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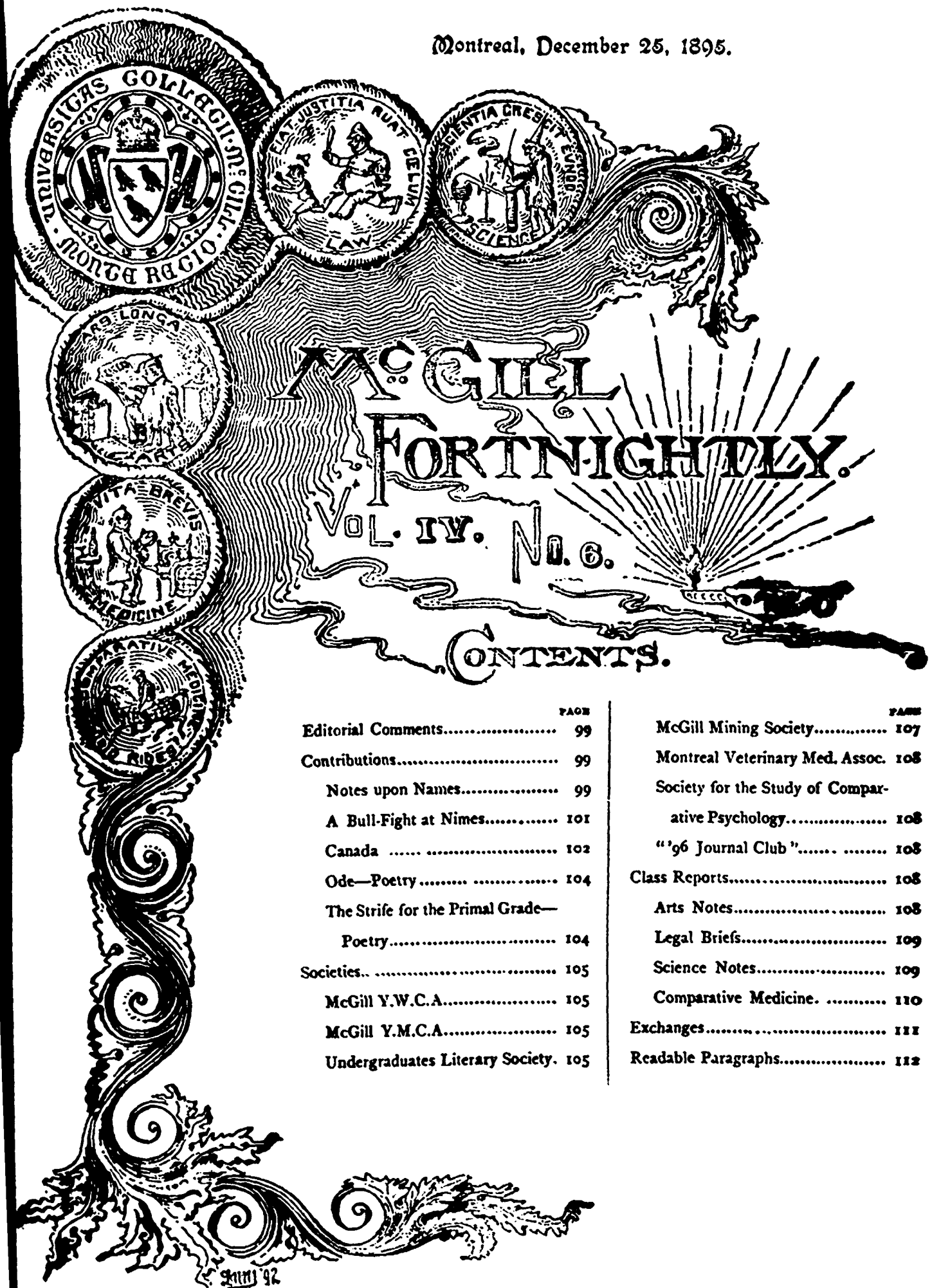
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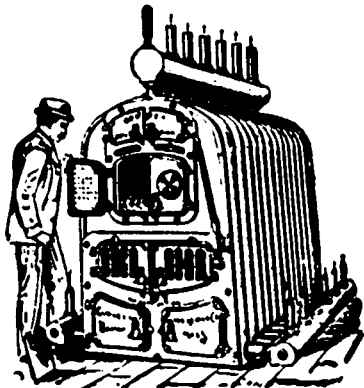


MCGILL FORTNIGHTLY.

VOL. IV. No. 6.

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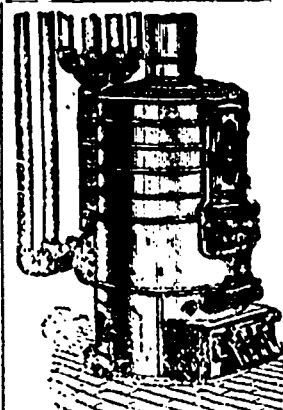
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EDITORIAL COMMENTS.

On looking over an old group photograph taken in our Freshman year, composed entirely of natives of one small town, we were struck by the fact that many, nearly all, had passed out of our life, and that we now knew little or nothing of all but two or three. The only bond of union that ever brought us together before the camera being that of a common birth-place.

It is the same bond that is tightening and drawing in the Old McGill graduates in Toronto, New York and Chicago, to band themselves together lest they forget their common intellectual birth-place.

It is a healthy and encouraging sign that the old boys begin to ask about, and take an interest in, their College; and although the opportunities of meeting them may be few and the intervals long, we cannot but feel the influence for good of these graduate societies, each a centre from which will spring loyalty and pride in their Alma Mater.

We have felt the need of some manifestation of this feeling for years to counteract the, deadening apathy that is so apt to pervade the collegiate atmosphere everywhere in Canada, and this stirring among the dry bones will, we hope, result in an

"exceeding great army" of graduates, ready and eager to lend a hand in everything that will quicken and solidify the progress that has marked the history of the University in recent years.

Owing to the stress of Christmas examinations, our class reports are somewhat meagre for this issue. This, however, is not a cause of complaint, as we cannot expect our Class Reporters to sacrifice much of their valuable time on the very eve of the Christmas ordeal. By the time this issue of the FORTNIGHTLY appears, however, the examinations will be finished, many of the students will have departed for their holidays, and silence will reign in college corridors. It is to be hoped that students will carry away with them the lively satisfaction which flows from a consciousness of one half-session's work, at least, well and thoroughly done, indication of which will no doubt presently appear in the Christmas returns. This, with the anticipation of a pleasant holiday and rest, ought to make every student-traveller happy. Meanwhile, to all, students and readers, the FORTNIGHTLY wishes all the joys of the season—a truly Merry Xmas and Happy New Year.

The next issue of the FORTNIGHTLY will be published towards the close of the holidays. Unavoidably there will be neither Society nor Class reports. Nevertheless the editors are glad to be able to announce that a full Number will be forthcoming, several contributions of unusual interest having been reserved.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

NOTES UPON NAMES.

Of course the reader will ask with Shakespeare, "What's in a name?" Well, Carlyle shall answer: He insists that "there is much,—nay, almost all in a name. The name," he continues, "is the earliest garment wrapt around the earth, to which it thence, "forth cleaves more tenaciously than the very skin—"There are names which have lasted nigh thirty cen-

"turies. Not only all common speech, but science, "poetry itself—if thou consider it—is no other than a "right naming." Then again, the old philosophers thought a good deal of names; there were the several schools, and those of the "Nominalists" and "Realists,"—the first holding that all general ideas are but *names*, the other as strenuously insisting that ideas are the *essence of things*. The philological feud has been going on for centuries, and is none the nearer adjustment than when it began.

