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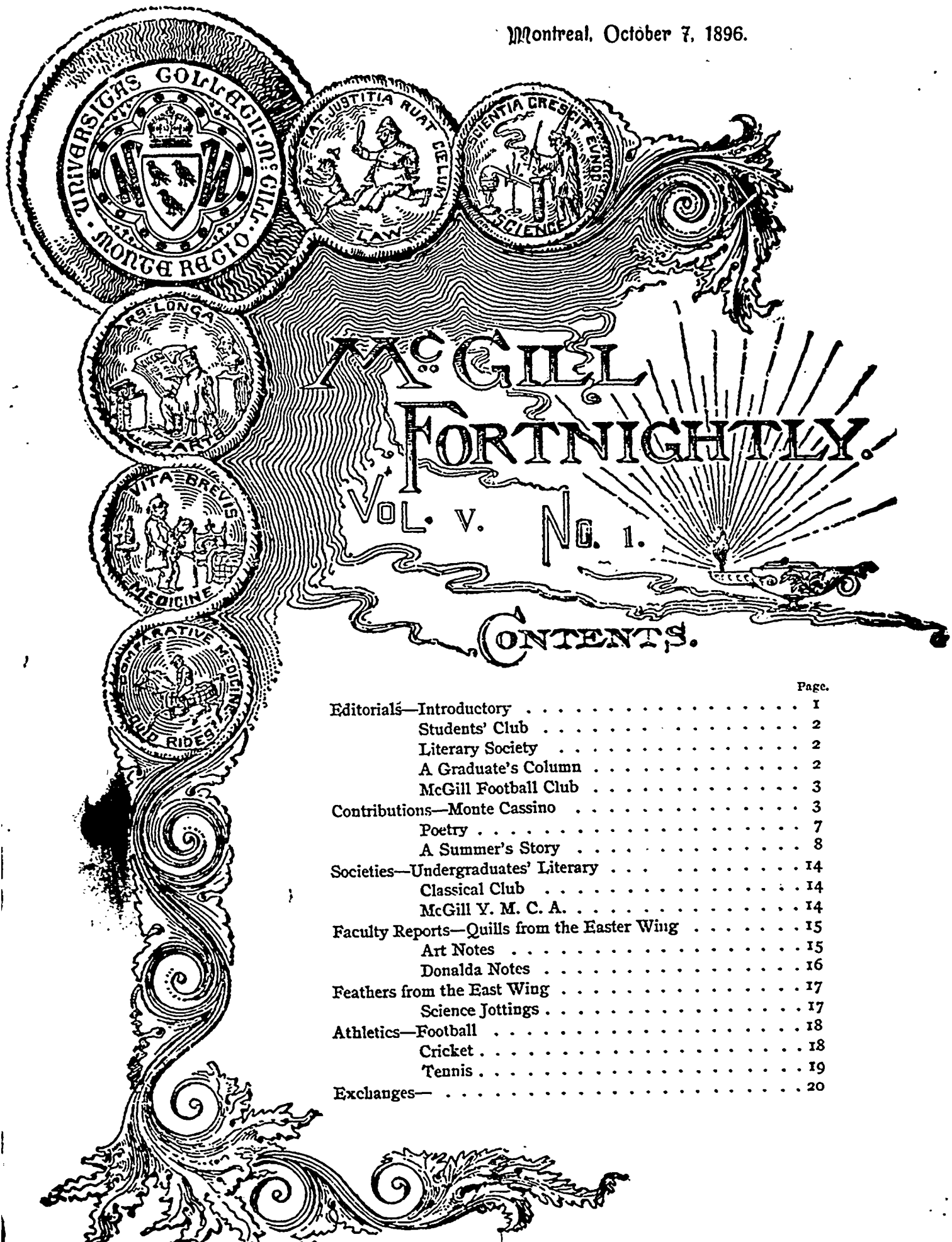
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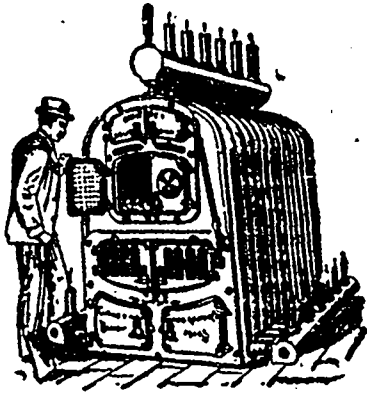


# McGILL FORTNIGHTLY.

VOL. V. No. 1.

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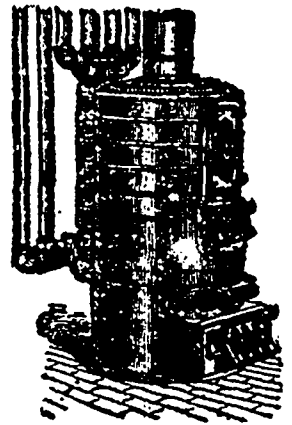
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Vol. V.

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No. 1

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## Editorial.

WITH the present number, the newly-elected Business and Editorial Boards make their first steps in the thorny paths of journalism. That our enthusiasm should be dashed with diffidence, with reluctance even, is very naturally to be expected; for the management of a journal that shall be to the world the voice of a University like McGill, is a task of undue magnitude for the unskilful hands of youth and inexperience. The college magazine is to many the criterion of the standing, and progress of the institution itself. If we can succeed in making of the *McGill Fortnightly* an organ worthy of Alma Mater, it will be by the help of the students of McGill. We cannot too strongly impress on them that this is *their* paper—for them, of them, and especially by them. Whatever concerns them, will find, as in the past, a ready welcome in these pages. Their grievances we will ventilate; their joys and aspirations we will ever share; their labors and victories we will faithfully chronicle. Let them above all remember that the one primary object of the *Fortnightly* is to foster the literary ability of the students, and to give them the opportunity of making that momentous first step that costs so much, and on which so much depends. Until a faculty of journalism is added to McGill, this magazine must necessarily be the only substitute;

and, as such, however humble, should meet with the heartiest support of the professors no less than of the undergraduates. As yet, such a faculty is in the dim, dim future, with the gymnasium and Convocation Hall and other desirable possibilities. The surest way of furthering its establishment, is to show that there lies dormant in our midst journalistic talent, waiting for such an institution to fit it to go forth and take its place in the ranks of a profession with power and responsibilities second to none, yet for which there is in our schools absolutely no direct preparation.

A word as to our programme for the coming year. The charges in outward appearance we need not allude to; they speak for themselves, and must plead their own case. We trust that the more lively and readable appearance we have thereby striven to impart to our pages will more than compensate for the loss of the old and familiar dress.

In conclusion, we must express our thanks to all those whose support has been with us in the past, not only to our subscribers, but to those numerous well-wishers and contributors whose aid and sympathy we have always appreciated so highly. May they continue their kindly assistance, and may our united efforts ever redound to the honor and glory of old McGill!

### Students' Club.

**A**MONG the many signs of growing activity in the University, few are more gratifying than the continuation of the McGill Students' Club, which has commenced its work for the session with a full complement of patrons.

This institution was commenced under very great difficulties during the last session by Mrs. J. Clark Murray, to whom we shall always feel grateful for the initiation of a much needed movement which is destined to exert an important influence upon undergraduate life. Continued during the latter part of the last session and now under the management of a committee composed of professors presided over by Principal Peterson, the Club is now fully launched upon a career of great usefulness, and we feel confident that it is an element of our University life which is destined to remain with us.

The understanding is that the present committee acts provisionally only, and that its functions will pass into the hands of the Students themselves as soon as suitable conditions shall have been established. Thus it is hoped the way may be opened for a permanent dining hall on a more liberal scale, which shall be for the student what the Students' Unions are in English Universities, and what the Foxcroft and other clubs are for students at Harvard.

In the meantime the committee desires to demonstrate the need and feasibility of such a dining hall where students may secure good food at moderate rates, and also to make it apparent that the University feels a keen interest in their welfare.

### Literary Society.

**T**HERE is something wrong with the Literary Society. Every year the same appeal is made to the students to support it and with the same results. Yet surely such a society, whose object is to give its members practice in the art of public speaking, ought not to be a matter of indifference to any of our students. We think, however, that the fault does not lie entirely with the students. The debates have not always reached a reasonable standard of excellence, and the cause of this we think is not far to seek. There has often been an absence of careful preparation among those taking part in the debates. This, we think, has perhaps been the most glaring

fault in the society during the past few years. The present system of having three men debating on each side while good in theory has not proved so in practice. The "Fortnightly" would suggest that the program for the half year be made out and posted immediately. That strong men should be chosen to introduce the different subjects and that these men should not be limited as to time. The question should then be thrown open to discussion. This, we believe, is the system in vogue at many of the large universities. It might, at all events, be given a trial at McGill.

