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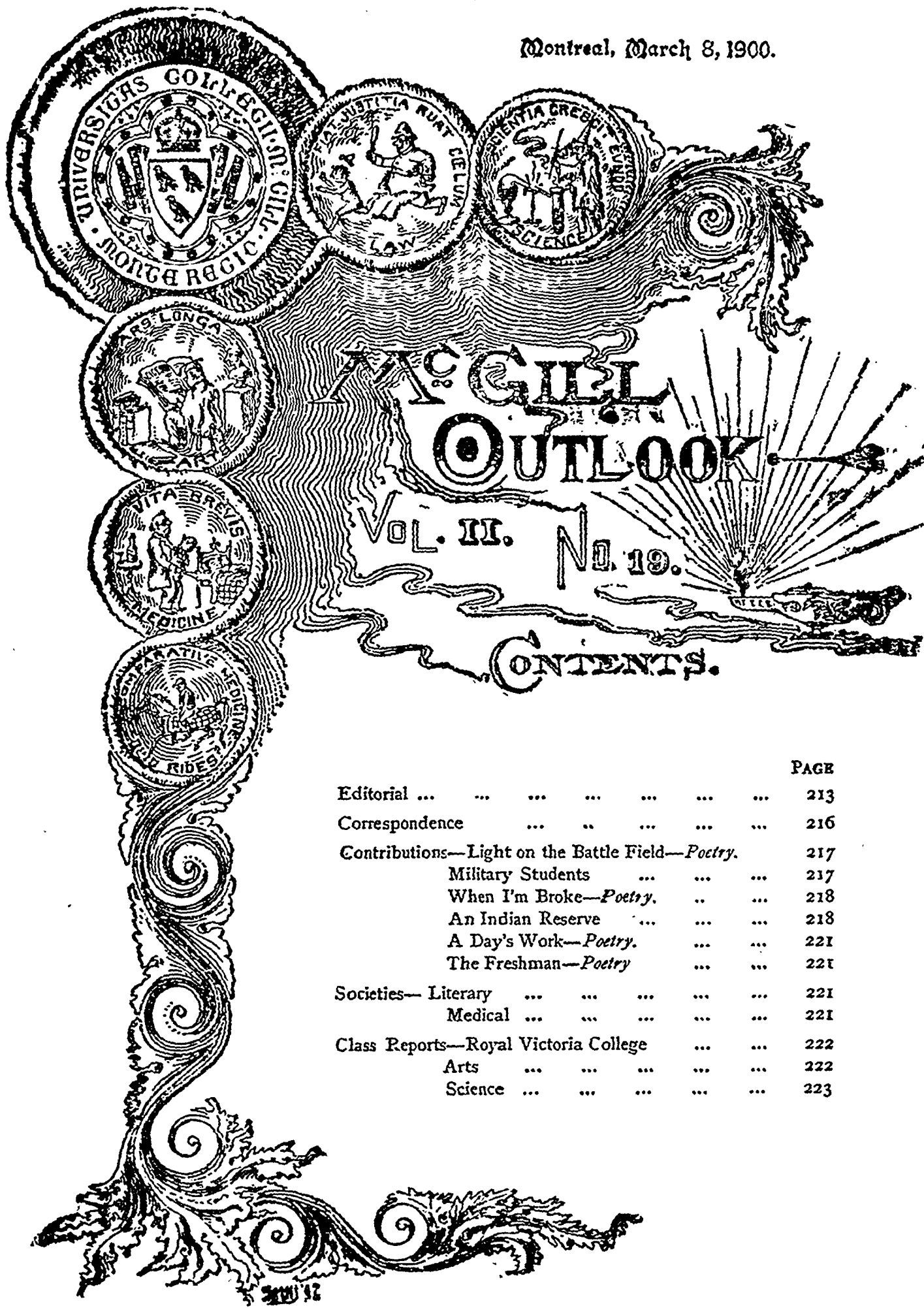
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Montreal, March 8, 1900.



MCGILL  
**OUTLOOK**  
 VOL. II. No. 19.  
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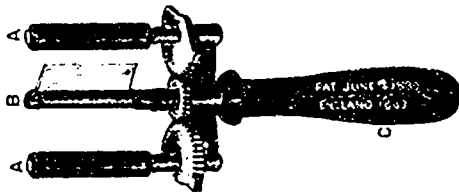
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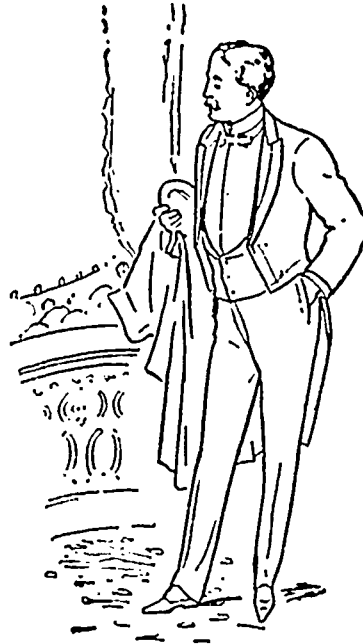
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# McGILL OUTLOOK

VOL. II.

MONTREAL, MARCH 8, 1900.

No. 19

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The MCGILL OUTLOOK is published weekly by the students of McGill University.

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## Editorial.

THE past week has been in many ways an eventful one in the history of McGill, and its scenes—some of them indeed regrettable—will ever remain in the memory of the students.

Thursday morning, when news of the relief of Ladysmith was announced in Montreal, the students of McGill, like all loyal subjects, promptly prepared to celebrate General Buller's great victory. It is unnecessary here to give a detailed description of the parades and the unfortunate scenes which followed. We merely wish to correct certain statements with reference to our celebration that have appeared in some of the daily newspapers of Montreal. Our motives in celebrating the relief of Ladysmith have been, by certain of these journals, attributed to the basest of motives; we have been accused of grave misdemeanours, *even crimes*, and statements have appeared which have been very far from the truth, to say the least—statements which originated in the brains of report-

ers, whose prejudices over-balanced their fairness and good sense.

We do not agree with the reporter who affirms that we *demand*ed that a flag should be raised on the French newspaper offices. On the contrary we visited these offices prompted by the same spirit which led us to visit the High School, the City Hall, the Stock Exchange, the Board of Trade, the *Star* office, and other institutions, not doubting their loyalty in the least, but to join in the general rejoicing, "beyond a common joy." At the office of the "Patrie" the students simply requested that a flag be hoisted, and did *not* enter the building. After a few moments the flag was unfurled, but unfortunately a pane of glass was broken. A man was found wearing a Kruger button and airing his pro-Boer sympathies; in endeavouring to remove the button a student accidentally broke the window. But all this is set down to the students' desire to insult the "Patrie." Unlike the previous places visited, those in charge of one of the news-

paper offices—the “*Presse*”—refused to hoist a flag, and by their persistent refusals provoked the visiting students. On forcing an entrance to the building a McGill man was struck by an ink bottle, and other missiles were hurled at the students by the enraged employees. The scenes that followed were certainly regrettable in their excesses; the students were wrong in backing up their request by forceful measures, for the newspaper in question was doubtless within its rights in refusing to hoist a flag, owing probably to a misinterpretation of our motives. But everyone who is not in a state of dotage or who has not reached the last stages of senility, makes certain concessions to students, occasionally at least, and on such an occasion as the relief of Ladysmith, after the long weeks of suspense, we see no reason why a student outburst of enthusiasm, in the excitement of the moment, should have been mistaken as an imputation against the loyalty of the French people.

