor Bovey, and had lately been much strengthened by the endowment by Miss Barbara Scott of the Chair of Civil Engineering.

In 1883 Dr. Dawson, who was feeling the effect of his twenty-eight years of arduous and exacting work in the College, left it in charge of the vice-principal, and went for a year of rest and change to the Old World.

He met with a gratifying reception from those high in power as well as from scientific men. Honours were conferred upon him, and when he returned in 1884, it was as Sir William Dawson.

The year of Sir William's return was marked by two events: the visit to Montreal and McGill of the British Association for the Advancement of Science,

and the endowment of the Special Faculty for women afterwards the Donalda Department of the Faculty of Arts, by the Hon. Donald A. Smith.

The ability of the College authorities to act as hosts to the British Association and the facilities which they could offer it for study show the place to which the institution had attained in scientific circles. The endowment of Mr. Smith was the crowning point of a series of events reaching back to 1870, when the first movement was made for the higher education of women in the city of Montreal. For the beginning of this as of many reforms, the community owes its thanks to Sir William Dawson. From the time of his coming to Montreal he had deplored that so few opportunities were offered to young ladies for cultivating the higher kinds of education. In the pamphlet of 1870, already referred to, he speaks of the advisability of raising the standard of girls' schools by extending to young women the privileges of the University, arguing that: "The true civilization of any people is quite as much to be measured by the culture of its women as by that of its men." The result of Sir William's exertion was the formation of the Ladies' Educational Association, on the model of the one in connection with Edinburgh University. To the classes in this organization which were large and enthusiastic, lectures were given by the Principal and many of the professors of the University.

The founding of the Girls' High School in 1874 with the admission of its pupils to the matriculation examinations of the Faculty of Arts led to the desire on the part of certain young women to pursue their course of studies further. In accordance with the rule before observed at McGill, the intellectual want appeared earlier than the wherewithal to supply it. A deputation of pupils from the Girls' High School waited on Sir William, and sought admittance to the College, when the absence of means seemed to make compliance with their request an impossibility.

The turning away of eager students was never a course of action favored at McGill, even when circumstances were most untoward, nor was it the course intended here. The wishes of authorities as well as students were met when the Hon. Donald A. Smith came forward with his offer of \$50,000 for the endowment of a special course for women, to extend over the first two years in Arts. Subsequently this donation was increased to \$120,000, so that the course was extended to the senior years, and the degree of B.A. made available to students of the Donalda Department.

This new path in university work was not opened without comment on the part of the public, and the course taken by the principal was in some quarters misapprehended and criticized. Criticism vanished, however, before the success of the new organization

and the Donalda Department is now regarded as not the least hopeful of the branches of McGill.

Within the last five years, the University has vastly extended its work by means of the many and rich gifts which have come to it. The Faculty of Medicine, the largest, the oldest and in some respects the most prominent of all the colleges, had been for many years straitened for want of space and funds. From the time of the establishment of the Campbell Memorial Fund in 1882, no large donation had reached the Faculty, until the Spring of 1892, when, by the beneficence of Sir Donald Smith, Mr. J. H. R. Molson and others, money and property to the amount of \$269,000 were placed at its disposal. Thus it has been possible to make the much needed addition to the Medical College. A long wing now extends from the rear of the old building, from which a roadway has been opened to connect the College grounds with Pine Avenue, thus giving convenient access to the recently opened Royal Victoria Hospital where McGill students may receive their practical training. The advantages thus opened up are fully appreciated. The number of medical students is larger than ever before, and a staff of thirty professors and lecturers is constantly employed.

Of late years a young Faculty has taken a most conspicuous place. It has been told before how the old time school of Engineering was revived in the Faculty of Applied Science. Housed in a wing of the Arts Building, this Faculty did good work albeit in obscurity. By the splendid gifts of Mr. Workman and Mr. W. C. McDonald, this obscurity has been changed for buildings which for cost and fitness are matched by none on the grounds. The excellence of the thoroughly modern equipments of these buildings and the superiority of the instructors, whom by Mr. McDonald's endowments it has been possible to secure, have given to the Applied Science Faculty of McGill a reputation which has already gone beyond the boundaries of Canada.

The Faculty of Law still lacks its factor in the College buildings; but while its habitation is somewhat remote, its interests are very close to McGill, and its work forms an important part of the work of the University.

The year 1893 saw not one Faculty but the University enter into possession of a gift, which promises to be above every other a joy to its possessors,—this is the Peter Redpath Library. Beautiful in structure and a model of utility in all its arrangements, the library holds an interest beyond its own beauty or utility. It has become a memorial of the good man who gave it and many other gifts of inestimable value to the University of McGill. Three months after the time when he met with the members of the University and its most distinguished friends, to formally present the

library, Mr. Redpath died at his home, Chiselhurst, England. While the funeral services were being conducted there, a memorial service was held in the library so lately opened with gladness and festivity. The lofty room with its beautiful colored windows, Mrs. Redpath's gift, was no inappropriate place for such a solemnity. Many of his friends sat round the white wreathed desk, where Dr. Mackay and the clergymen of the University read from the Scriptures of Death and the Resurrection; and in the gallery, throngs of students gathered to sing the funeral hymns.

The year 1893 holds yet another event which it is hard to have to chronicle. Severe labor, we are told, should not be protracted, and a long term even of light work must have its limit. Sir William Dawson's work as principal of McGill had been both long and arduous. Rest already desirable was made necessary by a severe illness in the Spring of 1893.

The resignation of Sir William Dawson was reluctantly accepted by the governors, and the principal's chair was left vacant, nor has it yet been filled. The record of events has but faintly shown the part that he played in the University life during thirty-eight years, and the loss of Sir William has made a blank which no ordinary appointment can fill. Consolation exists in the fact that though no longer in the College, he is still of it, and his interest is still warm in all that concerns McGill.

It was but a few weeks ago that his thoughtful kindness was shown in the preparation and delivery of an interesting address before one of the College societies.

The year 1894 has been reached in this outline, which, it is feared, has left much to be desired in the story of McGill. If the part of the students in the University scheme has been too lightly passed over, it has not been because that part has been counted a small one, but because its records have been scanty. Examination papers, statistics, lists of graduates, in which occasional names stand out, like lights in stretches of oblivion, cuttings on old desks, names scratched on college walls are as the bones of the skeleton of past student life which require to be clothed by the imagination of present day students before it can live again. We have no record, for instance, of the first theatre night; but can we not imagine it? The excitement which thrills us now must have been felt by our predecessors when they first marched out, a smaller, but perhaps as joyous a band, to serenade their long suffering professors.

Athletic and literary clubs have grown up, and found recognition as part of the College round. The direct religious work in the various Faculties has been almost entirely the result of the students' own efforts,—efforts which, it is hoped, have not been made in

vain, and which have been encouraged and kindly aided by the late Principal, who in his farewell address "Thirty-eight Years of McGill" commended to the special notice of his successor the Y.M.C.A. and the Y.W.C.A. of the College.

