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UNIVERSITY GAZETTE.

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No. 9.

PUBLIC SPEAKING.

(*Essay read before the University Literary Society by C. H. STEPHENS, Esq., B.C.L., December, 1877.*)

It will be admitted, I think, that the chief aim of this Society is to cultivate the art of public speaking; and as several ideas have occurred to me in connection with this subject which I have not seen or heard elsewhere, I have made them the groundwork of this essay.

Every one has remarked how easy it seems to be to do that which we see another do; and every one, it may be, has also remarked that in almost every art, excepting perhaps that of a juggler, the more skillfully a thing is performed the more perfect is the delusion. You hear Brignoli sing, and you can scarce believe that notes as beautiful and clear will not flow from your own lips if you do but open your mouth. You read the charmed verses of Byron or Moore, and you cannot understand why you should not be able to put together language as skillfully and well. And so it is with all the rest. But of all arts none is perhaps so delusive to the untried as that of public speaking. It would not, perhaps, be too much to say that there is scarcely any man, of any education, who has never tried his hand at addressing an audience, but thinks that were the occasion to arise he could fascinate his hearers, both with the force of his ideas and the eloquence of his style. I remember when a boy it was my pet ideal of greatness to stand on a public platform with a roll of paper in my hand, after the manner of the pictures of the Roman Senators: which we see in the books, and captivate a large audience by my eloquence (and I have no doubt that many of you, gentlemen, have experienced the same flattering vision); but when the opportunity came these veritable chateaux d'Espagne soon vanished into air. And so I have often seen it with others. As soon as the occasion arises the man who attempts to address an audience for the first time experiences most forcibly the truth of the proverb—*Omnia vanitas*. He rises to his feet and as by a turn of the kaleidoscope everything is changed. He may not see stars, it is true, but he sees in imagination many things of which he had no conception before. A new world is opened to his view; new thoughts, feelings and emotions throng his bewildered brain. Like the man described, I think by Goldsmith, who having put his head under water, imagined himself in an unknown land, surrounded by strange sights and sounds and in that position passed a lifelong experience in a single moment, so with our deluded orator the first time he lets himself forth. Another *cosmos* surrounds him; insuperable difficulties which he had

not thought of, rise like mountains before him. His ideas, if he have any, lack arrangement, lack words, lack everything; and, in a great majority of instances he sinks into his seat convinced that public speaking is not so easy a thing as he had imagined it to be.

There is then a secret to learn in this art as in all others, and our chief business here is to find it out.

It will be manifest, I think, to everyone that there are two principal elements which enter into the making of a good public speaker, viz., natural talents and cultivation. The first is possessed by few. The latter everyone can attain to in a greater or less degree. Where both are combined, the result is what the world calls a good speaker, an "orator," or what you will; but it is a mistaken notion, I think, to suppose that good public speakers, like poets, are born such; that a person who has a natural talent for addressing public audiences, for making what is called "a speech," is beyond the need of cultivation, and is possessed of all that is necessary to distinguish himself in that particular line. A consideration not only of those who have distinguished themselves as public speakers, from Demosthenes down to the present time, but of the attempts we see around us every day, go, I think, to prove this. We may very properly vary the couplet of Pope a little, and say,

"True ease in speaking comes by art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance."

And this leads me to another mistake which people sometimes make, to another delusion under which the untried and inexperienced often labor, and which is perhaps more fatal to its possessor than the first. It is exemplified in the man whose sublimed self-confidence and self-possession rise entirely superior to the terrors of the situation; but having no digested ideas, and being unaccustomed to think on his feet, pours forth a torrent of words in a loud voice under the impression that he is making a speech. This latter delusion, as I have said, is perhaps more dangerous than the first, and for this reason: the person laboring under the first, if determined to be a speaker, will set about discovering wherein his difficulty lies, and overcome it, if possible; but the second, who sees no difficulty, will, in a great measure, continue in his delusion to the end. It is not uncommon to hear a speaker of this class mentioned as possessing a fine command of language, when in fact it is the language which has a fine command of him. He follows a train of words rather than of ideas, and his speech, though delivered it may be in an impassioned or declamatory style, is "all sound and fury, signifying nothing."

There is nothing, perhaps, so hard to define as true eloquence. We can imagine it to ourselves, we can recognize it when we hear it or read it, but we cannot

describe it in words. We cannot set bounds to it, and say, "in this it consists," or "in that." A fluency of language, a copious supply of figures and tropes and metaphors, an earnest manner, or a theatrical style, may be all aids to good speaking, but they no more constitute true eloquence than a mass of linen and thread and buttons, constitute a shirt. It is in mistaking these for oratory, that so many fail. It is hard for them to believe that the simplest language and most unobtrusive style, may be made the vehicle of the truest eloquence and the most attractive speech.

They have no faith in the ordinary language which they are accustomed to use every day, and fancy that something above and beyond this is necessary to strike the attention of their hearers, and to merit their applause. "Many young writers and speakers," says Whateley, "are apt to fall into a style of pompous verbosity, not from neglect, but from an idea that they are adding perspicuity and force, when they are only encumbering the sense with words. They seem to prefer the merit of high-sounding sentences to that of sense, on the principle that people sometimes admire as eloquence what they do not understand, if only elevated and high-sounding words be arranged in graceful and sonorous periods."