The scenes at Laval University, Thursday evening, are regretted by none more sincerely than by the students of McGill. Thursday morning, when the McGill men reached the City Hall, they were cordially invited by a Laval student, or one who claimed to be a Laval student, to proceed to Laval where they would be welcomed by the students of our sister Institution, who would doubtless join in the celebration. They did as requested, but no Laval men were visible. Neither was a flag flying, nor were there any signs of rejoicing. The caretaker in charge received us good-naturedly and a flag was procured by a McGill student and hoisted on the building, only to be removed when the McGill men had departed. The Laval students, resenting our conduct and our friendly visit, paraded the streets in the afternoon and caused the flags to be removed from the French newspaper offices, substituting their own. They cheered the Queen's statue on Victoria square, but on one occasion at least, men in their procession were heard to utter very uncomplimentary remarks—not to use a stronger adjective—about Her Gracious Majesty—as well as about their “enemies” at McGill.

In the evening a few McGill men, accompanied by several hundred citizens—but not a McGill procession, as one newspaper announ-

ced on its bulletins and in its columns—marched to Laval. This was doubtless unwise, but had the Laval men acted with more discretion, all trouble would have been averted. We have—and always had—the friendliest feelings towards the students of our sister Institution, but we cannot admire their conduct on Thursday night. Instead of receiving the visitors cordially, and joining with them in the celebration, they had a force of policemen in waiting to protect their persons from expected violence; when the procession halted and the leader—to the strains of “*God Save the Queen*”—planted the Union Jack in a bank of snow in front of their building, their assurances of sympathy with the celebration, their cordial welcome and cheerful greetings came forth in the form of streams of ice cold water from half a dozen fire hose, manipulated, apparently not by the students themselves, but by their protectors—the officers of the law on the balcony steps. *And all this before any move was made to enter the building*, notwithstanding the statements of several newspapers—and even public men, in their public capacity. The scenes that followed this greeting—the breaking of windows, etc.—were not enacted by McGill students *as a body*, despite the assertions of certain newspapers to the contrary, and there is no reason why such unfavourable comments and unjust statements should have been published concerning the student body of McGill as a whole. But these scenes were not by any means as disgraceful as the tearing down and burning of a British flag, nor were they enacted by McGill men *as a body*, any more than the latter was the work of Laval men *as a body*.<sup>11</sup> After Thursday night, McGill students took no part in the trouble, but were prepared to protect their Alma Mater from threatened attack.

We have given, this statement of facts merely in justice to ourselves and to our University. Unjust criticism has fallen upon us, and the whole body of students has been charged with gross misconduct. The Chairman of the Police Committee has threatened to resign rather than permit McGill students to rule Montreal. We hasten to assure that gentleman that there is no cause for alarm, and that it will be quite unnecessary

that the city lose his valued services; we are sincere when we state that we have never desired to rule Montreal, although the scenes of the past week have proved the necessity for such an ambition on the part of some one.

During the trouble a certain portion of the press has greatly exaggerated and distorted the facts—possibly to gratify a morbid curiosity for the creation of which they are largely responsible. To the bitter attacks of the French press we make no reply—they had better remain unanswered; but why the Montreal *Herald*,—a paper which has hitherto been so closely and cordially in touch with University affairs,—should make statements so very far from the truth and should endeavour by its remarks to heap all the blame on the students of McGill as a whole, is more than we can divine. We fail to agree with the critic who affirms that we have brought discredit to our University; it is not in our recollection that the students of McGill have done anything heinous to deserve such criticism; we have never dragged our colours in the gutter, and we believe that the citizens of Montreal have had no just cause to complain of our conduct. The trouble lies in the fact that our motives were misinterpreted; but had we neglected to include the French newspaper offices and Laval University in our line of march, the same cry would probably have been heard, and we would have been accused of doubting their loyalty.

All we ask is fair treatment—we have received it at the hands of three of Montreal's leading dailies—we ask no more, but we do not expect less.

\* \* \*

The following letter signed by the Presidents of the various classes of McGill was sent to the Laval students Friday afternoon.

The undergraduates of McGill University desire to explain to the University of Laval that the motives of their visit of Thursday morning were of the friendliest nature, as was the case also with the visits paid to Bishop's College, and the schools of the city; and, further, they wish to express sincere regret that these should have been so very much misunderstood, and that any unfriendly feeling should have resulted therefrom.

THE majority of the Montreal French newspapers have taken a pessimistic view of the recent celebrations, and have been loud in their denunciation of McGill students.

*Les Débats*, in its issue of the 4th of March, devotes considerable space to distorted descriptions of the students' parades. We give below a few extracts. In an article entitled "To Englishmen" *Les Débats* says:—

"The day following that on which many of our countrymen fell mortally wounded on the field of battle in South Africa, at the very hour when others horribly wounded were writhing in the pangs of agony, when others again were stoically preparing themselves to meet death for an unjust cause—*your cause*—and which they had undertaken in an exaggerated sentiment of loyalty to England to spare you the shame of an ignominious defeat, and one which the whole world would have applauded,—you have committed an unmentionable crime. You have torn and trampled under foot our tri-colour—the Canadian flag, the flag of France. This crime we will never forget. And it is the youth of an English University, that youth who will to-morrow be the directing class in our country, who have done this deed! What has the future in store for us, where are we going? . . . If the Boers have three hundred thousand we have three millions. Our brothers in the United States will make common cause with us, and France whose flag you have insulted has still men like Mareuil ready to play the part of Lafayette on the soil of free America."

*Les Débats* gives a peculiar description of McGill students' procession under the heading, "The Race War." It says:—

"From the City hall the pack of hounds betook themselves to Laval University. At Place Viger square they met a lady, and began to sing '*Hop along, Mary, hop along.*' A few steps further on two young girls crossed the street, '*Like the girls along,*' cried the pack of hounds. Not even our women were safe from their insults." Describing the scene at Laval, the article continues: "The pack of hounds entered . . . The bolder ones came right into the lecture rooms and the offices in search of the flags which they thought were covered up somewhere under an anti-patriotic dust. Finding none, they went out and hoisted one of their own red rags in front of the building. . . . During the evening several thousand bullies, led by the youth of McGill, armed themselves with batons and proceeded to besiege Laval. . . . Our good French-Canadians, of whom only a handful remained at that moment in the University, gave them a shower bath of cold water . . . Could any one have acted more moderately towards people whose hoarse voices betrayed a savage thirst for blood."

And, again: "Outrage was necessary—the blow of the whip which lashes and makes the blood boil; it was necessary to strike us in a personification of our race, a symbol of our nationality, and the English future, the English University, McGill, has come, without provocation, to insult our University, our flag and our nationality."



THE communication on "Theatre Night" in another column deserves the thoughtful consideration of every student. The suggestion that our "Theatre Night" performance next October be given by McGill students is a good one, and is, at least, worthy of attention. The performances of the 'Theatre Nights' within our memory have been neither of the highest class nor the best character, and complaints have been heard on all sides. If a play were produced by a McGill Club, the mere fact of it being a "McGill play" would interest the students, and Theatre Night would undoubtedly be more successful than in former years. There is certainly enough dramatic ability in McGill to produce a play in a manner that would bring no discredit upon the student body, and we would then have a *real* McGill Theatre Night. Many difficulties would doubtless arise, and progress would be slow at first but if a few brave spirits would interest themselves in the matter, the movement might then

be taken up by the Undergraduate body. Further communications from those interested in the subject might facilitate matters somewhat.