Do you still persist in asking, What's in a name? Put the question to yourself, Is your own patronymic nothing to you? Rather, is it not more interesting to you than any other vocal sound? Is it not, indeed, indissolubly connected with your hopes and fears, joys and sorrows,—nay, with your reputation and your very existence itself?

The fact is, a name is something to a man. To some, is it not a passport to fame and renown?—to others, a badge of shame and reproach? Who, then, will dispute the question, or dare to undervalue the little verbal adjunct to his existence,—his name? True, it is conferred, or rather imposed, upon him without consultation or consent; but, as it is in accordance with a custom which has received the sanction of law, there is no demurring against it. How could we get along in the world without names? What incessant confusion would take place as to who's who. Even the most insignificant waif of humanity, if without almost anything else, is sure to have a name given to him by his progenitor, or some benevolent philanthropist. Possibly, the name conferred upon the helpless one may savour of the circumstances or locality in which he was found, but the endowment lasts through life, and puts him permanently in the nominative case.

According to a classic motto,—*Bonum omen, bonum nomen*—a good name is a good omen; and Shakespeare affirms that,

"Good name in man or woman
"Is the immediate jewel of their souls."

May we not, therefore, transpose the question before us, and put it thus: What is there not in a name? Since then it is the representative and inseparable associate of its possessor, is it not both natural and right that we should guard it from assault, and prize it more than gems and all precious metals? Had we no name, indeed, we should be worse off than Peter Schlemihl, who had no shadow, he having, it is said, sold it to the devil.

How should we become known to one another were we unable to call each other names? Thus much as to personal names.

Without names, what would become of our national archives, and the records of fame, our commerce,

our social and civil affairs? A name is therefore evidently a *sine qua non* in civilization. Even among the rudest tribes, it is not easy to imagine that names were not in vogue to designate persons as well as things; although it has been surmised that the ancient Scythians were like some of the tribes of the Wild Bushmen, nameless! Fortune, who is represented as being blind, has even sometimes determined questions of great moment by—name, an instance being that of a certain Spanish maiden who, because she was endowed with a poetic *name*, won the crown of France, over the rival charms of her more beautiful sister. Names renowned are towers of strength. Names are not merely nominal things; they possess a mystic power, and sometimes sway the destinies of empires. What a potent charm was enshrined in the name Napoleon to all France! What terror it carried to her beleaguered hostile hosts! Are names not mnemonics of ancient heroism and martial achievements? Those world-renowned names, Cæsar, Alexander, Philip of Macedon and Charlemagne?

The origin of names is, of course, coeval with the race. The primal pair had their proper names direct from the Creator; and Adam was divinely instructed to designate the lower orders of creation by name.

In the earliest ages, our patriarchal ancestors seem to have been content with a single name. It was when the Romans agreed with the Sabines that they should annex their names with their own, that what we call surnames commenced. The Romans, in process of time, multiplied their surnames to distinguish the particular branches of a family, to which they sometimes added a third to perpetuate the memory of some remarkable event, such as that of Africanus, assumed by Scipio, and Torquatus by Manlius. These three different kinds of names were severally distinguished by the terms, *nomen*, *cognomen*, and *agnomen*. The agnomen of the Romans was imitated by other nations, including the English, for the race of their princes, as Edmund Ironside, William Rufus, Edward the Black Prince, Harold Barefoot, and in France, Louis le Débonnaire, etc.

Surnames began to be in general use in England during the reign of Edward the Confessor. The change in nomenclature then took place in populated and civilized European societies, and surnames became the hereditary (family) name. Thus, the baron was named after his estate; the commoner after some local or personal characteristic or craft. Proper, or personal, names may be said long since to have become common, since every Christian or civilized parent imposes upon his offspring an added or Christian name to that which is the family patronymic.

What name shall be given to the little local brevity that has just made his or her advent among us, is the question? Every new-comer, of course,

has an indefeasible right to his name, to his individuality, to be himself and no other; and before this fact, parent and guardian should stand reverently.

Charles Lamb justly protested against imposing inappropriate names upon children, when some one was about to call his hopeful son Nicodemus. No less ludicrous was the custom of our Puritan forefathers, who delighted to adorn their progeny with such patronymics as "Praise-God-Barebones," "Fight-the-Good-Fight-of-Faith," "Kill-Sin," "Make-Peace," "Search-the-Scriptures," "Faint-not," etc. Equally absurd is the folly of designating some scion of obscure origin by the high-sounding and pretentious names of Hannibal, Cæsar, Washington, Napoleon or Wellington.

It is told of a certain bishop, who, having a dislike to the use of Greek and Latin proper names for children, on one occasion thus manifested it: When a child was presented for baptism, on enquiring the name, he was told "Marcus Tullius Cicero!" The incensed bishop replied, "Tut, tut, with your heathenish nonsense. Peter, I baptize thee," and Peter he was called through life.

In an English country-town some years since, a person rejoicing in the appellation of Frogg brought his child to be christened, it was given John, to which was added the maiden name of the mother, *Bull*, so that the name of the little Frogg from that time onward stood John Bull Frogg.

The Celtic prefix to family names in Scotland, Ireland and Wales,—Mac, O', and Ap—each means *son*. The English still retain the old Saxon suffix. For example, Williamson, the son of William; Smithson, the son of Smith. The Norman Fitz means also son, thus Gibbon's son is Fitzgibbon.

Lower, referring to the old custom of the Welsh linking to their own names those of their ancestors six or eight generations back, tells us of a church at Langollen, Wales, dedicated to St. Colin-ap-Gwyn—"nawg-ap-Clyndawg-ap-Cowrda-ap-Cavadoc-Freich-fras-ap-Llyn-Merion-ap-Einion-Yrth-ap-Cunedda-ledig," a name that casts the Dutchman's into the shade. Look at it,—

"Inkvervankodsdorspankinkadrachdern.

QUEVEDO REDIVIVUS.

A BULL-FIGHT AT NIMES.

"Hello! What's this?" said I to McLean, one bright May morning, as we were going up the High street of Montpellier. A huge placard, with a picture of a bull in the classical attitude of rage, head down, tail lifted, nostrils breathing forth fire and smoke, was what had attracted our notice. On closer inspection we found that there was to be a grand bull-fight at

Nimes, in honor of the departure of the soldiers for Madagascar. Everything was to be done in strictly classical style, as at Barcelona or Seville. Six thoroughbred Spanish bulls were to be run.

"McLean," said I, "bull-fights are brutal I know, but, at the same time, I am not going to have one occur within forty miles of me and not go to see it." "Thim's my sentiments," said McLean; and so, one beautifully bright May morning, you might have seen us on our way to Nimes by the early morning express. Arriving at Nimes at eight a.m., we had plenty of time to see the town.

I do not intend to write you a "Baedeker," so will refrain from giving you a description of the "Maison-Carée," or "La Fontaine," or the famous tower, or any of the other beautiful sights of this old Roman town. At two o'clock we betook ourselves to the "Arena" where the fight was to take place. This arena is, I believe, in the best preservation of all the Roman remains in Gaul. It is something like the Colosseum at Rome, but is, of course, much better preserved. It is capable of holding about 30,000 people, and although on this occasion there were only about 20,000 present, it was a most inspiring sight. The bright dresses of the ladies, the fans and the waving handkerchiefs, and the "beau soleil du Midi" looking down upon it all, made such a picture as one will not soon forget.

