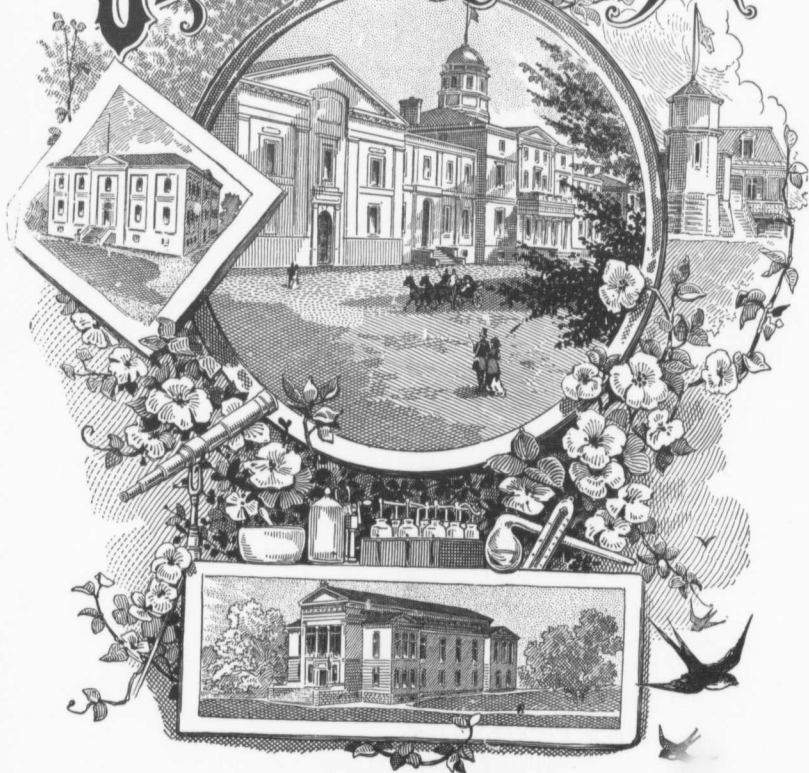


# UNIVERSITY GAZETTE



1887-88

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## University Gazette.

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Rejected communications will not be returned, to which rule no exception can be made. The name of the writer must always accompany a communication.

All communications may be addressed to the Editors, P. O. Box 1290.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents.

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### Editorials.

#### A UNIVERSITY DAY.

What McGill needs is a University Day. That is our proposition. Let us proceed to unfold it.

McGill is the centre of educational life in this Province, and especially in this city. Of that fact there can be little doubt. Being, then, the centre of culture, she should be looked upon as such, and as such respected. Yet we question if her influence is felt,

either as widely or as powerfully as it might be, or as her claims entitle it to be. Instead of being the institution of Montreal *par excellence*, she is only an institution. While the people of the city and Province are proud of her, they are not as proud as they should be. We do not quarrel with her merits here, but with the acknowledgement those merits receive. Neither would we have the readers of the GAZETTE infer for one moment that we hold in slight regard the many and munificent gifts she has received, or the appreciation which prompted them. We are speaking here merely of the esteem in which the University is held by the general public.

Moreover, is there not a lack of *esprit de corps* among her graduates as such. Not that they do not love her, but that they do not love her enough. McGill has bestowed on them all she had to give, and yet their interest in her and on her behalf is sometimes almost a vanishing figure. And why? We answer, McGill needs a University Day.

Here, then, without further delay, is our plan. We state it, for convenience, as if it were already *un fait accompli*.

A day is set apart every year, say towards the end of January. Lectures in all the faculties are discontinued. In some suitable building, either in the University or elsewhere, a large meeting is held. All the professors, all graduates, all students of the University are invited. A limited number of tickets, say five hundred, are placed at the disposal of the general public. Music. Lights. Refreshments. Speeches. McGill has her gala day. From many places come her graduates to shake hands with their old class mates and talk of bye-gone times. Words of kindly greeting and good wishes are heard on all sides. Professors doff their gowns and don their smiles, as they hold converse with pupils old and new. Benefactors gaze upon the glowing scene, and their generous hearts are warmed and quickened. A few serious words are spoken by those who best know how to speak them. Does not this, we ask, satisfy a want long felt and supply an acknowledged need?

We understand that some such institution did once exist in McGill, and that it was a very popular one. In so high appreciation was the Founder's Festival held, that twenty dollars were freely offered for a ticket. If such be the case, why should not the in-

stitution be revived and made a permanent one. It would band all members and friends of the University together, and that for her interests. It would be looked back upon with pleasure and anticipated with delight. It would take its place in the city calendar as one of the events of the year, and would serve to increase the public interest in that which is, without doubt, the centre of Protestant education in the Province.

It is not possible to go further into details here. Of course it would be a University affair, and one conducted by the authorities. The chief difficulty would be the procuring of a suitable building, but this, we think, could be overcome. The product of the sale of tickets ought to be sufficient to meet all expenses; and for the rest, it is only a question of trouble.

We cordially recommend this scheme to the readers of the GAZETTE, believing that, with any necessary modifications, it would be for the permanent advancement of the interests of the University.

#### THE LAW LECTURES.

In marked contrast with the course of lectures which we had occasion to criticise in our last issue, are those on the subject of "Criminal Law." There is no confusion here; each lecture takes up a particular point, expands it, and leaves it in a clear and intelligible form before the student. Probably there is no course in the school from which the students derive more real, practical, every-day working knowledge than from this in "Criminal Law and Procedure."

Few students fail in their examinations upon this subject, either in the University examinations or before the Bar. The cause is not far to find. It is not because a knowledge of this branch of law is more easily acquired than that of others, nor because as much ground is not covered; but simply and purely because the matter is well-arranged, the lectures delivered with sufficient slowness to allow students to follow comfortably, and to be at the same time impressive. What is wanting in this course is, to our mind, solely and entirely due to the exorbitant demands which the Faculty makes upon the lecturer. It is too much to ask any one man to attend to the multifarious duties of registrar of a faculty, and at the same time to withdraw his attention sufficiently from a large and exacting civil practice, to keep abreast with all the changes of detail and matter which are constantly taking place, either through the interposition of the legislature or the *dicta* of the courts in criminal law and procedure.

Given a thorough revision of this course, with a view to modernizing its details of procedure and explaining a little more fully the method of working the machinery, and there would be little to complain of in the course of Criminal Law at McGill.

On the other hand, we will dismiss with a few words two of the other courses. They are those put down in the calendar under the heading, *Legal Biography and Civil Law*, and *Civil Law*. They are a waste of time. Were the class-rooms comfortable, students would probably suffer no very great injury; being uncomfortable, they suffer bodily harm, and gain nothing in any conceivable way.

#### FELLOWSHIP ELECTIONS.

No better indication of the course pursued by the GAZETTE, with reference to the election of Representative Fellow in the Science faculty, could possibly be cited than the result of the meeting of Science graduates on Thursday evening, 9th inst. We have always held that it was a mere chance that Mr. Burland did not poll in last election the majority of the Science graduates; that those who wrought for his election had no idea that this sectional cry was being raised; and that as many Science graduates were in his favour as in that of his opponent. The meeting of Thursday evening proves us to have been right; Mr. Burland has been nominated by a majority of Science graduates. Surely this is a conclusive proof that the recent petition was nothing but the outcome of chagrin, and proves that even although some may attempt to trammel the true expression of opinion by such election machinery as that inaugurated by the Montreal meeting, the good sense of the majority will find some means, no matter at how great a disadvantage, to surmount the obstacles to action in the best interests of the Faculty and of the University. We congratulate the Science graduates on the result of that meeting, and especially Mr. Burland, whose election is now a foregone conclusion.

#### FROM CHICAGO.

We publish in this issue a series of resolutions, passed by the McGill graduates in Science resident in Chicago. We are pleased that they have chosen the GAZETTE as the medium of their communication, and shall always be glad to give full space to our fellow-graduates at a distance to express their views on college questions.

We publish as well the only circular issued by Mr. Burland; it surely cannot be justly styled either misleading or self-advertising. Mr. Torrance's circu-

lar has not come into our hands, though we have made an effort to secure it, and shall be glad to publish it if we can procure it.

In explanation of the fact, that the name of the Law-editor has been dropped from the GAZETTE staff, we have to say, that his resignation, on being sent to us, was forwarded to the proper authorities, the directors, and on being accepted by them, his name was erased. Up to that time the Law-editor was equally responsible with the other editors, for all editorials on any subject.

#### THE LATE DR. KERR.

There is not a member of the University who will not have heard, with deep sorrow, of the death of Dr. Kerr, Dean of the Faculty of Law. So brilliant a lawyer and so estimable a man could not fail to be widely known. He was, in every action of his professional career, the impersonation of honour, dignity, and urbanity, and his death is an irreparable loss to the Junior Bar of this city.

#### Poetry.

"OH! MAY WE MEET AGAIN, MY FRIENDS!"