THE OUTLOOK will only appear once more during the present session, twenty numbers being our limit. The Editors desire to make the last number the best, and, as it will be somewhat larger than usual, we ask the indulgence of our subscribers if it does not appear on the usual day of publication. Every Class reporter should endeavor to send in a short report for this, the last number of the session.

SPEAKING of the student celebration, the *Chronicle of Insurance and Finance* says: "It was a truly inspiring sight to see this laughing, happy, loyal band of boys, representatives of the youth of a great nation, giving expression of rejoicing beyond any common joy, and singing with all the vigour of early manhood, God Save the Queen."

## Correspondence.

### SCIENCE 1901, CLASS YELL.

To the Editor of the OUTLOOK.

DEAR SIR,

May I ask for sufficient space in your paper to briefly reply to the uncalled for attack on Science '01 in the last issue of the OUTLOOK by the reporter of Arts '00. In the first place, our year has no recognized class yell, and in the second place no class yell was indulged in by the members of our year during the patriotic meeting.

It may not be out of place to suggest that the Arts '00 reporter confine his remarks strictly to his own Year, and not venture on criticisms which are entirely out of his province.

I am,  
Very truly yours,  
W. H. DEBLOIS,  
President Science '01.

### THEATRE NIGHT.

To the Editor of the OUTLOOK:—

Although it is so distant from Theatre Night, I think that as the time is approaching to elect the committee the question should be discussed. For the past two years Theatre Night has not been as enjoyable as it might be, and this is entirely due to the poor quality of the performance given by the Company visiting the city at that time. If the students of the various Faculties, when appointing the members of the Committee, would take up the matter and give it their support, we might have a Theatre Night

for McGill students, by McGill students; at the same time do away with the dissatisfaction of past years, and show that University spirit for which the students are always yearning. As there are two suitable theatres in the city, and one is nearly always vacant each week, it should not be difficult to find an auditorium in which to present a play got up by the students themselves.

I am certain that there is enough dramatic ability in the University to produce a piece in a creditable manner, and I am informed by one who should know that he could form a good orchestra from among the musical students.

The nature of the play could be settled without great difficulty. Either an original one could be written or the right to produce a good stock one secured, the latter being the easier way. The main thing about it is that it should be interesting to the students, as Theatre Night is not the time for a play of merely literary or antiquarian interest. Bright hits on professors and College topics, with College songs, might complete the evening's entertainment. Such a performance should draw every student and many of their friends, for they would not only be interested in the play but in seeing the students act it, and even those whose consciences do not permit them to go to many of the plays produced on Theatre Night would go to this one. With the attendance it would bring it would be a financial success, and not only that, but the pleasure of the evening would be greatly increased. Thanking you for the space you have allowed me, I remain,

Yours truly,  
S. M.

## Contributions.

### LIGHT ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

Light on the battle field!  
Hark to the cry—  
Wounded in deadly fight,  
Strong men, 'midst deepest night,  
Lie down to die,  
Round them sweeps War's fierce blight.  
Grim horrors meet their sight,  
No succour nigh;  
Yet, at their Country's call,  
Gladly they yield their all!

Light on the battle-field!  
Yea,—light and rest,  
Since the great torch of Right  
Shines through the darkest night,—  
And every breast,  
Conscious of duty done,  
Welcomes life's setting sun,  
Giving its best;  
Yielding a soldier's all,  
Gladly at Country's call!

Brave souls who sink to die  
Facing the foe,  
Under an alien sky,  
Well do ye know—  
*England is England yet,  
And she will not forget!*

FROM A CONTRIBUTOR

### MILITARY STUDENTS.

The Spanish-American war of 1898 and the present war in South Africa have done much to rouse the interest of students in military matters. This is the case in McGill, now that some of our members are on the various Canadian contingents. Canadian students are sadly lacking in this respect, being surpassed by those of American and British universities. The American students do fairly well, but in Great Britain the state of affairs is very satisfactory, almost every University maintaining a Volunteer Corps.

First of all comes the 1st Volunteer Battalion Oxfordshire Light Infantry. This battalion consists of 6 companies, 600 men, and is composed of students from University of Oxford. The Commanding Officer is Lt.-Col. G. C. Bourne, while H.R.H. Prince of Wales is Honorary Colonel. The uniform is scarlet with blue facings, blue helmets. The 4th Volunteer Battalion Oxford Light Infantry is maintained by the students of Eton College, and consists of 4 companies 400 men, commanded by Major C. Lowry, Rev. F. Warre being Hon. Col. The uniform is grey with light blue facings, grey helmets. University of Cambridge maintains the 4th Volunteer Battalion Suffolk Regiment, 6 companies, 600 men. The uniform is the same as that of Eton College, and the Commanding Officer is Lt.-Col. Rev. H. S. Cronin. The Prince of Wales is Hon. Col. Oxford has 3,400 students; Cambridge, 3,000. The 3,000 students in University of Edinburgh have 3 separate corps, one company in 1st Edinburgh City, Volunteer Artillery, No. 4 Company, 1st Volunteer Battalion Lothian Regiment and the Edinburgh Volunteer Medical Staff Corps. Each

consists of 100 men, the uniforms being blue with red facings, blue helmets for the Artillery, grey with red facings for the Infantry and blue with black velvet facings, blue helmets for the Medical Corps. St. Andrew's, Glasgow, London, Durham, Victoria, Wales, Aberdeen, Mason Universities also contribute many members to the volunteers.

This practical enthusiasm is by no means confined to the universities, for the principal schools maintain Cadet Corps, each of which is attached to a battalion in its district. This body of young soldiers consists of 4 Artillery Corps, 7 Engineer, 33 Infantry. They undergo the same training, as far as possible, as the volunteers, and often participate in sham battles with the regulars. The majority wear the same uniform as the Volunteer Corps to which they are attached. Among them are such famous schools as Malvern, Cheltenham, Rugby, Marlborough, Kelvinside, Mayall, etc. Their uniforms and the corps they are attached to are Malvern—1st Worcestershire and Warwickshire, Volunteer Artillery, blue, red facings; Cheltenham—scarlet, blue facings, 1st Gloucestershire Volunteer Engineers; Rugby—scarlet, blue facings, 2nd Volunteer Battalion Warwickshire Regiment. This corps possesses brass and lugle bands and 4 companies, in all 200 boys. Marlborough is another large corps, having a band of 20, 10 cyclists and 2 companies, 140 in all. The uniform is grey with black facings. Kelvinside C.C. has scarlet with green facings, and is attached to 4th V.B. Scottish Rifles. Mayall has green with scarlet facings, and is attached to 22nd Middlesex Vol. The Marlborough Corps is attached to the 2nd V.B. Wiltshire Regt.

In the New Zealand Volunteers are two University companies, the College Rifles of Wellington and Christchurch College Rifles of Christchurch. Each company has an establishment of 63. The former corps has a buff uniform, the latter scarlet, blue facings. Only members or ex-members of the colleges are allowed to join. The schools possess Cadet Corps, among them Nelson school.

In Australia there exist numerous school Cadet Corps, such as the Grammar School of Melbourne, Victoria. The uniforms of the corps are buff.

No college corps exist in South Africa, though many students join the Volunteers, many being now at the front, especially those of Maritzburg College, Natal. Numerous Cadet Corps are maintained, foremost among them being the Natal Cadet Batt. This consists of 1,200 Cadets from 22 public schools. The battalion spends a week in camp every summer. The Kimberley Cadet Corps, composed of boys from 14 to 17 years of age, rendered signal service during the siege of the city, and even took part in the fighting.

