

McGILL
UNIVERSITY GAZETTE

Wednesday, February 17, 1886.

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UNIVERSITY GAZETTE

Vol. IX.]

MCGILL COLLEGE, MONTREAL, FEBRUARY 17TH, 1886.

[No. 9.]

McGill University Gazette

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

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

Editorials.

REPRESENTATIVE FELLOWS.

We publish in this number a communication from the Honorary Secretary of the Graduates' Society with regard to the nomination of Representative Fellows, showing the means to be adopted by those desirous of making use of that Society for this purpose. As will be seen, not much time remains for the reception of nominations, so that those who wish to have candidates nominated should at once set about the matter. But of course it is not absolutely necessary that a candidate should be nominated by the Graduates' Society. That is a convenient way of making known to the graduates generally what men are in the field, and of giving the voters an opportunity of examining into the merits of the candidates. Still the voters may vote for whom they please, provided the person be a graduate of three years' standing in the Faculty for which they wish him to sit. Every graduate of the University who has paid the registration fee of fifty cents can vote. We mention these particulars because there seems to be a very general indifference and ignorance with regard to these matters. The number of graduates who have been in the habit of making use of this right has been hitherto very small, and in fact the elections have not received that attention which their importance merited. The largest

number of voters ever polled, we believe, was about two hundred, and as a general rule the number is much smaller. When we consider that the voting is by proxy and that the registration fee is merely nominal, we cannot understand why such indifference should be displayed. We hope that at the approaching elections next month greater interest will be manifested.

At the present time it is very necessary that we should send good representatives to Corporation, and we ask the electors to carefully weigh the merits of whatever candidates may be brought forward. The subjects which are at present in agitation are of such vast importance that men of ability, discretion and stamina should be selected. If these qualities are found in any graduate, he should not, on the mere score of youth, be rejected. At all events be sure that those for whom you vote are prepared to support the three following proposals: Reform of the Law Faculty, the Raising of the Standard of Matriculation in the University and Larger Representation of the Graduates on the Governing Bodies of the University. Those who can contribute most to the carrying out of these objects are those whom we believe to be most worthy of your suffrages.

A CHANGE IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

In the Medical Faculty this year the examination in Practical Chemistry has been conducted in a different manner to heretofore. Formerly the examination was mainly written, the practical examination consisting of less than ten minutes work in the laboratory, when the student had not time to recover from the excitement he labored under, till the bell rang and he was hurried out, to realize the fact that he had made some gross blunder in something which he knew perfectly well. Doubtless this process was easier for the examiner but it was palpably an injustice to the examined.

This year the examination was entirely practical, and the student instead of spending TEN MINUTES in the laboratory, worked there for TWO HOURS. Thus he was given an opportunity of establishing his knowledge—or otherwise—of the subject. This is a change in the right direction, and is a step forward in doing away with the pernicious system of cramming which is altogether too prevalent in our colleges.

In the department of medicine, perhaps more than in any other, this evil should be combated as far as possible, and more value should be attached to a practical knowledge of the science than to a mere expertness in rhyming of theories, hypotheses, etc., per text book or lecture notes.

Now while the teaching of our college tends to be pre-eminently practical, the method of examination is such as to favor this process of cramming, and is such as to make it possible for a student by a few months' hard reading to creditably pass the prescribed examinations—as Huxley says: "They pass and they don't know."

"Reading and much reading," said Edmund Burke, "is good: but the power of diversifying the matter in your own mind and of applying it to every occasion that arises is far better—so don't suppress the *vicida vis*." The aim then should be to make the examinations, wherever possible, largely practical. They should be of such nature as "to let reason, memory and method have free play." We would not recommend the abolition of written examinations by any means; but we would desire to see the oral practical part, put on an equal footing with it, and not confined as heretofore to ten or fifteen minutes, which often seemed more of a matter of form than a part of the examination. Would it not be well to have the oral last at least half-an-hour in each subject. Then the examiner could test his man and find out his capacity and power and thus he will not pass a one-sided opinion on him as he often necessarily does if he judge him by his written examination. Another, and we believe, a more salutary change would be to abolish the present system of competitive examination, with its medals, prizes and "honorable mention." The spirit of emulation and the desire to excel his companions, is a feeling which induces very few students to make an extra effort, as very soon the measure of each student is taken and a few soon leave the rest so far in the rear that all hope of successful competition is given up. Hence as an incentive to study competition fails. These few (who in any case would be successful students) are stimulated to excel by a spirit of rivalry which is certainly not the noblest or healthiest. The one wins the prize or attains the coveted position; the rest get—nothing. Who shall say this one is the best student? Has he not merely "showed his power of work under stimulus, and his capacity for rapidly and clearly producing that which, for the time, he has got into his mind?"

The remedy we propose is the following:—

Let there be a pass and honor standing as there is now, and let this be all. Let there be no positions in

these classes—no medals or prizes. They are wrong in principle, are a practical failure, and often won by only a few marks or a lucky chance.

By the above method all will be compelled to work as now for a pass. The more ambitious or gifted can attain an honor standing; while the few who now spend their time in superfluous reading and much cramming that they may possibly win a medal, may spend this time in acquiring a PERMANENT and more SCIENTIFIC knowledge of their profession, and at the same time not jeopardise that which is the acme of human welfare—a sound mind in a sound body.

We should like to hear through the columns of the GAZETTE the opinion of the students on these matters as well as on that of having an outside Board of Examiners.

Poetry.

[FOR THE GAZETTE.]

HORÆ HORATIÆ.

HORACE—BOOK I, ODE IX.

See, dazzling with untrodden snow
Socrates stands; the straining woods
Bend with their burden, and the floods
Curbed by keen frost have ceased to flow.

Pile logs upon the hearth, afar
To drive, O Thaliarch, the cold,
(And draw the vintage, four years old,
With lavish hand from Sabine jar.)

Resign all else to Jove's high will;
When once he lulls the winds asleep
That battle on the boiling deep,
O, rest, and ancient ash, are still.

Seek not to-morrow's fate to know,
Set down as gain whatever chance
To-day brings forth, nor scorn the dance,
Or youthful love's delicious glow.

Age soon will blight thy manhood's flower:
Park and parade should claim thee now,
And thou shouldst murmur passion's vow
At dinky twilight's trysting hour:

Or track the low, sweet laugh that tells
Where some coy maid conceals her charms,
And snatch a forfeit from her arms,
Or hand, that tenderly repels.

BOOK I, ODE XXII.

Fuscus, the man whose life is pure,
And clear from crime, may live secure;
No Moorish darts or bow he needs,
No quiver stored with venom'd reeds:

Whether on Afric's burning sands,
Or savage Caucasus he stands,
Or where with jagged hoisted tide
The waters of Hydaspes glide.