*Suggested by the Conversation of the Undergraduates in Art,  
February 6th.*

Oh! may we meet again, my friends,  
With hearts as gaily light,  
And eyes that speak as joyously  
Of Friendship's pure delight;

And when we're parted, scattered wide,  
These hours we'll ne'er forget,  
But cherish hopes to meet again,  
As we to-night have met.

#### Contributions.

##### A COUNTRY BOY.

[WRITTEN FOR THE UNIVERSITY GAZETTE.]

By Nihil V. Erius.

##### CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

"Do you not think," asked Edith, "that to have some one's faith and love is the greatest treasure a person can ever own. It is possession of the immortal; stretching one's hand into eternity, and grasping its riches. I think that we carry love, and love alone, with us beyond the grave."

As the girl's grave voice fell upon Peter's ears, it seemed to burn them. It was like a flash of light that lit up the whole expanse of his soul, and the veil was once and for all torn from his heart. His voice faltered as he replied—

"But what if we love wrong first, and find too late what we have done?"

"True love lasts for ever."

"Not a bit of it," said Peter. "When I was a very little lad I loved a girl whom now I do not care for. That love was true enough. Love is likely to alter with circumstances. It is an affair of the mind, and as the mind matures or changes, so love may change. My love for Lizzie is true, but—"

Here he stopped, while the girl leaned forward, and said rapidly—

"Do you mean to say you regret your love for that country girl?"

"In my profession, Miss Edith, we have to study chemistry, and a chemical simile occurs to me now. Oxygen and hydrogen unite to form water. They are fond of each other, we may say, and if you think how many changes water experiences on the earth, you will consider their love very stable. The ocean that rolls to-day rolled millions of years ago, when, perhaps, no two adjacent particles of the land we tread were together then. You may heat water and convert it into invisible steam, and yet it is there. But when so heated, let it but pass over finely divided iron, and then we shall see a change. Oxygen is off with the old love and on with the new. We get hydrogen, a forlorn lass or lad, whichever you please, and oxide of iron, a new compound."

"Which means, in other words," said Edith, "that you have verified the words of your sweetheart, and have forsaken her."

Once more Peter was silent. Then he broke out with vehement words—

"Must one hold to a mistake? When he sees another who steals his heart, must he still give the husk to the first? Love is not ours to give or take. It is superior to ourselves, and has its own way in spite of us. Whose fault is it—her's or mine—if I meet a better even than she?"

His words were not weighed. They flowed from him as a torrent that has burst its bounds, and they thrilled her in spite of herself; for, with his eyes upon her, and his voice in her ear, she could not be blind or deaf to the full meaning of what he said.

Just then they heard the splash of oars, and Alice's cheery voice rang across the water—

"Where are you two truants?" she cried. "Do not you know 'tis nearly ten o'clock? We must be getting home."

The row home was again musical, but an observer might have noticed that the two in the boat that had lagged behind said little to one another, and that the singing was indulged in chiefly to prevent this from being apparent. Even when the boats drew up at the boat-house there was the same constraint between Edith and Peter, and she rejected his proffered hand in leaving the boat. Very skillfully, also, she substituted Alice for herself in the walk home, and accompanied her brother, while Alice went with Peter.

This night marks a very important point in the career of the two whose conversation we have described; for, when a man declares himself in a way that is unmistakable, there are few women who will toy with him, unless, knowingly or unknowingly, she

also is attracted towards him. Edith's future conduct towards Peter, therefore, may be taken as a full indication of her heart-thoughts.

Peter's brain was in a whirl that night. He was carried hither and thither upon the current of his emotions, and could not summon the resolution to set sail in any direction. His promise to Lizzie swayed him much, for he considered himself bound to her, while his selfishness, and also his common sense, declared that heart-free meant hand free. If Edith had given him the slightest encouragement, he would, perhaps, have thrown every other consideration to the winds, but there was a tone of scorn in her last words that filled him with awe. At last, deciding to consult her, at the earliest opportunity, as to what he should do with regard to Lizzie, he dismissed all worry.

He did not go to Prankville for some time after this, and when he did so he said nothing to arouse the suspicions of his sweetheart. He was in the city again in September, when the James' returned also, and one of his first visits was to their house. It was in vain, however, that he sought to see and speak to Edith in private. She studiously avoided giving him such an opportunity.

About this time he received a letter from Mr. Forbes. It was bitter, and ran as follows:—

"DEAR PETER,—

"You may be surprised to hear that Lizzie is going into service. Her people will starve if she does not, as Bolton has gone completely to the bad since his father's ruin. Your city training will, doubtless, make you annoyed that this girl should think of supporting her parents in that way, though you would not have thought so once. I suppose I cannot ask you to ask your friends to get her a place, as I would have done once. I can, at least, expect that you will see that she is not lonesome."

To this Peter wrote an angry reply, and sent a letter also to Lizzie.

To Mr. Forbes he declared that he could not think of her becoming a servant, and that she would do so much against his will. In fact, he said he would not allow her to interfere with his prospects in the city, and that if she came in spite of his wish, he would not feel called upon to risk the loss of his position in society by acknowledging his engagement to a servant. He concluded by stating that Mr. Forbes should have at once dissuaded her from so insane a plan. In his letter to Lizzie he used very much the same words, except that he represented her as ruining his prospects, and threw himself upon her generosity, without any threat.

Lizzie's answer was true to herself, and had evidently cost her tears. She told him she had no wish to do him any harm, but that money had to be earned somehow. He need not recognize or visit her. The answer of Mr. Forbes was warm and cutting. He told Peter that if that was what he was learning in Montreal, the sooner he came back to his place in the country the better. As for his treatment of Lizzie, it was shameful, and indicated that he had long ceased to love the girl. It closed with an appeal to Peter to

end everything with Lizzie, or go back to Prankville marry her, and become a farmer like his father.

Peter sent no answer, and as he received no further news from home, he concluded that his advice had been taken, and that Lizzie had relinquished her idea of going to service.

His circle of acquaintances was rapidly widening, partly through the introduction he received at the James', and partly through judicious working of his college mates who lived in the city. He had improved vastly since his first year, and no longer acted at concerts as he did when first he met Edith and Alice. Bertha, who has been mentioned once only, but who, for Charley's sake, must be more often adverted to, had overcome her dislike for him, and he received an invitation from her, in her father's name, to a quiet dinner in honor of some guest, which dinner the James' also were to attend.

As may be expected, he accepted the invitation.

He was to meet his friends at Mr. Hartley's house, an arrangement made largely through the influence of Edith, who seemed afraid lest he should have wanted to be her companion thither. The girls arrived a few minutes before the appointed time, and, after much kissing, were conducted by Bertha to her room, where they removed their wraps and where the three engaged in one of those "confabs" so dear to the female heart.

Mr. Hartley was a widower, and on Bertha's shoulders fell the whole duty of looking after the house. As, however, her father was not so wealthy as Mr. James, and did not keep so extensive an establishment, the task was not so hard as Alice or Edith would have found it had they been so unfortunate as to have lost their mother. From the choosing of her dresses to the choice of her cook, Bertha was unassisted, and it may be expected that one so experienced as she was sometimes consulted by the "Twilights" in the former matter. On this occasion the conversation turned to dresses, and branched off upon new crochet stitches, painting on plush, lava work, and other mysterious offshoots of art. Men should not scoff when women talk about dress; it is the sweetest flattery ever paid the male sex.

"Oh! Edith," said Bertha, "I have the 'cutest little piece of work you ever saw. It's a new kind of lace. I must show it to you."

She hunted high and low for it, but could not find it. Finally, she rang the bell, and asked the servant about it. Between them it was found, and the three girls admired it to their heart's content.

"I see you have a new maid," said Alice, after the lace was laid aside.

"Yes," responded Bertha; "Maggie had such a sharp temper, we could not get along at all. This one is very nice. She never was at service before, but is very clever, and knows all about her work already. Poor thing, she has had a lot of trouble. Some company her father was in failed, and ruined him, and she had to go to work."

"How hard that must be," said Edith.

She was thinking of Lizzie Tilton at the time, and comparing the misfortunes of the two girls. Sympathetic as she was, she watched the girl closely when

next she entered the room, and upon doing so was struck with her face. She felt certain that they had met before, but could not recollect where. But, the little aristocrat that she was, she would have given the servant no further thought had not Bertha just then given the girl an order, calling her, at the same time, Lizzie.

Immediately a suspicion entered Edith's head. The name, and the story of the girl's misfortunes, were those of Peter's sweetheart. But she had never met Lizzie, yet she had surely seen the girl. How strangely this suspicion acted upon her! She trembled, and could scarcely conceal her agitation from the others. Once or twice she was on the point of asking the girl's name, and yet she could not. At last she arose, and approaching the girl, who was putting away some fancy work in a cabinet at a remote part of the room, engaged in conversation with her.