At a quarter past two, a large orchestra struck up the Russian national hymn, without which nothing can be done in that ultra-democratic land of France. Immediately after, the cavalcade, consisting of toradors, picadors and their assistants, marched in, while the orchestra played the opening march in Carmen.

The different actors took their places, and all was ready for the fight to begin. At a given signal, a door was opened, and the bull rushed out,—a magnificent animal, huge shoulders, delicate feet, and a most murderous-looking pair of horns. The assistants, who are provided with colored cloths to draw the bull away, when his attentions become too pressing in any particular quarter, jumped lightly over the barrier. The picadors were now left to face the bull. These picadors are mounted on horseback, and are armed with a long spear which has a short but sharp point. The horse is blindfolded, and has a rubber armor underneath to protect him against the bull's horns. This armor is, however, of no real protection, as the bull's horns pierce it with the utmost ease. It only serves to hide the disgusting nature of the wounds from the spectator. The bull, having routed all the assistants, now made a rush for the picador, but was met fairly on the shoulder by the spear. After trying in vain to get his horns under the horse, he had to shear off.

Only the more enraged by the nasty wound which

he had received in the shoulder, the bull charges again, and this time almost succeeds in impaling the horse; only by the most skillful horsemanship was disaster averted. The bull prepares to charge again, and this time with the full determination to succeed. The picador's spear, not planted on just the right spot, seems to slip along the bull's shoulder, and the bull gets in under the horse. Up go horse and rider into the air. A suppressed sob seems to shake the audience: "Ah! le méchant! le méchant! He got him that time." The assistants rush up, and by waving their colored cloths before the bull's eyes, he is quickly drawn off.

If the bull does not seem sufficiently tired for the more delicate work to be done against him on foot, another picador goes through the same performance. In the majority of cases, the picador manages to come off without any serious injury.

The next thing is to place two small sticks, which have sharp barbed points, in the bull's shoulder. As the bull charges, one steps lightly aside, and puts the "bandrilles," as they are called, into his shoulder. A rather delicate piece of work in this respect is to place one of these sticks on either side of the bull's neck. The horns of the bull as he goes by seem to pass right under the fighter's arm; the least slip might mean almost instant death.

After the bull has been thus played with, the really serious part of the performance begins.

As the toreador takes his sword and red cloth, he is greeted with prolonged cheers, a running comment is made upon his manner of attacking the bull. "Look how squarely he goes for him," "No funk is that chap," "If he had only the height of the other man, what a fighter he would make!" and so on and so on. But now he is getting ready to give the stroke which will, if rightly delivered, kill the bull almost instantaneously. Look how skillfully he plays with the bull, leading him on, looking ever for an opening. At last he thinks he sees his chance, and plunges his sword in the bull's shoulder. The sword, however, only goes a few inches into the flesh, and the bull, with an impatient toss, flings it off. A deep groan runs through the audience. "Raté! Raté!" mutter the knowing ones. The toreador feels that on the next stroke hangs his reputation, and works carefully for an opening. This time the sword sinks right to the hilt, and the bull drops instantaneously.

It must be known that there is only a spot about the size of a fifty cent piece where the mortal stroke can be given. It will thus be seen what a delicate matter it is, and how great skill and nerve is required to make a successful toreador. The assistants now run up, and one of them plunges a short dagger in the bull, just behind the horns. This is called the

"coup de grace," and thoroughly assures the death of the bull. Horses come in and drag off the body, and the arena is cleared for the next bull.

It takes on an average about twenty minutes to kill a bull, and six are killed at a properly conducted "course." The other five bulls were killed in much the same manner, although there was of course infinite variety in the detail. One is never sure till the end that it will not be the toreador's turn to die instead of the bull.

One of the most daring things possible occurred during the "running" of the third bull. One of the toreadors, while working with the bull for an opening, suddenly dropped on his knees, right in front of the bull, and not four feet away from him. The bull stood there pawing the ground, and seeming every instant to be on the point of annihilating the man. The toreador knelt, looking fixedly at him. It seemed a contest between will and brute force. I suppose they remained in that position for about thirty seconds, although to us looking on it seemed ages. Finally, the bull gave in and turned away. One can more easily imagine than describe the excitement among the audience. Flowers, handkerchiefs, fans, canes, hats, whatever came to hand, rained down upon the toreador. Such a scene of excitement could only be witnessed among Southern people.

When the sixth bull had been killed, we breathed a sigh of relief that none of the men had been injured.

Three horses had been placed *hors de combat*, and this was quite enough for our delicate English nerves. It is all, I suppose, a matter of getting used to it.

As the train drew out of Nimes on our way home, McLean said to me, "I don't think they will ever have any trouble between amateurs and professionals in that sport."

I heartily agreed with him.

G. A. S., Arts '97.

AU CANADA.

"Thro' the desert waste and wide
Do I glide unespied as I ride!"

Browning.

"And O ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills and Groves,
Think not of any severing of our loves!"

Wordsworth.

At last! What a heavy weight has tumbled from our backs! The soul springs up elastic after its release. To be free! How sweet it is! The last examination over; the weary grinding done; our tattered texts flung high upon the shelf. Books!—away with them!

"Come, hear the woodland linnet!
How sweet his music! On my life,
There's more than wisdom in it."

There is liberty! To be free,—one feels the expansive vivacity of childhood again. Surely the air has a brilliancy all its own to-day. And the breeze—how fresh it is! One trips, one sings;—speech and slow pace are bondage at a time like this. The very passers-by in the streets are smiling. Are they, too, going home to-day? How the bells repeat it! "Home again! Home again!" says the great Cathedral chime beyond the Common, and the old College Bell in the chapel hour by hour responds "Home Home! Home again! Home!"

How time flies to-day! The forenoon is gone; the whistles all about the city are calling the noon hour. A moment for lunch, then to my packing. In they go—clothes, books, knick-knacks, pictures,—in they go. Disorder! They have not long to stay; to-morrow—But haste! There is just time for a last walk up by the old church elms, a spin across the river meadow, then home to supper. Jack was in this forenoon, and I can see Fred on my way down. The hackman has my trunks,—one, two, three; my traps are all right; and those books for G. F. J.—bless him. Fred can leave them. I am off; there's my car. Good-bye.

The long train stands ready to draw out, the ponderous engine fretting and chafing at its head. The cars are filling, valises and bags are stowed under the seats and piled in the corners; the porters hurry by with trunks and boxes for the baggage-car. The conductor walks up and down the platform glancing at his watch from time to time; windows are opened and shut; good-byes are said; hands waved; the engine frets more loudly, blowing off great puffs of steam. The conductor waves his hand; the last passengers spring aboard; the doors slam shut; the engine pants in sudden breaths; we are off. Off for Canada and home!

We steal out of the grimy depot as the bells are striking eight, while the last colors of sunset still linger in the sky. We cross the shining, sluggish Charles, with its oily waters creaming and curling about the river-stakes and sliding in long streaks past the weather-worn piers; we storm across smoky Charlestown with a roar of wheels and a rush of swirling smoke, spin through town after town in racing leaps, and soon have drawn away altogether from the skirts of Boston, and are speeding northward among low hills and placid sheets of water,—*ponds*—as these willful people persist in calling their beautiful little lakelets. For a while we have light enough to see the country we are passing through with distinctness; but soon the sunset light dies out of the west, drawing

with it the flush of color which the lakes had caught in their bosoms and the watching trees upon their turned leaves, and we flee onward into a night of stars.