During the Spanish-American war many students in the American universities enlisted in the Volunteer regiments. Among them were some Canadian students. The Yale students raised a platoon of Heavy Artillery of 37 men. Much to their disgust, they were stationed in camp and saw no service, as no Heavy Artillery was used in Cuba or Porto

Rico, except that of the Regular Army, and that as infantry. Other Yale men joined other regiments and managed to see some service.

Many of the other universities have for some years possessed corps. University of Minnesota has a platoon of cavalry, and a battalion of 5 companies with a band. In the United States a company has an establishment of 104. Ohio State University maintains a battalion of 5 companies, with band and Signal Corps, and possesses a very fine armoury. University of Nebraska has 4 companies of Infantry. Girard College, Philadelphia, possesses a Cadet Corps with blue uniform, gold braid facings. These corps take part in great university celebrations. When the students get up a demonstration they hire the college band. None of your German street bands, but good brass bands. Company and individual drill competitions are held annually, the best drilled man receiving a gold medal.

In all this great Canada we have only two university corps. In August, 188 , Lieut S. S. Naylor, 68th "King's County" Battalion Infantry, received permission to raise a new company, No. 9, at Wolfville, being gazetted Captain. This was one week before the battalion proceeded to the annual camp drill. Captain Naylor set to work and raised his company from the members and ex-members of Acadia University. So well did everyone work that No. 9 took first place in the efficiency competition of all the batts. in camp. It is still the best company in the 68th, which has 10 companies, and is one of the finest rural battalions in Canada. Hon. F. W. Borden, M.D., Minister of Militia, is Surg. Lieut.-Col. of the battalion. The other university corps is the Cadet Corps of University of Ottawa, consisting of 2 companies.

The Public Schools, however, of Ontario, Quebec and Manitoba maintain 70 Cadet companies, French and English. The battalions of Mt. St. Louis and St. Mary's Colleges, in Montreal, are samples of the excellence of some of the French corps. Each battalion has 4 companies and it is a treat to see them drill. The number of corps is steadily increasing.

Why cannot the universities do as well as the schools. University of Toronto formerly possessed a battalion. It was disbanded after a few years, and a university company formed in the 2nd "Queen's Own Rifles." This also was a fizzle. Montreal formerly had the 4th Battalion "McGill Light Infantry," commanded by Hon. James McGill. During the Venezuelan war scare the students of Dalhousie University wished to raise 2 companies for the 63rd "Halifax" Rifles. The scare dropped, so did the companies. The Toronto Universities wished to raise an Engineer Company, 2 Infantry Companies and Bearer Co., but the Militia Department evidently cared little about the matter, for the companies were not raised. This session our hopes were raised by the proposal to form 4 Bearer Cos. and 4 Field Hospitals in Queen's, Toronto, McGill. But the war came and the Militia Department had to devote its energies to the Canadian contingents. Some day in the distant future the name of McGill University may appear in the Canadian Militia List.

As far as can be ascertained the following officers are students of McGill:

Major H. L. Borden, King's Canadian Hussars, Med. '02.  
 Capt. W. A. Gardner, 50th Batt. "Huntington Borderers," Med '02.  
 Lieut. J. A. McGregor, 50th Batt. "Huntington Borderers," proceeding to M.A. degree.  
 Lieut. R. deB. Corriveau, 65th Batt. "Mount Royal Rifles," Sci. '00.  
 Lieut. C. M. Cotton, 15th "Shefford" Field Battery, Law '02.  
 Lieut. E. J. Carlyle, 22nd Batt. "Oxford Rifles," Arts '02.  
 2nd Lt. R. M. Van Wart, Brighton Engineer Co., Med. '02.  
 " E. A. Burke, 1st Batt. "Prince of Wales Regt. Fusiliers," Law '00.  
 2nd Lt. A. S. McCormick, 3rd Batt. "Victoria Rifles of Canada," Arts '01.  
 2nd Lt. H. Mackay, 5th Batt. "Royal Scots of Canada," Law '00.  
 2nd Lt. R. R. Barber, 20th Batt. "Lorne Rifles," Sci. '00.  
 2nd Lt. J. G. Ross, " " " " Sci. '03.  
 " J. R. Niven, 26th "Middlesex" Batt. Inf., Med '02.  
 " J. S. Labatt, " " " " Sci. '02.

There is no such rank as 1st Lieut. The titles are Lieut. and 2nd Lieut., that of Lieut. being the same as 1st Lieut. in the U. S. A.

#### WHEN I'M BROKE.

All the world seems out of kilter,  
 When I'm broke ;  
 Through my brain ill feelings filter,  
 When I'm broke ;  
 As they hustle, helter-skelter,  
 While I dig, and grind, and swelter,  
 Till in vanished hopes I welter,  
 When I'm broke.

I have just one consolation,  
 When I'm broke ;  
 And it cheers to exultation,  
 When I'm broke ;  
 Neither power of man nor nation  
 Can increase in degradation  
 My financial situation,  
 When I'm broke.

All my lessons in a flurry,  
 When I'm broke ;  
 Make my recitations blurry,  
 When I'm broke ;  
 But in this my woes I bury—  
 " Let the other fellow worry "—  
 And I smile to watch him skurry,  
 When I'm broke.

#### AN INDIAN RESERVE.

A sojourn of any consequence in the North-West, which we Easterners are so apt to connect with the buffaloes that roamed over the plains and the Indians who roamed after them, would be quite incomplete without a visit to one of the settlements which the Government has reserved for this vanishing people.

Happening to be in Winnipeg with a friend whose views coincided with the above, one clear afternoon of September, '98, we found ourselves all ready for a drive to St. Peter's Reserve, commonly known as Seikirk. In the hall of the Manitoba Hotel where my friend lived, and which, by the way, was completely destroyed by fire not six months

after my visit (as Cellini would undoubtedly say in his "Autobiography" if writing under the same conditions), when we questioned the drummers we learnt that the roads in some places were very muddy; accordingly my friend had the keen foresight to leave his own buggy at the stable and borrow one from which no paint could be removed. With plenty of rugs, and behind as splendid a piece of horse-flesh as one could wish for, we started off. We went due north out Main street, and before long found ourselves on the open prairie. Over this we drove at a smart pace, enjoying the soft springing sensation which makes a prairie trail unique. The road we followed was a particularly wide one; the center was banked up, and this produced a ditch on each side. Outside the ditches were several additional beaten tracks. The strange part about these roads was that, if the particular waggon track in which we were traveling became too rough for comfort, we would merely cross the ditch and continue our way along another track, only keeping in it in turn until it also got bumpy, when we would try the next one. After a short time, during which we only got on one wrong trail, we came to the Red River, and this we followed as far as Lower Fort Garry. All along the shore, places looking like white-washed patches showed us the sites of abandoned lime-kilns. One very noticeable feature of the surrounding country was the absence of trees, except along the river bank. As we drove along my cicerone pointed out, away in the distance across the prairie, what might be taken for a hill. It was called Stony Mountain, and was the only place in the country where stone could be obtained, accounting for the universal use of brick in the Winnipeg buildings.

Lower Fort Garry, to be distinguished from Old Fort Garry, the site of Winnipeg, stands to-day in all its entirety; high stone walls, very solid, with round towers pierced for cannon at the corners, enclose a square fully four acres in area containing several substantial looking buildings, including store houses, dwellings and gaol. We were much interested in an old bell on one of the walls, which was formerly rung to call together all within hearing when the fort was in danger of attack.