For, while in Sabine glades, alone,
Singing of Lalage, my own,
I roamed light-hearted and unarm'd,
A wolf that faced me fled—alarmed.

No monster so portentous roves
Through pallid Daunia's broad oak-groves,
Nor e'en in Juba's thirty land,
That suckles lions' mid the sand.

Set me on lifeless deserts, where
No tree is fanned by summer's air,
That zone of earth, which must and cloud
With sultry atmosphere enshroud:

Set me in houseless realms afar,
Beneath the sun's too neighbouring car,
Or on these sweet-smiling Lalage,
Sweet-speaking maid beloved shall be.

BOOK I, ODE XXII.

Thou shun'st me, Chloe, like a fawn,
That on some trackless mountain lawn,
Scared idly by the woods and wind,
Seeks her shy dam to find.

If the first breath of Spring but chance
To quiver on the leaves that dance,
Or the green lizards stir the brakes,
In heart and knees she quakes.

I chase, but not to crush thee, child,
Like lion grim, or tiger wild;
Then, cease to haunt thy mother's side,
Now fit to be a bride.

GEO. MURRAY.

Contributions.

BACKWOODS PICTURES AND PECU-
LIARITIES.

BY A MEMBER OF THE "DELTA SIGMA."

(Concluded.)

But the great event, the *Carnival* of the back country, is the annual cattle show, held in the county town, in the month of October. Early in the morning of the eventful day, the whole neighborhood is astray. Drove of cattle, and cart or waggon loads of cackling hens and crowing cocks, and gabbling geese and truculent turkeys, and tinnets of butter and great heaps of vegetables, may be seen entering the town, which is gaily decorated with flags and bunting. Observe that slender legged colt, trotting gaily along by its mother's side, its bushy tail wagging with excitement, its fine dark eye kindling, its ears pricking, a wreath of artificial roses around, or a bunch of bright ribbons at its neck. Or this drove of cows, headed by a vicious looking old gentleman cow, whose eyes glare, and whose head shakes so menacingly from side to side at the timid little girls on their way to school, (for it is now going on to 9 o'clock,) that instinctively they shrink with terror, and some of them begin to run, casting ever and anon fearful looks behind, to see if the terrible creature is giving chase.

By about half past ten the cattle, fowls etc., are all mustered in a large field, and ranged around the fence, all the cows together, all the sheep together, all the pigs together etc. etc., and dire is the discord of sounds. When all is in order, the judges walk round, take the cows by the horns, feel the soft wool of the sheep, poke the lazy pigs in their sides to see how fat they are, and finally enter a great deal of professional consultation, affix tickets to those animals they consider worthy of a prize.

But while all this is going on in the field, let us look into the Town Hall, and see what is in progress there. On tables round the room are displayed loaves of white home made bread, pots of golden butter, and many other exhibits of the same kind. But there seems to be some special attraction at the fare end. Behold! it is the fancy work department. Here is a patchwork quilt, which is much and justly admired. The groundwork is of white cotton, the centrepiece an immense yellow star;—around the yellow star is a whole constellation of green stars of lesser magnitude, while at the corners are triangle of yellow. The effect

as a whole is unique and artistic in a high degree, and we cannot wonder that this quilt should take a prize. There are invariably on exhibition, two or more large frames, containing wreaths of flowers, made of wool seeds or feathers. At one of these cattle shows I saw an *arrangement*, constructed of straws tied with magenta wool, and intended I imagine, as a pendant ornament for the ceiling or window of some rural drawing room. The body of the ornament seemed to be an intricate network of straws, while from all point hung little pendants made of four straws crossed.

How in the world the manufacturer of this delicate marvel managed to bring it into the town without crushing or breaking, I do not understand; but there it was in perfect preservation, dividing with the above mentioned quilt, the admiring wonder of the crowd. There is always a display of knitted socks, mittens, and comforters, and the prevailing colour for the two first is striped or spotted magenta and yellow.

During the afternoon the lads and lasses walk round the town, arm in arm. Both dressed in their gayest attire; the young ladies resplendent in purple dresses blue feathers, green silk ties; the young gentlemen, with faces burned to a healthy shade of boiled beets or roast beef, smiling and looking very sheepish. As they walk along generally both ladies and gentlemen are regaling themselves with gingerbread mittens or "Taffy" on a stick, bought at one of the numerous stalls set up for the occasion, I am sorry to have to tell it, but in truth I must, that some of these good or bad people finish up the day by getting drunk and having a fight. However this disgraceful custom is becoming less frequent than it was, and let us hope that as Christianity and Temperance advance, it will happily die out and become altogether a thing of the past.

I have said that, the backwoods people are proverbial for keeping a tight purse string in regard to the Clergyman and Doctor. This latter individual they cannot bear to call in until the very last moment, when it is almost life or death; and however reasonable his charges there is an extreme reluctance to paying them, particularly in cash, produce being, as in the Clergyman's case offered instead. If he has been successful it is sometimes said, "Shure, he just ordered a poultrie and a bottle of so-and-so, and I believe she would have *took the turn* and got better if he had not come near her at all, at all."

If unsuccessful, and the patient grows worse or entirely succumbs, then he is often pronounced unskillful, and his bill disputed or repudiated.

The diseases from which they suffer have names, under which we would hardly recognize them. Bronchitis is *brownteeeters*; congestion, a *conjunction*; inflammation, *information*,—a malady from which some of us students would not object to suffer at examination time.

One person, in speaking of her daughter who had been sick, said that she was *conscientious* (conscious) all the time.

Another old woman who was suffering from some affection of the limbs, said, in bemoaning her illness, "Shure I can't walk at all, for, savin' yer presence,

me leg kapes *rinnin'* all the time. And," she continued, "it's the *right-hand leg*, sor."

It was yet another who remarked that she didn't eat a bite forbye what she *drank*.

If one of the back-countrymen went to a druggist's to buy a disinfectant for our *Picotte*, he would in all probability ask for *Florida time* (chloride of lime), or *Garabaldie acid* (carbolic acid.)

Many of them are remarkable for a strained propriety of speech when they want to make an impression. A certain man, who passed for somewhat of an orator, gave Twelfth of July addresses, etc., was calling at the house of a gentleman, on business, and the latter not being at home, his wife invited our friend to enter. His answer was: "I thank you, missus, I shall not halt upon the present occasion."

When anyone dies, his residence is immediately designated the "Corp house," and his friends proceed to give him a *wake*. I am told that this affair often lasts two or three nights, and that they have a gay time, laughing, talking, eating, singing, courting, in the neighborhood of the apartment where the dead is laid out, if not in the actual room itself.