### A Graduates' Column.

**T**HE *Fortnightly* would very much like to establish this year a "Graduates' column." The aim of such a column would be to keep McGill men all over the world in closer touch with the University and with each other. Such a column, however, cannot be carried on without

the hearty co-operation of the graduates themselves. We would remind them that a very interesting column may be composed of small items, and that all contributions to this column will be heartily welcomed.

### McGill Football Club.

WE understand that certain members of the McGill Football Club are playing on city teams this year. We do not intend to inquire into the reasons which have led them to do this, but we do say that there can be none strong enough to justify them in such a course. We find it difficult to find words to express our opinion of the soldier who fights against his father-land. What then shall we say of the man who engages

in the mimic warfare of football against his Alma Mater. We feel sure that such conduct would not be tolerated in an English university. We find it hard to imagine the state of such a man's feelings when he lines up against the old colours and hears the yell of Old McGill. Perhaps are they not unlike those of the deserter on the field of battle.

### Monte Cassino.

WE have fallen into the habit of using the word "mediæval" in a bad sense. It is often made to mean narrow, reactionary, stupid. When I say, then, that the number of mediævalists in the University is probably small no one will feel offended. The number of mediævalists in the University is probably small because it is small in every modern community. The true mediævalist must, however, possess certain accomplishments. Like the poet he must be born. Like the poet he must have power to reproduce not the ideas only but the feelings of an age alien in spirit to our own. He must be able to put out of his head our modern utilitarian standards of comparison. He must have a child-like zest in romance. He must take delight in deeds of chivalry. He must have points of attachment with social ideals which flourished long before "quixotic" had become an epithet of reproach. Finally he must have mystic fervour himself or sympathy with those to whom fervour and religious rapture were the guiding impulses in life. I shall not venture to administer mediæval *à la romica* in unadulterated form to readers of the "Fortnightly" but shall try to disguise it under the sugar-coating of a travel sketch.

The town of Cassino is not mediæval. It *was* Roman and *is* anything you like. A brief reference to Badeker's Southern Italy will make you erudite in its classical history. "We see, on the right, the colossal remains of an *Ampitheatre*

which, according to an inscription, was erected by Ummidia Quadratilla at her own expense. The foundress is mentioned by Pliny (vii. 24) as a lady of great wealth, who even in her old age was an ardent admirer of theatrical performances. . . . Opposite, on the bank of the Rapido, lay the villa of M. Terentius Varro, where, as we are informed by Cicero (Phil. ii. 40) M. Anthony afterwards indulged in his wild orgies." How easy it is to be erudite with Badeker at one's elbow!

Cassino is half-way between Naples and Rome, among the foothills of the Apennines. It lies on the east side of broad, rich valley of the Gargliano, just where the Rapido streams down from the mountains. The people of the region are poor in spite of the fertility of the bottom lands about them. Italy is now paying the bill of national unity and national development. The land tax is heavy, and the *dazio consumo* or *octroi* duty at the town gates comes in the end out of the town's folk. Even when one sees Cassino, as I did, on a fair-day the general aspect of poverty is painful. But poverty is always mitigated in Italy by a cheerfulness and patience such as one seldom finds in the north among the well-to-do.

Above the narrow streets and stucco-faced houses of Cassino rises the Mount. It is 1500 feet high and steep without being craggy. The town is half a mile from the railway station and the traveller has already seen the hill in good



perspective before he begins the ascent. I assume that no generous minded person ever drives or rides a mule. St. Benedict doubtless went afoot and something of the pilgrim spirit will stir the most modern man whom curiosity leads to the old monastic retreat. He will forget, or he ought to forget, the corruption of the later middle ages and of the renaissance: and remembering the vigour of monasticism in its prime he will feel bound to follow St. Benedict and walk. A serpentine road, better than any street in Montreal, leads by easy grades to the summit, but this is a recent work. The old road was similar to that which shook Horace up so on his famous trip to Brindisi. It serves now for a footpath and leads through thickets where, in the February of my visit, wood anemones and white hepaticas prophesied of spring. The Benedictines always built their monasteries on hills just as the Cistercians always built theirs in river valleys. Had not the views from Monte Cassino been what they are the tradition might have become different. For nearly half the year the surrounding Apennines are snow-clad. The Mount stands exactly in the angle of two valleys and commands a never-failing contrast between the unredeemable savagery of rocky peaks and the fertility of smooth, irrigated corn fields. St. Benedict could hardly have found in all Europe, "from Byzantium to Spain," a spot better suited to his purpose. The mystic may in a few instances be oblivious to his surroundings, but in so far the success of the contemplative life depends on a suitable location, Monte Cassino leaves nothing to be desired.

Visitors are excluded from the convent between 12 and 3.30. Let us pretend that we reach the gate at 3.15 and while awaiting admission run over in fancy what St. Benedict did for the world.

On the front of the church of St. John Lateran at Rome is carved the inscription, "*Omnium urbis et orbis ecclesiarum mater et caput.*" Monte Cassino is the St. John Lateran of Latin monasticism. St. Benedict himself was born about 480.

He belonged to an old Umbrian family and was educated at Rome. Legend has entwined itself about his life and we are often at a loss to distinguish truth from fiction. At any rate Benedict was so shocked by the profligacy of "Babylon" that he fled from it to the upper waters of the Anio in the Sabine mountains. At Subiaco he found a vacant cave and made it his home. Here he began to practise the austerities of an ascetic Christianity. One would not like to vouch for the stories spread by later Benedictines of the jealousy of other hermits in the region and of their attempts to poison and lead astray the saintly noble. For thirty years Benedict remained at Subiaco which, under his influence, became a focus of religious ardour and effort. He was fifty years old when he turned his face southwards and began the real work of his life. The paganism of Campania was slow to die and a temple of Apollo at Cassino was still frequented and revered in the second quarter of the sixth century. Benedict by his preaching overthrew this last outpost of the old gods and erected on its site two chapels, one to St. John Baptist, the other to St. Martin of Tours. He then withdrew to the summit of Monte Cassino and planned the organisation of a great religious brotherhood.

I should probably obscure the position of St. Benedict as a distinct pioneer of civilisation if I went into a minute examination of the rules of his order. It will be enough to touch upon two or three of its outstanding features. Let it not be supposed, for instance, that Benedict invented ascetic habits or the celibate ideal of life. These far antedate Christianity and had already been carried in the east to excessive lengths. The monks of the Thebaid and the pillar saints lived for themselves alone and made no effort to save the wicked world from whose allurements they fled to the desert. The essence of Benedictine monasticism is its practical nature, its implied censure of Levantine devotees. I suppose very few of us believe in the warfare between spirit and matter, and its corollary that material pleasures are in themselves evil. Manicheanism under-

lies all monastic repression and we live in a humanistic age. But we must be on our guard against making St. Benedict responsible for what seem now the evils of his system. Asceticism was in the air in the sixth century. St. Benedict turned it to the advantage of European society. By the use of strong common sense he prevented fantastic extravagances and made his followers "helpers and friends of mankind." The corner-stone of Benedictine monasticism is the institution of the three vows, Poverty, Chastity and Obedience. The end proposed is spiritual perfection,—or its nearest human approach: the means, contemplation, prayer and work. The Rule became the written constitution or charter of thousands of houses all over Europe. It was more than once reformed in the sense of increased stringency, but it remained the undisputed western type till the rise of the Carthusian order. Nothing is easier than to make game of monks or to censure monasticism. Boccaccio has done the one pretty effectively, and Luther the other. The fact remains that during the critical period of our civilisation, the Dark Ages, the time when the indispensable link between classical and modern was almost broken, the monks of the Benedictine order spreading from Monte Cassino were the truest friends of social stability and intellectual culture. Charlemagne, the political genius of the period, based his whole educational system on the recognition of their superiority.

But to return. At the beginning of this digression we were waiting outside the gates of Monte Cassino. Besides general reflections on Benedictine history comes the further reflection that only by a chance is Monte Cassino a monastery at the present day. Technically speaking it is not a monastery but a "national monument" in the ownership of the Italian government. During the years immediately following the battle of Novara, 1849, Piedmont found herself in severe straits for money. A large part of the land was in the hands of religious corporations and exempt from taxation. Through the efforts

of D'Azeglio and Cavour a policy of "secularisation" was adopted and the Piedmontese policy has been followed in Italy since 1862. When Garibaldi was dictator at Naples after his conquest of Sicily with the immortal "Mille" the fate of Monte Cassino hung in the balance, for Garibaldi was strongly anti-clerical. Then, and in later doubtful times, Mr. Gladstone and Lord Acton have been able to befriend the Benedictines of Monte Cassino and to save them from extinction. Sixty monks are still permitted to reside in their old home and to conduct a school. They are expected to admit no new novices, but I have heard that a moderate breach of this rule is winked at by the government.