As the dusk draws on, a weird change comes over the landscape. The objects along the way one after another take on a fantastic life, and join in the dance with us as we speed by, and in that border-land of night the dreams of the old philosophers become real, the earth is ensouled, throbbing with the existence of countless spirits, each with an appreciative life of its own. And as we pass along, a wave of this strange life seems to rise from the earth around us and rush onward on either side, pointing northward with a thousand fingers and bidding us God-speed upon our way. The houses and fences as we draw near come running in towards the line, peer at us breathlessly while we dash by, then fall back again to their proper places as we hurry away from them, with an almost audible sigh that they, too, are not hastening with us towards the northern Hills. Little lakes rise up from the parted earth before the train, and blink at us timidly with their eyes full of stars, then sink wonderingly back as we pass. And streams bubble up from unseen fountains at our side, and rush madly along by us until far outstripped, when they drop unconcernedly aside into some gossipy valley, where a murmurous river winds slowly down to the sea. The reeds and tall wayside grasses take hands and dance around us as we hang above them, nodding their heads gaily, and bidding us be of good cheer, as they wave their bright tresses in the wind. The little breezes perch in flocks upon the train, and sing about the coaches, darting in and out of the open windows, here roguishly tumbling the hair of a child who tries to catch them as they pass, there shyly touching a rose that nestles upon the breast of a maiden, and yonder dropping its fragrance from their shining wings as they fan the brows of a tired mother and her sleeping babe.

The trees lean towards us as we pass, and clap all their tiny hands at our speed; the groves and hills in their endless march backward pause a moment just abreast of us to look; and the black fantastic shadows move their long limbs grotesquely, tugging wildly at their substances the while, in the vain effort to join us in our flight; while overhead the little clouds fly on singly and in groups before us, beckoning us onward, northward and ever northward, till darkness comes down and swallows up the earth with its dancing scenes and its myriad life, and the many-eyed train plunges forward alone through the night.

R. MACDOUGALL.

Cambridge, Mass.

POETRY.

ODE À DU PERRIER SUR LA MORT
DE SA FILLE.*(Maltherte—1555-1628.)*

Ta douleur, Du Perrier, sera donc éternelle ?
Et les tristes discours
Que te met en l'esprit l'amitié paternelle
L'augmenteront toujours ?

Le malheur de ta fille au tombeau descendue,
Par un commun trépas,
Est-ce quelque délale où ta raison perdue
Ne se retrouve pas ?

Je sais de quels appas son enfance était pleine ;
Je n'ai pas entrepris,
Injurieux ami, de soulager ta peine
Avecque son mépris.

Mais elle était du monde où les plus belles choses
Ont le pire destin ;
Et, rose, elle a vécu ce que vivent les roses,
L'espace d'un matin.

La Mort a des rigueurs à nulle autre pareilles ;
On a beau la prier ;
La cruelle qu'elle est se bouche les oreilles,
Et nous laisse crier.

Le pauvre en sa cabane, où le chaume le couvre,
Est sujet à ses lois ;
Et la garde qui veille aux barrières du Louvre
N'en défend pas nos rois.

TRANSLATION.

(By ALFRED ELWES.)

Thy grief, Du Perrier, will it ne'er depart ?
And shall the words of woe,
Paternal love is whispering to thy heart,
For ever make it flow ?

Thy daughter's fate in sinking 'mid the dead,
The lot for all in store,
Is it some maze in which thy reason fled,
Is lost for evermore ?

I know what charms were spread about her youth,
Nor hath been my aim
My injur'd friend ! the fatal blow to soothe
By weakening her fame.

But she was of that world, whose brightest flow'rs
To saddest fate are born ;
A rose, she number'd all a rose's hours,
The space of one bright morn.

Oh ! Death hath rigors beyond all compare,
To pray to her is vain.
The cruel Sprite is deaf to all our care,
He heeds no cry of pain.

Nor man in his hut, whate'er his state,
Must meet the dart she flings ;
And sentries watching at the palace gate
Cannot defend our kings !

THE STRIFE FOR THE PRIMAL GRADE.

I.

Half a year, half a year,
Half a year over,
Each one with bated breath
Strove for the hundred.
Hope for the primal grade !
Oh ! what a fight we made !
Each one with bated breath
Strove for the hundred.

II.

Hope for the primal grade !
Was there a soul afraid ?
Yes, and we sally know
Many had blundered :
Ours not to sit and cry,
Ours but to reason why,
Ours but again to try
And strive for the hundred.

III.

Query to right of us,
Query to left of us,
Query in front of us.
We looked at and wondered ;
As if our doom to tell,
Or like a funeral knell,
Halting our very breath,
Rang out the college bell,
"Try for the hundred."

IV.

Flashed all our pen-points bare,
Flashed all at once in air,
Tackling the "stunners" there,
Guessing an answer, while
Sure we had floundered :
Plunged in a mental smoke,
Thought gone, and heart near broke,
Over some question,
No prompter kindly spoke,
When e'er we blundered,
Sad we went back, with not,
Not the full hundred.

V.

Query to right of us,
Query to left of us,
Query behind us
We'd looked at, and wondered,
Requested some fact to tell,
Truly our hopes soon fell.
We that had "thought" so well
Came from the jaws of death,
Back from the foe to tell
All that we made of them,
Made of the hundred.

VI.

When shall its memory fade ?
O'er the wild guesses made
Professors have wondered.
Honor our real grade :
Honor the mark we made,
Part of the hundred.

NONNEL.

SOCIETIES.

Y. W. C. A.

The subject of the meeting of 6th December, 1895, was "A Redeemer Promised." Miss Doull referred to the promise as found repeated in Isaiah and Hosea. The Jews held the idea that redemption meant "something bought back again for money." Christ was promised to all, and without money. In I Kings 56, Solomon acknowledges that God fulfills His promises, and later, John the Baptist appeared to declare that that promise was about to be revealed.

At our meeting on 13th December, 1895, Miss Brown took up in continuation the subject, "The Redeemer sent." The verse "I am the Lord," Isaiah xlix, was the text chosen. Jews and Gentiles are both forgiven, and His atonement took away the penalty of sin and brings us back to God. The price paid was "physical torment and mental torture," not the fear of Calvary but the dread lest physical strength could not endure. A way to Heaven was revealed, not a description of it. Both leaders took up the subjects in such a way as to leave no doubt of the Promise and its Fulfillment, and the thoughts were so worded as to make all more beautiful.

MCGILL Y. M. C. A.

W. J. Wanless, M.D., travelling secretary for the Students Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, visited our Association on the 7th and 8th inst. Dr. Wanless has had a considerable experience in medical mission work, having labored for about six years in India under the auspices of the American Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. He is at present home on Furlough.

He addressed the Student Volunteers at the residence of Mr. A. C. Leslie, 311 Peel St., on Saturday evening, and on Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock he spoke to the students generally, in the Association Building, and presented the needs of the work in India in a very lucid and forcible manner. He also spoke in the American Presbyterian church at the evening service.

The last meeting of the Fall term was held on Sunday afternoon, 15th December. Mr. Tory presided. The topic was "The Parable of the Sower" Luke viii. 4-15. The meeting was one of the best—because it was most practical—that have been held.

Mr. Tory still continues, we are pleased to say, to have charge of the meetings for the Spring term. They will be resumed again on 12th January.

UNDERGRADUATES LITERARY SOCIETY.

The meeting of this Society, held on 6th December, was very largely attended, considering the near approach of the examinations. The president, in calling the meeting to order, expressed his pleasure at seeing so large a gathering, and congratulated the committee at the same time on procuring a full programme.

One item of business was disposed of before the debate. Mr. Mitchell, president of the Society, and Mr. Robertson, president of the Fourth Year in Arts, were appointed to debate for us against Toronto University.