For further records of club and society, athletic, debating, Theo. Dora, Delta Sigma, Glee Clubs and all their doings, are they not written in the pages of the FORTNIGHTLY—the books of the scribes of McGill?

McGill exists for her students—charter, corporation and constitution, all are for them. Let them look to it that these exist not in vain.

Without the conscientious and persistent effort of every student, the College can have no life, but will exist merely as a useless system of machinery. Nor should the student's exertions on behalf of his college cease when he leaves the University halls. Wherever he may go, the graduate is still a member of the University, and as such bears no slight responsibility. Those who are permitted to remain by the side of Alma Mater have perhaps more opportunity for proffering her their aid; but she should not be forgotten by those who are afar.

McGill graduates are scattered all over Canada—down by the sea and out on the Western prairies; beyond the bounds of Canada, too, they may be found, dotted here and there in remote lands, filling high positions or doing unpretentious work, as talents or circumstances may decide. No one of them works quite as though his or her college life had not been, no one but has gained, and gained much by his four years at McGill. It is well that these men and women should cherish somewhere their tags of scarlet and white, and that they should sing over their toil or in minutes of recreation the songs of Alma Mater; and it is well that behind sentimental remembrance should stand the earnest purpose to do all that is possible to strengthen and upbuild the old College at the foot of the mountain. May success in life meet the graduates of McGill, and may their memories be ever green!

ON A CERTAIN CLASS OF FICTION.

I have tried at odd times to unravel
Involved metaphysical snarls,
I have even endeavoured to travel
Through deserts of Rymer and Quarles.
I have learned what the Benthamite teaches.
I have verified hundreds of dates,
I have listened to drivelling speeches
On Fourth of July, in the States.
I have had a go, also, at figgers,
I have coun'd logarithmical lore
Till the type seemed a million small niggers
And two twos no longer made four.

As a triumph perhaps without equal,
Let me add that I've waded through all
The letters, from preface to sequel,
Which passed between T-H-n and H-H.

Thus equipped by a long course of reading.
In literature stale, flat, and dull,
I'll pronounce on what tries one's good breeding
The most, and one's brain, and one's skull.

The religio-three-volume novel
Is the killingest thing 'neath the sun;
It makes the intelligence grovel,
The flesh look around for a gun.

THREE SCOTTISH BALLADS.

Of all the forms with which poetry has satisfied the aesthetic needs of humanity, there is none so eminently qualified to fulfill its mission among all classes, gentle and simple, as the ballad. The form, the character, the language, generally of the least pretentious kind, are so full of art, unconscious or otherwise, the subjects, passionate, fierce, tender or pathetic, so absolutely true to life, the writers so penetrated with the reality of their themes, that it is not difficult to guess the reason of its popularity. The cunning touch of nature that makes all the world kin is the secret,—and it is a secret, in spite of its simplicity, not to be lightly regarded, for had not the singers of these verses studied human nature, and possessed the keenest of sympathy with it, the Old Ballads would not have lived as they have done, to win the admiration and love of modern critics.

These remarkable productions compose a literature of their own, unlike any other, and in their exemplification of undying loyalty, fierce love and hatred, and the, alas! too often, triumph of treachery, convey clearly enough the undisciplined state of the society from which they sprang.

Her ancient ballads form no inconsiderable portion of the literary wealth of Scotland, but I do not purpose speaking at present of the great number and high literary merit of the Scottish ballads, or of the admirable manner in which time and thought have been spent on the various collections, it is simply my intention to recall three of these Northern favorites to my readers, although I feel that they already dwell in every heart.

As regards the well-known poem of Sir Patrick Spens, no one, I think, will be disposed to oppose the enthusiastic statement of Coleridge when he says:

"The bard, be sure, was weather-wise who framed
The Grand old Ballad of 'Sir Patrick Spens.'"

This fine example of remote poesy has perhaps caused more discussion, both as to its author and the incident it commemorates, than any other. Until comparatively recent times, it was supposed to have the most undoubted claims to antiquity; but the fact

has now been satisfactorily established that it emanated from the pen of Lady Wardlaw, of Pitreavie and Balmule, a daughter of Sir Charles Halket of Pitferran in Fife, where she was born in 1677. This lady was also the author of the celebrated ballad "Hardy Knute," which, however, she never acknowledged, professing to have found the MS much defaced by time, in an old vault at Dunfermline.

As regards the event upon which the story of Sir Patrick Spens, "the best sailor that ever sail'd the sea," is founded, Sir Walter Scott is of opinion that a traditionary expedition, sent to Norway in the middle of the thirteenth century by Alexander III. of Scotland, is represented. It is said, although history does not confirm the supposition, that the king, having lost all his children, despatched a gallant company "five-and-fifty Scots lords' sons" under the command of the "skeely skipper," to bring home his grand-daughter Margaret, the *Maid of Norway*, and only child of Eric, king of that country. Others incline to the belief that it refers to this princess, who, as is well known, was sent for after the death of her grandfather Alexander, in 1285, but who died at Orkney on her way to her kingdom, leaving the country to the lawless misery of the time and a contested succession: but Motherwell, with apparently the most reasonable claim to fact, refers the tragic occurrence to a period somewhat earlier, when Margaret of Scotland, afterwards mother of the *Maid*, crossed the boisterous northern seas, to become the bride of Eric of Norway. On the return expedition, the poet asserts that many Scottish nobles perished in a storm of unusual fury.

The narration begins with the perplexity of the king, in royal council at Dunfermline, the ancient capital of Scotland:—

"The King sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine;
"O whare will I get a skeely skipper,
To sail this new ship o' mine!"

The advice of the "eldern knight" sitting in the place of honor at the king's right knee is apparently satisfactory, for we are told in the following stanza that:—

"Our king has written a braid letter,
And seal'd it with his hand,"

appointing Spens to that high honor, coupled with the instructions:—

"To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem;
The King's daughter to Noroway,
'Tis thou maun bring (or take) her hame."

The captain (designated *raung* in more than one version) receives the royal appointment with varied emotions:—

"The first word that Sir Patrick read,
Sae loud, loud laugh'd he:
The neist word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his e'e."

"O wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the king o' me,
To send us out, at this time of the year,
'To sail upon the sea?'"

But the honour is great, the commission enviable, and as other perilous ventures have been undertaken for similar reasons, so is this. Strangely enough, the princess is never referred to during the journey, an apparently uneventful one, but in Buchan's version, which, he says, was taken down from "a wight of Homer's craft," the festivities at the northern court are described as brilliant and long continued,—"a month but and a day," and how "every hall wherein they stayed, wi' their mirth did rebound (resound?)." All the versions, however, coincide in alluding to the high consideration with which the guests are honoured, until a smouldering dissatisfaction, probably born of jealousy, among certain "lords of Noroway," breaks out into open insult, and a fierce war of words, promptly reciprocated by the hot-blooded Scots, ensues. The commander, unable to contain himself, shakes the dust of the inhospitable land off his feet, and orders instant embarkation, despite the solemn warning of one of his company:—

"I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi' the auld mcon in ber arm;
And, if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm."