One goes up a steep slope to the very gate of the convent and on entering is first impressed by the eighteenth century appearance of the cloister. It is not a question of finding sixth or even twelfth century architecture. In actual structure we have older monasteries in Canada. The reason why all traces of earlier buildings on the same site have disappeared is that about once a century an earthquake destroys cloister and church. The convent is large, far too large for its present needs, but it is hardly more beautiful than a barrack. One has to go to the Library to be reminded of the days when the abbot of Monte Cassino could afford, in a worldly way, to decline the Papacy.

The manuscripts, running back to the sixth century, are extraordinarily fine. Just before my visit the prior had discovered some marginal annotations made by St. Thomas Aquinas when he was a student at Monte Cassino, and he showed them to me with as much pride as if the "angelic doctor" had been a Benedictine instead of a Dominican. The archives proper are more remarkable still. An unbroken series of papal bulls and letters relating to the monastery forms, the impressive centrepiece of a collection containing hundreds of imperial, royal, and princely letters. These documents are well housed and cared for. I should think that a list of the ten

best mediæval libraries would be sure to include Monte Cassino.

After all, a seat at the refectory board and a night in one of the cells give one the best idea of monastic existence. Experience is more realistic than the testimony of archives. Thin soup, four smelts, with bread and wine *ad libitum* were one's portion at dinner. Visitors do not dine with the brethren, but separately. Only one other visitor was in the convent at the time I speak of. He was a German pilgrim who supposing me to be a Roman Catholic from my presence at Monte Cassino found it difficult to understand why I did not conform to all the usages of the place, including 4 a.m. mass. He had been in New York and regarded himself a thorough man of the world while keeping a good Catholic. The night was one of vigil, for the cold and damp of the cell combined with the hardness of the pallet made sleep impossible. At 6 o'clock black coffee and a roll were brought in. After that one of the brethren, Frate Candido showed me the monastery from top to bottom, from printing-press to kitchen, from the cell of St. Benedict to the choir stalls of the rococo church. I cannot say enough of the courtesy I received or of the candour of the monks I met from the prior down, although they knew that I was of another faith than theirs.

Several pieces of English verse relate to monasteries and to the monastic ideal. Two of the most familiar are Matthew Arnold's "Grande Chartreuse" and Louis Stevenson's "Our Lady of the snows." Neither of these,—Stevenson by the way is out of sympathy with everything monastic, seemed to me while at Monte Cassino to touch the true cord of monastic aloofness so well as Dante in a few lines which refer to the poet's feeling towards mundane things when, gazing

into the eyes of Beatrice, he is raised from sphere to sphere. "O insensate care of mortals, how defective are the syllogisms which make thee downward beat thy wings. One was following the law, and one was devoting himself to logic, and one to the priesthood; and one was seeking to reign by force or by sophisms, and one to rob; and one was giving himself over to civil business; one enmeshed in the pleasures of the flesh was wearying himself, and one was taking his ease, when I from all these things released was thus with Beatrice so gloriously received on high." The mediæval monk did at times release himself from the bondage of all the interests thus enumerated and created for himself an atmosphere of pure contemplation.

Italy is a land of constant surprises and contrast. The meeting ground of many forms of civilisation, it includes types of each within a narrow geographical compass. I had just come from Paestum. What a gulf between the Doric temple standing in a wide plain, by the seashore, with every fluting of its many columns a tribute of Greek skill to an ideal of grace, symmetry, intelligence, and the sombre monastery which sheltered the fainting spirit when the storm came, and made it strong to breast the storm! We English are always fond of drawing a moral. I have not placed Paestum and Monte Cassino side by side for the purpose of drawing a moral. The inferences are many and defy compression in a single final phrase. But one conclusion seems to me safe. Every great ideal answering the needs of serious people is a permanent contribution to the universal treasury, and the modern world in seeking to fix its aims must draw largely up a the whole content of this treasury.

C. W. COLBY.



[POSTHUMOUS POEMS OF CAPT. GOUN.]

**There Is None I Love Like Thee.**

Laval may boast of subtler brain;  
 Toronto may have greater skill;  
 Queen's may have more of wisdom's grain,  
 And Ottawa, than thou, McGill.  
 New Brunswick may be smarter far,  
 And old Dalhousie by the sea;  
 But these to me as strangers are,  
 And there is none I love like thee.

Elsewhere professors steeped in lore  
 May draw the youth from far and near  
 To seize the treasures of their store,  
 More precious gems than thou hast here.  
 Elsewhere the academic mill  
 May finer grind for the degree; —  
 Thou grindest fine enough, McGill;  
 And there is none I love like thee.

[POSTHUMOUS POEMS OF H. C. BUNNER, Editor of Puck.]

**Behold the Deeds!**

*(Chant—Royals)*

[Being the Plaint of Adolphe Culpepper-Ferguson, Salesman of Fancy Novels, he'd in default of his Landlady for a "failure to connect" on Saturday night.]

I.

I would that all men my hard case might know,  
 How grievously I suffer for no sin;  
 I, Adolphe Culpepper-Ferguson, for lo!  
 I of my landlady am locked in,  
 For being short on this sad Saturday,  
 Nor having shekels of silver wherewith to pay:  
 She has turned and is departed with my key;  
 Wherefore, not even as other boarders free,  
 I sing (as prisoners to their dun, con-stones  
 When for ten days they expiate a spree);  
 Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones!

II.

One night and one day have I wept my woe;  
 Nor wot I, when the sorrow doth begin,  
 If I will have to write to Briggs & Co.,  
 To pray them to advance the requisite tin  
 For ransom of their salesman, that he may  
 Go forth as other boarders go away—  
 As those I hear now flocking from their tea,  
 Led by the daughter of my landlady,  
 Piano-ward. This day for all my moans,  
 Dry bread and water have been served me.  
 Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones.

III.

Miss Amabel Jones is musical, and so  
 The heart of the young hr-boarder doth win,  
 Playing "The Maiden's Prayer" adagio—  
 That fetcheth him, as fetcheth the "bunco skin"  
 The innocent rustic. For my part, I pray:  
 That Badarjewska maid may wait for aye

Ere sits she with a lover, as did we  
 Once sit together, Amabel! Can it be  
 That all that arduous wooing not atones  
 For Saturday shortness of trade dollars three?  
 Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones!

IV.

Yea! she forgets the arm that once was wont to go  
 Around her waist. She wears a buckle whose pin  
 Galleth the crook of the young man's elbow.  
 I forget not, for I that youth have been,  
 Smith was a foretime the Lothario gay.  
 Yet once, I mind me, Smith was forced to stay  
 Close in his room. Not calm, as I, was he  
 But his noise brought no pleasure, verily.  
 Small ease he gat of playing on the boxes  
 Or hammering on his stove-pipe, that I see.  
 Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones.

V.

Thou, for whose fear the figurative crow  
 I eat, accused be thou and all thy kin!  
 Thee will I show up—yea, up will I show  
 Thy too thick buckwheats, and thy tea too thin.  
 Ay! here I dare thee, ready for the fray:  
 Thou dost not "keep a first-class house" I say!  
 It does not with the advertisement agree.  
 Thou lodgest a Briton with a Puggaree.  
 And thou hast harbored Jacobses and Cohus,  
 Also a Mulligan. Thus denounce I thee!  
 Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones!

*Envoi.*

Boarders! the worst I have not told to ye:  
 She has stolen my trousers, that I may not see  
 Privily by the window. Hence these groans.  
 There is no fleeing in a robe de nuit.  
 Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones!

THE BOOKMAN.

## A Summer's Story.

IT was a cold, rainy, October night, and Harry Brabazon had just taken a glance out of the window and thanked his lucky stars that he had not to go out as he threw himself into his arm-chair and filling his pipe mechanically while he looked around his room with a satisfied air entirely pleased with himself and his handwork. He had just arrived in town that morning for the term, and with that wild, fierce energy which characterizes us all at that end of the game, had at once secured a comfortable room on the College Avenue, and immediately started to put things into shape: all afternoon he had been busy putting up his shelves and placing his books in order, hanging a new cosy pair of curtains surreptitiously "annexed" from the paternal mansion, and moving the furniture generally all round the room till it gradually found its way back to where his stout landlady had originally placed it, which he thought was a great improvement. After a dinner at the café, where almost every mouthful was interlarded with, "Hello, Jack, when did you come?" or a "Well, old boy, back for another year's grind: "Oh, you bet I had a bully summer;" or similar greetings to other students, he had hurried back and spent a most bewildering hour decorating his den: first came the big picture of last year's football team, which was hung on every side of the room in turn before he was satisfied, then, what appeared to him, innumerable pictures, small water colours, college groups, engravings, finally hosts of photographs taken that summer, each with its own associations, and especially where laughing eyes looked out of pretty sunburnt faces, very pleasant associations at that. At last they were all up, and it was only natural that Harry Brabazon should look around complacently as he snuggled into his arm-chair and lit his pipe, for he had succeeded in making very comfortable quarters for himself in which he was to spend his final year in medicine. It was a typical student's

room, typical rather of that class of student which though by no means wealthy, is able to live comfortably; having about it that peculiar something which at once distinguishes the college man from other inhabitants of boarding houses, arising to some extent from the college groups, teams, and photos of supernaturally professional looking young men, with gown and hood very much in evidence, indicating comrades of former and higher years "not lost but gone before." The tennis racket, hung over the graduating group of his Arts class night, it is true, have belonged to anyone, but surely that pair of pewters with the college crest, won on the old tug of war team, hanging on each side suspended with college ribbon, were not without their peculiar significance, while that miscellaneous collection of pipes, old and new, lying scattered in the centre of the bottom leaf of the bookshelf, gave a hint of heavy grinds far on into the night after the dissecting work was over.