The girl was won by the sweet voice and manner of her interlocutor, and replied unhesitatingly to her questions. Finally, Edith asked her—

"Where are you from, and what is your name? I think I must have seen you before."

"That cannot be," replied the girl, "for I never was at service before. My name is Lizzie Tilton, and I come from Prentville."

Edith turned away from Lizzie, her head in a whirl. One thought drowned all others; it was—"What shall I do?"

Every moment was precious now. An instant might put it out of her power to save Peter from a shameful embarrassment. She did not ask herself why she wished to save him or if he would wish to avoid Lizzie. She grasped the situation instinctively, and tried to plan how to assist the student. To appeal to Lizzie, and tell her of Peter's presence or coming suggested itself, but the idea was rejected. The girl might claim her right to be recognized by Peter. The only thing to be done was to send Peter away, or prevent his coming, if he had not already arrived.

"Are you girls never going downstairs?" she asked, impatiently, a moment after Lizzie left the room.

"Oh! you little fire-eater," replied Bertha. "What has Lizzie told you to work you up to such a pitch? Have you been listening to the tale of her misfortunes till you are angry with the whole world and us as its only representatives at present within your reach? Come, Alice, the naughty child must have her way. I wonder if Peter has arrived yet?"

This last sentence was accompanied with a merry glance at Edith, which made her cheeks glow.

The girls found that Peter had arrived, and Edith impulsively dragged him into a corner.

"Mr. Simson," she said, "you must go away at once."

"And why, pray?" he asked. "You have the right, perhaps, in your own house, to treat me with unwonted harshness, but here you cannot affect to rule me. Without a good reason I cannot reject Mr. Hartley's hospitality."

He thought this act of Edith's one of pique or of wanton unkindness to him.

Stung by his remarks, Edith replied—

"No one but me would urge you further, but leave you to find out for yourself my reason. I cannot tell you, but I urge you not to remain here. Every moment is full of danger for you and your position among us. You were once controlled by me; be subject to me again, and do as I tell you."

Peter wavered, but even as he hesitated it was too late. While the party were still in the parlor, some of them wondering what Edith could be doing, and why her wonted ease was gone, the door was opened, and Lizzie announced that the dinner was ready.

At the sound of her voice Peter glanced up. A deathly pallor swept over his face, followed by a flush that seemed to burn the flesh, and he took a step forward, leaving Edith standing alone, almost as overcome as he.

Lizzie had not seen him until he advanced, but when she saw him, she forgot her rank and where she was, and, with a glad cry, ran towards him. She had not made more than one step, however, before she remembered everything, and stood still, with terror in her face. Peter had shrunk back a step, and now stood stonily looking upon the ground.

Everyone turned to the pair.

Mr. James whispered into Mr. Hartley's ear—  
"How's this, Hartley! The girl's mad as a March hare! It's a wonder she hasn't cut all your throats long ago."

The ladies, keener than the men at affairs of this kind, also whispered among themselves, and smiled in a way that was not pleasant.

Bertha and Alice stared in open-eyed wonder at Lizzie and Peter, and poor Edith was left to recover herself unobserved.

By this time Peter had also recovered himself, and turning to Edith, drew her arm within his own, and completely ignoring Lizzie, turned his back upon her, and drew his companion's attention to a painting, as though idling the time till the signal to go to dinner.

Under the circumstances no one cared to speak openly of what had just occurred, and as Lizzie quickly withdrew, there was no excuse for remaining in the parlor.

Fortunately, for Lizzie, a butler had been engaged to wait upon the table. It had only been by an accident that it fell to her lot to announce the dinner at all. After her rejection by her lover, she was in no state of mind to show herself. She locked herself in her room, and while merriment and luxurious viands were to be found in one part of the house, profound woe and the pangs of a starving heart were to be found in another. She wept; she heaped blame upon the false one; and then, consumed by remorse, turned the vials of her wrath upon herself. Why had she recognized him, she cried; had she not said she would not do so? Oh! that he had never left the happy village where they had grown up together. That night when first they separated, and their lives began to drift apart, recurred to her, and she moaned in her agony—"Oh! my love, my love! why did you not see with my eyes the future you were preparing for us!" Even her prophetic words came

back to her recollection and set themselves as a dirge to her dead hopes—"Give up these ambitions of yours, and stay here where you were born and bred, and I will be your wife gladly. But go away and leave me, and we shall never meet the same again—I know it! I know it!"

Her eyes were opened now to all his selfishness, yet she could not curse him for the evil he had done her young life. Love was not yet crushed.

After the first paroxysm, two thoughts possessed her. She saw again, in fancy, the broad-browed, brown-eyed child—for to Lizzie's grief-aged life Edith's sixteen years were nothing—who had clung to Peter's arm when he turned his heel upon his early love, and her heart went out to warn the maiden of the man in whom she was trusting. The other thought was to go home and die; or, at least, to go home and forget in some mysterious manner. The grave, thoughtful face of Mr. Forbes rose up before her. She felt his kindly hand upon her tresses, as she had so often done in girlhood, and even the thought of his gentle touch acted upon her like a soothing draught, or rather as some hands set upon the fevered brow they stroke. In him alone, she felt, was consolation to be found, though how she knew not. He was the guardian angel of her family, and to consult him was now second-nature to her.

As she grew calmer still, her thoughts and resolutions were planned out. She rose, and wrote a short note to Edith, whose name, however, she did not know, and then bethought herself how best she might deliver it. The butler was her only resource, and through him, indeed, she was able to achieve her end. With one of the dainty dishes that he had laid before Edith, this worthy managed to deposit the note at her place. Almost instinctively knowing from whom it came, Edith transferred it to her pocket, to be read later.

The dinner had not been a success.

The *contresens* between Lizzie and Peter, though not adverted to, was in every person's thoughts. Peter himself was unable to regain his wonted ease. His heart blamed him for what he had done, and would scarcely be satisfied with the excuse that Lizzie had said he might so treat her, and that had he recognized her before that company his position in Montreal society was forfeited. Another thought caused him much anxiety. What did Edith think of him now? She must have recognized Lizzie, and how would she act towards him after what he had done? He stole many a glance in her direction, and spoke not seldom to her, but could not fathom her thoughts.

No wonder! She had not fathomed them herself. But she was getting to understand them towards the end of the dreary meal, and well might Peter have been anxious had he known the conclusion at which she was arriving.

Lizzie's letter burned her pocket, and as soon as the repast was over, and the ladies were once more back in the parlor, leaving the gentlemen to their coffee and cigars for a few minutes, she managed to read the note unseen. It was short, and ran as follows:—

"MY DEAR YOUNG LADY,—

"I must see you for a few minutes before you go. Your future happiness depends upon this.

"LIZZIE TILTON."

How could she manage to get the interview?

She rose, and said to Bertha—

"I left my vinaigrette upstairs. I'll just run up and get it. Don't you stir."

As she went upstairs she had little hope of meeting Lizzie, but the latter had been watching for her. They went to Bertha's room.

"Now," said Edith, "what have you to say to me?"

"This," replied Lizzie. "I was your lover's sweetheart. You saw to-night his treatment of me, and I wish to warn you against him, if it is not already too late. Do not let him break another heart. His only true-love is himself, and he will sacrifice you to his ambitions as he has me."

Edith interrupted her—

(To be continued.)

#### USEFUL AND USELESS MEMORIES.

An ideal memory should be a memory of which the leading principles, the guiding lines, are to be found in the strongest of the other faculties of the owner's mind, and should be strong in proportion to the strength of those other faculties. Thus, a man with a great linguistic faculty, should be able to remember all that bears upon the genius of language; one with a great gift for music should have a memory which recalls to him in a moment all the blended tones and expressive melodies which enter into the composition of particular strands of feeling. A great mathematician should, like Bidder, have a memory that enables him to see at a glance the conditions of a problem which others could study only on paper; or, if he were one who could add to the theory of his science, he should have a memory which would help him to range, in a moment, over all the most analogous and all the most contrasted methods of dealing with problems at all approaching in nature to that to which he was directing his powers. Again, all men and women, in proportion to the activity of their affections, should have memories tenacious of the facts which bear in any way on the happiness of those they love. In a word, the ideal memory for any man would be one which was strong in proportion to his other intellectual and spiritual powers, so that it might be guided by ideal clues, and contribute to the culture and satisfaction of the higher nature to which it belonged. A novelist should have a memory, which treasures up in the same compartment all the traits by which men express the same class of aims and hopes and passions; and an orator should have a memory which always supplies him with the most persuasive and effective modes of expounding the convictions he had at heart. But nothing can really be much more impeding than a great memory, which gathers up all the scraps of mere external detail, in relation to persons of whose inner life and character the owner has no real conception, and whom he could not really serve, perhaps, even if he had. That is like the memory which we are all plagued with at times, when a fragment of



rhyme goes round and 'round, like a mill-wheel, in one's head, till the interior jingle becomes far more intolerable than the perpetual sound of a baby's rattle or of a street organ under one's window.