Many again, owing to the circumstances in which they are placed, arise to speak, not because they have anything to say, but because they have been called upon to do so, or, worse still, because their vanity prompts them to make themselves heard. That this is destructive of good speaking also is evidenced by the fact that people who speak from such a motive cannot conceal that they are speaking as it were "against time," and will call off the attention of their hearers from what they are saying to the manner in which they are accomplishing their task; for it may be laid down as a rule, I think, that just so far as a man allows the attention of his audience to wander from what he is saying to the manner in which he is saying it, he falls just so far short of being a good speaker. True eloquence is not obtrusive, does not force itself upon your notice as such. As true politeness does not consist merely in a strict observance of social rules, in outward civilities, in a pompous manner or a courtly speech; or as true gentility does not live alone in the cut of your whiskers or the cut of your clothes, so true eloquence does not consist in those things which appeal to the outward senses only and make no lasting impression upon the mind. Like true kindness, it is silent, subtle and unseen. It is more like the sunshine which imperceptibly cheers you with its ray, than the lightning that startles you with its flash. It is more like the summer rivulet which steals silently along through the meadow, than the swollen freshet of spring, which dashes over everything in its mad career.

"Whatever," says Whateley, "is attributed to the 'eloquence of the speaker is so much deducted from the strength of his cause.' If anything of design peep out in the management of the subject it destroys the effect; or, to put it in another way, if there is any art of which *celare artem* is the basis it is this. I will give

you an instance; in a review of Scott's celebrated novel "The Heart of Midlothian" there is this passage:—

"We cannot bestow the same unqualified praise on another celebrated scene—Jeannie's interview with Queen Caroline. Jeannie's pleading appears to us much too rhetorical for the purpose and for the occasion; and the Queen's answer, supposing her to have been overpowered by Jeannie's entreaties—"This is 'eloquence'—is still worse. Had it been eloquence it must necessarily have been unperceived by the Queen."

So far, indeed, has this principle of concealing all pretension to, or effort at eloquence been carried, that in that much-admired piece of oratory, the speech of Mark Antony, we find the speaker, with affected humility, purposely disclaiming all knowledge of rhetoric, all intention of practising on them by the arts of speech:—

"For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action nor utterance, nor the power of speech
To stir men's blood;
I am no orator as Brutus is,
But as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
Who speaks right on and tells you that
Which you yourselves do know."

In this, the most effective piece of oratory of which we have any knowledge, there is nothing but the simplest language—there is not a single metaphor, there is no effort, no apparent effort, that is, at arrangement; no attempt to add to the force of the language by the use of any of those meretricious graces which so many mistake for eloquence.

It need not be understood from this, however, that ornament can not be used, and used with effect too; but it must be when the matter is able to support it, and by a master hand.

Allow me to give you an instance of this also. In Milton's celebrated essay on the Freedom of the Press, there is the following passage:—

"Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unsealing her much-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance, while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also which love the twilight, flutter about amazed at what she means, and in their hideous gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms."

Here we have the highest style of ornament used with the most undoubted effect; but a monkey in kids and swallow-tail would not look one whit more ridiculous than would be the speech of an inexperienced speaker decked out in the gorgeous imagery heresused. Nothing but the highest cultivation, combined with strong natural talents, will enable us to attempt such flights with safety.

Take one more example of eloquence without ornament. It is the concluding sentence of Mr. White-side's address to the jury in his defence of Mr. Duffy, one of the Irish patriots of '40:—

"Your patience is exhausted. If I have spoken suitably to the subject, I have spoken as I have

"wished; but if, as you may think, deficiently, I have spoken as I could. Do you, from what has been said, and from the better arguments omitted, which may be well suggested by your manly understanding and your honest hearts, give a verdict consistent with justice, but inclining to liberty; dictated by truth, yet leaning to the side of the accused men; struggling against the weight, power and influence of the crown, and prejudice more overwhelming still; a verdict undesired by a party, but to be applauded by the impartial monitor within your breasts, becoming the high spirit of Irish gentlemen, and the intrepid guardians of the rights and liberties of a free people."

In this, as you see, there are no tricks of diction, no figures of speech, but its effectiveness is apparent to all.

This, after all, appears to be the real test of eloquence. Is it effectual to the purpose in hand? If it be not, your speech may be arranged in the most regular periods, may be delivered in the most forcible manner, and yet lack the spirit of true oratory.

Take, for instance, the short but effective address of Napoleon to his soldiers on the Plains of Egypt. When pointing to the Pyramid he said: "Soldiers, from yonder summit, forty centuries look down upon you to-day." Here no one can doubt the purpose or the effect. But what was there in that brief speech which should have that effect? What was there in the sight of that cold, immovable statue, even though four thousand years had rolled over it, to arouse the drooping spirits of the soldiers, and strengthen their hearts for the struggle? It was, that the contemplation of that which had remained unchanged through so much of change; which could make us forget the very limited area of time and space in which we exist, and carry us back through the long eventful centuries to a period almost ere Nature's self began to be, had in it something of the sublime, had in it something of that quality which never fails to raise us up for the time being above ourselves, and to arouse within us higher and grander emotions than those to which we can ordinarily attain.

The touchstone of good speaking, then, I think it may be laid down, is the effect produced. But to produce the desired effect, in a set speech, without cultivation, is in most cases impossible.

The slightest slip may give a ludicrous effect to what was intended seriously, may change a speech from the sublime to the ridiculous, as when Disraeli, one of the greatest masters of oratory the present century has produced, brought down upon himself the laughter of Parliament, in a vain attempt to do that which practice and cultivation has long since enabled him to accomplish.

In the termination of a speech, particularly, the lack of cultivation is often painfully apparent; so that what would otherwise have been an effective and successful address, is spoiled by a lame and impotent conclusion. Indeed, it is sometimes difficult for an uncultivated speaker to avoid falling into a conclusion which renders the whole effect ridiculous in the extreme.

I was present some time ago, on an occasion when a little amateur speaking was indulged in, and, out of seven persons who spoke, I counted five who finished up in this way: "Thanking you for the honor you have done me," or, "Thanking you, Mr. Chairman, for having called upon me, I—I—I, take my seat."