We drove through the fort, out at the gates farthest from the river, and continued our way along the upper road, with the intention of returning long the river side. Then, some fifteen miles of driving (in all about twenty-five from Winnipeg), brought us to Selkirk. We took our horse to aivery, above the door of which was painted a fine pair of fiery-looking steeds, claret coloured, with brown manes and tails. We then crossed the street to the hotel. It is worthy of note how many things have taken their name from the railroad that has made the West what it is. Our proprietor, not to be behind in this respect, had a large sign up over the door telling us that his was the "Canada Pacific Hotel." We registered in a book which had done service since the rebellion, and were informed that when leaving the house guests were not allowed to remove their baggage until they had settled their accounts.

After a few such cautions we sauntered out to see the Reserve. We walked down to the river-side and along the bank, passing several large ice-houses where fish were kept before being shipped. These were for

the most part caught in Lake Winnipeg, some twenty miles below, forming an industry of no little importance to the natives. The Government's policy is, undoubtedly, to educate this people to agriculture, but they find it hard to persuade them to abandon their nomadic lives.

Not far below these ice-houses, and launched high and dry, going to pieces at the will of the weather, was the "Princess," a paddle wheeler of considerable size, built entirely of oak. The owners found it more to their advantage to stop running her altogether than to keep losing money year by year.

Just before we came to the boat we met the first Indians. Several old squaws, smoking coloured clay pipes with stems about an inch long, were seated on soap boxes, a strange combination of barbarism and civilization. It would be hard to tell their age more accurately than to say they were between 40 and 90, for a squaw of 40 looks as old as her grandmother.

A man separated himself from a little group near by, approached us, and, after making a remark about the weather and inquiring after our health, pointed out and offered for sale a brace of ducks hanging near by. He could not or would not understand that we did not want the ducks, which we noticed had been brought down with the aid of several pounds of lead shot, if the honey-combed appearance of the birds were anything to judge by. The man had a typical Indian's beard: a few—very few—black wiry hairs which did not in the least hide the outline of his pointed chin. One very noticeable feature and one that impressed itself upon me more and more as fresh faces appeared, was their resemblance to the well-known face of John Chinaman, the similarity in the high cheek bone being very marked.

Continuing our explorations, we passed some of the rudest tents one could imagine, not at all what I expected to see from illustrations of "Indian wigwams" in the school reading books, but made of frames of every conceivable shape with canvas or old blankets thrown over. Some had holes in the top to let out the smoke and some had not. Many of the tents, however, apart from a general state of chronic unidiness, were fairly respectable, not differing in all intents and purposes from the ordinary 10 x 14 that many of us are glad to live in for a few weeks in the summer.

We wandered back from the river into the midst of the colony of tents, but dogs of every size, appearance and shape began to assemble, and their intent gazes were not conducive to our enjoyment. We hastily decided not to intrude any farther, and gradually retraced our steps. One squaw, seated on the ground peeling potatoes, stopped her work to gaze at a middle-aged man and spectacled youth, both in knickerbockers. A little boy at her side had a very sour look on his face till we gave him a piece of silver, when, with a smiling open countenance he showed it to his mother, who gave us a look of undisguised welcome, which look was promptly recorded upon a little piece of pocket kodak film.

The reappearance of the dogs put an end to a short conversation about her daily life, and we returned to the hotel, but not without renewing our acquaintance with the man that had owned the ducks and the scraggly beard.

Supper over, we went for a little stroll along the

one street worthy of the name. My friend took me into a small general store to see an old acquaintance of his who, by dint of hard work and upright dealing, had at one time held the important office of mayor. He told us not to miss the service in the church the following evening, as the Archbishop of Rupert's Land was to preside at a confirmation service. To say that we were startled on our way back to the hotel does not begin to describe our feelings; just as we left the store we saw a company of Indian girls walking the street, as the Saturday evening custom is, decked in colours surpassing the spectrum in variety—magentas and yellows, greens and oranges, reds and purples—resembling a Diamond Dyes sample card on a large scale.

When we got back to the hotel we found the "savants" of the town discussing in a rather one-sided way the prohibition question, seated in ingenious chairs with five legs, one placed behind and extending a little backwards to prevent the occupant from tilting the chair against the wall. On the other side of a partition some "Knights of the cue" were indulging in a quiet game for drinks, while a roomful of spectators stood or sat ready to applaud with hands and feet when one of the players happened to make a cannon.

Sunday passed off very quietly, for nearly everybody seemed content to sleep the greater part of the day. In the afternoon, with his thumbs in the arm holes of his vest and seated in a chair that *could* be tilted back, we heard a traveller from Dakota holding forth upon the merits of Free Silver.

A few minutes before seven we started for the church. Let me explain that my friend is of a musical bent, and is leader of the largest choir in Winnipeg; he is also well known to the Selkirk choir-master.

As we were walking along across a field we noticed that a large number of chairs were being taken to the church; the service was evidently to be well attended, and the number of people already at the door did not tend to increase our hope of being able to get a seat. The chairman, reading our thoughts, offered to find places for us. He led us through an outer side door, then through an inner one, and before we found our bearings we saw a sea of faces in front of us—he had taken us into the choir. I found a seat among the basses not far from my friend, and acted throughout the service with counterfeited composure. I sang when the others sang, and even mustered courage to stand up for the anthem, joining in especially well on the "Amens."

The service was a very solemn one; about twenty-five young girls, all in white, the majority of them half-breeds, presented themselves for confirmation. It was very impressive to see the aged Archbishop, with a countenance resembling in my conception that of the prophet Elijah, laying his hands on the dark heads one by one as he added his blessing.

The service finally ended, and the choir separated. The next night in one of the Winnipeg papers a little item appeared describing the service, and ended as follows: "The musical portions of the service, as is usual in this church, were very well rendered, the choir having the valuable assistance of Mr. —, a prominent young Montreal baritone."

On our last day away we got up about seven, and, after a breakfast of ham and eggs, went to the river to cross on the ferry. The ferryman made it a rule to stay at the side to which he conveyed his last load; we found him on the other side, and gave him a call. The ferry is an old scow fastened to an endless cable running over two pulleys, one on each side of the river. The loop is made to revolve by an old horse in a dark shed near by, so dark that the old animal has lost his sight through long disuse of his eyes. The ferryman came over for us and changed the rope to the other cable, when off we went. He then collected our money, remarking that the reason he charged what he did was because the cable had broken a number of years before, and he was trying to pay for the new one. His predecessor used to tell people that he had been navigating across the river for eighteen years and had never lost a man, but that he came very nearly losing a commercial traveller once. He seemed to draw a sharp distinction between a man and a drummer.

When we landed we walked along the shore a little distance to where we had noticed an encampment from the opposite bank. In one small tent which we approached, the whole family, eight or nine of them, were still in bed. The dogs that heralded our arrival wakened them from their slumbers and brought them to the front of the tent. Never had I seen such filth as existed there; clothes were scattered, dishes such as they had were lying in the dirt and dust surrounding the tent, and small dogs were sleeping in the water pails.

We first made friends with a little baby, as plump as she was shy, by putting a ten-cent piece in her hand. She showed it to her father, and we were declared to be welcome visitors. Telling them I wanted to take a picture of the tent, the mother at the bidding of her lord and master unwillingly came to the front. The father seated himself on an upturned pail and held the baby in his arms until the operation was over.

Asking a few questions about their family we were informed that the oldest son was away on a fishing expedition at the Lake below, and one daughter was in service at Winnipeg. As we left, my friend put a quarter into one of the children's hands and the family continued to stare, probably wondering what untold wealth must have prompted so generous a donation.