In the absence of a reader, the Sophomores opened the programme. They sang a hearty song, having words suited to the occasion. A storm of applause called forth an encore.

Mr. Munn, Arts '98, then read a carefully prepared essay on "Woman in Ancient Greece." The subject for debate, if not exactly academical, was at all events very interesting. It is certainly gratifying to feel quite sure that you can hear the last word said on a vexed question by merely attending a meeting of the Literary Society. It was resolved "that the verdict rendered in the Shortis trial was just"

Mr. Archibald, Arts '97, in opening the debate, pointed out that the meaning of the word *just* must be taken as "according to law," and hoped that the speakers would not fall a-bickering over terms when there was so much of real importance to discuss. In the course of his speech Mr. Archibald touched on the following points: that expert testimony proving unsoundness of mind can carry little weight. The opinion of Lord Campbell was adduced to strengthen this contention. Mr. Archibald also thought that the doctors, without being in any sense venal, would be almost certain to find that for which they were set to look. He also insisted on the fact that the Crown was not required to prove the sanity of a prisoner, and that therefore the silence of Dr. Villeneuve should not be construed as a tacit admission of insanity. He also blamed the defence for allowing Shortis to enter the witness box if he were not of sound mind. He maintained that the question of insanity was really the point at issue. By way of calling attention to some of the very sane acts of Shortis at critical periods, Mr. Archibald referred to the letter he wrote to his lawyers, instructing them to base his defence on insanity. Mr. Archibald took his seat amid hearty applause.

Mr. Marler, Law '98, opened the debate for the negative. As an old Arts man Mr. Marler congratulated the Society on its large attendance. He was rather surprised that the examinations could inspire the members with so little fear. Approaching the

resolution from the strictly legal side, Mr. Marler said that expert testimony must be accepted in court so long as the law remained in its present state. He would not contend that expert testimony was necessary in itself, but was compulsory by law. Mr. Marler distinguished between a legal and a moral crime, and quoted Henry Howard, to show that a prisoner shall not suffer death if insane at the exact moment when murder is committed, regardless of his previous or subsequent actions. He contended that in the present case, twelve comparatively ignorant men could not appreciate the testimony of the learned doctors. Mr. Marler did not consider the Gauthier trial as an exact parallel, but adduced the case to prove that medical testimony as to insanity had in at least one instance been accepted as warranty for mental unsoundness. Mr. Marler cited another trial, which he thought was an exact parallel of the present case, that of Hayvern. The prisoner was hanged, and upon subsequent examination his brain was found to be very far from that of the normal human being. Mr. Marler's peroration was also well received by the meeting.

Mr. Rowett, Arts '97, spoke second on the affirmative. In his speech Mr. Rowett exhibited much personal acquaintance with the facts of the murder, and added some local color to the details of the tragedy at Valleyfield. Mr. Rowett saw in the actions of Shortis peculiarities vastly different from those of his relations who had died in mad houses. He admitted that Shortis had shown many eccentricities, but if insane at all it was after notoriety. He saw in the tragedy of March 1st the culmination of the ambition of the convicted. The prisoner had often been called a fool at home, sometimes also at Valleyfield, but in the latter instance the charge was preferred by luckless rivals in love. Mr. Rowett maintained that the application of the word in its graver sense occurred only when a commission was trying to find evidences of insanity. In ending a very forcible speech, Mr. Rowett referred to the deportment of Shortis immediately subsequent to the murder, his apparently cool satisfaction at having attained notoriety, and his very rational desire of being shot on the spot by a friend rather than facing the rigor of the law.

Mr. Stewart, Law '97, was the second speaker on the negative. On taking the platform Mr. Stewart confessed that he was about to make his maiden speech. He hoped the meeting would be able to follow his arguments easily. Mr. Stewart pointed out three theories for determining insanity in a prisoner, and took as the basis of his argument the English standard of the ability to discriminate between right and wrong. The affirmative had called the prisoner a spoilt child, they should really have called him a

spoilt lunatic. He admitted that the Archbishop of Waterford had known the lad well. The speaker thought that in reality the Archbishop new him took well to discover the real insanity which lurked in his boyish pranks. He considered it only natural that when the fond mother asked for a letter of recommendation, reminding the good priest that "never did sun shine upon such a son as this son," that he should grant her request. Coming to the insanity as shown in the Valleyfield murder, he condemned the present system of juries in such cases. They were not only ignorant in regard to the matter before them, but they had taken upon themselves to over-ride the evidence of persons of the highest repute who held opinions contrary to their own. Mr. Stewart differed from his confrères regarding the silence of Dr. Villeneuve. He thought that in this feature of the trial Mr. Macmaster had shown the wisdom of the serpent. Mr. Macmaster knew well, said he, the ignorance of his jury, and acted upon his knowledge. No evidence that Dr. Villeneuve might give could add anything to their stubborn conviction that Shortis was sane. Mr. Stewart went on to prove that the mania of Shortis was purely homicidal in its nature, and that therefore the man might be of apparently sound mental capacity except when seized by the homicidal tendency.

The time limit was reached before the speaker had left this point.

Mr. Stewart also met with a good reception. He is to be congratulated on his maiden speech. Older members of the Society might well give an equal amount of pains to the preparation of their speeches.

Mr. Thomas, Arts '98, was the third speaker on the affirmative. He was left little choice in the subject matter of his speech. It only remained with him to show from the details of the crime that Shortis was quite sane on the 1st of March. It appears that Wilson, the assistant bookkeeper, had a pistol in his desk, and only gave it up to be cleaned after he had withdrawn the cartridges. Shortis was evidently unable to accomplish his purpose with an empty revolver. But when he had returned the weapon and it had been re-loaded, he did not hesitate to snatch it up as Wilson's back was turned, and fire upon the men now at his mercy. The subsequent details were certainly important though ghastly. That the crime was committed solely for the money then in the mill seemed clear to Mr. Thomas, from the fact that only when it was being removed beyond his reach was Shortis incited to the idea of murder. In conclusion, Mr. Thomas alleged that Dr. Villeneuve had not been called on the stand because the jury-men were too ignorant to follow such evidence as he would have given.

Mr. Heine (also of Arts '98) was the third speaker on the negative. Mr. Heine went into the history of insanity in the Shortis family at some length, citing certain laws which apply to the changes which the insane tendency may take in different members of a family. The homicidal mania of Shortis was, he thought, the natural outcome of other forms of mental disease in the same family. Mr. Heine adduced evidence to show that many inmates of asylums possessed capabilities analogous to those of the murderer, and that many of them were intrusted with work very similar to that which Shortis had performed at Valleyfield. He could well imagine the ignorance of parents in respect to certain extraordinary actions of a son away from home. Were fond parents not often deceived about the deportment of their sons while at McGill? Yet no McGill student had ever been tried for insanity. Mr. Heine displayed no little emotion on considering the fact that stern justice was to be allowed its full course. Mr. Macmaster, he said, had signed the petition for a commutation of sentence. Was this not good and sufficient proof of the injustice of the verdict?

In summing up the arguments brought forward by the negative side, Mr. Marler emphasized his contention that the jury was incompetent to appreciate the expert testimony adduced. He said that Dr. Clarke, in his book on the subject, had distinguished between insanity and imbecility. It was no argument that because Shortis was no imbecile that therefore he was not insane. Again expert testimony was required by law, and this had all been in favor of insanity; furthermore, it was conclusive that the jury was doing an injustice in disregarding this evidence. Mr. Marler perorated eloquently in an admonition to vote on the merits of the arguments, and not on any preconceived notions.