It will, I think, be granted that the effect of the finest speech would be in a great measure spoiled by such a conclusion as that; but the question is why did so many adopt that style of conclusion? Simply because it was the form of conclusion most used in the only kind of composition in which they had any experience, viz., letter-writing. There it comes in very, very often happily enough, because to the participle "thinking," "hoping," &c., there is a natural sequence, viz., "I remain, yours, &c." There the sentence has a natural and proper termination; but in public speaking it can only lead to the ridiculous conclusion "I take my seat," or, as in some cases, the speaker drops the latter part altogether, trusting to the applause which he fondly hopes to follow to cover his retreat.

These may seem like details of a trifling and uninteresting character, but they go to show the necessity of cultivation in everyone who desires to be a speaker; and if necessary in a person possessing natural qualifications, how much more so in one who is not so gifted! As I said at the outset of this essay, where natural talents and cultivation are combined, the result will inevitably distinguish a man as a speaker; but as between the two separately, genius may dazzle for a while, but cultivation will inevitably carry the day. To quote from an address of His Honor Mr. Justice Torrance, delivered some years ago at a convocation of the college: "The eminent masters taught that whatever might be the qualities of the intellect and the gifts of nature, these advantages were of no avail if they were not aided by stubborn labor and by persistent exercise in reading, writing and speaking."

Be assured of this, that in oratory, as in every other field of human effort, nothing lasting is produced without labor, and those things on which the least labor seems to have been bestowed, have very often received the most of it. A remarkable instance of this is given by a note-book of Plato, in which he had written the first words of the Treatise on Government several times over in different arrangements; and also by the *novum organum* of Bacon, which he is said to have written twelve times with his own hand. A story is told of Tennyson also, who, when a gentleman called his attention to a certain couplet in one of his poems, and remarked that it seemed to have been produced without the slightest effort, replied that he had smoked a dozen cigars over those two lines; and again, when the late Joseph Howe, of Nova Scotia, was preparing his speech on confederation, he went into training for a week, not only in an intellectual sense, but in a physical one.

I do not wish to grow abstract or discursive in my argument, but you will pardon me if I say that the secret of almost all success in life is work. "*Montrez-moi,*" says the illustrious Bishop of Orleans, "*Montrez-*

moi un peuple qui travaille huit heures par jour, et je vous montrerai un peuple qui est le premier peuple du monde.

I do not know that in this age and country, eight hours of labor a day would enable an individual to rise to any great distinction among his fellows, but the principle is the correct one, nevertheless; and that it applies to public speaking as well as other things, there cannot be any doubt. While of the orators, both of the present and past, scarce one can be pointed to who has not been obliged to supplement such qualifications as nature has supplied him with by the most persistent labor; while dozens can be pointed to who have risen to distinction as public speakers by the force of cultivation alone dozens, yea scores, may be met with everywhere, who, possessed of abundant talents, but without the disposition or opportunity to turn them to such account, will remain unheard of to the end of the chapter.

As to the kind of cultivation to be pursued, I would like to say a few words, though I must, as you may see, on this branch of the subject, resort to the experience of others. To quote again from the address of Judge Torrance: "Cicero, and apparently all the ancient masters of oratory, advised writing. 'The pen,' said Cicero, 'is the best master to teach the art of practical speech.' Quintilian also advised writing. 'We must write,' he said, 'with much care and very often, without which the gift of improvisation or extemporary speaking will be a vain flow of words.' Augustus committed his speeches to memory. Pliny the younger, only extemporized when compelled, and said that there was only one way of arriving at good speaking—reading much, writing much, and speaking much."

Now let us turn to Lord Brougham and see what that master of the art says about it. In a letter to the father of Macaulay concerning the education of his son as a public speaker, he departs in some measure from the precepts of the ancients whom I have just quoted. He does not lay down writing as the first means to be employed.

The first consideration, he says, is to acquire a habit of easy speaking; no matter how, so long as it is easily and fluently. This is to be got, he says, by accustoming one's self to talk much in company, by speaking in debating societies with little attention to rule, and more from love of saying something than of saying anything well. "I can easily," he says, "suppose that more attention is paid to the matter in such discussions than to the manner of saying it; yet still to say it easily, to be able to say what you choose and what you have to say, this is the first requisite, to acquire which, everything else must for the present be sacrificed."

But though Brougham departs from the rules and practices of the ancients in the beginning, he by no means discards them as models to be studied. On the contrary, in his next step, as he terms it, that is the means to be employed to convert the easy speaker into the finished orator; the apprentice, so to speak, into a master of the art, he makes the study of the an-

cients almost indispensable. And in this again I find I must give you his own words. He says: "I do earnestly entreat your son to set daily and nightly before him the Greek models. If he would be a great orator he must go to the fountain-head, and be familiar with every one of the great orations of Demosthenes. It is in vain to say that imitation of these models will not do for our times. First, I do not counsel any imitation, but only an imbibing of the same spirit. Second, I know from experience that nothing is half so successful, even in these times, as the Greek models, I use a very poor instance in giving my own experience, but I do assure you that both in courts of law and Parliament, and even to mobs, I have never made so much play (to use a modern phrase) as when I was almost translating from the Greek. I composed the peroration of my speech for the Queen, in the Lords, after reading and repeating Demosthenes for three or four weeks, and I composed it twenty times over at least." And then Brougham goes on to say with regard to writing speeches, that, though speaking without writing beforehand, is very well until the habit of easy speaking is acquired, yet after that, one can never write too much. "It is laborious, no doubt," he says, "and it is more difficult beyond comparison than speaking off-hand, but it is necessary to perfect oratory, and, at any rate, it is necessary in order to acquire the habit of correct diction. But, I go further and say that even to the end of a man's life, he must prepare word for word most of his finer passages."