Après of this, I heard an amusing story of a man who was dead, and his friends were discussing whether he should be buried in a shroud or in his shirt. Some one suggested that the shirt would do nicely, and save expense, which in the circumstances of the family was a serious consideration. But the wife, with a look of righteous indignation, exclaimed, "What! bury my husband in his shirt? a nice figure he'd cut at 'the Resurrection with nothing but his shirt on." We must hope after this that the shroud was procured.

Most of the back-country people are very superstitious. I knew of a man who had made a vow never to shave on Sunday, in order to be kept from tooth-ache.

Once in the dead of winter a poor old woman was lost in the woods and frozen to death, and the people who live near the place say that still she can be heard crying in plaintive accents, "Och and och and o—" Most likely it is the owls they hear, or perhaps a loon. The loon is a large, handsome bird of the duck species, which flies at night over the lakes, and one who has never heard its cry can have no conception of the wild, melancholy shriek, dying away in a hollow moan, as of a person in distress.

I have said nothing of the *scenery* of the backwoods, for that is rather foreign to my subject, and might well exhaust many pages of descriptive eloquence, were I possessed of eloquence.

But I would just briefly notice one pretty picture that may be seen on any winter's day. It is a sleigh-load of logs, drawn by two fat brown horses. Seated on a buffalo skin on the logs is the driver, clad in a blanket coat, and a blue and red tucque, which makes a bright spot of colour against the dazzling snow. His hair and beard are white with frost, and his breath, as well as that of the horses, is like a cloud of fine smoke in the cold, clear air. The logs are crusted with ice, and here and there is a tuft of evergreen, which has escaped the wood-cutter's axe. As the load passes along through the town on its way to the saw-mill, the sleigh-bells jingle merrily, and the crisp snow crunches

beneath the horses' hoofs. A crowd of merry boys and girls on their way to or from school, encounter it, and with a hasty "Gimme ride, please," and before the old fellow has even time to assent, which, unless unusually churlish, he does, with a grim smile, or an acquiescent grunt, they spring nimbly up, seat themselves on the logs, and the load proceeds, gathering additional freight at every turn.

The backwoods people in their intervals of leisure occasionally court the muse, and their effusions almost invariably take the form of *obituaries*. One such, which I cut from a local newspaper not long ago, occurs to my recollection, and as it is a fair specimen of those which I have read, I give it here, as the conclusion of my hastily prepared paper.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF MRS. ———

BY HER SISTER SARAH ———

Dearest sister, God has called you
From this world of care and pain—
Where to meet with thy dear loved ones,
Never more to part again.

Could I but have watched thy bedside,
Or have smoothed thy bright brown hair,
I do feel it would have soothed me,
Although I know that's hard to bear.

But to think I could not see you,
Oh! that seems harder still;
But we must not be reducing,
But submission to His will.

Dearest Letty, I remember
When I kissed you last good-bye:
And your tender arm was around me—
Tears was in your bright blue eyes.

I little thought it was for ever,
When that last good-bye I said;
You were standing by the gateway,
Where in childhood days we played.

All those months since I have left you,
My thoughts were still on home and thee—
I was hoping at some season
Back again with you to be.

But it's God that hath bereft us,
And I know if I sincerely
Ask him, He will guide me safely
Home to heaven and sister dear.

SARAH ———

Every Fortnight.

Themistocles, being asked, "Whether a man should rather bestow his daughter upon a poor man that was honest, or upon a man that had more wealth, but less integrity," made reply: "I had rather bestow her upon a man that wants money, than upon money that wants a man."

This is all very well, but it does not appear which the girl herself would have preferred. Those who have read the story of Spinoso will remember what an effect even a necklace has.

* * *

It is unnecessary for me to say that I have been greatly abused and calumniated since I commenced to send my scribblings to the GAZETTE. I have been called all sorts of names, but the most cutting accusation which has been hurled at me is that of being a "combination." I really did not deserve that. Call me a safe, or a lock, or anything but a combination.

I find that I had a namesake in the eighteenth century, and that they made fun of him too. "One Dennis, commonly called 'the Critic,' who had writ a threepenny pamphlet against the power of France, being in the country, and hearing of a French privateer hovering about the coast, although he were twenty miles from the sea, fled to town, and told his friends 'they need not wonder at his haste, for the King of France, having got intelligence where he was, had sent a privateer on purpose to catch him.'" This is a little joke of Swift's.

**

Perhaps it will be just as well for me to flee some of these days from the privateers sailing about the land.

"Oh! think of me, my friends! when I am gone
Not my memory lightly pass away,
With pleasant songs forgotten—or as one
A stranger guest, abiding but a day.

"For I will think of you! a purer ray
Will guide life's journey, long from times of old,
And thought will reckon o'er, when far away,
Their gentle memories—its hoarded gold.

"Oh! dream of me, my friends! when I am gone,
Then be your happy slumbers lightly stirred
By tender shadows from the distance thrown,
By echoes sweet of some remembered world."

**

I should be very sorry to contend that mottoes, crests, family traditions and the like, do not possess their value. The Earl of Shaftesbury's motto was "Love and Serve." How this motto must ever have been as a hand guiding him through a life of nobility and philanthropy till he won the honor and happiness bestowed upon the glorious knight of old who first had these words written upon his banner! How completely, too, he fulfilled the mission which these three words embody!

**

"Coming events" begin "to cast their shadows before." Let us hope that they will not leave shadows behind them as well. I notice that when the time of examinations approaches, a peculiar feeling of uneasiness, distraction and suspicion pervades the community. Everything seems hushed and solemn, as on the eve of some great battle, where kingdoms are at stake, and the contending parties of almost equal strength. As we sit round the bivouac fire, sleepless and silent, the thought will force itself upon our minds that some of us will never meet again,—that this jovial ring is broken,—no more the story and the song.

**

To those who are graduating this year, I give this bit of advice: If you wish to make direct use of any part of the knowledge which you have obtained during your college course, make up your mind to keep up the study of that particular subject. Do not let a year go by and imagine that you can some time in the future return and start from where you left off. As Sidney Smith says: "It is no more possible for an idle man to keep together a certain stock of knowledge, than it is possible to keep together a stock of ice exposed to the meridian. Every day destroys a fact, a relation or an influence; and the only method of preserving

the bulk and value of the pile is by constantly adding to it."

**

"For now we sever each from each,
I learn what I have lost in thee;
Alas, that nothing less could teach
How great indeed my love should be!

"Farewell! I did not know thy worth,
But thou art gone, and now 'tis prized:
So angels walked unknown on earth,
But when they flew, were recognized!"