The dogs were by this time beginning to muster in large numbers, and we agreed to make no further encroachments. We returned to the ferryman, who told us we should have to wait for the bus bringing passengers from East Selkirk, a station about twenty miles along the main line on this side of Winnipeg. He said the bus was often as much as couple a of hours late, but *this* day it was well on time, and we were not delayed beyond the limits of our patience.

We settled accounts with the proprietor of the hotel, for my friend found it necessary to start homewards, and so were allowed to remove our luggage. A very short time after saw us moving rapidly back to Winnipeg. We drove home along the river road till we reached the fort, when we took the upper road, thus making in the round trip a long figure eight. We stopped only to read

the inscription on one of the monuments erected to the memory of a hero who fell during the rebellion of 1885, and shortly before noon we found ourselves back at the "Manitoba," thus ending as novel and interesting visit as it has been mine to enjoy.

A DAY'S WORK.

(A young poet having, with many tears, besought the Editor to publish his first spring poem, he complied. Here it is.)

In moralizing mood, drowsy yet still awake,  
I thought what mighty things hang on a little stake;  
And what I thought I think I'll tell to you:  
T'was how much harm one unwatched day may do.

Now the morning calm and pleasant  
Seemed to promise naught but peace,  
And the earth seemed on ball bearings,  
Lubricated with good grease.  
But the calm peace of the morning,  
Only made more clearly plain  
That a day can oft turn sunshine  
Into threatening clouds and rain.  
'Tis the very brightest sunshine  
That precedes the hardest shower;  
And a day, 'tis proved, can change it  
By the folly of an hour.  
And the shower that seems so fleeting  
Does some harm that's sure to stay  
All because we did not hinder  
Nor restrain a rampant day.  
But e'en if the storm pass onward,  
And the sun shine out once more,  
And the rain drops on the bushes  
Look like diamonds clear and pure,  
If you only look more closely,  
Tiny homes are swept away,

All accomplished by the folly  
To be found within a day;  
True its fury may seem over;  
Every harm may seem repaired,  
But a closer glance will show you  
Leaflets torn and rootlets bared,  
Not a thousand years of sunshine,  
With its warm life-giving ray  
Could restore a leaf or rootlet,  
Though it's killed by one cold day.  
We may try to patch the bungling,  
Patching only makes it worse;  
'Tis a poor excuse for stabbing,  
For the stabber to turn nurse.  
Future storms may be averted,  
But we surely ought to weigh,  
And if need be firmly checkmate  
Every action of the day.

Now rousing from my waking dream  
I open "Sargent's" Latin Prose  
When through my head a moral goes,  
And it's a true one, Heaven knows:—

Friends, favours quickly are forgot,  
Or only half recalled to mind,  
Yes, gratitude is like the wind,  
It whistles loud but doeth naught.

LAMI—SAWL.

THE FRESHMAN.

Once a Freshman was cast on an African shore,  
Where a cannibal monarch held sway;  
And, they served up that Freshman in slices on toasts  
On the eve of that very same day.  
But the vengeance of heaven followed swift on the act,  
And before next morning was seen,  
By cholera morbus that tribe was attacked,  
For that Freshman was terribly green.

Societies.

LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Literary Society held its last meeting for this session, Friday evening. The attendance, owing to the martial enthusiasm afloat, was abnormally large, and for once in the season, No. 3 class room was filled to the doors. The chief business was the election of officers, resulting as follows:

- Hon. President.....Dr. Peterson.
- President .....W. G. McNaughton, '01.
- 1st Vice President.....Mr. Westover, Law.
- Secretary.....C. A. Adams, '02.
- Treasurer.....M. Jack, '02.
- Reporters..... { Mr. Couture, '03.  
                          { D. R. White, '01.  
                          { Mr. Johnson, '03.
- Committee..... { A. W. Lochead, '01.  
                          { C. W. Munn, '02.  
                          { R. J. Harper, '01.  
                          { Edgar Parkins, '03.

A call "to arms" here resounded through the hall, and the meeting broke up without the regular debate.

MEDICAL SOCIETY.

The meeting of the Medical Society, postponed from January 26th, was held on Friday evening, March 2nd, when a large and enthusiastic audience assembled to hear some papers, most probably good ones, and to demonstrate undying loyalty to their *Alma Mater*. After the usual routine and some special business, the programme of the evening was proceeded with.

The paper by Mr. E. L. Pope, B.A. '00, on "The Power of Nature," was the only one read, and the meeting adjourned immediately without discussion, and the papers by Messrs. Little & Hope, 1901, were left for some future occasion.

Mr. Pope's paper was a literary and scientific treat, and it is only to be regretted that untoward circumstances prevented in some degree the thorough enjoyment of it.

## Class Reports.

### ROYAL VICTORIA COLLEGE.

Ash Wednesday was hailed gladly ; no lectures.

The boxes placed at the disposal of the Donalds on the occasion of the McGill-New York Hockey Match were well filled, and our only regret was that the match was so easy for "our" men. Our pleasure would have been unalloyed had not Miss McLean received a blow from a hockey stick, from the effects of which she is still suffering. We express hearty thanks, however, to the Arts students for their thoughtful kindness.

The Members of the Gymnasium Class had a very enjoyable afternoon on Saturday, the 24th, when they were invited by Miss Holmstrom to a dainty Swedish tea. Miss Sanderson was good enough to sing two very charming songs. The tea was served by little girls in attractive Swedish costume, who transported one in fancy to the hostess' native land.

On Thursday morning, March 1st, came the news of the relief of Ladysmith. Of course this should have prepared us for anything, but the majority of the R. V. C. students were taken by surprise when wild shouts and cheers mingled with bits of the National Anthem greeted their ears. Every girl, except some who thought it was only Second Year again, left her occupation, and made for the front windows to see anything that might be in sight. What they did see was a body of students careering madly around our veiled Queen. Several energetic lads were perched on top of the pedestal rapidly tearing away the veil. In two minutes our Queen was revealed, while from her crown and sceptre waved The Union Jack. This was the signal for the National Anthem, but shouts of "McGill" rather interrupted the melody. One might have thought that McGill had done the whole thing, but she was and is "all right." There was almost as much excitement within doors as without, and many (tell it not in Gath!) lamented the fact that they could not join in the rejoicings as vigorously as the men. Those who were in class cherish still a most unchristian spirit toward the rest. A couple of policemen arrived, too late as usual, under the mistaken impression that they were needed. Their departure was vigorously applauded by the girls. We have great expectations of seeing our Queen revealed in the near future by the gentlemen who officiated at the unveiling. Of course they carefully preserved the rag, and a word to the wise is sufficient. We wish to correct the false impression that Miss Oakeley telephoned for the police, whereas this was done *wholly* without her sanction, nor did any of the students do so. So far was Miss Oakeley from disapproving that she spoke to the students expressing her pleasure at their enthusiasm. We mention this as, owing to the storm and cheering, few had the pleasure of hearing Miss Oakeley's words.

The universal desire to do something on Thursday morning resulted in some hours of most delightful

doing nothing. Arts '03 formed a mutual admiration society, and spent a very agreeable social hour, picnic-fashion.

We are awfully sorry that our fellow students have to bear the brunt of the blame attached to the jubiliations of Thursday evening. Their care to be in readiness in case the R. V. C. should be attacked on Friday evening is deeply felt. It is difficult to express our goodwill to them in their trouble, but we hope that they will come out of it with all honor.

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### ARTS

1900.