The prophecy proves too true, and the storm comes down upon them in fierce and sudden fury:—

"They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three, [loud
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew
And gurly grew the sea.

"The ankers brak, and the topmasts lap.
It was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves cam o'er the broken ship,
'Till a' her sides were torn."

The gallant company,—however, "laith to weet their cork-heeled shoon,"—rise to the emergency, and throwing themselves into the breach, do all in their power to avert the impending catastrophe; but the struggle for life is vain, the wild northern seas prove victorious, and the fate of the king's new ship is sealed, to as woeful a lament as anything to be found in the whole range of narrative poetry:—

"O lang, lang may the ladies sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand.

•••
"Half owre, half owre to Aberdour,
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet!"

The startling statement that our modern versifiers can and may at any moment produce ballads to equal or even rival those of far distant years, never perhaps

could present such a want of veracity as after a perusal of the incomparable verses dedicated to "Fair Helen of Kirkconnel." The author of these haunting lines, as well as the date of the occurrence, have long been forgotten, and will probably never be known, but the story clings still to the district in Dumfries-shire where the tragedy took place, and the graves of the lady and her faithful lover, upon whose memorial stone are the words "*Hic jacet Adamus Fleming*" are shown to this day in the church-yard of Kirkconnel. The tragic event, woven for us into this deathless ballad, depicts the love and death of the heroine, Burd or Maid Helen. It is not known for a certainty whether the lady was a member of the family of Irving or that of Bell, as the estate belonged to both houses in succession, the former being deprived of their inheritance in the year 1600. Helen, however, is described as being extremely beautiful, and having won the affections of two gentlemen of the neighborhood, one of whom was fortunate enough to possess her love in return. The favor bestowed upon Adam Fleming had aroused the jealous hatred of his self-constituted rival, supposed to have been a Bell, of Blacket House, who vowed to take summary vengeance at the first opportunity. Not long afterwards, the betrothed lovers chanced to be enjoying a quiet evening stroll along the charming banks of the Kirtle, when the lady inadvertently caught sight of her dreaded admirer among the trees on the opposite side of the stream, in the act of taking aim at her unsuspecting companion. With the unselfish impulse of great affection, the devoted girl threw herself upon the bosom of her lover, and saved his life, while receiving the bullet in her own heart.

The verses represent the helpless woe and speedy vengeance of the bereaved man, and, indeed, are almost pathetic enough in their mournful reiteration to be his own words, although there is no other warrant for such an assumption. Some versions dwell upon the escape of the murderer to Spain, where, followed by the ruthless rage of Fleming, he met with the just reward of wickedness in a bloody encounter on the streets of Madrid. Others, of which the following is one, state without the shadow of a doubt that he was at once punished for his awful crime. It is said that Fleming, after long wandering in search of peace in continental lands, returned to the sad spot, and was shortly afterwards found dead upon the grave of his lost love. Whether this story is correct or not, we cannot now tell, but his grave, with the inscription above noted, would certainly point to such a conclusion.

The following version, Mr. Whitelaw's, being more complete than any other I have seen, and of equal charm throughout, I cannot refrain from quoting it entire:

"I wish I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries;
O, that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirkconnel Lea!

O, Helen fair beyond compare,
I'll weave a garland of thy hair
Shall bind my heart for ever mair
'Til the day I dee!

Cursed be the heart that thocht the thocht,
Cursed be the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt
And died for sake o' me!

O, think na' but my heart was sair,
When my Jove fell and spak' na mair,
I laid her down wi' mickle care
On fair Kirkconnel Lea!

I laid her down, my sword did draw,
Stern was our fight on Kirtle Shaw,
I hewed him down in pieces sma'
For her that died for me!

I wish I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries,
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
'Oh, come, my love, to me!

O Helen fair, O Helen chaste,
Were I with thee I would be blest,
Where thou low liest and tak'st thy rest
On fair Kirkconnel Lea!

I wish I were where Helen lies,
Night and day on me she cries,
I'm sick of all beneath the skies
Since my love died for me!"

The third and last of the poems which I design to recall is longer and perhaps less well known than either of the others. In several of the collections there is no mention of this ballad, but Sir Walter Scott, in his *Border Minstrelsy*, speaks of "The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow" as founded upon fact, and gives the name of *Aman's Treat*, a gloomy or melancholy ("dowie") vale watered by the Yarrow, as the place where the ill-omened fight took place. The Yarrow is a small river in the Border country, which flows into the Ettrick, and is but a short distance from Abbotsford, so that, no doubt, the gifted author of *Waverley* was more than familiar with all the traditional circumstances of which he speaks—a knowledge, indeed, ascribed by himself to every herd lad-die, however small, in the countryside.

The story is briefly this: Early in the seventeenth century two gentlemen called Scott,—a powerful Border clan, of whom the Duke of Buccleugh is chief,—who were either brothers-in-law, or on the eve of becoming so, quarrelled over a question of property. One of them Walter Scott of Thirlestane, a distinguished soldier and altogether fine character, had become betrothed to a lady whose father regarded the marriage with much favor, and in consequence contemplated settling upon her half his estate. Her brother, resenting fiercely what he was pleased to consider injustice, determined to pick a quarrel with the object of his

hatred at the first opportunity. In this he was successful, and, according to the manner of the times, a meeting was arranged to take place shortly afterwards. Hither, to the doomed spot, came the unsuspecting victim, apparently unaccompanied by any friend, and here he found not only the "stubborn knight" but nine others, fully armed awaiting him. Undaunted by the great odds, he threw himself into the unequal fray, and with the fierceness of desperation all but won his cause, until one, supposed to be the false friend himself, falling to the last resort of treachery, laid his gallant foe low with a blow in the back.

The Scottish artist Sir Noel Paton, among his many works, has selected this picturesque story to illustrate with his graphic pencil, and the five paintings comprise a group, brilliant in color, and characterized by great poetic fervor and deep love of his subject. It is worthy of note, that these pictures are to be seen, on occasion, in our own Art Association gallery being the property of the genial ex-President, Mr. R. B. Angus. To them, in a fine series of engravings taken for the Royal Association of the Promotion of Fine Arts in Scotland, is added one more, which, however, has not found its way to Montreal, nor does the owner of the rest know where it is to be found. It is a noble and fitting conclusion to the series, representing a solemn procession under the moonlight of a bier carried shoulder-high by squire and men-at-arms, upon which rest side by side the ill-fated lovers, "in their death not divided."

In conclusion I have only space to give my readers the verses which the distinguished painter, by his eloquent brush, has made to live again with all their original passion and pathos:—

"Late at e'en, drinking the wine,
And ere they paid their lawing,
They set a combat them between,
To fecht it in the dawning.