**

"Why should one become startled by the thoughts which suddenly come, uncalled for and unexpectedly? If right—all is well; if wrong—calmly, not hastily, reason them away."

**

Many writers have pictured the different kinds of bores, but I do not remember to have seen anywhere mentioned the bore of public meetings. Still you all have seen him. When some subject has been thoroughly discussed, and when the debate is upon the point of closing, a small form is seen to rise slowly to address the chair. "I hope that I am not out of order, but there is one point, which, it seems to me, has been left untouched by those who have already spoken." He then goes on to remark that he did not notice anything of much importance in what the other speakers had said, and that he would give the correct view of the matter. The correct view generally lasts for half an hour, and when it disappears there is a general feeling of everybody having been insulted by a well-meaning, egotistical blockhead.

**

How unexpectedly things happen in this world! What is put up to-day is knocked down to-morrow; he who was here but now is with us no more. Of an the most useful persons and things sweep away apparently without reason. What a preacher I have become! It is time for me to stop, for though "I am nothing if not critical," as Othello remarks, yet I should not like to be considered didactical.

**

CRITIC.

McGill News.

At a meeting of the students in Arts, held on Friday, the 12th, Messrs. J. Naismith, and W. L. Jamieson were elected representatives of the faculty on the Executive Committee of the Athletic Association. Mr. A. P. Murray was appointed Arts Editor of the GAZETTE for next year, at the same meeting.

On the evening of Feb. the 6th, Mr. P. A. Peterson, the well-known engineer of the C. P. R., delivered the first of the winter course of evening lectures to the Science students. The lecturer was introduced by Prof. Bovey at 7.30. The subject of the lecture was "Pier Foundations," and Mr. Peterson's reputation as a bridge engineer is a sufficient guarantee of its good quality. The address was listened to by a very appreciative and good-sized audience, and at its close a vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. Peterson.

Last Friday evening Mr. John Kennedy delivered his annual lecture to the students of the Science Faculty. His subject was "The Ice Phenomena of the St. Lawrence." Mr. Kennedy went into the subject in considerable detail, describing the process of ice formation, its influence on river and river bed, the causes of spring floods, damage to water-works, etc. His address was aided by a large number of diagrams, and was listened to with very great interest. Mr. Kennedy's knowledge of the subject is too well known to call for comment, and the students should, and doubtless do, appreciate his kindness in lecturing to them. Among those present were, Sir William Dawson, Profs. Johnson, Bovey and McLeod, Messrs. Peterson, Forsythe, St. George, Sproule (Ap. Sc. '77) and others. In concluding, Mr. Kennedy, as has been his custom in other years, invited the students to his house to spend the remainder of the evening. After the proposal of a vote of thanks by Sir William, which elicited hearty applause, the company adjourned to Mr. Kennedy's, where, by their actions, they gave their host no reason to doubt that the latter part of his evening's entertainment was as much appreciated as the former. The party broke up shortly after midnight, the unanimous verdict being that it was one of the red-letter nights of the college year.

COLLEGE Y.M.C.A. NOTES.

The following facts may be interesting to a number of our readers: At the present time there are in active operation 210 College Young Men's Christian Associations, with a membership of about 10,000. This number will be the more surprising when we remember that the first college association was formed in Princeton less than ten years ago. There is still, however, room for extension, since in the United States and Canada there are 1,200 colleges, academies and professional schools, with 150,000 students in attendance. In every one of these colleges it is intended that a Christian Association shall be organized.

As to Canada, there are Associations in University College, Toronto; Queen's, Kingston; Albert, Belleville; Morrin, Quebec; Dalhousie, Halifax, and in McGill. Besides this, quite lately, another has been formed in St. Francis College, Richmond (one of the feeders of McGill), under the presidency of Mr. Read. The Association in University College, Toronto, rejoices in the possession of a fine building costing \$5,000, and situated in the college grounds. It is to be hoped that in the near future we shall see the like on our McGill grounds. Such a building would be a convenient resort, not only for the members of the Association, but also for undergraduates in general. Among other things, this may fairly claim the attention of benefactors of McGill.

MCGILL UNIVERSITY GAZETTE CO.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the subscribers to the Guarantee Fund of the GAZETTE was held on February 1st, the President, Mr. Burland in the chair.

The report of the Board of Directors was presented and showed the financial condition of the GAZETTE at the close of last year to have been highly satisfactory. This year the issue had been greatly increased and the expenses for the year (which ends the 1st May next) will consequently be larger and require, to meet them, larger receipts than those of last year. This difference the Board hopes will be made up by the increased number of subscribers.

The election of officers for the year commencing the 1st May next resulted as follows: Directors.—Messrs. J. H. Burland, F. W. Hibbard, E. P. Williams, C. W. Hoare, W. A. Carlyle E. de F. Holden, and C. H. Livingstone. Editors.—Messrs. J. R. Murray, R. J. Elliot, A. Weir, and W. I. Bradley. Auditor.—Mr. H. A. Budden.

A resolution was adopted appointing the present directors a committee to take steps to secure Letters Patent incorporating a company to publish and manage the GAZETTE. The capital of such company to be \$1,000, in 100 shares of \$10 each, fifty per cent. of the stock subscribed to be paid up at once.

A resolution was passed striking out of the constitution the clause requiring the annual meeting to be held in the college building.

A vote of thanks was moved to Mr. Colquhoun, present Managing Editor, who refused to allow himself to be re-appointed. Remarks complimentary to Mr. Colquhoun were made by several of those present and the motion was enthusiastically carried.

Votes of thanks were also passed to the Secretary-Treasurer, the Board of Editors and Board of Directors.

At the close of the meeting a list was opened and all present subscribed for stock in the proposed Company.

Societies.

UNIVERSITY LITERARY SOCIETY.

The meeting of the Society last Friday was presided over by Mr. C. J. Brooke, 1st Vice-President, and the following members were present: Messrs. Arch. McGoun, Jr., A. G. Cross, R. C. Smith, A. R. Oughtred, S. P. Leet, J. K. Unsworth, A. W. Smith, J. R. Murray, W. J. Sproule, Mathe-wson, Colquhoun, Fry and Murphy.

The debate was on the question suggested by the recent paper read by Prof. Clark Murray before the Society, on "Bishop Berkeley," and the Secretary read a note from Dr. Murray expressing regret at his inability to attend during the discussion. The wording of the subject was: "Is Berkeley's theory of the ideality of the universe philosophically sound." Mr. McGoun began the discussion, and gave a lucid enunciation of the great metaphysician's theory. Mr. R. C. Smith followed in an able argument, expressing the objections to the theory, and Mr. Cross successfully appealed to the text of Berkeley himself to show exactly what he contended for. Mr. Sproule spoke briefly, and Mr. McGoun summed up, after which a vote was taken, resulting favourably to the affirmative.