There is no Class news this time ; it has been essentially a University week. On Thursday the relief of Ladysmith was celebrated with a fervour that drew tears to the eyes of the spectators. The good-will everywhere shown us proved that the name of Old McGill is still mighty in the land ; witness the cheering crowds, the smiling shop-girls, the kindness of Bernier & West, and the hearty welcome of the Stock Exchange, who so bountifully supplied us with those two incentives to patriotism—speeches and fizz.

Our Principal earned the thanks and admiration of all the students by his successful efforts to preserve peaceful relations between Laval and McGill on Friday afternoon.

We would like to congratulate Messrs. McMaster and Howard, the former for his wise remarks in the first meeting, and Mr. Howard for the masterly way in which he discharged his duties as Commander-in-Chief.

It is rumoured that one of the men plugged steadily onward in the Library all Friday evening. Reckless fellow ! He reminds us of the gentleman who read Homer all St. Bartholemew's Eve, and didn't hear a thing.

It may interest some to know that most of our expected opponents were armed with the garcette—a ball of lead fastened up the sleeve by an elastic band ; when a blow is given with the fist the garcette flies out and emphasizes it.

Arts weapons ranged all the way from pickled femurs to a choice assortment of garden tools. Some of the more enterprising Freshies carried off the legs of the examination desks from the Molson Hall, presumably with the option of delaying the April ordeal ; vain hope—the tables were completed next morning from a reserve supply of legs.

About ten on Saturday night the alarm was raised in the Arts Building that the mob was approaching ; the machine guns and boiling lyddite were at once brought out and the place prepared for siege. However, they turned out to be a few hundred loyal Britishers solicitous about the health of Old McGill ; they shook hands all round, were supplied with tobacco, rendered a selection on the bag-pipes and were rewarded by a neat speech from Mr. Lochie, Arts '01, who requested that if they intended travel-

ling toward the Oriental half of the city with any fell intentions, not to proceed directly from McGill—the which advice was exceedingly politic.

1901.

On behalf of the members who were fortunate enough to be selected, the Class heartily thanks the students of the Royal Victoria College for the very pleasant evening that gave them on Tuesday last. It was a very enjoyable function, and those who were present will remember it with feelings of peculiar pleasure.

1902.

The past week has been an evenful one for "Old McGill," and Tuesday, February 27th ought rightly to be remembered in time to come. We would like to express our thanks to the ladies of the R. V. C. for their "At Home." A most enjoyable evening was spent.

The demonstrations in English have come to a close. They were not many, but interesting. Mr. Wotherspoon has done the "sliding" in a most adept manner. His work was such a success that he has decided to go on the road with a show of his own.

Our year though small did yeoman service last Friday evening. Capt. Adams had his men in perfect condition. Mac, the scout, in struggling about the reservoir, fell in, and had it not been for the timely assistance of a Freshy servant, results might have been serious. Corporal Johnny Walker brought twenty-five theologues to swell our members. P. Atkins, Munn and Cicero helped Lieut. Carlyle in managing the mule battery. No stampede occurred, and no guns were lost. The evening passed off without any signs of an enemy, and not one of us went home with a swelled head.

#### SCIENCE.

The Science men desire to express their thanks to the ladies of the Royal Victoria College for the exceedingly pleasant evening they spent at the above institution last Tuesday week.

Owing to the excellent arrangements made, and the untiring and disinterested efforts of the Reception Committee, every guest from Science was made to feel perfectly at home. The men from this Faculty who were fortunate enough to be present were loud in their admiration of the interior of the building, many of them entering it for the first time on Tuesday evening.

The large and spacious reception halls, combined with the long and thickly carpeted corridors and ante-rooms make the Victoria College an ideal place for a dance. The Donaldas are to be congratulated on the success of the evening, and on the skillful manner in which the facilities of the building were utilized.

Science men fail to see why any man should be liable for arrest, or have cold water thrown on him, for singing British patriotic songs and hoisting a British flag in a British country.

Some mechanicals say they are working on the wood lathes on some well-seasoned oak in case of emergencies.

Probably the most frightened men on Friday night were the dozen odd "Bobbies" stationed at the Sherbrooke street gates.

What's the matter with "Bunty" was answered by Science on Friday night with a vim calculated to cheer the popular professor's heart.

1901.

The Class, that is, the Miners, desire to express their sincerest thanks for the pleasure afforded them at the reception given by the Donaldas in the Royal Victoria College.

Last week was a hair-raiser. Lectures of all kinds, even our beloved Theory, were abandoned to give vent to our enthusiasm, and Montreal certainly saw McGill, as McGill, with no Faculty or Year, but with overwhelming desire to properly celebrate the great success to British arms. If Pretoria should be taken before the term is over, Montreal will be in little pieces, each piece being of a deep, dark red color, with white trimmings.

The gentlemen of Science, 1901, will be pleased to know what particular brand of dope the reporter of Fourth Year Arts has been indulging in lately to give him such funny dreams. In the first place no class yell was given by our Year at the patriotic meeting. In the second place we wish to distinctly, we repeat *distinctly*, impress upon our friend, that what we do in Science does not concern him in the least, and, if he keeps up his own dignity as well as we keep up the dignity of our Faculty, that he will be doing remarkably well.

The Miners and Chemists wish to thank Mrs. W. N. Evans for a very delightful time last Friday evening, and only regret that the excitement on the campus somewhat delayed their arrival.

1902.

What a grand thing the relief of Ladysmith was. Aside from its national importance, it had a splendid local effect. Just think, we missed a lecture in Calculus. Three cheers for General Buller! He little dreamed that the relief of Ladysmith meant the relief of Science '02.

Speaking of Calculus reminds me of a dream I had a few nights ago. It seemed that the examination in that dread subject was infinitely near. Prof. Chandler started out to differentiate the time and by a few simple formulæ he landed us right into the midst of the Exam. The paper was infinitely long and hard, the time to write infinite<sup>r</sup> short. The first question staggered me. "Find the  $d$  of  $x$  when  $x$  stands for your knowledge of Calculus." It seemed to me that I worked for an infinite length of time at this question but no value could I find for  $dx$ . Then suddenly I saw my mistake. By an equation of infinite length I found the value of  $x$  to be 0, which in my case at least was a constant quantity.

The second question was "find your marks in the



limit." Starting at plus infinitely I traced them slowly back to nothing, but still I was not done. Back, back I went through nothing to minus infinity, and then it seemed that a lump of infinite greatness grew with infinite rapidity in my throat, and tears of infinite size sprang to my eyes while a wave of infinite disappointment rolled over me and I awoke to find it was only a dream.

1903.

Mr. Ross was elected to represent the Year at the R. V. C. "At Home," and reports having had a very enjoyable time.

We were in the midst of discussing whether we would let our President sign the resolution that was to be sent to Laval when someone shouted that Laval was coming and "to get a move on," so there was a great rush to the carpenter shops where every body armed himself with as serviceable a weapon as could be procured in as short a time as possible, and then rushed outside where we found everybody locking to the gates with a great variety of weapons.

Friday evening '03 turned out almost to a man to defend "Alma Mater." A fancy dress Carnival would have been about the only place where one could find a greater variety of costume than was displayed by '03 on Friday night. About 8.30 we were marched to the library under the able leadership of Pres. Savage, when we passed the time until 10.30 standing out in the snow or bivouacing in the Library. As no mob appeared our valuable services in the fighting line were not required.

Every student is hoping that the taking of Pretoria will come before the term is over. I wonder why?