However, in a short time, the feeling of complacency with which Brabazon was regarding his Penates was wearing off, and he was fast reaching that state of pleasant misery which we all know so well, when we think at the beginning of the term, of the terrible amount of work ahead of us and contrast it with the delightful laziness of vacation, when his attention was attracted by some one talking at the hall door, soon followed by the thump, thump on the staircase, that inevitable sign of a cabby carefully conveying some one's baggage upstairs, with all that delightful indifference as to whether the trunk or the staircase breaks first, which is the privilege of urban Jehus.

"Who the dickens is that, I wonder?" Then in a somewhat sadder tone, "Some other poor devil with a year's work ahead of him, some fresh man probably, with wonder in his eyes and a perpetually choking in his throat, who has said good-bye to his family for the first time and is

tortured with vague fears of terrible hazing ahead of him. By Jove, I wonder if I could sell him any books; guess I'll go and look." soloquised Brabazon, quite wakened up at the thought of getting rid of the remainder of his old Arts books, as he gets out of his chair and opens the door.

' Hello, why it's Punt! How are you old man, are you going to hang out here? Jove, I'm glad; put it there boy. I was going to write you before I came down so that we might get rooms together this year as we did last year, but I was too lazy."

" Yes, it's me all right enough Brab. Wait till I pay this sharker of a cabman, who wants to rob me of every cent I have to pay my board, and I'm with you. There now, he's fixed; well, how are you old fellow, anyway; I won't say I'm glad to see you here, for I'm hang sorry to see anyone in this old hole with another blessed year's work ahead of me. Is this your room? Moses, but you're snug. You always did fix up your kennel well anyway. Wait till I get together whatever splinters of my trunk that cabman has left into my room and I'll come back."

If you could only see the comically rueful face on Punt as he lights the gas in his room, you would at once understand how it is that Arthur Mewburn, to give him his proper name, is one of the popular men of the fourth year Science. Ask any one of the men who he is and you will almost invariably hear, " Oh, he's an awfully decent little chap, Punt, straight as a die, any amount of sand, and a terror to plug as well."

If you don't know Punt I cannot describe him, for he is one of those peculiar fellows whose face once seen you remember perfectly, but for the life of you cannot picture to any one else, unless it be to say that he has a short but well set up figure, a round, pleasant, freckled face, topped with short curly hair, with a comical little laugh which you can't resist, and it is only when you see that round face grow almost square with determination when playing an interference game with his opposing wing on the other team that

you realize that this boyish-looking youth has much of the make up of a man in him.

Fifteen minutes later Punt strolled into Brabazon's room saying, " It's a pretty chilly night, Brab, what do you say to a sniffer, I have some American whiskey still in my flask. Great idea! Hold on. I'll ask that new landlady of ours for some hot water for a shave and we'll have a cosy drink and smoke."

" Punt, you're a genius of the first water; I rather think I could put up with a little something, but you can store your Ananias qualities for another occasion as I have a small kettle right on the spot, so we can heat the water here. It will be my treat for the water, you can bring in the rest."

The preliminaries were soon settled, and after a few sips the boys were entering into a discussion on the merits of the Canadian and Scotch articles compared with the American Old Crow, when suddenly Brabazon interrupted himself in the middle of a most eloquent dissertation on Jamieson's Irish, to say: " By the way, Punt, what was this thrilling tale some of the fellows told me about you, I heard it up at the Muskoka lakes, some yarn about your doing yourself proud and rescuing a fair American with an untold money attachment from a watery grave. What was it anyway, I hope the lady's 'pappa' came down handsome and gave you a half interest in a gold mine, or a brewery, or something. Oh, Punt: whew. Just think of it. A share in a brewery, I would go and stay with you all summer and drink innumerable 'skeins.' What's the matter, boy, what are you looking so serious about. I beg your pardon, Punt, I was only chaffing, I really didn't think you'd mind."

Brabazon was not without reason for his apology: the boyish laugh had altogether left Punt's face and was replaced by a sadder and more determined look which indicated that he was not in reality the mere boy he appeared, as he lay on the sofa and puffed away for a minute or so before replying.

"That's all right, Brab, I know you didn't mean it, but you caught me on a tender rib just then. So you heard about that affair, did you? Everyone down where I was talked a lot of rubbish about heroics and all that sort of stuff, but there was really nothing in it. I had intended not to let it out, but as you have heard it I may as well 'fess it to you. I have thought about it a good deal, and have come to the conclusion that I made more of a fool than a hero of myself. Push me that tobacco tin till I fill my pipe again as it is a somewhat windy yarn."

I think you must have met Lucy Bristol when she was up here last year attending the girls' fraternity convention as the representative from Haward Annex, or at least you must have heard me speak of her. She was an awfully pretty girl, not one of those startlingly stylish sort that scare a man out of his boots and makes him wish he was back in his study again, but a rather quiet kind of girl until you got to know her well, when she became as jolly a little woman as you would meet anywhere. As you know I'm not much of a girler, and would sooner attend one of our college dinners than all the dances in Christendom, but I must confess that I did thoroughly enjoy that convention ball as I was lucky enough to get three dances with Miss Bristol. Say, you must remember her old man, because I recollect when we accidentally broke upon a very promising flirtation you were having in that little alcove under the stairs, and I was apologising to you in our rooms after the dance for my intrusion, but you seemed more interested in the girl I was with than in my regrets. Well, anyway, after that dance, I felt that I was undeniably experiencing the symptoms of a decidedly severe attack of heart disease. I had the satisfaction of knowing that my diagnosis, as you would say, was perfectly accurate after I had met her a couple of times that week. However, she left to go back to Harvard in a few days, and as exams were coming on the following month, I had to buckle down for a stiff grind which leaves a man mighty little time for feeling broken up

on anybody, and when college was over I had almost forgotten her.

You may remember I left here the night that we had that snug little supper, about a week after convocation, to go up surveying near North Bay, and as they were only on the work till the end of June I decided to take a run down the Portland coast for a loaf, so I packed up my duds, not forgetting to take enough of pipe tobacco, for you can't get decent tobacco in the States, also a fair supply of the elixir that cheers only, if taken in cautious quantities, and checked myself for Jackson's Beach.

After I had secured my room at the hotel, I went down and lay on the beach where the people were bathing, enjoying myself thoroughly, watching all the new faces and trying to get an idea of their owners, when I was startled by a quiet, "How do you do, Mr P——. Oh, I beg your pardon, Mr. Mewburn." I looked up, and—yes, you're right—it was Miss Bristol, in one of the prettiest bathing costumes you ever saw. You can imagine my astonishment, old man. I shook hands with her, perhaps, just a *little*, bit longer than was necessary, and then plunged into an incoherent flow of balderdash about the weather, the convention, the bathing, the hotel, the people, and everything else, making an ass of myself as every fellow does when he meets unexpectedly a girl that he is interested in. In fact, I suppose I would have talked away without a break had I not noticed some one beside her who was very evidently sizing me up, so I came to an abrupt finish in the middle of a sentence, and I believe I would have commenced shaking hands with her again in my confusion, had she not come to my rescue by saying that she had seen me in the hotel when I came in and had made certain who it really was by looking at the register while I was upstairs. Then, turning to the man beside her, "Mr. Carpenter, I want to introduce you to Mr. Mewburn."

As we shook hands I must confess that I felt just a little bit uneasy. He was such a good-looking chap as he stood there in his bathing

suit, and as the two of them started down to the surf, I could not help feeling that Mr. Carpenter might be a drawback to my enjoyment. The worst of it was that I could not help liking the beggar. Although we only had had a few words, you could see at a glance that he was a gentleman, without any of that hotel clerk showiness which one so often meets with among men at the seaside. He was about six feet two, splendidly set up, and with a refined but very jolly manner, and was, as I found out afterwards, an artist by profession.