Unless memory be to some extent a sieve—unless it drops its hold of irrelevant facts, while fastening its hold on those which are relevant to the stage of being in which we are—a great memory is of no more use than a vast power of material acquisition is to a man who had no use for wealth, and no pleasure in it. To a certain extent, no doubt, to a young mind which does not know the direction of its own power, an omnivorous memory might be of use, as providing a rich general field of experience from which ultimately some particular will be selected for special development. But where no other power of mind of any value ultimately shows itself, or where it shows itself without any special concentration of the activity of memory on that particular field, a great memory is almost as likely to be a mischief as a good.

Thus it is conceivable enough that a good man might have a memory which was nothing in the world so much as a source of temptation to him—a vindictive memory, which insisted on recounting all the details of injuries he desired nothing so much as to forgive and forget—or a taunting memory, which insisted on bringing back to him the foulest experiences of his life. It certainly seems as if some historians, of otherwise excellent judgment, were oppressed by a memory which overlaid their minds and their pages with irrelevant minutiae; and, as if some poets of great imaginative power were oppressed by a memory of disturbing associations, over which they stumble at given intervals almost as if they had deliberately piled up obstructions in their own way.

An ideal memory is a memory whose principle of life is not in mere experience, but in the selective faculties, which so sort experience as to make it contribute to a great intellectual, or moral, or spiritual end. It is a storehouse of illustrations for the higher mind, not a lumber-room of obsolete furniture, nor even a curiosity-shop of antiquarian taste.

Q.

#### THE MAGILLIAN DIONYSIA.

(BY L'HOMME QUI RIT.)

Now, I have before related how *Doson* is tyrant over the *Magilloi*—how he is a Wise Man, and cometh from the East, and by his magic arts he reigned for a space over the *Wisakeroi*, which are a mighty tribe, who live in far-off Anglia, where are fogs, and rain, and sleet, and no sun, for otherwise than Hella, where *Helios* shines and *Zephyros* blows till all is balmy. Now, the *Wisakeroi* are a curious tribe and mighty magicians, and yearly they assemble in different places by tribes, and it was when in the Metropolis of the *Canadtoi*, and these *ecclesias* are for the spreading of Wisdom, which each separate *Wisakeroi* hath gathered during the year. For they look through large tubes and see strange things, and have counted the stars in heaven, and other things yet more curious. Now, therefore, the *Wisakeroi* are proud, and they say lo! the world cannot get on with-

out us. Yea, the fact remaineth that their wisdom, howbeit great, is useless, for it is after this kind—For behold, on the one hand, one man ariseth in the *ecclesia* and saith that he hath counted the hairs in a flea's moustache, and they are so many, and of such a length; and then, on the other hand, a second man getteth up and saith that this is not so, and he slangeth the former in the vernacular, and there is one with great lumps of sandstone. Now, this wisdom is great, but it is useless to men who are not *Wisakeroi*, and over these then *Doson* ruled. But after a year he repented of his tyranny, and fled back to the *Magilloi*, and now *Raleios* reigns in his stead, and he knoweth all things from the age of the world and the Eozone to Scyrras and creeping things. About *Doson* then let so much have been said.

CCXIX.—Now, it is befitting that I should speak again of *Patos Ionides*, who is the Milesian tyrant of the *Artoi*, and weareth the strange brightnesses on his eyes, and he is, indeed, a mighty magician, but not so great as in his heart he imagineth himself.

And among the *Skientoi* is one *Banteios*, who is small, indeed, in body, but large in mind, and he liveth on a hill, where his house has a strange dome, and many curious instruments with which he watcheth the stars, and so worketh evil to his enemies.

And of the *Medicoi* is one whom men call *Howardos*, but *Magilloi* *Jerrios*, and he, by his magic arts and God-like beauty, hath compelled the daughter of an Ephor to become betrothed to him; and lo! he will work no more, but live on her money.

Now, a thing which is strange and hardly believable hath been told me by a Magillian priest, who cometh from among the *Sheokokoi* or shunners of Hades. For he saith that among the *Magilloi* is a curious tribe of Amazons, and the same wise men who rule over the *Artoi* rule over these. But, nevertheless, the Wise men, in their wisdom, keep these twain separate lest they should fight, and when they pass from among the Amazons to the *Artoi* they skip quickly through a strong door, and close it like a lion tamer coming through the door of a lion's cage. For the Amazons are strange to deal with, and neither man nor God knoweth what they may do next.

Again, it is well that I should speak of a *Tetradeier*, or company of four, who are *Medicoi*, and sing like Apollo, the far-darting One. And the first of these is one *Trochopoielos*, called Wheeler by *Magilloi*, for he appeareth round, and he singeth wonderfully, and when anyone would gainsay or plot against *Trochopoielos*, he lifeth up his hand and tickleth the ribs of a large yellow dog, which liveth in a leathern case, and hath a long neck and narrow middle; and the dog being tickled singeth unspcakably, and all men are straightway tame before Wheeler.

And the second is one *Morpheus*, and he is more like the god of music than of sleep, for he striketh the upturned white toes of a groaning image, which crieth out most beautifully and entranceth all men.

And the third is one *Herittos*, who, looking through round crystals in a bellows, seizeth on the portraits of his enemies, and maketh them hideous, and selleth them in the market-place.

And the fourth is one called by Magillian irony

*Kemp*, for his look is unkempt and his appearance strange.

Now, in *Hellas* we have many sculptors and painters, but none such as the painters of the *Magiloi*, for the *Hellenes* paint but a small picture, but the *Magiloi* the whole town; and they paint many places, but mostly at the *Boaphoros*, which men call the ford of the Oxen, and also at the Hall of the Laurentides, and they gaze at their work through the bottom of curious crystals, into which a Helot pours bottles of strange liquors. This, then, is their manner of painting, and their works are wonderful.

And about the Magillian Dionysia, which are in winter, it is fit I should speak.

For each tribe elects certain overseers, and these overseers are by law being the mightiest men in each year, and among the Skientioi, who held their Dionysia lately, Hopkinos is the greatest, being a well-girt runner in the Pan-Magillian games, and he will escape from the tyranny of the Wise Men in the spring. And the Skientioi held their Dionysia in the Hall of the Winding Shore, and they ate many strange things from tertiary Lamellibranchiata to the giant Megatherium, and there were many bottles of curious liquors on the table, and these they drank, saying to those who repeated to them the old Magillian proverb—"Mix not strange liquors together"—"Depart thou to Hades;" and it was when they had finished the Megatherium that Hopkinos arose hardly, but nevertheless, and spoke, and told the Skientioi how great they were. To which the Skientioi said, "Yea! yea!" and they drank more curious liquors, and sang and danced to the sound of a groaning image, and when rosy-fingered dawn appeared they departed, and said—"Lo! this Dionysia was small, for were not the 3rd year Skientioi absent, except four? but it was glorious!" About the Skientian Dionysia then let so much have been said.

But, among the Artoi, the Sheoloknoi, who were formerly a branch tribe, but have now grown great, said one to another—"Behold! the burden of these yearly Dionysia is grievous and heavy to be borne, and we are broke; let us, therefore, have a Conversation." And, being strong, they prevailed; and the Artoi took the Mouseion for one night, and went; and they said—"Lo! this thing beeth rot! Let us depart." Moreover, when they had departed, they found that they had not enough money, by 80 greenbacks, and now they mourn. About the Magillian Dionysia then let so much have been said.

#### GLEANNINGS.

"What is the Truth?" asked an enquirer. Some one with a *naive* curiosity asks us a question of a similar nature—"What does Decency mean?" It is little wonder that a man should seek such fundamental information, whose moral opacity is so dense that he needs illustrations of indecency, to make it patent to his perception. Having eyes, he sees not; and, to him, an attempt to look below the surface, is a mere "mystifying." He does not know what it means, any more than a boring insect sees the necessity for wide excavations.

What is the reason that scientific men, who are teachers, speak of evolution under the breath, and take such scrupulous care to remove any suspicion of taint? Even those who believe it firmly, and whose teaching is modified most by it, refrain from identifying themselves with it. It would give a curious result to obtain an exact estimate of the place evolution holds at McGill, and its bearing on the teaching of science.

\* \*

We have the life of Darwin at last. He makes no claim to genius, but he does show us what a man of industry can accomplish. Whatever objections there are to his theories, and no one saw them more clearly than himself, there can be no questioning of his observations, and systematic knowledge. It is no reason that Darwin should not receive a just consideration, because he did not succeed in doing what he never attempted, namely, to formulate a Religious Theory of Universal Acceptance.

\* \*

The book illustrates how closely Genius is allied to Industry. "Genius," says one, "is little more than the capacity for undergoing discipline;" and another, "It is the aptitude for patience." When culture and genius go hand-in-hand, we have the conditions necessary for the highest production.