I trust you will pardon me if I have wearied you by quoting at some length from this valuable letter, but it not only bears an important application to our chief purpose here, but bears out so fully the proposition with which I started, and which is indeed the burden of my argument, that by labor alone can anything like the mastery of the art be attained, that I could not refrain from setting it down as I have done. In conclusion, then, permit me to say, that assuming all this to be true, it becomes our duty to cherish both the disposition and the opportunities which we possess; to be niggard neither of our time nor of our labor, in our efforts to build up the Society to which we here belong; to make this Society attractive to ourselves and to those who are to come after us, so that it may be the means, still more in the future than it has been in the past, of encouraging and promoting this, the most ancient, the most admired, and the most useful of all arts—the art of public speaking.

I WISH I WERE, &c., &c.

I wish I were the little breeze

That frolics through the morning sky,

That whispers to the nodding trees,

And bears the scents of flowers on high.

Oh, I'd not pierce the forest wide,

Nor fly to distant realms above,

But I would keep my Chloe's side,

And whisper gently words of love.—FRESHMAN.

COLLEGE EPISODE.

"And when a Freshman—ah 't was then
That we were very happy, when
She used to call me Will.
And when we'd part, I'd never miss
The sweetest, most delight—oh bliss—
Sit still, my heart, sit still.

And when a Sophomore—still I went,
And Cupid still his missives sent
Our happy hearts to fill.
And oh, the many moonlight walks,
And oh, the cozy little talks—
Sit still, my heart, sit still.

And when a Junior—wild and gay—
I never called, but stayed away,
And all her hopes did kill.
But then—that number two—you know—
So jolly—and such waltzing—oh,
Sit still, my heart, sit still.

And when a Senior—love returned,
And deep within me fiercely burned
For her I'd used so ill.
I went to see her, but the door
She slammed on me for ever more,
Brace up, Billy!"

—Rochester Campus.

—:o:—

HOCKEY IN 1877-78.

Early in the winter, an article appeared in this paper, urging on the Students the advisability of supporting the Hockey Club. It was then argued that hockey could be made an excellent substitute for football as a college winter sport. I am glad to say a fair number of the students responded to that invitation, and agreed to make the trial of its merits. Of the old club about ten members remained; and about fifteen new members, joined the club. The officers of the previous year were unanimously re-elected, with the addition to the Committee of the popular Captain of the U. F. C. A challenge sent to the Montreal Hockey Club and arrangements made for practice. A rink known to the world under the title of the "Canal Basin Rink" was obtained for use, and the first practice took place on the 9th of January. The general feeling was, that we could beat the M. H. C. if we practiced, and practice and beat them we would. So the practice was well attended throughout, about fourteen being usually on hand, as compared with the average of seven last year. Twice a week the players exposed

themselves to the admiration of a large and select (!) crowd of spectators, who showed a deep and almost personal interest in the proceedings. On one occasion the distinguished light of the Foot-Ball and Hockey Clubs, a 4th year man, was puzzled to account for the awe with which his approach to the rink was watched. "They might have been freshmen," said he, in describing their respectful demeanour; but his curiosity was enlightened by the admiring exclamation "Bill! D'ye moind the chad wid the ghun!" No wonder he felt flattered.

February brought the news that the match was to take place on Tuesday, Feb. 5th, and great was the exultation, for the play had been improving every practice. There were five "old Reliabilities" from the year before; and, as to new members, the only difficulty was to say which was best, where all were good. On the appointed afternoon, the team were all punctually at the Victoria Rink,—did I say all? One of the nine was wanting alack, alack, where was the gallant Captain? Ten, twenty minutes elapsed, and then he appeared, and apologized as follows: "Confound it, you fellows, what the deuce are you loafing about here for instead of being out in your places, and ready to play?" Cheek won the day, and the injured team took their places in sad silence, without delivering the scattering fire of vituperation they had proposed for him. Once out, however, things went merrily; and after about two hours hard play, the "nine waxed tuneful" and raised their voice to chant the Hymn of Victory. (The hymn used on this interesting occasion is an unfinished lyric of Horace, entitled "Floreat Societas").

Since then practice has been steadily pursued whenever a chance offered; but I fear that the club has now no chance of winning new laurels, for though Vennor prophesied wintry weather, the Clerk, to show his independence, has sent us the reverse. But, should another match be played, we have the confidential assurance on our side that we have, if anything, improved in our play since the match.

This is the record of the club during the season which it appears is just finished. The only other occurrences of interest were the failure of the attempt made to get up a match before the Governor General during his visit; and the resignation of the Secretary; and the election of another who is very active and popular.

One thing has been especially noteworthy during the play of the club. That is the confidence that all feel in the captain; and the splendid management by which he has deserved it. The captainship of the team during their only match was perfect; there was no confusion, every man was simply told what to do, without reasoning or any of the expostulation so commonly seen; and the Montreal team say now of the match, that they were demoralized by the cool way our team was handled. To my mind, the captain who accepted all the responsibility, deserves most, if not all the credit. May the club be as lucky next year in their matches, and their captain.

University Gazette,

MONTREAL, 16TH MARCH, 1878.

Editors for 1877-78.

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Secretary.

Treasurer.

A suggestion has reached the GAZETTE, which we think unusually worthy of notice. Several Arts men proposed the formation next year, of a combined Dramatic and Glee Club or of two separate clubs, the second for assisting the first. By this means a series of entertainments could be kept up throughout the session and the following benefits derived: in the first place the recreation would be both pleasing and suitable, affording not only a break in our studies, but a break which would satisfy taste and lend some personal interest. Secondly, the sale of tickets, which would, of course, be large, might improve the financial state of foot-ball teams, and other affairs which lack the sinews of war. Thirdly, the subscription, if many were to join, could be made quite small, without preventing the club from getting things up in first-class style. We therefore publish this suggestion in spirit, befitting its important character, and impress the consideration of its fitness on all who read this page.