Mr. Archibald concluded the debate. He said that his side had been accused of wanting to throw out expert testimony because the jury was too ignorant to understand it. This was not strictly the case. The jury was not composed of ignorant mill hands from Valleyfield, but it had been chosen chiefly from the district of Huntingdon. Some of its members were college men, and doubtless able to give good reasons for their verdict. The reputation of Huntingdon at this College would easily disprove the charge of incompetency and ignorance. Mr. Archibald recalled the fact that Shortis was a desperate man in need of the money he knew to be in the mill. The stupid way in which the convicted had received his sentence was no proof of an unbalanced mind. It had been often paralleled in the annals of the criminal courts. The speaker wished also to repudiate the charge of having insinuated venality on the part of the doctors. He merely had said it was next to

impossible for them not to find that for which they had been set to look. The doctors personally were above the slightest suspicion.

The interest in this debate was sustained to a remarkable degree.

The resolution was carried by a vote of sixteen to seven.

Mr. Campbell, Arts '96, acted as critic. He commented on the matter rather than on the manner of the speeches. He also thought that the Sophomores had overstepped the bounds of College etiquette by introducing into their chorus verses reflecting upon their senior Years. Mr. Macmaster, in moving the adjournment of the meeting, requested the members to give their thoughtful consideration to the motion he had made on a previous occasion. It is moved by Mr. Macmaster that we change our night of meeting from Friday to Saturday. As a vote will probably be taken on this motion at the next meeting, all interested will consult their own interests by attending.

SCRIBUS JUNIOR.

MCGILL MINING SOCIETY.

On Friday evening, 13th December, the usual meeting of the McGill Mining Society was held. President Prof. Carlyle occupying the chair, at which a most enjoyable paper was read by him entitled "The Wealth of Mines."

The reader dealt in a most encouraging manner on the profession of Mining Engineering, and the possibilities of success attending it, if carried on under strictly business principles, proving clearly that the element of luck was a very minor detail, and one to be shunned. He also dealt to some extent with the discovery and rapid development of the mineral deposits on this continent, showing by statistics the marvellous increase in the out-put from year to year.

After the usual vote of thanks was tendered Prof. Carlyle, Vice-President F. Rutherford took the chair, and turned the meeting into one of a social order as a farewell to Prof. Carlyle, who leaves shortly for British Columbia to fill an important Government position.

After the reading and presenting of a short address from the members to Prof. Carlyle, and the partaking of refreshments, the Society was honored by short talks from Dr. Harrington and Dr. Adams, both of whom looked upon the departure of Prof. Carlyle with regret from a university standpoint, but with pleasure for his own sake, believing that in leaving he was certainly bettering his position.

Prof. Carlyle then in a very few words signified his appreciation of what had been said and done, and

hoped that he might see us all again and have the honor of addressing the Society at some future date; whereupon with three cheers and the old song "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," the meeting adjourned.

MONTREAL VETERINARY ASSOCIATION.

A regular meeting was held on Thursday evening. Dr. Baker in the chair.

Minutes of previous meeting were read and approved. The experiment committee reported progress in the investigation of the action of new drugs.

Mr. Charles H. Higgins, B.Sc., read a paper on Bacteriology and its Practical Applications. He gave a brief historical résumé of the development of bacteriological science, and referred to the consequent changes in the practice of medicine.

Mr. J. Greer furnished a case report of Septic Aspiration Pneumonia.

Both communications evoked an animated discussion from the members, and were voted to be of extraordinary merit.

H. D.

SOCIETY FOR THE STUDY OF COMPARATIVE PSYCHOLOGY.

The Society met in the Library on Monday evening, the president, Dr. Mills, occupying the chair.

Mr. Midgley reported some very interesting experiments on the special senses. At the request of the President he will continue his investigations, and report at a future meeting.

Mr. Fred Kee read a valuable paper on "Moral Sense in Animals," which was well received by the members, and evoked many commendatory remarks on the literary and scientific treatment of the subject.

Mr. S. Macnider presented an essay on The Psychology of Man and Animals, in which he compared the psychic processes of the different types.

After a lengthy discussion, in which the papers were well defended, the meeting adjourned.

H. D.

"THE '96 JOURNAL CLUB."

The Club met on Monday evening for the reading and discussion of two meritorious articles from the *Veterinary Magazine*.

Mr. J. Anderson Ness read an article on Nodular Teniasis in Fowls, and another on Accidents Incident to Casting and Confining Animals for Operations.

An interesting and instructive discussion followed.

The reports were then received of experiments with new drugs, after which the meeting adjourned.

F. W. K.

GLASS REPORTS.

ARTS NOTES.

FOURTH YEAR.

Philosophy tells us that the mental states represented by the words "Amo" and "Diligo" are distinguished by the fact that the first is a purely natural passion, while "Diligo" denotes a feeling which is under the dominion of Reason. S——s illustrates as follows: "Young man meets fair girl and says 'Amo'; later, meets some other he likes better, and says 'Diligo' of the first."

Prof.—"Sandstone, when squeezed in the folding of mountain ranges, is altered into Quartzite. So you see what effect squeezing has."

McI.....h.—"Jingo! I'll never do it again."

Reader, pardon the above insertions. Whether it be due to the absence of a true college spirit (as several authorities of other Years say), or to an inherent lack of ability, it is a lamentable fact that the members of the Graduating Class do not make jokes very often. Such as are made are not of the most approved sort, but the unfortunate Class Reporter must needs make use of what comes to him.

THIRD YEAR.

Hop, skip, jump and snap your fingers, oh! Juniors! Leave all dignity to the days to come, and romp beneath the mistletoe as though you were schoolboys again. Say "Avant" to the ghosts of "Study," "Examination" and "Mechanics"; let not spectre-like Chaucers, Plinys nor Zenos beckon you to work! Let not melancholy or foreboding feed upon your damask cheeks, but be merry and grow fat.

The holidays are here. Let them be true holidays,—a passage from care and routine to fun and laziness.

The Xmas-tree, the dance, the ball, the rink, the theatre, all hold forth invitations not to be refused.

Be happy and light-hearted; but, rested, cheered and strengthened by your *congé*, come back to Old McGill ready to work your hardest for yourself, your Year and your College.

"When Mac gently heaved a broad grin
And said 'What a slight boy I am!'
He surely was lying, and he would be dying
If he lived in the land of Siam."

A Junior describes the Arts-Law foot-ball match in the following terse epigram :

Ball very slippery ; mud very thick !
Referee's motto "Lawmen—free kick."

In a Zoology ground :

Student.—"Please, sir, to what family does this little *Metis* belong?"

Weep ye, O readers, for if ye take interest in your fellow-students ye have reason to be sad.

The one-time light-hearted gatherings of '97 have broken up into many parties.

Dusky discord has thrown out its bacteria, and sombre strife has spread its sable subtleties over the once happy Year. A duel has almost been fought! An unworthy Junior spread base slander against a fellow-student. The fellow-student called him out, and *l'affaire d'honneur* was ail but in progress when an unexpected complication set in. The slanderer demanded that the weapons should be snow-balls, while the hero insisted on cap-pistols.

Finally, they compromised on foils. Again the combat was on the eve of coming off, when the slanderer, growing afraid, sued for peace.

The pugnacious germ is not stamped out, however, as the seconds have challenged each other, and will fight at sundown on the twenty-fifth, the weapons being Christmas trees.

SECOND YEAR NOTES.

Exams!!!

FIRST YEAR NOTES.

More Exams!!!

LEGAL BRIEFS.