\* \*

On one occasion the members of two tribes were identified by their pronunciation. Amongst us, certain words, such as *gone*, *blood*, *married*, betray the birth-place of the speakers as infallibly as did the Shibboleth of the tribe of Ephraim. "A man cannot conceal himself," said Confucius. Such localisms do not speak of the widest education.

\* \*

To confer the degree of B.A. costs the University close on a thousand dollars. The majority of Arts students pay no fees. Many derive support from benefactions, and from the endowments of professional colleges. For all this, what do they offer in return? Too many students look on the University as a school which the State is bound to provide, or as an hotel; but they treat it worse—they go away without paying their bill.

\* \*

The University has a right to expect the love and loyalty of every student. There are personal and social duties required of them every day; they are bound to encourage a high college spirit, to support and identify themselves with its movements. It may be fairly urged that all this involves an outlay, but it should be looked on as a legitimate expense, and something one is bound in honor to repay. It is not, however, those who receive most, who are first to consider college interest.

\* \*

The benefits of a University course do not consist so much in the information gained, as in the condition of mind resulting from it; and men are deprive-

ing themselves of its broadening and deepening influences by this selfish exclusiveness. McGill can afford the loss better than they. She will always have enough ardent spiritual children to love and honor her.

\* \* \*

There does seem to be a lighter and more cordial spirit abroad in all the faculties since the recent festivities. The hundreds of students know each other better, and the authorities have shown them good feeling and sympathy; the friends of the University have had a glimpse of life within the walls, and if it was the pleasant side they saw, it was the most human. If, under the circumstances, it was impossible to hold a joint-reception, the next best thing was to hold two; though, as a young lady put it, "there was a needless loss of energy."

\* \* \*

There are few passages in educational history so harrowing as the accounts of the poverty of men of letters, and students. Not more than two years ago a group of students was obliged to act as waiters in a summer hotel, a few hours' ride from Montreal. In spite of the discipline involved, this is not the best training. A Saturnine sternness is developed by seeing out of one's reach what would be "the ransom of a man"—a ransom from galling influences, that do not tend to a sweetness of character.

### McGill News.

At a meeting of Science graduates, Mr. Burland received the nomination for Representative Fellow by a majority of votes of those present. Mr. Burland's election is as good as assured.

One of the class of '88 in medicine authorizes us to state that he has a quantity of chips to dispose of cheap, also a policeman's baton and whistle, pepper canister, match-box, cork-screw, deck of cards, and a lot of second-hand neckties, minus a portion of their ends. Special reduction to Maritime men.

Dr. R. A. MacDonnell deserves the highest praise for the pains he has taken in securing every facility to enable the primary years to obtain a thorough course in practical anatomy. He has succeeded in procuring some of the finest anatomical models extant, especially of the head and trunk.

The primary men, with the present conveniences, deserve no sympathy should any be so unlucky as to be ploughed.

It is heartrending to watch the struggles of many in the present graduating class of medicine to secure presentable whiskers for the approaching convocation. Consumptive moustaches, unkempt chin-whiskers, and scrupulous sideboards bedeck their anxious faces. One individual has stood alone in his fight to cultivate Dundrearies. There are others blessed with a fertile crop, no need to struggle, among whom Harry Bell, Potts, Kenny and Thompson stand pre-eminent, all complacently smiling upon their less fortunate con-

frères. The entire class has the sympathy of all the other years in their tedious work, and it is the fervent prayer of all, from the pompous 3rd year man down to the Botanical Freshman, that they may grow such crops as would cause a Brigand to pale with envy.

We desire to place on record the Reception given by the ladies of the Donalds Department, in acknowledgement of courtesies received during the past four years. The success of the event, in conception and arrangement, is in everybody's mouth, and we have only to emphasize the universal opinion as to the taste and talent of the lady students. They had no precedent to guide them; they had to depend entirely for its success on their own good sense. It speaks well for the training McGill gives, and the true college spirit among its students, that so important a social event should have been so well managed. The committee, around which the whole department grouped itself, consisted of Misses McPhee, President; Reid, secretary; McLea, treasurer; Ritchie, Botterell, Evans and Finley.

### THE CHICAGO RESOLUTIONS.

CHICAGO, Feb. 2nd, 1888.

A meeting was held on the 1st inst., called by the following notice, sent to the graduates in Applied Science resident in Chicago:—

CHICAGO, Jan. 27th, 1888.

DEAR SIR,—

A meeting of Graduates in Applied Science of McGill University, resident in Chicago, will be held on Wednesday evening, Feb. 1st, 1888, in the Club Parlors, 1438 Mich. Avenue, to consider the question of the election of a Representative Fellow for 1888-90.

Your attendance is urgently requested.

(Signed) D. E. McMILLAN,  
Sec'y.

At this meeting there were present Messrs. H. V. Thompson, H. Trueman, D. Taylor, R. E. Palmer, and D. E. McMillan. H. V. Thompson in the chair.

After a few opening remarks by the Chairman, the Secretary read the letters of the different applicants for the position.

An animated discussion then ensued, the following resolutions being adopted unanimously:—

1st.—That this meeting disapproves of, and will not countenance the spirit of, self-advertisement displayed by the different candidates.

2d.—That, recognizing the position of Representative Fellow as one of importance, honour, and dignity, this meeting will not be party to the ward-politician manner of conducting this election.

3d.—That this meeting further deprecates the sharp practice displayed towards, and the misleading circulars issued to, the Graduates at a distance.

4th.—That, while the members of this meeting personally take no exception to either candidate, they strongly disapprove of the methods by which their causes are being advocated, and, in consequence, will take no further part in this election.

It was then moved by Mr. Trueman, and seconded by Mr. Taylor, and carried unanimously—"That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the UNIVERSITY GAZETTE for publication."

D. E. McMILLAN,  
Sec'y.

## MR. BURLAND'S CIRCULAR.

MONTREAL, February, 1888.

DEAR SIR,—My term of office as Representative Fellow in Applied Science, to the Corporation of McGill University, expires on 1st May next. I had determined not to again appear as a candidate for that honor, but as a number of Graduates in Applied Science desire me to present myself for re-election. I have decided to do so.

If you favor my candidature, please sign the enclosed blank and return to A. P. Lowe, B.A.Sc., Geological Survey, Ottawa.

Yours truly,

JEFFREY H. BURLAND.

## FEATHERS FROM THE EAST WING.

## THE THEODORA SOCIETY.

The Faculty has finally approved the name of Theodora for the Ladies' Missionary Society, and agreed to recognize it as a College institution.

The first meeting for the New Year was held on Tuesday, January 10th. The subject for consideration being "India."

The essays were as follows:—

"India," - - - - Miss M. Abbott.  
 "The Women of India," " B. B. Evans.  
 "Mrs. Judson," - - - " C. Richardson.

Appropriate poems were read by Misses J. Botterell and M. L. Finley.

Wednesday, February 8th. The Mission Field of Japan had been selected for this meeting. The paper on the country itself was read by Miss J. Botterell; that on the women by Miss J. V. P. Imer; and Miss S. Scott gave an account of the missionary labours of St. François Xavier in Japan. There were also interesting readings from Miss A. Williams and Miss L. Smith. Lady Dawson was present. She has kindly consented to become an honorary member.

## THE DELTA SIGMA SOCIETY.

On Tuesday, January 26th, an open meeting was held, at which a number of members and non-members were present. Mrs. J. Clark Murray read an extremely interesting and instructive paper on "Language Spoken and Written," which she had kindly prepared for the Society. An amusing debate on "Dress Reform" then followed. It was ably conducted by Misses Hunter and Kennedy, Squire and Wilson.

"Will Cremation come into General Use?" was the somewhat ghastly subject chosen for debate at the meeting on Tuesday, February 9th. Misses Ritchie and Finley spoke in favour of cremation becoming universal, while Misses Mooney and Richardson held that it would not, one of their principal arguments being the prejudice of the uneducated classes. The vote resulted in favour of the affirmative.

## ARTS CONVERSAZIONE.

An established institution in McGill now, sir: no doubt about it. Success has, as usual, brought approval with it, for even the croakers are silenced, at any rate as far as croakery goes. Why on earth a new institution should not take the place of an old one, when the old one is a failure, at least in so far as the fulfilment of its intended purpose goes, no one knows. That Arts dinners have, within the last few years, been all that has been desirable, cannot be affirmed. Many of the students have not attended them, and they have gradually fallen from their old-time popularity. Hence the necessity for a more representative annual réunion, and that this necessity has now been met, let the plaudits of all concerned testify.

Fossils and ladies! Ice cream and professors! Music and mummies! Ye shades of the by-gone ages, be calm! Your realm has been desecrated, your kingdom has been overrun, but revenge is in store, the examinations are at hand.