MCGILL MEDICAL SOCIETY.

On Saturday evening, Feb. 6th, the eight regular meeting of the Medical Society was held in their Reading-room, the president, Dr. Stewart, in the chair. After routine business, the pathologist shewed some microscopic sections on the pathology of which he made some remarks.

Dr. Mills then gave an address—"The History of the McGill Medical Society." Beginning with the inception of the society under Dr. Osler in 1877, he spoke of the difficulties encountered in carrying on its work under very unfavorable circumstances. He gave some pleasing reminiscences of the students who with himself took part in making the society a success at that time. Contrasting the Society as it was then, with the Society as it now is, and possessing the many advantages which it does, he said he was surprised to see it so poorly attended. He took the occasion to give some good practical advice to medical students. In speaking of the students who "never had time to attend", he showed that it was those students who took an active part in its affairs, from the first year of its existence when members of the society took the Gold Medal and carried off the Final Prize, to last year when a member took the Gold Medal, who were the honor men of the University and of their profession. At the next regular meeting, Feb. 20th, Dr. Roddick has promised to read a paper before the society.

UNDERGRADUATES' LITERARY SOCIETY.

A meeting of this society was held on the evening of Friday Feb. 12th, Mr. R. Henderson, the Vice-President in the chair, and the following members being present,—Messrs. Lerossignol, Kingston, MacArthur, Garth, Naismith, Deeks, Parker, Robertson, MacKenzie, (R. T.) Bell, Pedley (F.) Pedley (H.) Lucas, Rogers, Curtis, Hibbard, Topp, Bryson, Murray and Gibson. Two visitors were also noticed. It was moved that the meeting adjourn to allow the members to hear Mr. Kennedy's lecture on the "Ice Difficulty"—lost.

"Oliver Goldsmith" was the subject of Mr. H. Pedley's essay: he has, as he said of Goldsmith, "a taking way of putting things." Mr. J. Lerossignol, the 'reader' of the evening, delivered a comic piece called "The Force of Habit."

The subject of discussion was "Resolved that a lawyer is justified in defending a prisoner whom he believes to be guilty," which was decided in favour of the negative. Messrs. F. W. Hibbard, Curtis, and Pedley (F.) spoke on the affirmative, while Messrs. R. Henderson, Robertson, and R. T. MacKenzie were on the side upholding the present usage.

In closing the debate, the chairman congratulated the speakers on the fluency that had been displayed. The critic, Mr. C. B. Kingston, then made his remarks, dwelling at some length on the noted want of forcible delivery at the culmination of a line of argument. Mr. Murray drew attention to the analogy that might be drawn between a lawyer defending a man against his belief, and a member of the society speaking against his convictions. Mr. Topp followed with a clever little summary of what could be said on

both sides. The meeting then adjourned after some discussion on placing certain names on the list of defaulters.

The next meeting of the society will be held on the 19th, at 8 p.m., in the Arts Building, when Prof. Andrew will give an address on "Elocution;" all students are invited to be present.

Sporting.

The Annual Meeting of the McG. U. A. A. was held on the 6th inst. at 8 p.m. in the Molson Hall, the Vice-President being in the chair.

The reports of the Secretary and of the Treasurer were then read and approved, the latter showing a balance on hand of about \$205.00. Next came the election of officers which after considerable balloting resulted as follows:

President: Sir Wm. Dawson. Re-elected by acclamation. Vice-President: R. E. Palmer, Ar. Sc. '87. Secretary: J. A. Springle, Med. '88. Treasurer: Prof. C. H. McLeod. Re-elected by acclamation. Ass't-Treasurer: C. W. Colby, Arts, '87.

The next business before the meeting was the question of the affiliation of the Football and Hockey clubs with the Association, which produced a long and animated discussion during which able speeches were made by Messrs. Pedley, Wright, Hibbard, Topp, Macdonnell, Kerry, Palmer, Bell and others. It was finally resolved on Mr. Wright's motion that it was desirable to affiliate and that Messrs. Springle and Weir be appointed a committee on behalf of the Association to confer with committees from the two clubs on the terms of amalgamation. A motion was then brought up by Mr. Wilson to open the membership to students taking lectures in two or more subjects. The advantages of this being obvious it was adopted with little opposition. There being no more business the meeting then adjourned at 10.15 p.m.

The outlook for the coming year is very bright as a very active and capable complement of officials have been chosen. Much depends on the choice of Faculty Committee men which should be made with care. With a little trouble on the part of the officers and the co-operation of the students, there is no reason why the Field Day and Record of 1886-7 should not be at least as good, to say the least, as those of previous years.

At a meeting of Science Faculty in 4th year drafting-room, on Feb. 12th, at 7.30 p.m., Mr. W. A. Carlyle, '87, was elected Editor for 1886-87; and Messrs. Taylor, '87, and May, '88, elected to the McG. U.A.A. Executive Committee for the ensuing session.

Personals.

W. E. Thompson, M.D., graduate of '82, who has been studying for the past few months in Edinburgh, has just passed the final examinations for the triple qualifications, and been admitted L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S., Edin., L.F.P., L.F.S. Glasgow, and L.M. Dr. Thompson is at present in London spending a few weeks prior to his return to Canada.

[FOR THE GAZETTE.]

"GAUDEAMUS IGITUR,"

"One fond kiss and then we sever;"
 Thus, my dear, has ended ever,
 One and all each fond endeavour
 Bites to gain.
 Friends, now married, once thought clever—
 Tell me — "More than this seek never
 To obtain;
 Or you'll find as we have done
 That of life you've lost the fun
 E'er your course you've well begun;
 Ne'er again
 Will you smiling 'take the bun,'
 Nay! the final heat you'll run
 E'en with pain."

EVENING HYMN.

(For Music.)

I bow my weary head,
 And fold my hands in prayer,
 And trust the God of all,
 Whose love is everywhere.

This day with all its pain,
 I lay down at His feet;
 To-morrow strength will come,
 To-morrow's care to meet.

Adieu ye vain regrets!
 And dark despair, adieu!
 Howe'er I may have erred,
 I did the best I knew.

My heart is full of hope,
 And fearless is it, too;
 Not calmer is your star
 That shines in heaven's blue.

He gave to me my soul,
 And knows its inmost need;
 I cannot grasp His plan;
 To "trust Him" is my creed.

I bow my weary head,
 And fold my hands in prayer,
 And trust the God of all,
 Whose love is everywhere.

GOWAN LEA

College World.

There are 610 Freshman at Oxford this term, as compared with 570 at the same period last year. There are fifty-six at Christ Church, forty-nine at New College, and forty-seven at Balliol.