••

O fare ye weel, my ladye gay,
O fare ye weel, my Sarah!
For I maun gae, though I ne'er return,
Frae the dowie banks o' Yarrow.

••

Oh gentle wind that bloweth south
From where my love repaireth,
Convey a kiss frae his deir mouth,
And tell me how he fareth!

••

Four has he hurt, and five has slain,
On the bloody braes o' Yarrow,
Till that stubborn knight cam him behind,
And run his body thorough.

••

She's taen him in ber arms twa,
And gieu him kisses thorough;
And wi' her tears she has washed his wounds,
On the dowie banks o' Yarrow."

KAY LIVINGSTONE.

A MARVELLOUS ESCAPE.

Since first the footfall of man was silenced by the roar of Niagara, and his eyes were astounded by the majesty of the cataract, who can number the tragedies at which those falls have assisted! Those in historic times can be ascertained; but how often have those racing waters borne away the Indian captive or become the Styx of some forlorn dusky maiden, who, in dim twilight or still darker midnight, stood looking skyward in mental agony, ere leaping to the death, Niagara is ever willing to grant the innocent and guilty alike!

In recent times, not Niagara itself has escaped the levelling influence of the age. Men would estimate its value by Watt's horse-power standard, and harness it to trade, while it is no longer those alone who desire to escape the comment of the world who commit themselves to its torrents. Love of notoriety, the only spark of ambition left in ignoble minds, has led men, some brave and all fools, to various acts of bravado with regard to Niagara, of which the daily press has kept us only too well informed. I, who gloried in our family common sense, little thought that one of mine should be fated to do a more daring act than any that have yet been done by the cranks who have begun to infest the vicinity of the Niagara Falls. Of one thing I try to persuade myself to this day, that the act was necessitated by foolhardiness and not the love of glory, and that it was committed only as a last resort of a man battling for his life.

The hero of this escapade was my own brother. Having worked hard during the preceding year,—hard enough at any rate to give us the right to a holiday and the temper to enjoy it, we decided to take a trip through our own land in preference to going abroad or to the sand dunes of the Portland coast. The quaint old town of Quebec had been our first resting-place. Then we had visited the Saguenay region and revelled in the scenery of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa rivers, till, by easy stages and a somewhat zig-zag course, we reached the great lakes and the Thousand Islands, and turned off naturally to visit the Falls.

We had intended spending only a day in the neighborhood of Clifton, but we remained a week. We saw the Falls a dozen times, wandered through the Canadian and American parks, strolled over Goat Island, watched the river shooting under the bridge at the Sister Islands, and paced up and down the long platform on the Canadian side of the rapids, that runs parallel to these, and so close that we could dip our hands into the furious water, while at times the spray blew into our faces, like ghosts of timid meadow brooks fleeing in terror from the agony of the whirlpool oilily circling beneath the deep precipitous banks.

This brother of mine was a dare-devil fellow, athletic, and fond of all aquatic sports. He was a strong swimmer and an expert diver, but his ruling passion was canoeing. As in winter he could descend the steepest slide that ever was made, standing erect upon his toboggan, so have I seen him shoot a turmoil of shouting rapids while standing erect upon the little deck which covers the extreme end of a ricelake canoe, a feat which Blondin himself might fail to emulate. The sight of a running stream was to him what the sight of liquor is to a confirmed drunkard, or the trumpet call to a trained cavalry horse. It was tallyho to his blood, and I was not long in discovering that the sight of the Niagara river was stirring up all his canoeing instincts. The pulsing life of the turbulent rapids thrilled him, and he sometimes spoke of the possibility of running them in a canoe. He assured me that two expert men in an air-chambered canoe might go through that hell of waters unharmed, as the light draught of the vessel would render it little susceptible to the influence of under-currents.

He did not suggest that we should be the two men to make the attempt, for he fully realized the danger; but he declared that, under exceptional circumstances, he would not be afraid to make the attempt. At the many rapids above the Falls he made similar remarks, though, to me, these appeared even more formidable than those below, to say nothing of the certain death which awaited its prey at the brink of the horse-shoe.

Nevertheless, the spirit of the water thrilled him, as I have said. He procured a canoe in the little village of Clifton, and, for a few days, contented himself with paddling about in the calm water below the Falls. I had made him promise to remain above a certain point at a safe distance from the grasp of the rapids below, so I had little fear for his safety.

At the end of the fourth day, however, he told me he was curious to know what the river was like above the Falls, that is, above the rapids that mark its approach to the chasm into which it ultimately plunges. I had made other arrangements for the following day, and was unable to accompany him; but I made no objection to his going, until I found that he contemplated taking his canoe. To this I strongly objected, pointing out the danger which he ran by risking himself, a stranger to the river, so near the brink of the cataract. He over-ruled my objections, however, and lulled my fears; and when I awoke that morning I was told he had set out, with his canoe on a capacious cart.

All that morning I was filled with a strange dread, and found myself regretting that I had not accompanied him or insisted upon his leaving the canoe behind him. Wherever I went, the boom of the Falls carried desolation to my heart, and, towards the afternoon, when my engagements were over, I was drawn

by some irresistible attraction to the brink of the cataract.

The day was cloudy, and a strong wind was blowing down the river. The roar of the Falls was louder than usual and a heavy mist was steaming from the river, borne upon the storm. I was buffeted by the wind and drenched with mist before I reached the brink of the cataract, and looked down with a strange fear into the seething chaldron at my feet. My stand was taken on the Canadian side of the Great Horse Shoe, near the ruin of Table Rock, which fell some years ago, almost carrying with it a carriage that was standing partly upon it at the time. Within a few feet of me the river bent its fluid mass over the ledge of limestone which crops out there, and is the origin of the Falls. My thoughts wandered, as I looked upon the scene, to the sun, which, over ninety millions of miles away, was, nevertheless, the ruler of that cataract. As I mused, a sunbeam pierced the clouds and rested upon the Fall, as though claiming it as its own. A rainbow glittered in the mist and the sullen grey of the foam below became creamy white.

I cast a glance around me to take in the other changes which the sunbeam caused, and my attention was attracted by some object dancing far up on the crests of the most distant rapids. I thought it a log, and, knowing that it was rapidly drifting near me, felt some curiosity to learn how it would take the plunge; so I watched it.

I saw it bound from crest to crest of the waves, now disappearing in a hollow, now outlined against a grey cloud-bank which had rolled up on the horizon. The object was symmetrical in shape, with what I took to be the stump of a bough in the middle. But as I looked, it drew nearer with railroad speed, and I caught the flash of something, now on one side, now on the other, while the broken branch seemed to move backwards and forwards with the flashes.

A tremor seized me. My eyes were blinded by the awful light which flooded my brain. I recognized a human being in that log, and instinct told me it was my brother. My brother! And he was pointing directly for the Falls! I could not move. I tried to shriek, but to no purpose. All my soul was concentrated in the sense of sight.