Before we go any further with this, we had better come back again. Our feelings were getting too much for us. But seriously, a museum is a quaint place in which to hold a conversazione. Not that there are any very serious objections to it; indeed, it has advantages which are peculiarly its own. Capital matter for conversazione is provided for the guests, and full opportunity is given to the seniors to shine, and to crush the enterprising freshman who seeks to win the ladies' smiles. A few quiet remarks ament *Brachiopods* and *Trilobites*, and the sweet smile on the downy cheek turns to solemnity and sadness, and soon vacancy is where the freshman was, and the lady is so interested that she scarcely notices the difference.

The halls of the Peter Redpath Museum looked particularly bright and inviting on the evening of February 6th. Soon after 8 o'clock the guests began to arrive, and a brilliant company, numbering about three hundred, speedily gathered. Among those present we noticed Sir William and Lady Dawson, both kindly and genial as ever; Dr. Barbour, Dr. Macvicar, Dr. Cornish, Dr. Johnson, Dr. Harrington, Dr. Murray, Prof. Moyle, Prof. Ladleur, and Messrs. Steen, delegate from University College, Stewart, Fry and many others. Scores of sweet girl undergraduates trod the halls they had learned to know under graver and wiser circumstances, and lent their smiles as an additional brightness to the scene. Excellent music was discoursed by the orchestra, although we fancy that a better position might have been assigned to the musicians. The introduction committee did its work faithfully, and "all went merry as a marriage bell;" (we imagine that this quotation has been used before somewhere.)

Downstairs we scarce knew where we were. In spite of the protests of its deities, the botany lecture hall had been metamorphosed into a buffet, and the awful associations of the place were for once forgotten. A staff of waiters were in attendance, and supplied those lower wants which the unfortunate state of the human anatomy renders necessary. Did we dare, we would murmur a word of thanksgiving, in that the ladies, terribly learned through they are becoming, still

showed this common weakness of the flesh. Suffice it to say, that the chief topic of conversation there was the *glacial* period, and the structural formation of *crustacean* salad.

Altogether the Arts students are to be congratulated on their first conversation. It was a decided success, and than that no greater compliment need be paid.

The committee consisted of the following gentlemen: J. A. Macphail, president; Dr. Murray and Dr. Harrington, vice-presidents; H. Pedley, treasurer; R. MacDougall, secretary; and Messrs. Le Rossignol, Deeks, Robertson, McDuffee, Holden, and G. W. Macdougall.

Thanks are due to these gentlemen for the admirable manner in which they performed their duties. Their task was by no means an easy one, and they performed it efficiently.

### THE SCIENCE DINNER.

The undergraduates in Applied Science, on Friday evening, Feb. 3rd, with their friends, sat down to one of the Windsor's best dinners. Shortly after 8 o'clock on the evening in question about forty students, headed by their president, moved towards the Ladies' Ordinary, for the evident purpose of attacking the various animals which were to be placed before them. The attack lasted about one hour and thirty minutes when, one after another, the warriors drew off from the contest, themselves the victors, but nearly all feeling the effects of the severe struggle. Among the heroic brave who fought on till the bitter end, was one little fat student from a sister faculty—but, no, we must not be personal.

The *menu* card was a masterpiece of decorative art, and would have made the heart of an old Celt dance with glee.

The words on the card were all fine and large, but what they meant in English, or what particular dish they referred to no one dare say, with the exception, perhaps, of a few of the Senior men whom, it was generally felt, only knew because they had to, intending to graduate in the Spring.

To an ordinary person, such names as Megatherium Cuvieri, Radinichethys, Lamellibranchiates, and the like, which appeared on the bill of fare, suggested a very vague sort of an idea that they were good to eat—nothing more.

Soon the president, Mr. M. W. Hopkins, slowly arose and, standing for a short time to gain a little silence, presented a somewhat odd appearance. His smiling, clean-shaven face looked out from behind an immense cake, whilst the glittering lights from the elegant gasaliers threw their many-coloured rays, dancing, and playing "cross-tag" across a finely rounded head almost devoid of capillary structures.

Around him were grouped Messrs. Hubbard, representing Medicine; R. B. Henderson, B.A., Law; W. L. Jamieson, Arts; A. Weir, B. A. Sc., M. F. Lucas, J. H. Dunlop, and H. Walters.

Mr. Hopkins called on the students to demonstrate their loyalty, and the Queen and Governor-General were honoured with a toast.

Messrs. Hersey and Childs eloquently upheld the

dean and professors, dwelling on the merits of their worthy and much-respected dean.

A piano solo was next listened to, the direct cause thereof being one A. J. Tremblay.

"Alma Mater" was proposed by the president and replied to by Mr. P. N. Evans and A. L. Drummond, both of whom are a credit to their university. Mr. Lucas then delighted the company "with one of his old time favorites"—'O'Hoolihan, or how the Irishman lost his grip.' Charlie Walters, *comme l'Artemus Ward*, proposed the health of the sister faculty, to which Mr. Hubbard replied, saying that he always had had a kindly feeling for Science students since the time he had come so near being one himself, but having later decided to take up the study of medicine, had never had cause for regret.

Mr. Henderson was allowed "to venture a word in season." "Tramway" regretted that the students in Law are so far removed from their university in their lecture rooms that they were looked upon by the other faculties as having a distinct existence, and not as fellow-students of the one Alma Mater.

Mr. Dunlop—the only Dunlop—also replied from Law, cracking a few merry jokes on those about him. His accomplice, Henderson, came in for a heavy share of the abuse.

Mr. Edwards then gave a song, after which an intermission of fifteen minutes was announced, which was spent in music and dancing.

Mr. Weir made an eloquent speech on behalf of the Graduates, pointing out to the present students their advantages over students of former years, when the work of the chemistry students had to be carried on in the Arts laboratory, and claiming for the graduates that McGill had turned out men of whom she might well be proud, and who were even now doing her honour in all parts of the world.

Mr. Harry Walters also made a very pleasing speech, contributing very largely to the mirth of the evening by his witticisms. After Mr. Evans' song, Mr. F. X. A. Roy spoke most admirably in French on behalf of the class of '88.

Probably the most taking event of the evening was a banjo and guitar duet by Messrs H. and C. Walters, calling forth an *encore*.

Mr. W. D. McFarlane was called on for a few spasms in song. Dud. had a good voice, and sang his song well.

Mr. Macnutt's speech on "Sports" was an exceptionally good one. "If any man kin, he kin," as the boys say. 'Mac' regretted to observe how lax the students of late had grown in regard to the sporting interests of McGill. McGill had at one time, not long ago either, been a great training school for the athletes. Men had been sent out who have since captained and played with teams in all the large cities of Canada. "When," said he, "the Montreal Football team met Harvard University in 1880, eleven of the fifteen were McGill men." McGill also had developed grand hockey players, but who had, unfortunately for the college, got in their best work on other teams.

Mr. Lucas, being called upon, said that, as captain of the hockey team, he must say a few words in their defence. He claimed that the reason McGill had not

succeeded in this department of late, was the lack of support given them by their fellows.

The Spring examinations, he knew, were unfortunately drawing near, and were a source of dread to those who anticipated graduation, and a horrible nuisance to the hockey player.

Mr. Weir also urged the students to better uphold the team representing them.

Mr. S. Calvert favoured the company with a piano solo, which displayed much technique and admirable interpretation.

Have you ever heard, dear reader, the grand *finale* chorus of an oratorio, awful in its grandeur, swell from the throats of a gigantic choir: soft and simple at first, but as the enthusiasm arises, the leader beats more rapidly, the bows of the violinists swing faster and faster, and the arm of the trombonist is lost in rapid flight, until, all having reached the meridian of their powers, the music bursts in one grand climax, the audience rises *en masse*, and all is lost in vociferous applause!

Such was some of the enthusiasm aroused by Mr. Roy's singing of the national anthem of France.

The waiters, yea, even the cooks, felt the irresistible mesmeric influence, and were attracted toward the door. After the minstrel had ceased from his warblings, Mr. Hopkins called for a toast in honor of the ladies, and everyone returned to their seats in order to see that our university sisters received full justice. Billy Hamilton proposed the toast, to which Mr. Wingham most suitably replied.

The watches were pointing toward one o'clock when the dying notes of "Auld Lang Syne" brought a most successful dinner to a close.

The greatest praise is due Mr. Hopkins and the committee for the way in which everything was conducted.

Everyone present was delighted, and our only regret is that the time is rapidly coming when we shall miss from among our numbers the faces of that royal quartette—Hopkins, Hamilton, Walters and Macnutt—who have contributed so largely to the pleasantries of the students' social life, during the whole of their course in our university.

### Societies.

The University Literary Society has been discussing the question as to "Whether the system of subsidizing public works is in the best interests of the country?" The debate was well sustained, and the system in question, as carried out by the Dominion Government, was both strongly supported and severely criticised. Messrs. R. J. Elliot and A. R. Oughtred spoke for the affirmative, and Messrs. C. J. Brooke and J. M. Ferguson for the negative of the question. The debate having been declared open, was continued by Messrs. Cox and Cross. At the conclusion a vote was taken, and the decision of the Society went in favor of the affirmative.