#### ROUND THE TABLE.

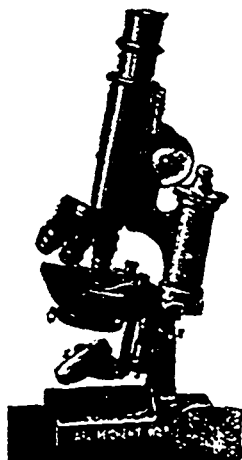
A great many eminent medical men hold that four out of every five people are insane. We do not attempt to dispute the theoretical truth of this statement, but, if it be fact, we venture to say that Montreal has found its monomania in hockey, and McGill has caught the craze. It is an epidemic widespread, and devastating an ever-widening current before which professors stand aghast till they are caught in its eddies and swept away with its ever-increasing tide. The weary "plugger" from the Island for-

sakes his midnight oil to shout himself hoarse in the Arena's vast amphitheatre, while the sporty man from the Townships simply revels in sleeping lectures.

Our landlady is nothing if not up-to-date; here is one of our menus of last week.

*Huitres.*  
Blue (Cover) Points.  
*Soup.*  
Shamrock Consommé.  
*Roast.*  
Spring Chicken, Right and Left Wings.  
*Vegetables.*  
Cauli (Hall) Flowers,  
Tr(i)ch(y) Some  
*Puddings.*  
Puck Pudding with Juniper (Gin-gras) Sauce.

"Have you heard the war news?" said our cheerful buffoon the other morning as he gulped down his last mouthful of porridge with a kick like an abnormal malpecque. "No, what is it?" replied our legal light from Megantic surreptitiously, filling a second glass of milk as he spoke: "Are you springing that same old gag?" "Not this time," answered the buffoon; "C-f-n told me and it must be so." "French made a swift pass from centre, dodged Cronje's right wing and scored two goals." "I don't think he's as good a player as Brennan." It was our scientific wonder from Halifax who spoke. He had been expounding the game in his usual dulcet tones to three or four admiring medical Freshmen, and only caught the last of the sentence. Even little H-l-s laughed, and the shaggy-headed H-nt-r, who had been fighting a refractory steak, smiled a sickly smile as he wiped his perspiring brow and gave up the attempt. Before the buffoon could collect his wits an ominous sound was heard without. That must be the "bugler" coming round the corner, observed T-l-r, our star boarder. "Wouldn't wonder if 'twas," replied K-nd-l, as he put his sixth slice of toast out of sight. Sure enough; in a moment he burst in on the assembly. "Hooray! Campbellford's champion of the Trent Valley League." But here our landlady created a diversion by descending suddenly on N-ws-n and Mc-N-l, who had been having an interfaculty match with a soda cracker, using the salt shaker for goal posts, and in the confusion we escaped.



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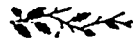
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### A TANTALISING FRENCHMAN.

There was a Frenchman who boasted of having killed a dozen English officers, and promised to go on in this work. One evening he swaggered as usual into his cafe, and, to his astonishment, actually saw one of those hated "Anglais" occupying his chair, a chair that no one hitherto had dared to sit upon but himself.

Mastering his passion, he undid his sword-belt, and having placed his sword on one side, began to insult the perfectly inoffensive English officer who sat so unconsciously in his chair. He trod upon the English toes; he deprived the Englishman of his candles; he went from one thing on to another without at all being able in the least to disturb the other's placidity.

At last he snatched the newspaper out of the Englishman's hand, and then the Briton slowly rose up, displaying to the astonished eyes of the Gaul a Guardsman some 6 feet 6 inches high. The giant, bending across the table, seized hold of the Frenchman's nose with one hand and his chin with the other, and, wrenching his mouth open, leant his head forward and slipped his cigar ash down his throat.

With a howl the Frenchman, holding his under jaw with both hands, ran out of the room. His jaw was broken, and neither he nor any of his comrades were seen again at that cafe.

The English officer was the late Gen-

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erial Sir James Simpson, who for a time commanded in the Crimea, and who was, in his time, the tallest man in the British Army.

A GAME FOR TWO.

At this moment something came hurtling from the gallery and narrowly missed the gifted tragedian.

Instantly he advanced to the footlights.

"That is a game," he said, in a deep voice, "that two can play at!"

And he took an egg from his pocket and threw it with all his might.

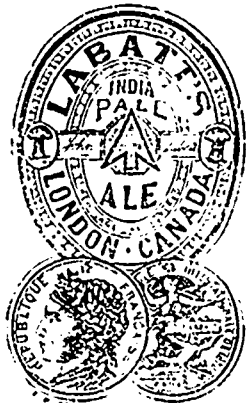
It struck one of the pillars of the gallery and scattered itself impartially over fifteen or twenty of the "gods."

He took out another egg, but he did not have to throw it. The first one had done the business.

AN UNSAVOURY MEAL.

Two tramps who had seen better days, passing along a street in one of our provincial towns, when the shops were closing for the night, espied a ham hanging from a hook. One of them made a jump and caught the ham just as the local policeman rounded the corner. He rushed after them and the twain fled at top speed, distancing their pursuer. They stopped on a vacant piece of ground, built a fire, and proceeded to conjure up visions of a hearty meal.

Preparations all finished, one of them drew a clasp knife, and, with great deliberation, cut into the canvas cover of the ham. Alas! Instead of the brown rind they expected to see, a thin stream of sand trickled out. It was a dummy ham.



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A woman who has lived in the Transvaal says that "old maids" do not exist in South Africa. A school-teacher seldom remains a teacher for more than one term, for the admiration of the young Boer planters is so great for a woman gifted enough to read and spell, and thrifty enough to earn money with her brains, that some well-to-do bachelor soon persuades her to marry.

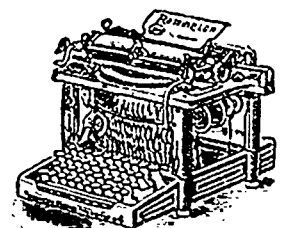
The demand for wives in South Africa is never equal to the supply. The Boer woman is not beautiful. Her one charm is a pink and white complexion, which she tries hard to preserve. Her fondness for sweet cakes, coffee, and armchairs causes her teeth to decay and her figure to lose its youthful slimmness before she is in her prime, and many Boer women of forty are so fat and unwieldy that they can only waddle from one chair to another.

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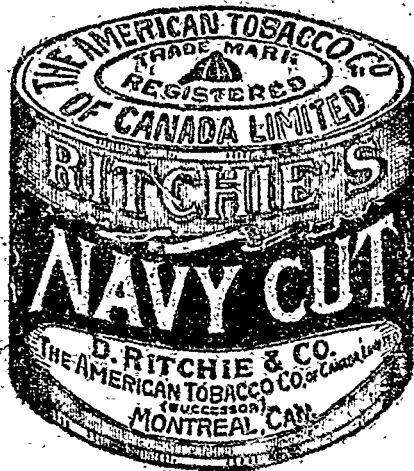
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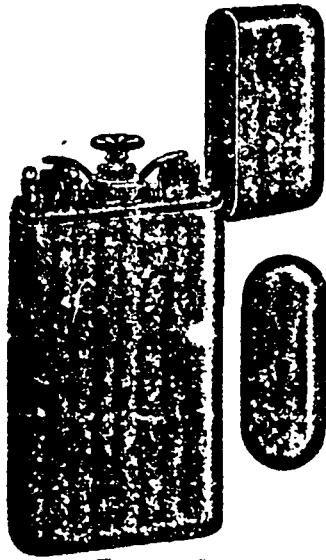
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