Well, to cut things short, old man, it only took two sets of tennis after dinner, followed by a stroll down to the grand rocks at the side of the beach, to convince me that I was in for a very bad attack, and that Lucy Bristol was the only girl who could nurse me out of it; but it also only took a couple of hours in the ball-room in the evening to shew me that the fever was contagious, as Carpenter was also down with it, and had probably been invalided for some time, and this opinion was not lessened in any way when he came up to my room to have a "meditator" after the dance, and in the course of a chat about the guests in general remarked quietly that Miss Bristol "Was really delightful girl, with such a kind, sympathetic disposition." It was said in such a gentlemanly way that I could find no fault with the statement, although some way I could not enthuse over it.

The weeks went by very pleasantly between the piazzas, the beach, bathing, the rocks and bicycling, and I managed to spend a good deal of time with her ladyship, and very delightful time, too, for she had not a trace of the learned young lady about her, and was as jolly as possible. There also was no getting round the fact that she liked having both of us dancing attendance on her, but some way I had an half-formed inward conviction that I was very decidedly in the running. The only fault I found was that she was too jolly, for several times when we would have little moonlight excursions to the beach, and the occasion seemed eminently adapt-

ed for something else than funny stories of her college life, and to call for more quiet and infinitely sweeter subjects, I found myself faced by that same jolly manner every time that I tried gently to lead the conversations into paths more in consonance with our environments. Really, Brab, it was beastly annoying, because by that time, I was no longer "struck," I was simply head over ears, wildly, in love with her. . . Brab.

Once I remember, after we had been sitting out a dance in the little inglenook in the ball-room, I came out simply furious with myself for not having proposed then and there as I had intended to do when I went in, and without any reason for not doing so as far as I could see. I was so disgusted that I skipped the other dances and paced up and down the piazza saying things to myself, and soon ran plump into Carpenter, who was walking with her, of course, and having a glorious time.

One day I was struck with a simply gorgeous idea, planned it all out and had the thing started in no time, it was to give a grand bonfire and marsh mallow bake on the rocks for the amusement of the kids and, incidentally, to get Lucy down to it, away from the crowd and find out then and there if it was time for me to pack my things and get out or stay on—well—until she and her mother left.

As soon as I mentioned the idea, the first one I mean, I was the popular man in the hotel, the blessed kids were delighted, the mothers thought it so kind of me to take so much trouble, and Lucy's mamma said I was the "most good-natured young man she had met for a long time." After I had almost broken the bank hiring men to build the fire, arranging for a little refreshment and investing in unlimited gumminess in the shape of marsh mallows, I went off to arrange my own part of the amexe. I may have been mistaken Brab, but I could swear that that girl's face fell considerably when I proposed the idea, for she had only the day before arranged to paddle across the bay with Carpenter and to call on some friends



at the Elephant Head rocks, and would not be back till about nine o'clock. When, perhaps I wasn't mad, perhaps I didn't anathemize the bonfire, the kids, the mothers, the whole hotel, and particularly that infernal good looking artist. But there was no backing out of the bonfire. I had let myself in and had to see it through, although I was not as keen as I had been over the affair. The day passed some way, and I don't want many more to pass like it, I worked like a Trojan to get things ready, taking a breather now and then to go off by myself and make remarks which were not intended for general edification in confidence to the rocks.

At last the agony was over, and kids had simply plastered themselves inside and out with charcoal and marsh mallows, the fire was burning almost out leaving only a huge red glow with occasional spears of flame so we all set out to the hotel which was quite near us. I grimed and bowed continually like one of those grotesque cats whose heads are attached to the bodies by a string and keep up a continual abeiance, as I underwent the thanks of the kids and their maternal ancestors, then the first chance I got I took my coat and slipped back to the rocks and watched that fire.

I suppose there are times Brab that every one must have felt, times you don't care to speak about much, you I know must have experienced them, times indeed which it is very difficult to describe as they are hard to analyze, when ones' whole soul, so to speak, simply seems to throb with deep feeling, when one's imagination seems to be absolutely burning, it is so vivid and you can see and hear through it things you never dream of in ordinary life, times when ideas which one might in ordinary circumstances dismiss cynically as mawkishly sentimental seem to become invested with an almost religious intensity and absolutely demand the most sincere reverence, when the whole of a hundred different feelings seem coalesced into a beautiful peacefulness and to be a near approach to a man's vague ideas of the Ideal. You must know what I mean Brab, it rarely comes, but when it does no man however

professedly cynical or irreligious can go through it without being deeply impressed. Well that was what it was like when I got back to the rocks. The night was dark and the red glow of that huge pile of embers seemed to change the masses of rock into the most magnificent castles and the huge surf waves of the incoming tide leaps upon them like a wild army for the phosphorence made such jet of spray look like a blade of steel. Then as I lay there beside the fire I imagined the cliffs to be a grand cathedral and the deafening roar of the water a magnificent deep toned organ of which the splash and hissing sound of the waves as they struck the rocks were the higher keys, while they pealed out magnificent music something like the wild uncontrolled passion of the works of the masters.

It may all seem nonsense to you you philistines as you sit there in your chair grinning like a Cheshire cat with your pipe in your mouth, but laugh as you will, I can tell you it was perfectly heavenly to me as I sat there and listened, for through it all, and all weaved up in it, were ideas of Lucy, of her future and mine.

Suddenly, I heard a loud cry, quite a long distance out from where I was, but not very far from the end of the arm of the rocks at the side. There is no use going into hysterics over it now, but I can tell you my boy it was exciting and sensational enough, when I recognized Lucy's voice and realized in a second that she and Carpenter were paddling home, and instead of keeping far out and making detour to the other side of the rocks where there was no surf, that they had seen the light and come in too far and been caught in the incoming tide waves. A glance at a wave as it smashed in with terrific force, made me feel what would happen if Lucy got carried in to the large angle of boulders over which I had been sitting, and I almost lost my head for a moment. Then the next thing I knew I was clambering over the rocks at the side where they ran out, shouting like a madman.

When I got out to the end there was just light enough so see two long objects shoot past me on a

wave—the canoes—and I could hear them splinter as they struck.

Its all very well to talk about heroics Brab, but I defy any one to do anything else than as I did when I saw something come up a little distance out. Luckily I dived into a receding wave and it carried me out just beside Lucy. She was conscious, and it was only her grit that saved us, for had she grabbed me in her arms we would both be in kingdom come by now; but she just put a hand on each shoulder and held on; then a wave threw us in and we just shot to the side of a rock that would have broken us in pieces. I let my feet down and I tell you I was more than pleased when I felt the bottom. I gripped her round the waist and after a hard struggle with the undertow got her landed. Then, for the first time I thought of Carpenter, and it was lucky for him I did, for just at that second he was being carried on for the point of the rocks upon which we were standing. I got in up to my knees and grabbed him before he hit. At first I thought he was a goner, but found that he was only unconscious.

Well, I left them safe and started for the hotel, and of course, there was old Harry to pay. In a moment the whole outfit came down like a flying wedge, and in a short time we got them up to the house. The poor girl had fainted in the meantime, and I commenced to feel a little squeamish myself until some person poured a decidedly lengthy hooker into me, and I commenced to feel more like the original Punt. Of course, everybody had to make a fool of themselves, and of me too, when they heard the account, and those who didn't shake hands with me added more salt water to my already not very dry shoulders, especially poor Mrs. Bristol, who was decidedly pluvius in her gratitude.

Before I turned in I went to see Carpenter. The doctor was still at him and he was just becoming conscious. It was a beastly, selfish thing to do, but as I thought it over in my room I could not help feeling that I had stolen a march on the artist that time sure, for I had noticed a peculiar huskiness in Lucy's voice as she told me in the

hotel that she owed her life to me; although she was very quiet about it compared to the other people who didn't owe me anything. I made up my mind then and there, before I went to sleep, that I would take the first opportunity of trying to realize on the debt she had spoken of, and began to feel quite sorry for poor Carpenter.

Poor old boy, I knew he was awfully gone on her, and he was really such a hang decent chap that it seemed hard luck for him.

Next morning, although I was pretty stiff physically, I felt like a two-year old, simply tickled to death with my good luck, and only wondering if I could get a chance to pop the question before breakfast; but just as I was dressed the doctor came in to say that Carpenter was better and would like to see me.

I didn't want to go in one way; it seemed so mean to pay a sick call on a fellow you were just going to cut out, and I felt in such hilarious spirits that I knew it would be hard to look sympathetic; but once I went in and saw his pale, handsome face as he lay there with his arm in a splint, all my exultation melted away, and I could only pity him.

"Punt, we men can't weep over each other's shoulders like some women do by way of thanks, but you saved my life, and you can measure my gratitude by that."

Then his voice shook just a little, as he took my hand, and said:

"But you did more than that, Mewburn. You saved Lucy, and you can measure my life-long gratitude for that when I tell you that it was only yesterday afternoon that she promised to be my wife. Her mother even doesn't know of it yet."