Like a rose-leaf in a summer storm, the frail canoe was tossed hither and thither by the hungry waters. Nearer and nearer it drew. The water rolling at my feet seemed a cable of steel drawing it to its doom. The roar of the cataract was behind, before and around me. The mist was sweeping down the gorge and over the land, torn to tatters by the exultant wind. On every hand Nature was busy with her own affairs. A sparrow was chirping on the railing not twenty feet from me, and a few flowers were gently nodding and dipping their variegated petals into a

quiet pool on the very edge of the chasm that was gaping for my brother's life.

God alone knows what I suffered in those few moments. Time was annihilated for me as much as for Niagara itself. Thought after thought, fear upon fear, agony upon agony pressed down upon my brain, until I was buried as deeply beneath them as in a few instants more I expected to see my brother buried under tons and tons of water in the chaos at Niagara's foot.

Still the canoe swept on. There were but a few more yards of rapids to pass before it was in the quiet expanse which extends a short distance back from the brink of the cataract. Every moment I expected to see the cockle-shell crushed between the rushing billows or swamped, and my brother thrown helpless into the seething waves. But his skill bore him through all the turmoil. His powerful arm swept the light bark this way and that, forcing its nose to each rampart of billows, and surmounting it.

"What avails his skill?" I groaned. "It wins him a few more moments of life, and a bitterer death."

Still the war went on between man and the elements. Then from the crest of the last series of rapids the canoe slid into smooth water, and bore down peacefully, but oh, how swiftly towards the fatal brink! After all the tumult and struggle, the quiet skimming of the vessel (I can liken its progress to nothing else) was like the peace which follows the death agony and immediately precedes dissolution. As the canoe hurried towards me I could now recognize my brother distinctly. He was sitting in water with which the bark was completely filled, being sustained only by its air chambers of unusual capacity, his teeth were set and his face pale. But he had scarcely emerged from the rapids than he swiftly yet cautiously rose, giving a quick glance round. He saw me and waved his hand, I returned the gesture with infinite sadness. Had I had strength, I believe I would have thrown myself over the falls with him. As the canoe sped on, he moved to the stern and mounted the little deck of which I have spoken; whereon he crouched. All this as you may imagine, was done in a few seconds. The end was near, and in a few seconds more all would be over. Like a hunter facing a fence, the canoe pointed for the brink of the falls. The water within it steadied it greatly, and my brother rose erect upon his constricted resting-place. I could see determination written in his face and in the tension of his limbs. He was to suffer death, I thought, and I was to suffer its agonies.

The canoe was now at the very brink of the falls, and held securely in the relentless clutches of the waves bent over to sweep downwards to the rocks below. I screamed with horror, and on the wind was borne my brother's answering cry.

"Neck or nothing," he cried, and gathering himself together sprang from the deck of the doomed bark out, far, far, out into the air.

I saw the canoe swallowed up. I saw my brother turn completely over once, and then, feet foremost, plunge into the depths of water below the falls and just beyond the turmoil. In a few moments he reappeared drifting slowly towards the base of the cataract held in the clutches of the treacherous undertow. Then he struck out manfully. Inch by inch he gained, inch by inch he overcame the eddies that would have drawn him to destruction.

I tore down to the shore like a madman, and with the aid of a man who had also seen the leap, launched a boat and rowed to his assistance. His powers, taxed to the utmost by the prolonged struggle in the rapids above, had given out, and during the time consumed in my descent of the banks he had been slowly drifting towards the chaos that hungered for his life. My shout reanimated him, and he held the currents at bay until we reached him.

It was several days before he had become sufficiently restored to be able to tell me how he had been drawn into the rapids by being ignorant of the currents where he had been paddling. He told me that finding himself thus engulfed, he formed the plan he so successfully put into execution, that of leaping from the canoe and trusting to the impetus of the leap, and the height of the falls, to carry him beyond the base of the cataract. His chief fear had been that he could not guide the canoe through the rapids, for he well knew that if he was upset his fate was sealed.

We left the vicinity as soon as my brother was sufficiently recovered from his terrible ordeal, partly because we could no longer bear the sight of the hungry waters, and largely on account of the continual interviewing to which we were subjected by newspaper correspondents, whose elaboration of my brother's experience and inventive faculty as regards his motives caused us continual annoyance.

ARTHUR WEIR.

AN OLD GOWN.

My name's initials—That is all,
In silken green and pink :
It was a fancy carnival —
She wore it at the rink.

A radiance of the dawning sun,
A glimmer of the past,
The thought of her I used to run,
The fifth before the last.

What figure, features, eyes and hair !
What forehead, nose and lip !
She was the beauty everywhere :
Why did I let her slip ?

Sing ?— operatic song or hymn !
An' I play : and talk ! and cook !
Dance ! ride ! and box and fence and swim !
Yet all this I forsook.

Oh ! such a fascinating smile !
An' I such a dulcet voice !
Besides the hoodle ! and the style !
She should have been my choice.

But she would often give me pain,
By turns caress'd and rag'd :
Bah ! she was fickle, fierce and vain—
Besides, she was engag'd.

CAP'N GOWN.

DEANS OF MCGILL. †

ALEXANDER JOHNSON, LL.D., VICE-PRINCIPAL AND DEAN OF THE FACULTY OF ARTS.

The Acting Principal of McGill is, as is well known to its students, a graduate of Dublin University, in consequence of which fact he is rarely spoken of in the College Halls by his official title.

In his University career, it was to classics and mathematics that he paid the most attention and in which he achieved his greatest success, obtaining a senior moderatorship and gold medal in the latter (an exactly similar position to the one held by Sir Robert Ball a few years later) and a scholarship in the former.

The present Lord Chancellor of Ireland, also a classical scholar, graduated in the same year with the senior moderatorship in classics.

Amongst his other contemporaries were the Primate of all Ireland, Leckey, the historian, and Lord Russell of Killowen, lately appointed Lord Chief Justice of England.

Among others, he secured prizes in logic and metaphysics, Hebrew, and on three separate occasions, the Vice Chancellor's prize for English prose.

The combination of the classical scholarship and mathematical gold medal, by all previous records of the University was sufficient to entitle him to feel confident of obtaining a Fellowship and to that end he continued his studies in the University several years. A Fellowship in Dublin is not similar to the Fellowship of other universities but more in the nature of a professorship, being held for life and continually rising in value to about \$10,000 a year.

McGill, at that time, was just beginning the forward movements which have caused it to reach its present height, and at the Governors' request to the late Dr. Macdonell, Provost of Trinity, to appoint a Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy he at once offered the position to Mr. Johnson.

There being no Fellowship vacant, or indeed any immediate prospect of a vacancy occurring, Dr. Johnson accepted the position which he has so long and ably filled, and came out to Canada to assume the duties of his new post.