At Cambridge there are no fewer than 865 Freshmen, Trinity College heading the list with 179, while next comes St. John's (eighty-two), Caius (fifty-four), Clare (fifty-four), and Pembroke (fifty-three).

A new chair lately established at Cornell is that of Pedagogy filled by Prof. S. G. Williams, up to the present professor of geology, and Secretary of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Prof. Williams has had very large experience in the organization and management of primary and secondary schools.

Edinburgh University students have taken a vote on the question of assuming the cap and gown worn usually by college students. The result has been as follows: Divinity students in favor of both cap and gown, 33; of neither, 24; majority, 9. Law students—for both, 122; neither, 120; cap only, 11; gown only, 4; majority, 17. Medicine—both, 601; neither, 355; cap only 46; gown only, 5; majority, 297.

Arts—both, 332; neither, 153; cap only, 83; gown only, 5; majority, 272. Of the 3,094 student 1,901 voted, and the majority for the innovation is 595. The next course to be adopted is to petition the Senatus to give effect to the desire of the students and it lies with them to say whether the course suggested is to be adopted.

The authorities of all the leading institutions, in response to inquiries made from the Union Theological Seminary, of New York as to the moral and religious condition of their students, have recently made reports which agree in representing that there is a steady improvement. The Rev. Dr. Barbour's testimony as to Yale and President Eliot's as to Harvard is sustained by President Barnard, of Columbia, who says that "the moral tone of the College is quite satisfactory, and perhaps has never been more so"; by President Seelye, of Amherst, who says that "the moral life of the members of the College was never higher than now," and notes a special improvement in the matter of temperance; by ex-President Hopkins, of Williams, who remarks especially upon the change in this latter matter, as shown by the fact that formerly it was thought necessary to exact from every student a pledge that he would not use intoxicating drinks on college ground, while now no such promise is required, and also discovers an advance in student sentiment regarding "college tricks and disturbances," and by President Bartlett, of Dartmouth, who reports "a steady and marked improvement in college morals," as illustrated in the decadence of the brutal element and the absolute extinction of hazing.

THE CLUBS OF OXFORD.

Oxford clubs may be classed under three heads, viz.: those strictly for the practice of Athleticism, social clubs, and college clubs. The first class represents almost every form of manly exercise, from cricket up—or down—to bicycling, croquet being the only exception to the rule. The University clubs are supported only by the more shining lights, while it is the patriotic custom for all to join their proper college clubs, some devoting their personal activity to the cause, and less energetic brethren doing good service by payment of subscriptions.

Next for the University clubs of the properly social kind; and first for those which boast a local habitation as well as a name, a qualification which all do not possess.

Foremost among these stands the Union, the Oxford Union Society, whose special features are its weekly debates, its excellent library, and its supply of telegraphic news. It has, however, the reputation of being a rather unsoziabile institution, and for this reason many men, who have not the ambition to shine as orators, prefer to join one of the smaller clubs, which are an especial feature of Oxford. These institutions are many and various, mostly located in the "High," the Pall Mall of Oxford, and possessing two particularly excellent characteristics, which could not perhaps be imitated by the institutions of larger growth elsewhere, in their supply of afternoon tea, and postage

of all letters without a charge. The best known, as it is the best, of these is Vincent's, limited to one hundred members, election to which is a distinction sought even in these democratic days; of more recent origin are the Gridiron and Oxford Dramatic Club, the former, as its name implies, looking to the needs of the body as well as of the mind, an arrangement much to be appreciated in a city where a sovereign to the Proctor most probably has to be added to an undergraduate's hotel dinner bill; while the latter has succeeded the Philothesians, memorable for their production of *The Merchant of Venice*, and is the rendezvous of the dramatically disposed.

Besides these there is a group of school clubs, formed of old boys of whatever schools are represented at the University in sufficient numbers. These, as may be imagined, are mostly of mushroom growth and decay, and few, such as the Etonian Club, are able to boast any very long continuous existence. They are, however, pleasant institutions, especially to the friendless freshman in his fresh term, and they are often the means of keeping up school acquaintanceships, which without them might have been allowed to drop.

It remains to glance at what may be called the nomadic class of clubs, *i. e.*, without club-rooms, and possessing usually some special *raison d'être*. Among such must be counted the now historic Bullingdon, confined almost to Christ Church, and entirely to men of means; nominally a cricket club—its cricket bears to its convivialities the Falstaffian proportion of bread to sack; and in this direction it is followed by the Caledonian Club, which periodically calls together a select number of Scotsman to make merry, and rejoice that they are Scotchmen born. A more sober type (the word is used in no invidious sense) is found in the political clubs, which, meeting in the members' rooms in turn, discuss the questions of the day together with the inevitable weed. These are named after the statesmen they admire, the Canning, Chatham, Palmerston, etc., whose modern successors they are often the means of bringing down to Oxford to speak at their yearly dinners.

Lastly, come the third class of institutions in which the social tendencies of Young Oxford manifest themselves—the clubs within and confined to the various colleges. Of these the name is legion, and a sketch of the most generally existing types must suffice here, leaving to themselves the eccentricities which are occasionally produced. College clubs may be either open or exclusive; among the former being always the Debating Club, usually a popular institution, and with as perfectly a bias to Conservatism as is that of the House of Lords; and the Musical Society, to which visitors to Oxford at Commemoration time owe the concerts that are so great a feature of the week. Of the exclusive sorts the chief are the so-called "Wine Clubs," whose members and their guests dine and pass a social evening once a week together, and whose names often refer more or less remotely to the good fellowship they create. Of these the most notable are the Phoenix and Octagon at Brasenose, the Falernians at Exeter, King Charles's Club at St. John's, Flickerers at Magdalen, and Myr-

midons and Elysians at Merton; while the two Christ Church clubs, the Lodgers' and St. Aldate's, fill the same position in a slightly different way. Outside of these there are minor clubs for the doing of everything in an orthodox, that is, a social manner: from the playing of whist to the reading of Shakespeare. Essay, Literary, and Discussion Clubs abound, and—to complete the list,—an Archery Club still flourishes at one college, an institution of extreme antiquity, and probably without a parallel at any University.

Some prudent parent or guardian who reads this article may say, "What a waste of time and money must be caused by all these clubs!" The answer is that neither time nor money are wasted. The subscriptions are uniformly small, good value is given, and there is no possible necessity for a man to join more clubs than his means allow. As to time, this indeed may be wasted in clubs as easily as elsewhere, but—this is also true—as easily elsewhere as in clubs; and in conclusion it may be confidently asserted that, if a proper and moderate use be made of them, nothing in any man's University life is the source of half so much profit as well as pleasure as the clubs of which he has been a member.—*London Graphic*.