Heavens! things whirled round for a moment, and the only consolation I have is that some way I put up a huge bluff, and shook hands with him again as I wished him every possible happiness. No, I didn't take much breakfast that morning; indeed, the only thing I did take after a short talk with Lucy, was the next train.

Got any more of that whiskey there? No, I'll take it neat; I'm going to bed; good night, Brab.

And as Brabazon heard his door shut with a slam, he said, "Poor old Punt, he was hard hit that time for sure."

S. C.

## McGill Undergraduates Literary Society.

The first meeting of this society for session 1896-97 was held in the Arts building on Saturday, Sept. 26th, at 8 o'clock. In the absence of the president and vice-presidents, Mr. Rogers, Law '96, was voted to the chair. It was then decided that the question of rechanging the evening of meeting to Friday should be determined next Saturday, and the business of the evening, viz: the election of officers for the ensuing year, was proceeded with. It resulted as follows:

President, A. R. McMaster, Arts '97.  
 First Vice-President, R. H. Rogers, B. A., Law '97.  
 Second Vice-President, W. S. Bishop, Arts '98.  
 Treasurer, A. K. Trenholme, Arts '97.  
 Secretary, J. A. Ewing, Law '97.  
 Recording Secretary, — Horsfall, Arts 1900.  
 Committee: Howard, Archibald, McLeod, Colby, Robertson. Reporters: Campbell and Duff.

The meeting then resolved itself into committee for the selection of a subject for debate at next meeting, and having reported thereon, adjourned on motion of Mr. Saxe.

### Classical Club.

The opening meeting of the Classical Club was held in the Classical Seminary room of the Library, on Monday evening, the 28th ult., at 8 o'clock. The following officers were unanimously elected for the ensuing session:

Honorary President, The Principal.  
 President, A. Judson Eaton M.A., Ph.D.  
 First Vice-President, J. Godfrey Saxe, Arts '97.  
 Second Vice-President, T. R. Macmillan, Arts '97.  
 Secretary, M. Casewell Heine, Arts '97.  
 Honorary Treasurer, Charles E. Moyse, B.A.  
 Treasurer, D. Walter Munn, Arts '98.  
 Reporter, W. G. Turner, Med 1900.  
 Executive Committee: E. Edwin Howard, Law '98;  
 J. Claude Hickson, Law '98; Mr. Slack, B.A.

Among those present were Principal Peterson, Prof. Eaton, Prof. Cox, Prof. Carter, Mr. Slack, B.A., and a large number of the members. In the course of a few remarks, Principal Peterson said that the study of the classics here in McGill

would soon take on a real living form. He explained how a classical environment, such as illustrations of classical scenes, busts of famous men, maps and plans of cities would make the study of the so-called dead languages full of life and interest, and he spoke of a collection of views, etc., the most recent and the very finest that Germany or England can produce, which is on its way to this side. This valuable collection, in securing which the Principal himself has expended much time and money, will be a noteworthy addition to the study of classics at this university, and its arrival will be eagerly expected by all lovers of the study of what was great and noble in the life of Greece and Rome.

### The Y. M. C. A.

With the session of 1896-97 the Young Men's Christian Association of McGill University enters upon the thirteenth year of its existence, and bids fair to outdo all former achievements in the prosecution of its useful work.

From very small beginnings, and in spite of the greatest difficulties, the Association has grown and prospered till it has attained its present enviable position among college societies. It has now a larger voluntary membership than any other student organization in the University, and is the only one possessing a local habitation of its own.

The rooms of the Association presented an animated appearance on the evenings of Thursday, Friday and Saturday of last week, when the new students in Arts, Applied Science and Medicine respectively, were entertained. A large number of freshmen accepted the invitation of the Social Committee, and with music, games and friendly companionship, spent a very enjoyable evening.

In soliciting the support of the students, new and old, the Y. M. C. A. makes no apology; it merely points to what it has done, what it is doing and what it is working towards, and submits these to the unbiased consideration of thoughtful men. By careful planning and unremitting effort, it has come to exercise a potent influence in the University, and it looks forward with the utmost confidence to the achievement of still greater things in the same manner.

## Notes from the Faculty of Arts.

Work is again well under way in the "Faculty." Our classes are more numerous than ever and everything points to a most successful academic year. We extend a hearty welcome to the new members of our classical staff. We feel that this is only the first step in the amelioration and general development of the Arts Faculty which we feel confident will take place before many years are past.

Prof. Carter, formerly exhibitor of Balliol College, Oxford, has been for the past nine years senior classical master of St. Paul's School, London. While there he had the reputation of being the best teacher in the best taught school in England. His work has been mainly in Greek, but he recognizes that it is impossible to teach Greek successfully with constant reference to

Latin and other literatures. Prof. Carter is a man of indomitable energy and a never-failing fund of cheerfulness. He inspires his pupils with a respect which soon deepens into affection.

Mr. S. B. Slack was a scholar of Balliol College, Oxford, where he obtained the distinction of honorable mention for the Craven scholarships. After several years experience of school teaching, he went to Germany, where he studied first at Strasbourg, and then at Minchen with Professors Wollin and Iwan Müller, under whom he attended special courses on Palaeography, Sanskrit, Philology, Roman History, Roman Antiquities, and Byzantine Greek. He was then for one year a lecturer at Firth College, Sheffield, where he was considered as a profoundly learned classical scholar.

### Quills from the Easter Wing.

The Faculty elections were held on Tuesday, Sept. 15th, and resulted as follows: - President, F. M. Cole, '97; Vice-President, Chas. Iles, '98; Secretary, W. F. Carter, '99; Faculty Reporter, G. Hugh Semple.

The Freshies made themselves at home immediately. They were kind enough (?) to choose a secretary for the Faculty. The Senior Years beg to express their best thanks to '99 for relieving them, without their consent, of this onerous and momentous duty.

On Wednesday, September 23rd, the "Constitution, based on parliamentary and other rules," was introduced, discussed and passed under "spiritualistic" auspices. One member, in particular, was "full" of eloquence and he took every opportunity of uncorking it.

Mr. E. E. Howard, '98, was unanimously elected treasurer of the Faculty at this meeting.

The Moot Court has received the hearty support of the Acting Dean and the Secretary of the

Faculty. The students elected three able and energetic representatives in Messrs. Smyth, Howard and Ives. But one thing remains now to assure an exceptionally successful year for our time-honored Court, and that is the undivided support of all the students. It is earnestly hoped that they will be present at all the sittings of the Court, and take part in the discussions. The Court was once a very important factor in the Law Faculty. Why not bring it back to its pristine excellence?

### Arts Notes.

A well attended and enthusiastic meeting of the Junior Year was held on Wednesday, the 23rd of September. The election of officers resulted as follows:—

President, R. C. Paterson.  
Vice-President, J. G. Stephens  
Secretary, D. W. Munn.  
Class Reporter, A. H. Maclaren.

Mr. A. H. Grace was appointed representative on the Finance Committee, Messrs. Todd and

Campbell were chosen as representatives on the Reading-room Committee.

Our number has been somewhat impaired by the hard ordeal of last April, and by other causes, but we still have a large class left to undergo the future cross-examinations of the professors. From present indications all the Honor Courses will be filled.

Prof. E——n (translating) "Expulsis sapientie professoribus," teachers of wisdom should be expelled. A smile passed over the faces of the class, but the professor spoiled the joke by remarking that "sapientie" referred not to classics, but specially to philosophy.

We are glad to welcome among us Mr. Bates, a former member of the class of '96, but who has been out of college for the last two years. We concur with him in the opinion, which he expressed at our meeting, that he has fallen in with as fine a class as that to which he formerly belonged.

#### Fourth Year.

The Fourth Year held the meeting for the election of class officers for '96-'97 on Wednesday noon, September 23rd. The elections, which were made unanimous, resulted as follows:—

President, Mr Campbell Howard.  
 Vice President, Mr. John Armstrong.  
 Secretary, Mr. Lawrence Macfarlane.  
 Reading Room Representatives, Mr. R. P. Campbell and Mr. John Willis.  
 Representatives to Treasury Fund, Mr. J. G. Saxe and Mr. E. M. Campbell.  
 Reporter, Mr. A. R. McMaster.

Short speeches were made on the duties of the year in regard to college sports and societies by the President, Mr. Howard, and also by Messrs. Lane, Archibald and McMaster. It is hoped that the enthusiasm manifested by the year concerning the Literary Society and football will bring forth much fruit.

Dr. K——hi.—The power entrusted to the Roman father gave him the right of life and death over his progeny. The bonds of nature,

however, prevented a father from chopping off his son's head *frequently*.

Kind Roman fathers! they as a rule never did *it more than once*.