If any present student at McGill could be translated back to those days, he would find it extremely difficult to perceive any resemblance between the University of that time and to-day. The Faculty of Arts turned out only four or five graduates yearly; lectures were delivered in the old High School on the corner of University and Dorchester Streets, the building now occupied by the Fraser Institute. In the grounds, there were but two buildings, the central

one crowned by a Cupola and the east wing lately occupied by Sir William Dawson as a residence. The main building was utilized as a residence by the Rector of the High School (which was under control of the University) and the College Secretary.

Even then there were ten professors, being a very much larger number in proportion to the number of students than the present staff of twelve professors, four lecturers and five sessional lecturers. Honour courses were as yet unknown, but were introduced in the following year. It is interesting to note amongst the names of his earliest students those of C. P. Davidson, J. R. Dougall, L. H. Davidson, William Hall, N. W. Trenholme, David McCord, F. Lyman, James Kirby, George Ross, late Vice Dean of the Faculty of Medicine.

Shortly after his arrival he returned to Dublin to receive the degree of M.A. and two years later that of LL.D., which entitled him to wear those gorgeous red robes which a valedictorian once so humorously described as being dyed in the blood of his victims.

Later he received the Honorary Degree of D. C. L. from the University of Lennoxville.

In 1876 Doctor Johnson was appointed Vice Dean, of the Faculty of Arts, and in 1886 he succeeded Doctor Leach as Dean and Vice Principal of the University.

During the past two years, during the illness of and since the resignation of Sir William Dawson, he has been Acting Principal.

With regard to the work done by him outside the University, it might be mentioned that he is one of the original members of the Royal Society of Canada and was third President of Section 3. As a member of that section, he contributed papers: 1. "On the symmetrical investigation of the curvature of surfaces," 2. "Preparations for observing the transit of Venus in Montreal." 3. "Tidal observations on Canadian waters." 4. "Newton's use of slit and lens in forming a pure spectrum." 5. "Faraday's lines of force." 6. "On the need of a coast survey for the Dominion of Canada."

When the British Association met in Montreal in the year 1884 he wrote a paper on "The importance of tidal observations in the Gulf of St. Lawrence and on the Atlantic Coast of the Dominion."

The subject was taken up warmly by Lord Kelvin then Sir William Thompson, and Dr. Johnson was appointed Chairman of the Committee in Canada to represent to the Canadian Government the urgency for taking steps to make such observations, with a corresponding Committee in England composed of Lord Kelvin, Mr. J. C. Adams and Professor Darwin.

Doctor Johnson also introduced this matter to the notice of the Royal Society of Canada and a similar

Committee was appointed by them in 1885. These two Committees worked in harmony together for six years, as shown by the reports presented by them to both bodies, with the result that in 1890 the Canadian Government undertook to establish stations for tidal observations and also to investigate currents. At last session a grant of twenty-nine thousand dollars was made for this purpose, with the understanding that the grant would be continued for seven or eight years.

As a result of his enquiries in connection with this work, the necessity for a regular hydrographic staff forced itself on Dr. Johnson's attention, and at a meeting of the Royal Society in 1893, he brought the matter before that body, and a second Committee was appointed to interview the Minister of Marine.

At the last meeting, Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper announced that the hydrographic survey was established permanently on a similar basis to that of the Geological Survey of Canada.

In 1892, he was appointed delegate from McGill University to attend the Tercentenary of Trinity College, Dublin, and while in England started a movement to induce the British Association to hold a meeting in Toronto in the year 1897; a movement which, it is hoped, will have its full effect.

In addition to his scientific work Dr. Johnson has devoted a good deal of time for the benefit of various institutions in Montreal and for several years was the Lay Secretary of the Canadian Provincial Synod and Corresponding Secretary of the Bible Society.

HENRY T. BOVEY, M.A., LL.D., DEAN OF THE FACULTY OF APPLIED SCIENCE.

PROF. HENRY TAYLOR BOVEY, M.A., LL.D., M. Inst.C.E., F.R.S.C., professor of Mechanical Engineering, and Dean of the Faculty of Applied Science, is a native of Devonshire, and was educated at a private school in England and at Cambridge University. On entering the university, he competed for and obtained an open scholarship. On graduation he took a high place in the mathematical tripos, and shortly afterwards was made a fellow of Queen's College. Having decided to adopt the profession of civil engineering, he joined the staff of the Mersey Docks and Harbor Works. In a short time he was appointed one of the assistant engineers on this work, and in this capacity had charge of some of the most important structures then in progress. It was in 1877 that he was offered and accepted the appointment of professor of civil engineering and applied mechanics in McGill University. At that time the engineering courses in the University were managed as a department of the Faculty of Arts, and were without buildings or equipment. In 1878, however, a Faculty of Applied Science was constituted, Prof. Bovey was elected

its Dean and the new Faculty flourished under his care. Lately the magnificent McDonald endowments to the University have afforded him an opportunity for the display of his great executive ability, and it is owing largely to Dr. Bovey's untiring energy that the Faculty over which he presides has been brought to its present high state of efficiency. In fact, Dr. Bovey may be looked upon as the pioneer in Canada of University engineering.

In 1892 the University of Bishop's College conferred upon Prof. Bovey the degree of D.C.L. *honoris causa*.

At the conferring of the honorary degrees in 1893 at Queen's University, Kingston, Prof. Dupuis of that institution prefaced his presentation of Dr. Bovey's name for the degree of LL.D. with very complimentary remarks upon his work and attainments.

In 1893, at the unanimous instance of the Graduates' Fellows, the degree of LL.D. was granted by McGill University to Prof. Bovey, on the score of his distinguished standing in his own University (that of Cambridge), of his eminence as a writer on the subject to which he is devoted, and of his great services to this University.

When Prof. Bovey was admitted to the degree of LL.D. he was presented by Sir William Dawson, who said:—

"Mr. Chancellor, I have much pleasure in announcing that the degree of LL.D. *honoris causa* has been granted by the Corporation to Henry Taylor Bovey, M.A., of the University of Cambridge, and Dean of the Faculty of Applied Science. The eminent services of Dr. Bovey to the University and to the engineering profession in Canada are too well known to require mention, and have already been recognized by two of our sister universities in Canada and also in the United States. Dr. Bovey is also the author of two important works on Applied Mechanics, which have been favorably received in England and America, and of several valuable papers on this and allied subjects."

Much of the success of the Society of Canadian Civil Engineers is due to Dr. Bovey's labours as its secretary, which post he held continuously, from the foundation of the Society until compelled by increasing college duties to resign the office. Prof. Bovey is a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada, a member of the Institution of Civil Engineers, also of that of Mechanical Engineers, and an honorary member of the National Electric Light Association of the United States. He was one of the original founders, and is still a member, of the Liverpool Society of Civil Engineers.

That his successful efforts in connection with the Faculty of Applied Science at McGill have met with recognition in other lands than our own may be inferred from the open secret that Dr. Bovey has

declined tempting offers from other large Universities demanding services similar to those he has rendered to McGill.

ROBERT CRAIK, M.D., DEAN OF THE FACULTY OF MEDICINE.