Now that the college year is rapidly drawing to a close, and in view of the fact that we are soon to part with the graduating classes in Arts and Science, it may not be inopportune to say a word with reference to the farewell which should be given them. It has been the custom for years to invite them to a complimentary dinner, and as all the students who have previously taken part in these farewell banquets can testify, they constitute one of the most pleasing features of college life which can afterwards be recalled. And accordingly, it is now the agreeable privilege and duty of the undergraduates in Arts and Science to rise *en masse*, and extend to them that good-will and hospitality which they have always been so ready and willing to bestow, both on their predecessors and on us their successors. Now, as the best way in which we may manifest our goodwill towards, and esteem for them, is by coming forward and entertaining them,

we would beg to impress upon the students' minds the expediency of handing in their names and subscriptions to the committee of management, at an early date.

SUBSCRIBERS will please notice that the present number is the last of this year's issue, and for that reason is double the usual size. In making their farewell bow, the editors, however averse to self-praise, feel some pride in pointing to the success, they might say they expected, which has attended their efforts during the session about to close. They started beneath a cloud; they met all sorts of stones and stumbling-blocks; the arrows of the wicked encompassed them about; contributors proved both false and lazy; subscribers were stiff-necked and rebellious, and the paper was fated to come out just twice as often as of yore. But with the exception of a grumble at first, and the windy ravings of two or three exchanges, their path has proved a smoothly gravelled way. And the best of it is, that none but themselves are to thank for all this. Not a single Freshman, not a single Soph., not a Junior, Senior or Graduate, near or far, thought it worth his trouble to give them a line. Correspondence there was, but scanty; essays there were, but by request; jokes a few, but not in black and white; everything was barren except the editorial brain. And now having done their work some justice, the Editors address themselves to their clients in sober sooth, tendering their hearty thanks to each who has paid his dollar or held his tongue, and tendering at the same time their wish that good luck may attend his approaching exam., and health and joy the vacation soon to follow.

THE time of the year that we are at college is, with the exception of a couple of months, of a character, to say the least, unpropitious for almost all kinds of athletic sports, and after the close of the foot-ball season, which seldom lasts far into November, the muscular undergraduates at McGill are apt to be at a loss to discover something to do in the way of exercise. Of course there are the Gymnasiums and the Hockey Club, but neither of these have entirely satisfied the demand made upon them. Gymnasium is only three times a week, and it requires a knowledge of the noble science of skating in order to fully appreciate the pleasures of hockey. When, therefore, somebody proposed to start a snow-shoe club, the plan was greeted with great enthusiasm, and heartily supported. One of the pleasantest features of the club has been its University character. There have been representa-

tives from every Faculty but Law, at each of the tramps, and the Snow-Shoe Club can justly claim that it has done more to increase fellow-feeling among the students at large than any club that has hitherto existed here. Although this winter has been particularly unsuited for snow-shoeing, there has been a large attendance at all the meetings that have been held, and the hot coffee at the end of the journey over the mountain, was not only a sufficient reward for all the toil that was undergone in getting there, but also an inducement to go there again. If there was not always "a feast of reason and a flow of soul," there was at least a feast of something more substantial, and a flow of harmony such as might make the Glee Club turn green from envy. On the whole, notwithstanding the unfavorable circumstances in which the club has been placed, on account of snow and such inconveniences, it can be safely prophesied that another year will see the S. S. Club one of the most successful institutions in the University. Let each student get out his snow-shoes next year, and join in the first Saturday-night tramp (which it is to be hoped will be held long before Christmas), and if he does not have a good, jolly time for that evening, it will be his own fault. As the worthy Vice-President of the Club said the other night: "Thank Heaven we're Canucks, for they don't have snow-shoe tramps anywhere but in Canada."

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE U. F. B. C.

The annual meeting of the University Foot-Ball Club was held in the Students' Reading-Room on Friday evening, March 1st, at 8 o'clock, quite a number of members being present. The President, Mr. R. D. McGibbon, B. A., in the chair. The minutes of the last meeting, and the reports of the Secretary and Treasurer were read and adopted.

The constitution was then considered. Moved by Mr. L. Campbell, seconded by Mr. P. D. Ross, that graduates be admitted to the club, but not to hold any office therein. After a lengthy and spirited discussion the following was moved in amendment by Mr. C. Lane, seconded by J. F. Scriver, that graduates be admitted to practice, but not to play in matches, or be officers of said club. The latter was carried almost unanimously.

The election of officers was then proceeded with, and resulted as follows: Captain, H. H. Wood, '79; President, F. L. Brown, '79; Treasurer, H. J. Bull, '80; Secretary, Chas. Scriver, '80; Committee, J. E. Austin, '80, C. Lane, '79, R. B. Howard, '79, C. E. Pillsbury, '80 and W. R. Sutherland, '79.

THE DYING MONK.

The vesper bell proclaimed the hour of prayer,
And woke the echoes of the evening air,
The cowl'd monks had sought the sacred pue,
And clouds of incense filled the dusky aisle.

Within a chamber rudely built of stone
A monk lay dying helpless and alone;
The fading sunlight played about his bed,
And formed a golden halo round his head.

But when the music of the vesper bell
Reached the pale sufferer in his cheerless cell,
He seized his beads and vainly strove to pray,
For thus he raved, through weakness as he lay:

"Within the gloom of the rotting tomb
The hungry worm is waiting,
And ravens' cries are filling the skies
Above its dismal grating.

Through the living day the verdant clay
Longs to embrace its brother,
For 'twas the earth that gave us birth,
And we must return to our mother.

Not long, O Tomb, hast thou to wait
For time is o'er us sweeping,
And Death alive with invincible scythe
A terrible harvest is reaping.

I see him there with his matted hair
Over his skeleton falling,
And his hollow eyes swell with the fires of hell
As he hears the Devil calling.

I smell the smelt of the blasts of hell,
And the choirs in heaven are singing,
And goblins tread around my bed,
But angels hither winging.