Between the Lectures.

"Died of hard drink," was the verdict upon the man who was crushed under a lump of ice.

Prof.—"I'm afraid, Mr. S., you are worse than the ass mentioned in Scripture." S.—"Why, sir?" Prof.—"You don't even know your crib."

Don't frown; smile; it costs nothing. *Religious Contemporary*. There's where they are mistaken. It costs fifteen cents; two smiles for a quarter—

A down-east fire company, in a resolution on a deceased member, says: "He has responded to his last alarm." It is a wonder they didn't add that he "has gone to his last fire."

Young B.A.: "As a general rule, men have brains and women have not; of course there are exceptions." Damsel: "You and I are exceptions, aren't we?" They never speak as they pass by.

"Sit down," said the editor's son to his sister's fellow. "Helen Louise is up-stairs and wont be down for some time yet—has to make up her *form*, you know, before going to *press*."

First Dude—"You look wather pale, Cholly, my boy." Second Dude—"Yaas, I feel wather offish. Got vaccinated yesterday." F. D.—"Ah! Did it hurt?" S. D.—"No, I took ether, you know."

"Some idiot's put my pen where I can't find it," growled a fourth year man the other day at lecture. "Ah, um, yes," he continued in a lower key, as he hauled the article from behind his ear. "I thought so."

The following libel on the Meds has crept into our hands: "While medical students are being harshly condemned for robbing graves, it is forgotten that they intend filling them up again when they go into practice."

Outside of a minister's tent in Idaho a red-shirted man was searching for his tin-cup. Not finding it he observed: "Some infernal thief has stolen my cup." Then, sticking his head into the tent, he asked: "Any of you gentlemen got it?"

"Do you allow drunken people on the train?" asked an old gentleman on a city passenger conductor. "Sometimes—but not when they are too drunk," replied the conductor. "Just take a seat near the middle of the car and keep quiet, and you'll be all right."

"I do love pig's feet so!" exclaimed a young freskie at his boarding house the other day, as he reached over and took the last one from the plate in the middle of the table; "I do believe I could live on pig's feet." "Are you sure that you don't?" was the sarcastic question put to him by a soph., who was about to help himself to the fast disappearing foot.

Mare Antony Grig, the distinguished tragedian from the wayback circuit—"Me friend, how is this? The house was cold last night—cold—cold—ca-hold! And yet I had distributed me good gold among the ushers to insure a hearty welcome and tumultuous applause." Mr. Ochstein, the prosaic and Hebraic manager—"Golt? Two dollars un a hellu! You don't get you no more as a gordial rezeption?"

A Cleveland speculator sent his son to Wisconsin to buy hops, telling him to keep his eyes open for any other speculation. After a few days a despatch came, saying: "A widow has got a corner on the hop market of this State. Shall I marry her?" "Certainly," was the reply sent over the wires. Twelve hours later the son announced: "Got the hops, the widow and seven stepchildren, and shall go to Chicago to-morrow to see about a divorce."

Z— is one of the most trifling students in the law faculty. He rarely attends lectures, and when he does he is so sleepy that he can't distinguish one object from another. The other day he met X—, another law student, at Notman's. "Hello Z—, what are you doing here?" said his friend. "I just want to see the photographs of the professors of the law faculty so I'll know 'em when I meet them on the street. We ought to know each other."

What She Feared: "I understand, Mr. Softly," said Miss Muffin, "that you play the violin." "Well, yes, Miss Muffin, I—try to play the violin." "That's what I heard. You see, Mr. Softly, we are going to have a little sociable at our house next Thursday evening. I wanted to invite you, but ma— is so very anxious not to give anybody any trouble— ma was afraid that—" "Oh, no trouble at all, I assure you, Miss Muffin," eagerly interposed Softly. "It will be a positive pleasure to me to bring my violin." "Ye-e-s—that's what ma was afraid of."

INES TO BESS.

BY A LAW STUDENT.

Believe me, Bess, when I declare
A title-need my heart,
And you the party of the first,
And I the second part.

To you I've given my whole love,
With no Remainder over—
If you betray that trust, I will
An action bring—of trover.

Now don't Demur when this you read,
But own you feel compunction,
Or I my suit will Prosecute,
In spite of your Injunction.

My Case—it's one in Equity—
I've Pleaded with precision;
You know the Points; why will you, then,
So long Reserve Decision?

You owned to an Attachment one,
When I the question Mooted;
But now, it seems to me, you act
As if you were non-entitled.

I make no Dilatory Plea;
I'm driven to distraction;
You know how long I've Courted you—
Come, in my case Take Action.

If you resist a Civil Suit
I'll bring at Cupid's Session,
And there, a Plaintiff lover, ask
For Judgment by Confession.

But if, in spite of Judgment mine,
You will not hear me still,
I'll get an Order from the Court
To administer your Will.

Don't fail to File an Answer Brief
To this my Declaration,
Least, losing patients, shall make
A Cross-Examination.

OUR OWN JOKER.

Professor to Student—"Here's an iron ore from Penzance. What would you judge it to be?" Student—"Sulphide of Iron, sir." Prof.—"What makes you think it that?" Student—"Because in that case it would be The Pyrites of Penzance."

If the gentleman who walked off with a pair of No. 9 rubbers the other day in the museum, under the absurd notion that they belonged to some fair undergrad., will take them down from the bracket or out of their frame or from next his heart and return them to the proper owner before the next snow-storm all will be forgiven.

Though we may now and again forgive a man for hiding his light under a bushel we make no allowances when he hides himself in a cupboard—particularly the cupboard of a college professor about to lecture. It is curious, but true, that it never soothes a prof.'s nerves to get an answer to the roll call from the depths of a press. He is apt to comment upon it and to decline to construe it as anything but a false quantity of wit.

An old farmer and his wife were jogging along one of our suburban roads the other day between two close and high snow-drifts, when suddenly two fleet snowshoers sprang across the gap above the sleigh, their great shoes clacking as they did so. The old woman looked up, and just catching a glimpse of the flying shoes cried out to her husband: "Mike, Mike, did you say the big agles?"

Tenders are requested for a series of time-honored, familiar, non-expensive, laugh-killing examination papers in Arts, Science and Medicine. All tenders

must be accompanied by the name of the perpetrator not necessarily for publication but that the undertaker may know where to send his bills. *Lowest* or any tender not necessarily accepted. All incomprehensible jokes must be accompanied by diagrammatic explanations.