If the persistent Editor who presses for reports could only see the legal scribe, as he sits down to pen a line or two for his column, he would pity his sad condition. Thin and haggard and pale-faced, and very melancholy, he is in no disposition of body or mind to disport himself gaily, as is his wont, in this sprightly column. For why? as the psalm-book says,

why? Verily, reader, you are slow. Why, the exams of course, the which we have only recently finished,—that is, to say we just finished our last one an hour ago, and there is still racing through our heated brain, all the divisions, and classes, and ramifications of *res* and *personas*, and tutors, and curators, and *adoptios*, mixed up with legal texts of the true Justinian Latin. There is danger of the scribe becoming Roman Law mad. If he does, he will be an exceedingly interesting maniac. Well! it is over, and now we shall all rest.

Our esteemed contemporaries of the First Year have now got a pretty fair taste of real *law* examinations. Many of them profess to be losing faith in written exams. It is a matter, we submit, that might stand investigation. Then other Freshmen were mightily pleased over the paper on Joint Stock Companies. It was short, pointed, and clear, they say, and didn't cover the entire wide range of corporation law, and they had the whole long afternoon to battle with it. We are glad the Freshmen are pleased.

Last week Dr. Trenholme delivered his last lecture to the students. At its conclusion a few words of farewell were addressed to the class. The students of Law feel keenly the loss which the Faculty of Law suffers at the retirement of Dr. Trenholme. He has been more than a friend to them. Three rousing cheers were called for and given as the Dean withdrew from the class-room.

SCIENCE NOTES.

FOURTH YEAR.

Notes are few and far between nowadays, as lectures have stopped, and many of the students have gone home for the holidays. The time of those who remain is well occupied by examinations, which are too serious to be joked about.

The Fourth Year Mechanical and Electrical students finished the term by an excursion to the low level pumping station, on Friday, the 13th, where they spent some hours inspecting the machinery in general and the Columbian pump in particular. The indicators were fitted to this pump, and were kept busy until each student was supplied with a set of cards from high, low, and water cylinders. Owing to an accident to one of the other pumps necessitating the

use of low pressure steam, the pump was not working at "high duty," so that the cards were rather disappointing, as they did not show the characteristic points of "high duty" pump cards.

One of the party (not a student) will remember this visit. He will also remember where the Worthington pumps are made.

At the H—L—exam, C.—"Shall we write what is in the book or what we know about question III?"

Professor.—"Oh! write all you know, I know it is not very much."

The class smiled audibly. W—r thought it so funny he smiled again, and the Prof. said:—Perhaps Mr. W—r can tell us all about it."

W—r neither answered nor smiled.

The old saying "As slow as a snail" has been changed to "As slow as the building of an air compressor," by the Mechanical students.

Those of our students who are taking astronomy have ere this learned of the "immensity of space." In hunting for College news for this issue our reporters have learned to their sorrow the same fact, even the "immensity" only extends over a page of the FORTNIGHTLY.

THIRD YEAR.

H. T.—"How many feet in a knot?"

F. T.—"6160 feet."

H. T.—"Not exactly."

F. T.—"Yes, a knot exactly."

The Reporter, having scoured the whole community in quest of news, retires to his "den" in despair. What, oh ye gods, can be done? There is no one left to make "jooks" now. Some of our number are in the vicinity of the roaring Atlantic, others have gone to the warlike Republic, while still more have fled merely to the neighboring Provinces. Of those who remain, some having nothing to do have gone into a dormant state, while the rest are battling with the fierce tide of examinations. The deluge has even reached the Reporter, and has fairly carried away his stock of notes so that there is nothing left to delight your readers.

SECOND YEAR.

Examinations, which are expected to bring results.

FIRST YEAR.

The French class were surprised to learn, the other day, that the walls of Paris were 500 feet high on the outside.

Is it not bad enough to be fined for a bit of a "scrap", without going into lecture directly afterward and being lectured on "Taxes and sinking funds."

Professor.—Can you explain how + change; to — in passing through 0.

Student.—Why, yes, the 1 line of the + sticks while the — slips through.

COMPARATIVE MEDICINE CLASS NOTES.

Dean McEachran was tendered an ovation by the students on his first appearance in the lecture room after his trip to the Nor'West.

It is to be hoped that no time will be lost in commencing work after the holidays. As one Final man expressed it, the amount of "work to be done before spring is appalling."

Our only Jimmy has signified his intention of accepting a position on the police force, provided he is detailed to patrol St. Catherine street.

Charlie H. has laid in a supply of poultry for the holiday season. Lunches served at the laboratory on short notice.

Have some of the '96 men quarrelled with their barber, or has the "general fund" been depleted?

Elections are rife at this season, and, as a result Mr. John Greer will represent the Faculty on the skating rink committee; Mr. Charles H. Higgins, B.S., will be speaker at the University banquet; and Mr. Wallis, '98, is now "official" soloist for the Faculty.

Look out for the report of the students' annual Christmas concert in the next issue.

"Venus in Modern Literature" is the title of a work to be published in the near future by a '96 man.

The students of the Third Year are very grateful for the valuable information imparted to them as regards the administration of anæsthetics. We have been informed that it is absolutely necessary to remove false teeth and loosen corsets before proceeding to administer the anæsthetic. We take it for granted that this applies more especially to our friend the horse after having placed him in a recumbent position.

Mr. G. H. Lambert will visit New York, Englewood, N.J., and Boston, Mass., during the holidays.

Prof.—"What muscle is this?"

J. G. P.—"The Longus brevis."

Prof.—"No, sir."

J. G. P.—"Yes, sir."

Prof.—"Plucked."

LOST. The Class Reporter for the Second Year. Any information concerning him will be gratefully received.

"Herbert" has once more resumed study, in view of the approaching supplemental in Chemistry.

EXCHANGES.

Copies of *The University Cynic*, from the University of Vermont at Burlington, have been received and read with pleasure. They prove to us that good work may be done by a staff of but four editors. In a sketch of the life of the late Henry Houghton, the *Cynic* brings to our notice one of the noblest sons of the University of Vermont. He was graduated from that University in 1846, and since then has become known to most of us as a partner in the publishing house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. In this sketch the following extract is given from the *New England Magazine*, for October: "Few men in New England have begun life at greater disadvantages, developing, as they were needed, the sterling qualities which lead to success, and not narrowing as life goes on

the range of sympathies and the interest in wider things which constitute public usefulness. The boy who dared to enter college with but a shilling in his pocket, and who closed his life, full of years and of happiness, as the foremost publisher in New England, will long be honored and remembered as a representative New England citizen." These words must surely have inspired the students at Henry Houghton's Alma Mater.

"Sextus" writes an interesting account of the history and management of their "Commons Hall," where table-board is provided for the students at the cost of two dollars and a half per week, the bill of fare being "plain, but ample and substantial."

We envy the men and women of this University their Art Gallery, an interior view of which is given; but when libraries are compared, we feel we have the advantage. Our library's electric light is "free, gratis, for nothing," but we learn through an editorial that in the University of Vermont "gas costs money" when used in the alcoves of the library, and it is suggested, in order to defray the expense, that the students pay "five cents per hour for the privilege of lighting a single alcove."

The *Cynic* verse, of which there is no stinted supply, seems to us especially good for undergraduate production, and if space permitted we would like to quote at large from it. "The Hurdy-Gurdy Man," however, must have a hearing, even though it is only the close of his pathetic tale:

"Old Hurdy-Gurdy, you and I
Will not be missed much when I die;
Your voice is crackel, although you try
To serve your Hurdy-Gurdy man.