#### Third Year.

The following are the fortunate students who have won scholarships, exhibitions or bursaries:

Third Year.—Mathematics—Gardner, Miss Brooks.  
 Natural Science—N. Duff.  
 Classic and Modern Languages—Muun, Heine.  
 Second Year.—Robertson, Ferguson, Bruce.  
 First Year—Exhibitions—Ainley, Nutter, Ozden N. H. Dey L. Smith.  
 Bursaries—Cochrane E. Brooks.

#### Second Year.

The election of officers has been held and the following officers elected:

President, F. S. Patch.  
 Vice-President C. C. Ferguson.  
 Secretary, W. G. Browne.  
 Reporter, E. A. Burke.  
 Reading Room Committee, L. Robertson,  
 R. K. McLuny.

Mr. N. M. Trenholme, Arts '96, has gone down to Harvard to pursue his post-graduate studies in History. We are sure Mr. Trenholme will do credit both to himself and his Alma Mater.

#### DONALDA NOTES.

We are glad to see so many new and promising students this year and extend to one and all a sincere welcome.

The Senior class regret exceedingly that one of their number is unable to be with them this year.

On Friday, September 25th, a business meeting was held which resulted in the re-election of Miss Cameron as President; the other officers being Vice President, Miss Galt; Secretary, Miss Doull; Class Reporter, Miss Rugg.

THIRD YEAR.—The following officers have been elected in the Third year:

President, H. Brooks.  
 Vice-President, F. Cameron.  
 Secretary-Treasurer, V. Dover.  
 Class Reporter, K. Bourkeright.

SECOND YEAR.—The officers for the Second year are as follows:

President, Miss Finley.  
Vice-President, Miss King.  
Secretary, Miss Radford.  
Class Reporter, Miss Potter.

We are glad to welcome Miss Howden from Stanstead among us this year.

Universal satisfaction is felt that Miss Brooks has obtained the mathematical scholarship.

We are glad to welcome Miss Seifert from Morrin College into our number. As against the one entering we are sorry to record that three have dropped out.

Miss Jean Cowan, who was a "freshie" two years ago, instead of finishing out the course prescribed by our respected Alma Mater, has seen fit, in conjunction with some one else, to arrange for a longer course. May it indeed be a long one and a prosperous one. No doubt many of our year will avail themselves of the kind invitation to witness her wedding on Sept. 30th.

#### Feathers from the East Wing.

The Donalds have returned to resume their studies with renewed vigour this year. All are glad to come back to their Alma Mater and have determined that this year shall be the most successful and satisfactory in the annals of the East Wing.

#### Y W. C. A.

At our first meeting of this new year on September 25th, Miss Ross gave a short address on the object of the Association. Miss Botterell then spoke on a text from Zeptaniah. She urged us to give our hearts wholly to Christ, so that He shall dwell within us, and all our thoughts and acts shall be guided by His presence.

#### Science Jottings.

After a few readjustments of the calendar everything is now in good working order and running like the parts of a well built machine. Nearly all the boys in the senior years are back and not a few graduates. We extend a hearty welcome to the Freshmen and trust that

even the VERY juvenile members of the class will profit by coming to our college.

The elections in the Fourth Year have resulted as follows:

President, G. Drinkwater.  
Vice-President, R. L. Haycock.  
Secretary Treasurer, J. E. McDonald.  
Reporter, J. M. Turnbull.  
Reading-Room Committee, F. H. White,  
W. F. Counal.

This year we welcome four new professors who have been appointed during the holidays and who will prove a valuable addition to the already efficient staff

Prof. S. H. Capper, M.A., Assoc. R.J., R. A. McDonald, professor of Architecture, is a distinguished graduate of Edinburgh University, and has spent many years in Spain, Portugal, France and Italy in pursuit of the study of architecture, being first a pupil of Sir Robert Morier, and later, of Mons J. Pascal. He is an eminent member of his profession, having designed many large and important buildings, such as Whitewitch O-phange, Glasgow, University Hall buildings, Eliuburgh, and many others of like note.

Prof. Capper has also had large experience as a lecturer, principally in connection with his Alma Mater. He possesses tact and courtesy, and has the power of attracting the respect and affection of his students. We feel sure that Prof. Capper will meet with the success he deserves in opening and organizing this new department in our faculty.

J. B. Porter, Ph. D., professor of mining and metallurgy, is well qualified, both by experience and education, for the chair to which he is appointed. He is a graduate of the School of Mines of Columbia University, and has immense experience in practice of nearly all the various branches of mining, engineering, and has been professor of Mining and Metallurgy in the University of Cincinnati.

Dr. Porter has great skill in organizing and inspires enthusiasm in others. He has a natural talent for arrangement and classification, a talent which is of immense value to himself and the students in this branch of engineering.

Mr. Herbert W. Umney, assistant professor of Civil Engineering, is an associate member of the Institute of Civil Engineers (Eng.), and also of the Institute of Mechanical Engineers (Eng.) He spent six years at Dulwich College and afterwards took a full engineering

course in Yorkshire College of Victoria University. He has had great experience in the employ of various engineering firms of high repute in England. Mr Umney is an able speaker and has the ability of presenting his subject in a clear, lucid manner.

Mr. Henry F. Armstrong, assistant professor of Free-hand Drawing and Descriptive Geometry, has been highly successful both as a student and as a teacher of the art of drawing. He established for himself a splendid reputation by his work in art training schools at

Leeds, South Kensington and at London. He is the author of a textbook on Solid Geometry and Orthographic Projection, which has been very well received by the teaching profession in Great Britain. Mr Armstrong's natural genius for art and aptitude for teaching will greatly strengthen the drawing department.

For such eminent professional men and for the new building which is springing up in huge proportions we are deeply grateful to our kind and wise benefactor.

## Athletics.

### Football.

Never has the tide of athletic feeling run so strongly in McGill as at the present moment. Captain Schwartz is taking it at the flood, and we feel confident that it will lead him on to victory. There has never been in the history of football at McGill such a lot of good, new material; and while no doubt, the team will feel severely the loss of such men as King, Trenholme and Brunelle, at the same time Captain Schwartz has already found several promising men for the positions. The enthusiasm roused by the inter-class matches held last year is now making itself felt, and at our first practice this year there were no less than seventy men out. This means splendid material for our second and third teams. There is no reason at all to prevent McGill carrying off all three championships this year.

A more systematic training than has hitherto been in vogue, is being adopted. Captain Schwartz is adopting a custom which has been tried for a long time with great success in the American colleges and which Toronto has adopted during the past few years. The idea is to get out new men, who are fitted physically in every way for the game, but who have never played before. These men are trained in the way they should go, and being strong and heavy, prove very valuable material.

The team can play well even though the audience be against them, but they can play infinitely better when they know that every foot of ground they gain will be watched and cheered by hundreds of McGill men. Every man who can possibly do so owes it to his college to turn out as spectators if they are not on the team. Turn out, then, everyone, and "root" for Old McGill. More matches are won by "rooting" than is dreamt of in undergraduate philosophy.

The new grand stand will be appreciated both by the players and by the public. It has long been a crying want at McGill.

"Sports' Day" is drawing nigh, and the men may

now be seen training hard. Medicine suffers a great loss, athletically, by the absence of four such men as Tees, Campbell, Irvine and Craig.

Moore, of Science, is still with us, and any one who wishes to win the "hundred" from him will have to do it in very quick time.

Harvey is jumping well this year.

The bicycle races, at present, seem in the nature of a foregone conclusion for Cousirat.

The schedule of the football matches is as follows:—

#### SCHEDULE OF MATCHES, 1897.

SERIES SERIES.		
Date	Teams.	Grounds.
Oct. 1	Ottawa City vs. Montreal	Ottawa City.
" 3	Britannia vs. Ottawa College	Britannia.
" 10	McGill vs. Britannia	McGill.
" 15	Ottawa College vs. Ottawa City	Ottawa College
" 17	Montreal vs. Ottawa College	Montreal.
" 24	Ottawa College vs. McGill	Ottawa College
" 24	Britannia vs. Montreal	Britannia.
" 31	Ottawa City vs. Britannia	Ottawa City.
" 31	Montreal vs. McGill	Montreal.
Nov. 7	McGill vs. Ottawa City	McGill.

#### INTERMEDIATE SERIES—FIRST ROUND.

A	Sept. 26	Lemoyville vs. Quebec	Lemoyville.
A	Oct. 3	Quebec vs. Lemoyville	Quebec.
B	" 10	Montreal vs. McGill	Montreal.
B	" 17	McGill vs. Montreal	McGill.

#### SECOND ROUND.

Oct. 14th and 15th.—Winners of A play winners of B Home and Home Matches.

#### JUNIOR SERIES.

Sept. 26	Quebec vs. Montreal	Quebec.
Oct. 3	Montreal vs. Britannia	Montreal.
" 10	Quebec vs. Britannia	Quebec.
" 17	Britannia vs. McGill	Britannia.
" 24	Montreal vs. McGill	Montreal.
" 31	McGill vs. Quebec	McGill.