The heavenly things they shake their wings
And fill my cell with glory,
The stones are old, but they shine with gold,
And jewels, and marbles hoary.

I fear not the gloom of the rotting tomb,
For my soul from my body shall sever,
And Death's control rules not the soul,
Which lives above forever."

He ceased, and down the passage swept along
The dying accents of the vesper song;
The old man heard, a salt tear filled his eye,
He softly smiled and calmly sank to die.

And when the moonlight stole into the room
And drove away the fast-retreating gloom,
Still as a block of stone the old monk lay,
The living soul had left the mortal clay,
The lines of care had vanished from his brow,
The strife was o'er, the monk victorious now.

FRESHMAN.

OUR EXCHANGES.

The literary columns of the *Rochester Campus* contains a criticism, truly entitled "*Destructive*," on *Paradise Lost*. The critic, who seems to have read both the text of the epic, and criticisms on it, takes exception to its plot, and charges Milton with "*absurd blundering*." It would have been more consonant with the humility due in criticising a master-piece to have used less decided language. But could not L. L. C. find something to say in favor of the diction of the poem he falls foul of? Lord Macaulay, no mean judge, thought the *Paradise Lost* worthy of being committed to memory. Perhaps the following sentence from Lord Macaulay's essay on Milton may account for L. L. C. not appreciating *Paradise Lost*:—"The works of Milton cannot be enjoyed, unless the mind of the reader co-operate with that of the writer." We humbly suggest to L. L. C. that, after reading Lord Macaulay's essay, he gives *Paradise Lost* another study.

Lafayette College Journal is principally interesting to Lafayette men, in accordance with the sentiments expressed at the heading of its *Exchanges*. Its editors seem to find some difficulty in collecting subscriptions; it would be rather curious if one could know in how many colleges this difficulty is met with!

A very different style of journal is the *Hamilton Literary*, with its series of short papers on subjects varying from the "Quest of the Sangreal" to "The Weed"; the latter being a plea for tobacco. We don't quite agree with Mr. Adam as to the identity of the present age (with its duplicity and torpedoes for nations, and drunkenness and six-shooters for private persons) and the golden age, which latter we still locate in the "sweet by and by."

For the "light fantastic" literature commend us to the *Lampoon*, with its clever cartoons, especially those in outline depicting *manners and customs* of the Hub; but it would have lost nothing if it had rejected its *Accidental Pickup*.

Appropos of the Princeton fray, the *Harvard Advocate* has produced a "Comical, historical, pastoral tragedy, as presented in the Town of Prince, in the Wilds of New Jersey, U. S. A., Feb. 7, A. D., 1878."

We hope, for the credit of *North Western University*, that the *Vidette* was misinformed as to one of the professors of that institution having, in a lecture, confuse Owen Meredith, i. e. Lord Lytton, with his father, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. Except a short paper on "Words," the *Vidette* of this number does not contain much that is interesting to outsiders.

The *Crimson* agrees with the *Advocate* in lamenting the musical shortcomings of Harvard; but these two papers don't quite agree as to the best method of exciting the interest of the students in the matter. For us, too, the question is, "Why do we not have more music?" McGill yawns and answers, "I give it up; ask me an easier one."

The first page of *The Undergraduate* contains a full prospectus of Middlebury College. If the authorities pay handsomely, it ought to go a long way towards supporting the paper.

A Yale student must put on a great deal more *side* than the alumni of most universities, judging from the severe hyperbolic article on "Trimming" in the *Record*.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following: *Cornell Review, Critic, Tripod, Bowdoin Orient, Dartmouth, Monthly Musings, Queen's College Journal, Acadia Athenaeum, C. I. Herald, and Dalhousie Gazette*.

FOUND.—At the corner of Blonde and Brunette streets, a communication, which, we imagine, is sadly in want of a possessor. To prevent any unnecessary anxiety on the part of those interested, we give it in full below, and the enamored author, or the favored "May," can have it of our fighting editor, by proving property and remunerating the staff; unless he or she be a subscriber to the *Gazette*, in which case the property will be restored gratis on promising to postpone the correspondence until after the medical examinations.

McGILL COLLEGE, March—, 1878.

"MY DEAREST MAY.

"I was very much disappointed at your not meeting me according to our last agreement, being desirous of having a long talk with you, and, on Sunday, the presence of those other fellows prevented me from saying what I wished. You are everything to me, even my chosen profession and my future hopes would be but dreary wastes without the cheering association of your dear image. May Heaven protect and bless you!

"Now, May, I want you to promise to meet me this evening at a quarter past eight, on the corner of St. Urban and Dorchester streets. Be sure to be at the little brick church. I shall pass down Dorchester street at that time. My dearest May, do not disappoint me. Be there exactly on time; but if you should find it impossible to accomplish this, I want you to meet me to-morrow morning when you go down to the shop. You will start at a quarter before eight, and go up Dorchester street to St. Lawrence Main street; you will keep on the side of the street on which Goulden's drug store stands. I will be coming up the Main street at that time. But if we should still be disappointed, I will call round in the evening.

"I am going out of town for a few days, and would like you to write to me then. In your letter you will please enclose about half a dozen of envelopes addressed to yourself in your own handwriting, because my writing might be recognized by some one and opened, which would be a very serious accident.

"When you write, give me the full particulars of that little affair,—you know what I mean. Before closing, I wish to warn you of certain parties with whom you are acquainted, especially two, who pretend to be your friends, but in reality they are 'wolves in sheep's clothing.'"

* * * * *

Here the communication terminates with a heart-rending benediction, and an eccentric signature, a successful interpretation of which latter would have, without doubt, spared the pains of publishing this advertisement. We hope our endeavors may not go unrewarded.

STUDENTS' SONG.

I.