Dr. Robert Craik is a Scottish Canadian, born in the city of Montreal on the 22nd of April, 1829. His parents came to Canada from Midlothian, Scotland, in 1818. He received his professional education at McGill University, graduating in Medicine in 1854, and taking the highest honours of his year. From the University he went direct to the Montreal General Hospital as house surgeon, among the earliest of his responsible duties being in connection with the severe cholera outbreak of that year. In 1856 he was appointed Demonstrator of Anatomy in McGill University and in 1859 Curator of the Museum. In 1860 he resigned his position as Resident House Surgeon to the General Hospital, and was made a member of its Medical Board, entering at the same time upon the public practice of his profession. In the same year he was appointed to the McGill Professorship of Clinical Surgery, a position which he retained until 1867. In 1866, owing to the illness of Professor Sutherland, he was asked, at a few weeks' notice, to undertake the duties of the chair of Chemistry, a task which, though difficult, he was able to carry through with success. In 1867, finding the teaching of Chemistry more to his taste than Surgery, he succeeded to the chair of Chemistry on the resignation of Professor Sutherland and continued to discharge its duties until 1879.

In 1869, in addition to his other duties, he became Registrar to the Faculty, the onerous duties of which office he continued to perform until relieved of them by Professor Csler in 1877. In April, 1875, he also became Treasurer of the Faculty, and continued in that office until his appointment as Dean in 1889.

In 1879, having reached the age of fifty years, and feeling the need of rest, he resigned his teaching duties, remaining, however, as Treasurer, and taking an active interest in all the affairs of the Faculty. In 1889, after the death of the late lamented Dean, Dr. Howard, Dr. Craik was unanimously appointed to succeed him, and the Chair of Hygiene and Public Health being at the same time vacant, he also assumed the duties of that chair, with a view to its reorganization and development, in keeping with the modern requirements of that department of Medicine. The revenue from the recent endowment by Sir Donald A. Smith is now being devoted entirely to the adequate equipment of the Chair, and it is hoped that it will soon occupy a position commensurate with its importance.

In addition to his Faculty appointments, Dr. Craik

is also an active member of the Provincial Board of Health, Consulting Physician, Life Governor and member of the Committee of Management of the Montreal General Hospital, Governor of the Royal Victoria Hospital, and Chairman of its Medical Board, with other appointments of lesser importance, and to all of which he contrives to devote a large share of his individual attention.

Dr. Craik has not written much for publication, but his inaugural Thesis, published in the Montreal *Medical Chronicle* in the summer of 1854 (more than forty years ago) is deserving of more than a passing notice. In it he was probably the first to claim for this class of infectious or zymotic diseases, an origin in a specific cell or germ for each disease, giving arguments and reasons for his belief, and predicting with such confidence the early discovery of these germs, and the direction in which the search would probably be successful, that it reads more like an argument after the fact, than one in prophetic anticipation.

DUNCAN McEACHRAN, F.R.C.V.S., D.V.S.,
DEAN OF THE FACULTY OF COMPARATIVE
MEDICINE AND VETERINARY SCIENCE.

Duncan M. McEachran, born in Campbletown, Argyleshire, Scotland, on Oct. 27, 1841, was the son of the late David McEachran, for several years senior bailie of the above town. The family ranks among the oldest in Kintyre; the Ionic Cross of Campbletown bearing the name of Ed. McEachran, while the tombstones of the family date back to the fourteenth century.

The subject of the present sketch was educated in the Free Church Grammar School of his native place, and at the age of seventeen began his professional studies under the distinguished Dick. He graduated as a veterinary surgeon in 1861, became a member of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons the same year, and was elected one of the original Fellows of that body on its elevation to the rank of a university in 1875.

In 1862 Mr. McEachran came to Canada, and practised his profession successfully for about three years in Woodstock, Ontario. During this period he gave, during each winter, a course of lectures in Toronto, on professional subjects. This was prior to the establishment of any veterinary school in that Province. He also, during his residence in Woodstock, contributed to the advancement of veterinary medicine in many ways, and especially by lectures given at farmers' meetings, contributions to the agricultural press, and by the publication of a work on veterinary medicine.

In 1866 Mr. McEachran left Ontario to settle in Montreal, not, however, without recognition of his services, for the Board of Agriculture passed a reso-

lution expressing regret at his departure, and he was entertained by a large number of his friends at a public dinner in Woodstock.

Almost immediately on his arrival in Montreal, owing to the reputation he had made for himself, powerful friends rallied about him; steps were speedily taken to lay the foundations of veterinary teaching, and in the same year the Montreal Veterinary College was established under the auspices of the late Major Campbell, President of the Board of Agriculture, and of Sir Wm. Dawson, Principal of McGill University.

During his residence in Montreal, Professor McEachran has, apart from the duties of his practice and professional teaching, found time to engage in many public undertakings, some of them of the highest importance.

He was for ten years Veterinary Surgeon to the Montreal Field Battery of Artillery.

He has been intimately connected with cattle ranching, Senator Cochrane and himself being the pioneers of the enterprise on a large scale in Canada. In 1881 Principal McEachran visited Alberta, going *via* the Missouri River, driving across the plains from Fort Benton, in Montana, to Morleyville, and published a series of letters describing the trip on his return.

He and Senator Cochrane established the ranch bearing the latter's name in 1881, and Mr. McEachran was Vice-President of the same till 1883, when he became general manager of the Walrond Cattle Ranch Company, of which Sir John Walrond is President, and which is now the largest and most successful ranch in the Dominion.

Principal McEachran's efforts to prevent the introduction of foot and mouth disease, pleuro-pneumonia and other infectious diseases from European countries, in which they have proved so destructive, deserves special mention.

In 1875 he urgently pressed upon the government of the Dominion of Canada, the necessity of the establishment of a quarantine system, with the object as above stated. In April, 1876, he was appointed Chief Inspector, and organized the first Canadian cattle quarantine at Point Levi. He still remains Chief Inspector for the Dominion.

In January, 1879, Prof. McEachran was sent by the Canadian government to the United States, to investigate the pleuro-pneumonia then prevalent. The report of this visit led to important measures being taken by the governments of Great Britain and Canada to prevent the importation of diseased animals.

During the entire period of his residence in Montreal, Dr. McEachran has interested himself in the improvement of the city's sanitary condition.

The communicability of infectious and other diseases by milk was recognized 22 years ago by Mr. McEachran, who urged not only the inspection of all milk exposed for sale, but also the regular inspection by experts of all dairy establishments. This fact deserves especial emphasis, for in this at the time referred to and long after he was a voice crying in the wilderness, advocating a view in advance of the times.

From time to time during the years of his residence in Montreal, Principal McEachran has been in consultation with the practitioners of human medicine with regard to the prevention of the propagation of infectious diseases, the general sanitary condition of the city, etc. The extent to which he has enjoyed the confidence of the general and local governments of the country, and the respect of his fellow-citizens, is evident from the important interests committed to his charge and the general sentiment of the community towards him.