The Undergraduates' Literary Society held their regular weekly meeting on Friday, Feb. 10th. An excellent essay, dealing with "Evangeline," was read

by Gibson, '89, after which Smith, '91, ventured a reading. Both of these gentlemen are to be congratulated on their success. The subject of debate was as follows: "Resolved, that the warrior does more for his country than the statesman." Messrs. MacPhail, Reed and Walsh supported the affirmative, and they were opposed by Messrs. Garth, Bryson and MacDougall, '90. In the end, after a spirited debate, the negative gained the day.

### Y. M. C. A.

At the annual business meeting of the Y.M.C.A., held on Tuesday night, 14th February, the following officers were elected:—*President*, Mr. D. Evans, 2nd year Med.; *Vice-Presidents*, Messrs. H. Tory, 2nd year Arts; W. Hamilton, 1st year Med.; *Recording Secretary*, Mr. Hawkins, 2nd year Ap. Sc.; *Corresponding Secretary*, Mr. J. McDougal, B.A.; *Treasurers*, Messrs. Main, 2nd year Med.; J. Daley, 2nd year Arts. Mr. F. W. Macallum, 4th year Arts, and Mr. Alexander, 1st year Med., were elected to fill the vacancies on the Building Committee, made by the resignations of Messrs. Clouston and Hubbard. Reports were received from the various committees, and suggestions received concerning work for the future, after which the meeting adjourned.

### McGILL MEDICAL SOCIETY.

There was a large attendance at the last meeting of this society, held on Saturday evening, Feb. 4, upwards of 125 students being present.

The Hon. President, Dr. Stewart, called the meeting to order at 8 o'clock, and the minutes of the last meeting having been confirmed, he announced that the ordinary business would be suspended, and called on Dr. Shepherd for his lecture—"Short Notes on a Visit to some of the Anatomical Schools and Surgical Clinics of Europe."

The lecturer gave an interesting account of his visit during the past summer to the Old World, mentioning the places visited, and giving short descriptions of the anatomical schools, hospitals, and distinguished surgeons of each.

Among the places visited were Cork, of which there is nothing worthy of note, and Dublin, the anatomical department and museum of which place were described as most complete, there being no less than three hundred examples of Colles' Fracture, first described by the celebrated Dublin surgeon, from whom it gets its name.

At Belfast, Dr. Shepherd was shown the working of the Ambulance Corps of Queen's College. It is composed of students of the university, and the remarkable facility and ease with which patients are transported, show the benefit of such training. Next proceeding to Glasgow, the university and hospital were described, and the lecturer referred to the wonderful work and success of Dr. Macewen, describing two of the operations he had seen him perform. Students, who intend visiting Edinburgh, were strongly advised to spend a month at Glasgow as well.

After visiting the University of Aberdeen, Dr Shepherd then proceeded to Edinburgh, giving an account of the University and some of the more prominent men, describing, especially, the museum, where are seen the skeletons of the famous Burke and Hare murderers.

Coming next to London, among many others we note a visit to King's College Hospital, where the great Sir Joseph Lister is Professor of Clinical Surgery. The lecturer described the mode of dressing wounds at present adopted by Lister as the most simple of any seen, contrasting strongly with that practised by many of his disciples. The London Hospital, and Guy's, and the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, and the Natural History Department of South Kensington were mentioned also as most interesting to medical men.

The lecturer then proceeded to Germany, after describing Cambridge Medical School, and here he met with the most thorough methods as regards antiseptics, a very amusing description being given of Neuber's mode of operating.

The surgery of Germany is nothing, if not operative. Berlin, Leipsig, Göttingen, Heidelberg and Strasburg were some of the places visited.

Finally, Dr. Shepherd described the surgery seen in Paris as generally behind the age, except in one or two departments. The spray has only lately come into use there, after having been used and discarded in near, all the schools of Great Britain and Germany.

After describing an operation witnessed in Paris, Dr. Shepherd took leave of his hearers here, having given them a most enjoyable trip to the centres of medical science in the Old World, and introduced them to some of the greatest anatomists and surgeons of the day.

## Sporting.

### McG.A.A.A.

The annual general meeting of the Athletic Association, was held on the 13th inst. An increase in membership is shown, but not in funds, though the association is financially on a firmer footing. The officers for the ensuing year, are:—

PRESIDENT, - - -	Sir Wm. Dawson.
VICE-PRESIDENT, - - -	R. B. Henderson.
SECRETARY, - - -	M. W. Murray.
TREASURER, - - -	Dr. Harrington.
ASS'T.-TREASURER, - - -	W. J. Delaney.
AUDITORS, - - -	{ J. A. MacPhail.
	{ J. D. Harrison.

A project is on foot to purchase a club-house for committee and dressing-room and field-meeting purposes. The details are entrusted to Messrs. Henderson, MacPhail, Lucas and Delaney. The faculties were notified to appoint new Representatives, and the thanks of the meeting conveyed to the retiring officers.

## CRYSTALS vs. MCGILL.

This match took place in the Crystal Rink, on Friday, Feb. 10th, before a slim attendance of spectators. The teams were as follows:

CRYSTALS.		MCGILL.	
R. Scanlan.	Goal.	A. L. Shanks.	
J. McDonnell.	Point.	W. J. Hamilton.	
W. Norris.	Cover Point.	M. F. Lucas (Capt.)	
S. McQuisten.		W. V. Lucas.	
H. McCabe.	Forwards.	T. N. Walsh.	
W. Drysdale.		W. L. Jamieson.	
D. A. Elliott.		F. M. Fry.	

Referee—A. Shearer, of the Victorias.

Umpires—Hasley, C. H. C., C. H. Macnutt, McG. H.C.

The "puck" was faced at 8.30, and immediately an onslaught was made on the college goals. For a few minutes the latter were in danger, but a run of M. F. Lucas' relieved them nobly. This was shortly followed by a *melecé* before the McGill flags, which Shanks relieved. Not long after this, the Crystals scored the first game—time 10 minutes. Play was resumed, and the puck travelled over the ice in great style, but on the whole, lingered somewhat too lovingly around the college posts. The second game was taken by the Crystals, and the third also, from a side shot, was scored against McGill. A run of Jamieson's, in which he succeeded in scoring, followed this. The Crystals once more scored before half time.

At the call of the referee's whistle, the teams lined up again, McGill defending the south end of the rink. From the first the puck lodged in McGill territory, and the college was pressed hard. However, the red and white jerseys massed around their goal, and for some time proved an impassable barrier. Many were the cries of "shoot her," "lift her," etc., from the lips of young Crystalites, and at last the puck passed Shanks. The game then became more even, and some good runs were made by M. F. Lucas and Jamieson, but the support was weak and McGill failed to score.

During this half the light went out for a few moments, hit by a stray shot. Shanks also caught a cramp in his legs, which necessitated the stoppage of the game for a short time. Nothing further of interest occurred up to time, and the match ended with a score of 5 to 1 against the college.

McGill sadly missed R. H. Walsh, who was hurt at the previous match with the M.A.A.A.

The play, on the whole, was weaker than in the last match, and McGill evidently was much out of practice.

Shanks, in goal, played a magnificent game, and was very ably seconded by Hamilton as point.

M. F. Lucas, as usual, played a good game.

But the defence, good as it was, could not redeem the bad forward play of the college.

Lack of team play, non-covering of men, and failure to follow up were the leading characteristics of McGill. It is not in a fault-finding spirit that we say this, but rather with a desire to do McGill good. She will never be first-class until these points receive more attention.



## Exchanges.

*The Tuftonian*.—This paper complains editorially, that many take Tufts College to be a Divinity School, and all its students to be theologues. We hope the rumour will cease, and harmony once more reign. With the exception of the above mentioned wail, the February Tuft. is a remarkably good number, and is one of our best exchanges.

*The Colby Echo*.—Number for January comes laden with articles, grave, gay and otherwise. An article on Zeta Psi convention attracted our attention. This Society met in our good city of Montreal last January, and we are glad to note that all of the 100 delegates enjoyed their visit to the land of Maple.

*University Monthly*.—Editorial appeal for more copy from students and friends of the paper. To say that he has our deepest sympathy, is rather mild. We need articles, we need brains, we need money to run a college paper. Will those having a supply please call.

*College Student*.—This paper comes to us in a startling red cover, which we do not consider an improvement.

An address by Dr. Apple, President of Franklin and Marshall College, on the moral element and intellectual culture, is a timely plea that more attention should be given to the teaching of the great underlying principles of religion, side by side with ordinary secular learning.

This paper is well edited in all its departments.