Though we're deep in Titus Livius,
Or in Plato all the day,
Trust us, we're not oblivious
Of our maidens far away.

II.

Though we hide in far-off places,
Working ever week by week,
We remember your dear faces,
Learning Latin, grinding Greek.

III.

Turning leaves of dictionary,
Working hard as work we can,
We remember pretty Mary,
Lively Georgie, gentle Fan.

IV.

Though we're deep in Titus Livius,
Or in Plato all the day,
Trust us, we're not oblivious
Of our maidens far away.

:—

ITEMS.

- Where's Hamilton's Xmas.
- A paradox: Two doctors.
- No more snow-shoe tramps.
- Law exams. ended yesterday.
- Meds.' lectures close next week.
- Another Public Debate is talked of.
- All students are on the grind for exams.
- Prospects of foot-ball, if fine weather continues.
- Theologues, how are the wives and little ones at home?
- By their cheek you may know them. The Freshmen.
- St. Catherine street has got to be quite a promenade for students.
- On dit*, graduates' dinner is to be conducted on temperance principles.
- Twelve seats were broken in Molson Hall, the day of Lord Dufferin's visit.
- The Foot Ball team had their photos. taken a few weeks ago, at Notman's.
- Quite a reaction took place at the Foot-Ball Meeting on the 1st instant.

—Two Freshmen (Theologues) are having a great deal of competition, *avec les barbes*.

—The Reading-Room Committee are on the war-path for subscriptions. Theologues, beware!

—Committee for Graduates Junior Arts, H. H. Wood '79, H. J. Bull '80, A. McGibbon, jr., '81. Science, W. Skaife '79.

—At the annual meeting of the Football Club the Chairman requested two members to settle their difficulties in the nearest lane.

—One student gives as a case of convertible predication, the following: "Most men love little women; and little women love most men."

—Freshman (translating Virgil, stops suddenly at *cornipedum zervam*). Prof.—"Go on, don't stop for such simple words." Freshman (who thinks he has just got the hang of the affair), "Corny footed hind." Immense racket in class, as can well be imagined.

—Scene front-door of students' boarding house. *Personæ*: Green Irish girl and Soph., who is collecting unpaid subscriptions among the members of the club. Soph.—(pulls bell—servant appears) "Is Mr. Smith at home." Bridget—"Indade, Mishter Smith isn't in the house. He told me to tell you so, this very minit, when he set his eyes on you."

—Speaking of a troupe of burlesque dancers, the *Elmira Advertiser* remarks, "If these women think this is August, they are very much mistaken!" Volumes could not say more.

—An Oxford student called the Professor of Hebrew a "first-class ass." Asked to apologize, he said he intended it as a compliment. "Explain yourself," said the professor. "Why, a first-class ass is necessarily a good He-bray-ist."

—A polite man is one who listens with interest to things he knows all about when they are told him by a person who knows nothing about them.—*Duke de Morney*.

—Woman has achieved an entrance into many of the professions and fields once the exclusive provinces of man, and she may in time get the ballot; but one hazards nothing in the prediction that woman will never be able to throw a stone at an erratic chicken without causing awe and consternation in the holder.—*Figaro*.

—Conversation between two students on honey they had just had for tea in a well-known boarding-house down town:—

1st student, loq.—"I wish those bees would not make honey so early in the morning."

2nd student, loq.—"Yes. They get too much dew from the flowers."

COLLEGE WORLD.

- Dartmouth boasts of her Glee club.
- Yale library is accessible but thirteen hours per week.
- A Cornell student's expenses for a single year were \$184.68.
- Colby has just received a bust of John Milton, modelled in Rome.
- Harvard will follow Yale in having a Chinese course next year.
- The students at Bates favor boating, but are debarred by the expense.
- Princeton's class of '78 has lost more than sixty men since it entered.
- It is rumored that Boston has a colored man called "Yale College."
- Brown's new fire proof library building will contain 150,000 volumes.
- The Princeton Sophomores propose giving a ball during commencement week.
- Arrangements have been made at New London for Yale's boat race with Harvard.
- From 75 to 83½ per cent. is required to pass an examination by Paul Akers, at the University of Virginia.
- At Bowdoin, the seniors have weekly instruction in parliamentary practice, under the supervision of the president.
- At a single meeting, recently, \$400 was raised by two classes alone, in the interest of Amherst base ball Association.
- The championship in base ball between Harvard and Yale is to be decided by five games played during the coming summer.
- Students of Ohio Wesleyan University are not allowed to use tobacco in any form, and they number four hundred.—*Ex.*
- Between one and two hundred Columbia students attended Count Joannis' rendition of "Richard III." They sang songs, laughed, and cheered until the audience hissed them and the police took three in charge.
- The per cents required to pass an examination paper in different colleges are as follows:—Harvard, 40; Yale, Amherst, Brown, Dartmouth, Trinity, Williams and Boston, 50 each; Wesleyan, 60.—*Brunonian.*
- The Princeton foot-ball team lately presented Mr. Dodge, their captain, with a gold locket in the form of a Rugby foot-ball, as a mark of their appreciation of his services in their behalf during the past season.

COLLEGE SONG.

Upidee, (Yale version.)