### McGill Cricket Club.

Although we cannot record an unbroken series of victories, the success of the club during the season of 1896 has been such as to afford the greatest satisfaction to the members. The first eleven played twelve matches in all. Of these seven were won, four lost, and one drawn. It is a matter of regret to lovers of the game

that there are not more teams of the first order in the neighborhood of Montreal. As it is, there are only two clubs with whom we play which can be considered on a par with McGill. These are Montreal and Ottawa. Five games were played with the former, resulting in two wins each and one match drawn. With Ottawa two games were played, each team winning one.

The other match lost was against Bishop's College on 23rd May. This defeat can be accounted for by the fact that only a part of our regular team were available for the occasion, and even under these adverse conditions had there been time to complete the second innings the result would undoubtedly have been reversed.

Our second eleven played only four games, winning three and losing one.

Prizes are awarded each season for the best averages in batting and bowling, the conditions being that to obtain a batting average a player must have played in at least five innings, and for a bowling average 100 balls at least must have been bowled.

Mr. George Lyman heads the list in batting with the splendid average of 21.4 for 9 innings, and Mr. H. C. Hill, who has had the honor of demoralizing many an opposing team in previous years is again to the fore with the ball. His analysis reads, 1009 balls, 59 maidens, 318 runs, 77 wickets; average 4.13. (A full list of averages is appended hereto.)

In order to give those interested in our club some idea of the standing of Montreal cricketers, mention should be made of the team which visited Toronto in September. We have always contended that the McGill club deserved a place on any representative Canadian team selected to play in the annual international match with the United States, but in spite of our protestations this team has in the past been composed almost exclusively of Toronto and Halifax men. With the idea of proving our assertions as well as to enjoy a pleasant holiday, a team selected from the McGill and Montreal clubs went to Toronto in September and played against Rosedale and Toronto, two of the crack Western teams. On these two teams were playing most of the men who had just returned from defeating the Americans in Philadelphia, but notwithstanding this fact, our representatives had the honor of coming off victorious on both occasions, and we trust they clearly demonstrated to the Westerners that cricket can be played in Montreal. It is our earnest hope that in the future McGill may be allotted a place on the Canadian team.

The Committee desire to bring the Cricket Club as prominently as possible before the notice of students, it being their earnest wish to make it as distinctly as possible a University Club. It is impossible to do this in

the strict sense of the word, for in that case we would be forced to suspend operations altogether during the months of July and August, when the University is closed. The authorities fully recognizing this fact, allow us a non-academic membership of twenty on condition, however, that the officers of the club shall all be either graduates or students, the outside members being allowed one representative on the executive committee.

The Executive for 1896 is:

President, Prof. C. E. Moyses.

Vice President, A. R. Oughtred, B.C.L.

Secretary-Treasurer, A. B. Wood, B.A.

Captain, E. H. McLea, Sci. '99.

Committee, F. W. Hibbard, B.C.L., J. F.

Mackie, B.C.L., C. A. Peters, Med. '98 and

Geo. Lyman.

### McGill Tennis Club.

On Saturday, September 26th, the Tennis Club closed a very successful season. The courts opened on May 23rd, and during the season several very delightful "teas" have been given under the auspices of Mrs. Peterson, Mrs. Callendar and other ladies of the University.

A league was formed this year comprising Montreal, Lachine and McGill. Home and Home matches were played with these clubs. In the league McGill easily won first place, taking 19 out of a possible 20 points. It is only due to the Cote St. Antoine Club to say that while not members of the "League," they won easily both their matches against McGill. It gives us the greatest pleasure to note that all those playing on the team are men connected in some way with the University.

The following are the members who played upon the team:—

SINGLES.—Prof. Callendar, H. Jacquays, Dr. Wyld, S. G. Archibald.

DOUBLES.—J. K. Kennedy, H. B. Wallis, H. Trenholme, J. O. Nicholson, Campbell Howard, J. E. Saxe, P. Aylmer.

### Legal Briefs.

A question for the exam. paper: "Which is the more preferable for a learned Counsel: a savage or a smiling countenance?"

A question for S—d—s: "Who endorsed the cheque?"

What a mockery to have a notice posted on the class room door to the effect that Rugby practice begins at 4.15; to be told by our Acting Dean that he hopes we will go in for football; and then to have the roll called at 4.10! It's too bad.



## Exchanges.

The commencement number of the "Bow Lan Oriënt" comes to our table as fresh and breezy as the woods of its native province of Maine. This special number is wholly devoted to the proceedings attending Commencement. "They manage these things better in England," opined the Laird as he worked at Little Belton, and so may we of McGill say "They manage these things better in the States." The ceremony of capping is surrounded there with pomp and circumstance, and many times-honored observances calculated to give to admiring cousins and friends an adequate idea of the graduates' new dignity. The class elect a class poet, historian, valedictorian and orator; there is a class prophet even, whose duty it is "to scratch their secrets from the Fates," as he phrases it, and present a good humor'd biography of the students as they will be in 1911. The different effusions are all printed in this number, and are throughout of a high order of merit. We mention with special approval the class day poem, and the commencement oration, on "The Passing of War."

The April number of the Ottawa "Owl" is as bright and readable as usual. The contributions are varied and interesting; they include a carefully written article on "Burke's Influence on the British Constitution," a study of "Elaine," with several productions of a lighter order. Its editorials are models of vigorous writing.

"Acta Victoriana," from Victoria University, is one of the most acceptable of our exchanges; we are always sure of finding something solid, artistic and interesting in its columns. The May number is well up to the average; an article on "Romance" is specially good, evincing wide reading and much thought. "Labor and Capital" form the subject of a thoughtful essay. The usual quota of personals and locals make up an interesting number.

The "Mitre," from Lennoxville, though small in size is always bright and entertaining. The June number is mainly devoted to events of Convocation week, and contains no article of special depth. The editorials are always good, and an article on "Literary Leisure"

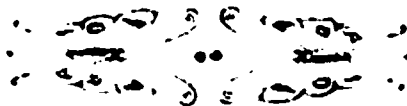
contains some sage remarks couched in elegant language. We will not be considered egotistical if we publish the following compliment to our predecessors in office:—

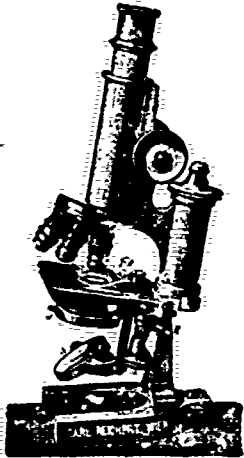
"Within the past year the McGill 'Fortnightly' has come regularly to hand and is a magazine of great scope and high standing. The 'Mitre' believes that its metropolitan University brother has greatly improved within the last year and new life seems to have been given to it. One noticeable feature has been the editorial comments, which have throughout the academical year been written in strong though graceful style. Much pleasure and some amusement was derived for us from the perusal of the pleasant editorial war between the McGill 'Fortnightly' and the Montreal 'Gazette.' We are delighted to be able to congratulate the former for its high ideal of journalism, and the acuteness and courtesy with which it conducted its fight with one of the greatest and best of Canadian daily papers."

That all have not the same flattering opinion of our merits, is evidenced by the following clipping which, please notice, we print verbatim and literatim. It is from the Mount Alison "Argosy," and is that paper's courteous answer to some well meant criticisms on our part. We will never offend again. After some disparaging remarks, the "Argosy" proceeds:

"If the 'Fortnightly' expects more from the 'Argosy' coming from Mt. Alison which it says and truthfully, has been growing the past few years, what can we think, what can the public think of the 'Fortnightly,' which represents such a great institution as McGill,—and what a 'Fortnightly.' We beg leave to say in conclusion that to the almost universally conceded fact that no celebrities in any walk of life ever passed away without meeting at least his equal, one instance has always stood out in history's page until recently, as a grand exception; but alas! he is now only a worthy second, for Balaam's ass has now to take a position behind the exchange editor of the 'Fortnightly.'"

"Quid rides, amici."





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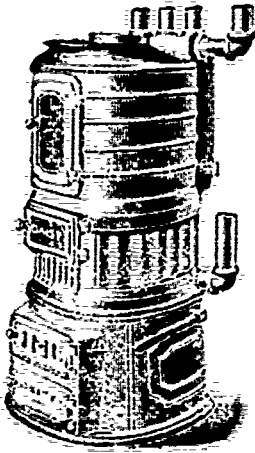
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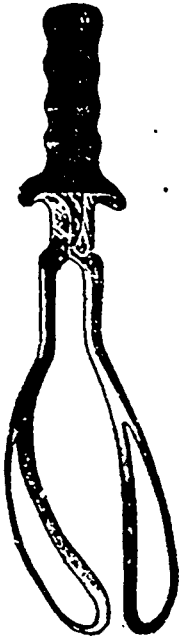
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