*Acta Victoriana*.—An article on "Manhood Suffrage" draws attention to this very important question. While we admit that "manhood suffrage broadens the basis of a state and establishes it on the most stable foundation," if all men were animated with a strong feeling of patriotism; still we hold that manhood suffrage has not been without its drawbacks in the United States, *e.g.*, the tendency there has been to manage all elections through the political machine. It needs more than the right to vote to qualify most men to have a share in the governing of a country.

*Dalhousie Gazette*.—Despite the agitation about the fishery question, this paper holds on the even tenor of its way. It complains, however, that many of the students neglect to subscribe to the College paper, thereby helping to discourage the editors, and lose the opportunity of benefiting themselves intellectually.

*Queen's College Journal*.—The general appearance of this is much in its favor.

An editorial, drawing attention to the advisability of giving "Political Science" a more prominent place in our College course, has our hearty approval.

We are glad to hear that our well-known Canadian poet, Alexander McLaughlan, has been honoured in a tangible way at a great meeting lately held at Toronto.

*The Almañitan*.—This paper hails from Alma College (Ladies), St. Thomas, Ont. We are glad to give it a hearty welcome, and hope it will regularly appear on our exchange table. It is well printed on toned paper, and shows evidence of careful editing.

## Personals.

"Jim" McCarthy, B.A. Sc., '87, is at present one of the engineers on a line at Fort Covington, N.Y.

Hugh Pedley, B.A., '75, has succeeded Rev. J. B. Silcox, at the First Congregational Church, Winnipeg.

James Pedley, B.A., the Blake of '84, has resigned his charge at Georgetown, Ont., and goes to Vancouver, B. C.

"Dan" Taylor, B.A. Sc., '87, is in Chicago, doing up the town with the assistance of R. E. Palmer, B. A. Sc., '87.

J. P. Ball, B.A. Sc., '87, has put out his shingle at Charlottetown, P. E. Island, as Civil Engineer and Land Surveyor.

Dr. L. G. McGannon, Prescott, appeared in the hospital corridors a few weeks ago. The worries of a young doctor's career have not succeeded in chasing the old-time smile from him.

What do you think of this for a list? Hugh Pedley, '75; Chas. Pedley, '78; J. W. Pedley, '84; F. Pedley, '86; and Hilton Pedley, '88. We understand that more are coming as soon as they can be raised.

Mr. R. Winfret, B.A. Sc., '87, was in town for a few days lately. He has just completed a "Howe Truss" bridge, at Bastiscan, P. Q. It is currently reported that his delight was great when, on the false work being removed, the bridge stood. Our embryo engineer may be heartily congratulated on his success.

The class of '89 extends their best wishes to W. B. Taylor, their former class-mate, who has severed his connection with Bachelorhood. "Bill" was always a favourite with the boys, and certainly was likewise with the girls, since his spouse went all the way across the Continent, from St. Johns to California, in order to be near him.

The pillar of the medical faculty, Janitor Cook, is once more among the boys. As yet he has to perform his onerous duties single-handed. When sufficiently recovered, he will consider the addition of a new wing to the medical building, the total extermination of tobacco in all its forms from the college, and the problem of answering three rings at the same time.

In a volume of *The Gentleman's Magazine* for 1839 we find the following translation of an old nursery song, which may be worth reproduction:—

A rhyte pythie and profitably ballade, in the wherbye is sett forth the true (but marvelous) hystorie off a wonderfule pye, the whiche was soe knowynlye fashionyd, as that XXIV blacke birdes contemnid thereyn did synge after that theye were bakyd inne an hoven, item off ye Kruse and Queene their pastymes, and fynallye off ye rhyte dolefull and pitouse accydant that befel a serryenge wenche, first composyd inn ye volgarr tong and nowe done into Latyn accordynge to order bye the learynd maister Joannes Laurus.

Hexobolon carmen canto: mensura secalis  
Sit pretium, quantum ponitur in loculo.  
Quator bisque decem merulis sub tegmine pistor  
Condidit arceose, callidus arte novâ.  
Hanc acies cultri invasi, lumenque videntes  
Arguto volucres concauere choro.  
Quam dulces equias! opulas vel principio dignas,  
Principe qui largas enumeravit opes  
Conclavi inclausus propriis; dum regis conlux  
Edit cum servio crustula melle lita.  
Mox nasum anellus vestes vicentis in horto  
Caelo descendens parvula turpat avis.



### Between the Lectures.

Unclaimed mail matter for Patrick Johnson LL.D., Arts building.

NOTICE.—The public are warned that the Eds. disclaim any knowledge of practical chirosophy, and positively refuse to receive applicants for private séances.

A short poem, entitled "The finding of Moses," was submitted to the Board of Eds. for publication. The Meds. on the Board voted solid against it; Science formed no opinion; and the Theologs. were equally divided, and the Editor-in-Chief refused to vote.

### WIT AND WISDOM.

"True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,  
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd."—*Pope*.

"There is, I am aware, a kind of nonsense indispensable—or *sine qua non*-sense—that always comes in welcome to relieve the serious discussions of graver authors."—*Hood*.

The *Binghampton Leader* says:—"Of the dead nothing is left but the bones," is the way a local doctor constructed "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*."

"*Finis coronat opus*."—Free translation: "The coroner finishes the job."

"Queen Victoria must be nearly two thousand years old," remarked little Johnny. "Where did you get that idea?" asked his mamma. "Why, I often see 'Victoria, B.C.' in the papers."

*A new phase of the Servant Girl Movement*.—Young Husband (year 1900): "Well, did you succeed in hiring a servant?" Young Wife: Yes, I secured one, finally; but, oh! John, at such a cost." "What were the terms?" "She is to receive \$50 a week if she doesn't like you, but if she likes you I am to get a divorce and let her have you."—*Omaha World*.

### Correspondence.

*Editors of the University Gazette* :—

DEAR SIRS,—I wish to call attention to a part of the "Montreal Letter," which appears in the issue of the *Toronto Week*, dated 16th February. It contains information which is, in the main, incorrect, and comments which are wholly unfair. The two courses in the Arts Faculty at McGill are, in truth, as "antipodal," from the very nature of their institution, as the writer of this letter claims them to be, and if the authorities keep up this distinction, to which the writer objects, they are only carrying out the specific terms of the Donalds endowment. The authorities did not "look with horror" on a joint-conversation. On the contrary, they encouraged the joint-meetings, and aided them with sympathy and support, without which they would not have been a success. With the social life of the students the University does not claim to have anything to do, but it could not have

allowed any such infringement on the terms of the endowment, as a joint-management would have involved, and be true to its foundation. With the wisdom or unwisdom of these terms, neither the University, nor the students, nor the writer of the Montreal Letter, has anything to do. Again, the Ladies' Reception was not given as a "compliment" or a "vindication" of any "right," but, as an authorized report in Monday morning's *Gazette* put it, "in return for the uniform courtesy received from the gentlemen students, authorities and friends of the University during the past four years." It may be that the writer was present at these meetings, and it is an ill-advised return for hospitality to attempt to create an impression that there is anything else than the truest relation between the students of the two departments, and the utmost good feeling between the students in general and the University authorities. As to the "Examination Paper," in the same issue, I have nothing to say, because I think it merits editorial treatment at our hands.

I am,

Yours most truly,

JOHN A. MACPHAIL,

President Conversazione Committee.

[We quite see the force of the objections taken in the above letter, and may have to discuss, editorially, in our next issue, the questions raised in the "Examination Paper" referred to.—EDS. UNIVERSITY GAZETTE.]

*Editors University Gazette.*

DEAR SIRS,—A letter appeared in your last number signed "Decency," which I think requires some explanations. I have read it carefully over several times, trying to find out what this whole thing was about, but I must admit I have failed to arrive at any conclusion as to what "Decency" means.

He speaks of an "Exhibition" which has occurred several times this session. What was it? When did it occur? Did the students act very badly at it? In fact, tell us all about it.

I fancy "Decency" must be a Freshman, as he seems to think the Janitors have the power of preventing a student from entering the colleges at any time he feels so inclined. If he has reference to the Medical or Arts Colleges, I can only say I have never heard of the Janitors in these buildings having the authority to prevent the entry of any regular students at any reasonable hour. I will admit, however, I don't know the rules of the Theological Colleges. Perhaps he refers to them—surely not.

If the letter was written for *no* special object, and only to mystify your readers, you should have labelled it "Cleanings."

Again, perhaps it is humorous. If so, you should have labelled it "*A New Joke*." If, on the other hand, it is a conundrum, please publish the answer next issue, as a great many of your readers are anxious to find out what it is.

If you are unable, Mr. Editor, to answer these questions I have proposed, please try and get



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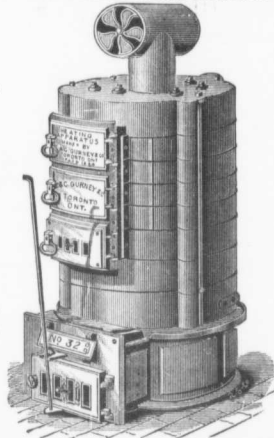
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