- The shades of night were comin' down swift,
Upidee, Upida.
The snow was heapin' up, drift on drift,
Upidee-i-da.
Through a Canadian town, a youth did go,
Carrying a flag with this motto—
Upidee, etc.
- O'er his high forehead curled copious hair,
He'd a Roman nose and complexion fair;
He'd a light blue eye, and an auburn lash,
And he'd ever keep a' shoutin through his moustache.
Upidee, etc.
- He saw through the windows as he kept getting
upper,
A number of families sittin' at supper;
And he eyed those slippery rocks very keen
And fled as he cried, and cried while a-fleein':—
Upidee, etc.
- "O! take care you," said an old man, "stop,
It's a-blowin' gales up there on top;
You'll tumble off en t'other side."
But the hurrying stranger still replied:
Upidee, etc.
- "Oh, don't go up such a shocking night;
Come, sleep on my lap," said a maiden bright;
On his Roman nose a tear-drop come,
But still he remarked as he upward clumb:
Upidee, etc.
- "Look out for the branch of the Sycamore tree;
Dodge rolling stones, if any you see,"
Saying which, the farmer went to bed,
And the singular voice replied overhead.—
Upidee, etc.
- About a quarter past six the next forenoon,
A man accidentally going up soon,
Heard spoken above him, as much as twice,
These very same words, in a very weak voice:
Upidee, etc.
- Not far, I believe, from a quarter past seven,
He was slow gettin' up, the road being uneven,
He found, buried up in the snow and ice,
The boy and his flag with this strange device:
Upidee, etc.
- He's dead, defunct, without any doubt;
The lamp of his life entirely gone out;
On the drear hill-side the youth was a-layin',
And there was no more use for him to be sayin':
Upidee, etc.

CLIPPINGS.

—A new student who calls a-l-m claf, signs his name calf, and pronounces it claf.—*Vidette*.

The only difference between a boy and a barn is that the shingles are applied to the roof of the barn.—*Ex.*

—An eminent physician has recently discovered that nightmare, in nine cases out of ten, is produced by owing the newspaper-man.—*Ex.*

—A "Soph" being asked the origin of the word restaurant, replied: "It comes from *res*, a thing; and *taurus* a bull. A bully thing."—*Ex.*

—It is said where one youth depends on his mental ability for success in life, nine rest their hopes on the cut and gloss of their collars.

—Prof.—"Gentlemen, if this point don't go to O, it must inevitably go to H." Class laughs, and Prof. does not see the point after all.

—Business young lady.—"Won't you take a share in this sewing-machine?" Senior.—"Will it sew on buttons?" Dame, blushing.—"No sir."—*Ex.*

—A near-sighted student of '81, looking without his glasses at the well known engraving, "The Huguenot Lovers," he remarked, "Ah, I perceive, The Huguenots."—*Campus*.

—The man who took off his coat in memorial, the other evening, thinking it was his overcoat, and started up the aisle in his shirt-sleeves, soon became painfully aware of his mistake.—*Advocate*.

—The lecture was getting dry. "Let's take something," said the prof. Then those Seniors rose unanimously, but it was only something to be taken by way of illustrating his remarks, that was all.—*Campus*.

—Forty-seven young idiots, in Los Angeles, California, says an exchange, have paid \$3 each, to be vaccinated with virus from the arm of the handsomest young lady in town. Quite poetical. *Anna virus que*, you know.—*Ex.*

—An Indiana girl at Vassar college writes to her parents: "This is the most stylish hair pin of a boarding-school I ever tumbled into. I can eat four times a day, if I want to, and get a fair whack at the hash every time."—*Campus*.

—A lad reciting some poetry to his mother, gave, among other things, the "Burial of Sir John Moore." "What do you like best in the piece?" asked the mother. "Few and short were the prayers they said," was the boy's reply.—*Bates Student*.

—Scene at Seniors' boarding-club. Phatty (waving his hands frantically over his vast extent of abdomen) —"Oh, had I the wings of a dove!" Voice.—"Dry up! You'd be shot for a turkey-buzzard, before you had gone ten rods."—*Ex.*

—Bulldozing Barber.—"Have your hair cut to-day, sir?" Student.—"No, sir." B. B. (while fumbling among the locks) —"Very long—very straggling, sir, comes clear down to your coat collar." S.—"All right, I'll have the collar moved down."—*Ex.*

—When Englishmen first gaze on Niagara, they exclaim: "By Jove!" Western men say: "Thunder!" people from the rural districts: "By Jimmie!" and the brides,—bless 'em,—say: "O, hold me, Gwage!"—*Wittenberger*.

—Scene in one of the village schools. School marm, having occasion to administer the—a dose of the oil of birch, applies it with the palm of her hand; youngster goes to his seat muttering, "Next time, by golly, I'll put some tacks in my breeches."—*Dartmouth*.

—Prof.—"Mr. R., how is charcoal made?" Mr. R. "A quantity of wood is piled up, and covered with leaves, chips, etc., then it is ignited, and is slowly converted into charcoal." Prof.—"Is anything added to the covering of leaves and chips?" Mr. R.—"I think sir, a little *grease* is added."—*Ex.*

—"Conny" Sands girl has kicked him; and "Conny" says when he left he don't understand why in the mischief she commenced singing,

"And in parting, leave behind us,
Footprints in the sands of time."

We give it up, "Con—" —*Monthly Musings*.

—"Ah love!" she murmured, as they wandered through the moonlight, "ah dearest, why do the summer roses fade?" He happened to be a young student studying chemistry, and he replied that it was owing to the insufficiency of oxygen in the atmosphere.

—It was a bashful Fresh that stood before the class officer trying to excuse his many absences from prayers, Prof. questioning him closely. "You see, Professor, I have been sitting up with a friend down street." Prof.—"Is your friend in college?" "No sir." "Who is it then?" "It is a—a—a—a young—guess I'll take my demerits!"—*Undergraduate*.

—We do not know where it originated, but it is too good to die—the story of the Senior who justified himself for studying on Sunday, by saying: "The Lord approved of the man for helping his ass out of the pit on the Sabbath day, much more will he approve the ass for helping himself out."—*College Index*.

—A young lady in Brooklyn, asked her young man why he called her his *Ultra*, and he courteously replied, it was a Latin quotation. "This," said he, "is my knee, and when I add you to it, I have my knee plus *Ultra*, which is Latin for 'I don't want anything more on my knee.' Don't you see, my darling?" She said she did.—*Bates Student*.

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