"But now you're sadly out of tune,
It is our lives' late afternoon,
And I'll stop grinding pretty soon;—
Old Hudy Gurdy man."

A good college paper from a Canadian town may be sure of a warm welcome from us; such a one is *The Mitre* from Bishop's College, Lennoxville.

We would congratulate the editors on obtaining for their paper such a fine review of the "Life and Letters of Adam Sedgwick," as that which is continued through the first two numbers of *The Mitre*. Perhaps the next best thing to reading the two volumes themselves would be to read this review. The Ven. Archdeacon Roe writes his "Reminiscences of the Earliest Lennoxville Days" in a most interesting manner; and one of the students, we take it to be, gives an amusing account of his summer experiences in the Muskoka region. Among the descriptions of the visitors there is that of "the small boy—the Muskoka holiday one," who is said to be "an amphibious animal—his bathing hours being 9 to 12, 2 to 6; meals

at all hours. His color is vermillion shading down to russet brown in various specimens. Costume out of water, non-descriptive."

Several other good articles must be passed over, but the "School Notes" should be mentioned, for they show us that the boys of Bishop's College School well deserve their representation on *The Mitre's* staff, "A Chiel's amang yer takin' notes" is the quotation which introduces them to us, and the "Chiel" certainly does justice to everyone from the Bishop of Quebec down to the "New Boy."

We are pleased to receive two papers from ladies' colleges: *The College Folio* from Allentown, Pa., and *The Sunbeam* from Whitby, Ontario. Both of these contain well written articles, and are bright and interesting throughout.

In the Allentown college very delightful entertainments have been given by the Seniors and Juniors, to which they invited friends outside of the college. We enjoyed the descriptions of these, and hope soon to learn that their younger sisters are not to be outdone by '96 and '97 in social functions.

The young ladies of Whitby College have recently held the debate: "Resolved, that Man has more conceit than Woman." The remarks of the four speakers are given in full, and although it seems to us that the vote should have favored the speakers on the negative, we would like to learn the opinion of those present at the debate.

READABLE PARAGRAPHS.

AN AUSTRALIAN COURT ANECDOTE.

The stories of early Australian judges are numerous and incredible. The following incident, which is vouched for as a fact, is of a judge who had a lofty idea of his own legal capacity, and was at the same time anxious to sustain the dignity of his court: A "shooting case" came before him. There was no direct evidence as to who was the perpetrator of the murder, but the individual arrested was well known, and indeed confessed the deed. When brought into court, the judge cautioned the prisoner that he must remember his rights as a free citizen, and that, above all things, he must not interrupt the proceedings of the court. After this friendly warning the judge proceeded to state that he, the prisoner, was accused of having, on such a date, shot the deceased. Upon this the prisoner broke in. "Well, an' so I did."

The judge was annoyed at the interruption. "Hold your tongue, sir!" he exclaimed. "Haven't I told you not to commit yourself nor to interrupt

me? I shall commit you for contempt of court if you do so again!" he added sternly. He then repeated the accusation, upon which the prisoner broke in:

"I have told ye afore that I killed —"

The judge's indignation was intense at this second interruption, and he demanded: "Mr. Sheriff, what is your evidence?"

"I have nothing but circumstantial evidence, your Honor, and the prisoner's own confession."

"Then," said the judge, "I discharge the prisoner on this accusation, but commit him for contempt of court."

A GOOD TEST.

The following is told of a judge before whom a man was being tried for stealing a gold watch from a woman as she was entering a 'bus. The man declared that the watch was his, and the woman was mistaken in identifying it as hers.

Suddenly the judge asked, "Where is the key?"

The prisoner fumbled in his pockets, and said he must have left it at home.

The judge asked him if he wound the watch frequently with the key.

He said "Yes."

Then the key was produced; watch and key were handed to the prisoner, and he was told to wind it. He opened the case, but could not find any place to use the key, because the watch was a keyless one!

Sentence: Five years!

Youthful Humorist.—"I have a number of little—er—witticisms which I should like to submit."

Editor (suspiciously).—"Any mother-in-law jokes?"

"No, indeed."

"Plumber jokes?"

"No, sir."

"Boarding-house jokes?"

"No, sir."

"Jokes about mashers?"

"No, sir."

"I thought not. Your matter won't do. We don't want any amateur stuff here."

Conversation heard in a New York house.

"You are very independent people," said the tourist from England, "but you can't deny that you owe a great deal to Christopher Columbus."

"Oh, I don't know," replied the self-reliant young American woman; "this country made his reputation for him, you know."

Irish nurse (shaking patient vigorously).—"Come, now, sor-r, wake up an' swallow yer slapin' dose; it's time."

Gushing Relative.—"Oh, oo ittleteenty weenty toozie oozie sing! Tum here and et me kiss its ittle turly tootsie-wootsie, oo itty pittie sing."

School-Board Baby.—"I really beg your pardon, madam, but owing to what is perhaps a foolish prejudice on mamma's part, I have not been allowed to commence my language studies. I am very sorry, but I will have to ask you to address me solely in the English tongue."

Judge Noonan of the San Antonio District Court, is also the proprietor of a stock ranch in Medina County. He was recently called on in his official capacity to pronounce sentence on a horse thief. Said the Judge blandly:—"Are you aware of any circumstance that entitles you to consideration at my hands?"

"Yes, your Honor, I am."

"What is it?"

"The horse I stole didn't belong to you, I think you ought to take that into consideration."

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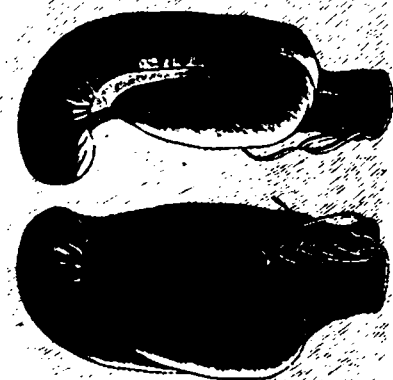
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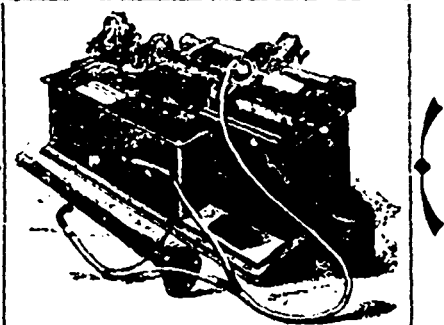
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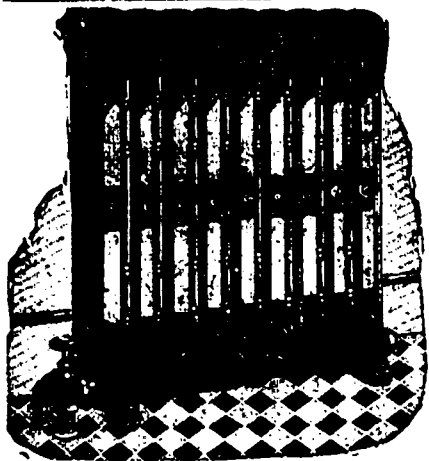
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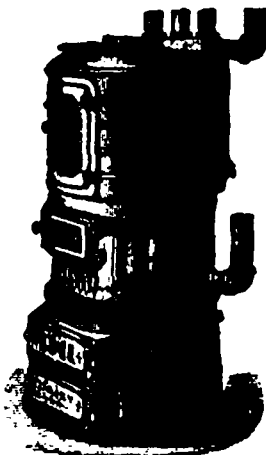
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