At the meeting of the Association of Veterinary Faculties of North America, Dr. McEachran was elected to the vice-presidency, which he now holds.

Almost equally well known in the United States and Canada, Dr. McEachran, by his unceasing labours and boundless energy, may be said to be realizing that to which he has always aimed, namely, a public respect and appreciation of the veterinarian and the establishment of veterinary medical education upon a higher plane.

N. W. TRENHOLME, Q.C., M.A., D.C.L., DEAN OF THE FACULTY OF LAW.

The Faculty of Law is the only one in the University which can boast of having trained all its professors, among which not one is a more representative son of McGill than its Dean, Dr. Trenholme.

Graduating in Arts in 1863 at McGill, he obtained the Chapman gold medal and 1st rank honors in Moral Philosophy. In 1865 he graduated in Law, standing first in his year, and capturing the Elizabeth Torrance gold medal. In the autumn of 1868 he was appointed a lecturer in the Faculty of Law, the late Sir. J. J. C. Abbot being then Dean, and in 1872 Professor.

At that time such a position was simply honorary, as no salaries were attached to the office, and it is only by reason of the love of its graduates for the University that the Faculty of Law exists to-day.

Dr. Trenholme succeeded the late Mr. Kerr as Dean in 1887, and in 1890, when, through the beneficence of Mr. McDonald, the Faculty was reorganized, it was decided to appoint a Dean who should devote his entire attention to the affairs of the Faculty, the position was immediately offered to Dr. Trenholme, who, when he accepted the honour at a considerable

personal sacrifice, conferred no slight benefit upon the Faculty of Law.

During the last five years the Faculty of Law has made more than ordinary progress, a very fair illustration of this being shown in the increase in the number of its students; in the spring of 1891 there were two graduates, this year there are over twenty freshmen.

In his practice Dr. Trenholme was very successful, He was appointed a Queen's Counsel by a hostile government, and he'd the office of Crown Prosecutor for several years.

SOCIETIES.

Y. M. C. A.

The following is the scheme of Sunday afternoon lectures for the remainder of the session. We would suggest that it be preserved for future reference, as no more programme cards will be printed this session.

Jan. 13th. Address by S. M. Sayford of New York.

" 20th do do do

" 27th Sinai and the Desert, by Sir J. W. Dawson, F.R.S., LL.D.

Feb. 3rd Introduction to the Book of Numbers, by Prin. Barbour, D.D.

" 10th The Decalogue in relation to the Sermon on the Mount, by Dr. Scrimger (Presbyterian College).

" 17th Deuteronomy as a Mosaic Book, by Sir J. W. Dawson, F.R.S.; LL.D.

" 24th (Subject of lecture to be announced later) by Prin. Shaw, M.A., LL.D.

Mar. 3rd The Israelite Settlement of Canaan, by Hon. David Mills, Q.C., M.P.

" 10th Canaan in the time of Joshua, by Sir J. W. Dawson, F.R.S., LL.D.

" 17th The book of Joshua, by Rev. S. P. Rose, D.D.

" 24th The Physical Geography of Palestine, by E. I. Rexford, B.A. (Rector of High School).

" 31st Farewell meeting. Addresses by members of the graduating classes.

MCGILL MINING SOCIETY.

The regular fortnightly meeting of the McGill

Mining Society was held in the Old Science building, on Friday, December 7th. President Carlyle in the chair. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted.

The proposed scheme of affiliation with the Quebec Mining Association was fully discussed, and the Secretary was instructed to correspond with the Secretary of that Society, and learn if they would propose some terms on either of the lines before mentioned by which affiliation might be brought about. The first paper of the evening was read by Mr. Rutherford of Science '96, on "Irrigation." The paper contained very interesting descriptions of the work as it is carried on in Colorado and Nevada.

The latter part of the evening was taken up by Mr O. E. S. Whiteside, who read a very interesting and instructive paper on "Collieries as affected by thunderstorms, and a description of a mine explosion caused thereby."

The paper was written expressly for this Society by Mr. Farnsworth, C.E., of the Intercolonial Coal Co., Westville, N.S.

After some discussion on the papers by those present, a hearty vote of thanks was tendered the speakers. The meeting then adjourned.

APP. SCIENCE GLEE CLUB.

During the last term the Applied Science Glee Club has held its regular practices every week, with an average attendance of about forty. Thanks to the President's untiring efforts, the Club this year is in a better position than it has ever been since its organization. Under a capital instruction, Mr. Reynor, the Club has developed wonderfully, and thus expresses the fact that the Science Faculty is not a minus quantity in the vocal art.

The Club's regular practices will recommence on Wednesday, Jan. 9th, in preparation for its smoking concert, which is to be held next month; the committee are already engaged on its arrangements, and, judging from the Club's work so far, the concert will be a most successful one.

The Annual Drive, dinner at the Athletic Club house, Cote des Neiges, and steepchase will be held on Saturday, Jan. 19th, to which the Students of other Faculties are cordially invited.

This is something that should not be missed especially by Science men, as the general opinion is that the Glee Club's drive is one of the most enjoyable features of the whole year. Further notice of both drive and concert will be given later.

MCGILL GLEE AND BANJO CLUB.

Before this issue of the FORTNIGHTLY is in the hands of the Students, the Glee and Banjo Club will have returned from their third annual concert tour, taking in Ottawa and adjoining towns. Although a detailed account of their trip could not be prepared in time for this number, it can at least be reported that prospects are very bright for a successful tour, as the members of both the vocal and instrumental clubs have this year practised more faithfully and systematically than ever before.

The following extract from a printed circular issued by the "Ottawa Valley McGill Graduates Society" is very gratifying, and should serve as a prompter to all the Undergraduates to give their heartiest support to their fellow-students for their coming Montreal Concert, that they may not be outdone in loyalty to their Alma Mater.

It is a part of one of two motions passed unanimously by the Society, and reads as follows:—

"It was also agreed to give the enthusiastic support of our Society to the McGill Glee and Banjo Club, which will give a grand concert in the Opera House on Monday evening, January 7th. To this effect the Secretary has written to and obtained letters from the following distinguished personages, who have graciously acquiesced to become patrons and patronesses of this concert....." Then follow the names of their Excellencies, the Governor General and Lady Aberdeen, and many of the *élite* of Ottawa.

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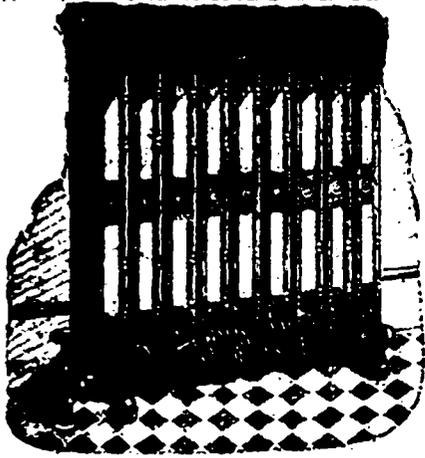


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