It is our mournful task to announce in these columns the unfortunate incidents that have of late made the museum a place of terror. This duty has devolved upon us, the comic Editor, not, as might be imagined from a perusal of these columns, because anything of a peculiarly series or horribly atrocious nature is our delight, but because our joyous disposition will enable us to dwell without complete prostration upon facts that would harrow up the souls of ordinary mortals. Under the circumstances, however, we must not be expected to put any humor into our account, and if the reader finds any he will confer a favor by returning it to the University Club Rooms, when he will receive a suitable reward.

The biological portion of the museum lately received a crocodile from the Southern States, a meek-eyed, long-tailed, generous-mouthed creature who had been heartlessly deserted in his youth by his parents and whose orphan state won for him the pity of all who saw him. Soon after his arrival the janitor missed a few of his children but paid no attention to this as he thought they had got mislaid somewhere about the building. But when the professors began to remark upon the disappearance of several fossils and plants matters got serious and an explanation was sought.

The crocodile was not at first suspected. Although he declined all food, this was set down to a natural homesickness. But who was there to suspect? Not the lady undergrads, surely? Perish the thought: they might fancy a nice fat baby, but a fossil—never. Honor men, on the other hand, were fond of fossils. Here was a clue. Yet they would never steal a baby, indeed would probable flee from a healthy young specimen of the order *Bimana*. So suspicion turned unavoiably to the crocodile and it was determined to watch him.

All who have seen this creature will remember his colossal proportions and be prepared to credit the following account of his doings given us by an eyewitness who, with the modesty inherent in every truly nature, desires us to withhold his name. Having volunteered with a friend to watch the animal for one night they went on guard, first near the crocodile's tank, but ultimately in the geological part of the museum where, amid the sea bottoms of forgotten ages, and under the sheltering bones of the *Megatherium*, they sat playing dominoes with a *stromatopora* for a table and the moon as a candlestick. In the excitement of the game the crocodile was forgotten.

Hark! what was that? Out of the silence of midnight came a peculiar rattling on the stairs as if some one was coming up on stilts. Now it ceased, and a dark shadow, trailing low, stole across the floor and pushing back the door that leads to the main room entered. All unconscious of the impending peril—for our sagacious readers, if accustomed to novels, will

see that the crocodile is entering upon the scene—the men played on when suddenly an enormous head was thrust in between them and dominoes and *stromatopora* disappeared in a capacious maw. With a shriek of terror the men fell backward, and then springing to their feet sought places of safety, with the crocodile, whose first snap had missed its object, in hot pursuit. The survivor, whom we may call our hero, in a frenzy of fear clambered up the backbone of the *megatherium* and perched himself panting upon the head just in time to see his unlucky comrade seized by the voracious monster. One shriek of agony, a frantic waving of feet and the unfortunate man disappeared head first after the dominoes.

Then the creature turned its attention to our hero whom it soon found and tried to capture by climbing. But so huge was its bulk that the crocodile always slipped off on one or other side of the backbone and rolled off the arching ribs upon the floor with a resounding thud.

After a few such falls it concluded to await further developments and lay down at the foot of the pole.

Our hero soon recovered coolness and seeing he was in for a long wait drew a comic paper from his pocket and began to read it. Suddenly the brilliant idea struck him that if he read aloud to the animal it would get into good humor and spare him. He read one comic piece after another and the crocodile listened with interest. Soon the creature began to yawn and finally fell into a child-like slumber. This surprised our hero but also afforded him much pleasure. "A few more jokes," he thought, "and I can descend in safety." The few more jokes were read, descent was made and the garrison summoned only to find that the crocodile had passed away peacefully in his slumber. "What was the last joke you read? we asked the hero as he finished his narrative. "Let me see," he replied, "it was about a dude—no it was a smallpox joke." "Oh!" we answered, "no wonder the crocodile died."

Correspondence.

MR. STUDD TO RETURN.

Editors University Gazette.

DEAR SRS.—The students who heard Mr. J. E. K. Studd in Morrice Hall a few weeks ago, as well as those who afterwards heard about his interesting address will be pleased to learn that he is to revisit our college a few weeks hence. Mr. Studd is a young English gentleman, a graduate of Cambridge, who during the winter is visiting the American colleges. What makes the coming of Mr. Studd especially interesting is the fact that he is one of a group of college men whose names have been brought before the English public during the last two years, in fact ever since the visit of Mr. Moody to Cambridge University. Of this group probably the most famous in Mr. C. T. Studd, brother of our expected visitor, who was one of the best cricketers in England, and one of the best men on the English eleven. Another athletic student was Stanley Smith, who was stroke oar of the Cambridge

eight. These two and several others were influenced through Mr. Moody's visit to such an extent that a company of seven last spring left the bat and the oar and the life in which they had grown up, to bury themselves in the interior of China, as Missionaries of the China Inland Mission. It was the story of these Christian athletes and their consecration to their Lord that Mr. Studd told us in Morrice Hall. Mr. Studd himself is no mean athlete; he was captain of the Cambridge eleven; and his brother often playing together on the same team. To show his position in the University it may be told that when Mr. Moody went to Cambridge almost all the students were up in arms against the American evangelist and his religion; so that although the hall was filled the students kept up such an uproar that it was impossible for Mr. Moody to be heard. It was then that Mr. Studd was chosen from the students to stand by Mr. Moody on the platform and lend him his moral support. By this means quiet was restored.

It is this gentleman who is going from college to college—we believe at his own expense—speaking to fellow college-men of the Jesus Christ whom he serves. In the States he has been at Amherst College, West Point Military Academy and other places. As he has been greatly in demand we are very fortunate in obtaining him. It is expected that he will remain during the week, Feb. 22-26. A programme of the different meetings will be shortly arranged. During his stay he will probably be the guest of Sir Wm. Dawson.

Thanking you for allowing so much of your space.

I am yours, etc.,

JOSEPH K. UNSWORTH.

THE GRADUATES' SOCIETY AND REPRESENTATIVE FELLOWS.

Editors McGill Gazette:

DEAR SIRS,—I am requested by the Executive Committee of the Graduates' Society to forward to you for publication the following resolutions, which were carried at the last Annual Meeting of the Society, and which will govern the nomination of Representative Fellows in the present year.

I have the honour to remain, dear sirs,

Yours truly,

J. RALPH MURRAY,
Hon. Sec.

RESOLUTIONS.

- I. "That in future the nominations for Representative Fellow shall be made through the Executive of the Graduates Society."
- II. "That the Committee shall be bound to accept as nominated;—
Any qualified graduate, whose name shall be presented to the Committee on or before the 1st day of March, in each year, by at least ten qualified voters, of whom five, at least, shall be graduates in the Faculty for which the nomination is made."
- III. "That the Committee shall post notices of such nominations as shall be made under the above regulations to all qualified voters on or before the 10th day of March in each year."

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