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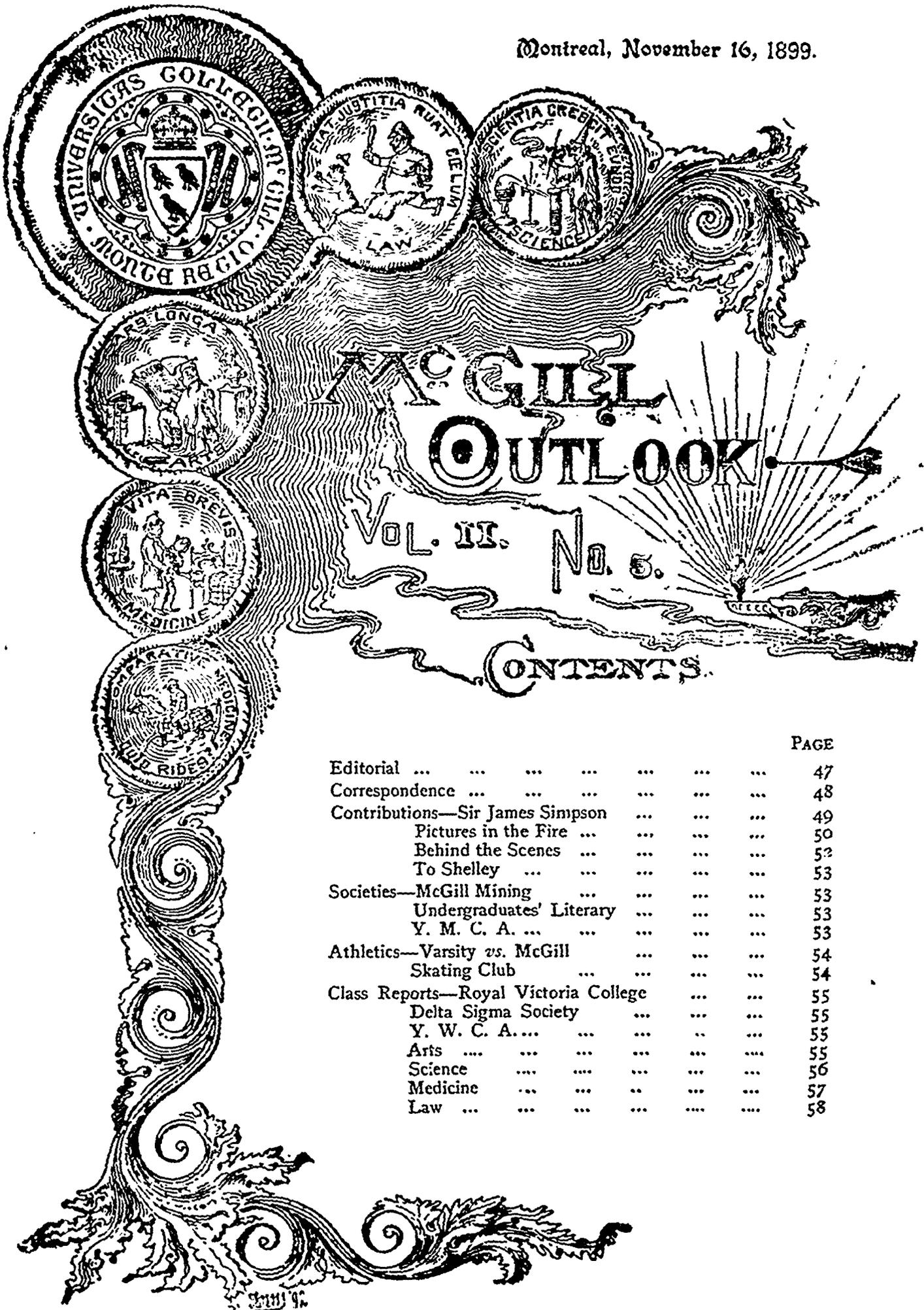
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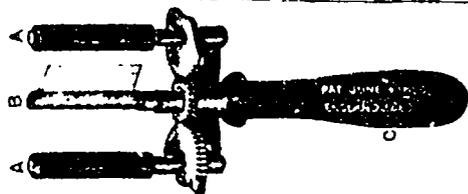
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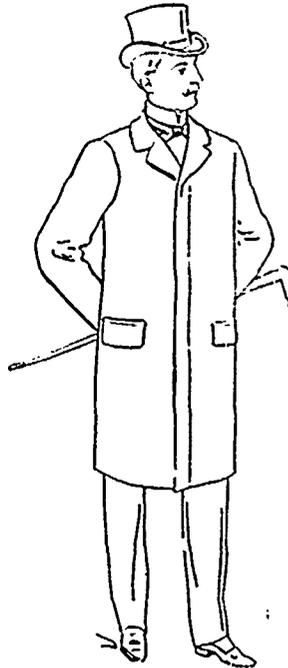
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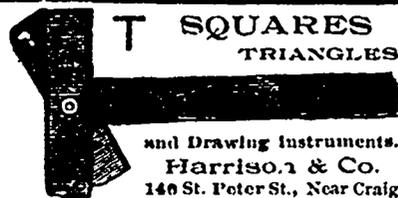
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# McGILL OUTLOOK

VOL. II.

MONTREAL, NOVEMBER 16, 1899.

No. 5

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

Contributions to be sent to the Editor-in-Chief, 37 McGill College Avenue, Montreal, or to the Redpath Library.

The Annual Subscription is \$1.00, payable strictly in advance. Remittances should be made to the Business Manager, Mr. HUGH MCKAY, McGill University, Montreal.

## Editorial.

MCGILL men naturally regret the score in Saturday's match, but they are not ashamed of their team. Although unable to win, our men played a hard and plucky game, and it was indeed an honorable defeat. The playing of every man on the team was characterized by a "do or die" spirit, even when the victory of 'Varsity seemed assured, and they deserve the praise of every student for their faithful efforts.

The team has improved wonderfully since the first of the season, and although it was uphill work against heavy odds, the men fought well, and their fourth match was undoubtedly their best. The attendance of such a large number of students on Saturday must have been encouraging to the players, and must have convinced outsiders that the team is backed by the Student body. Seldom has greater enthusiasm been displayed on the campus, and not until darkness settled upon the field and the game

ended, did the cheers and encouraging words cease. We believe the men had the sympathy of every student, and if more judgment, together with Saturday's interest and enthusiasm, had been manifested earlier in the season, McGill would not hold her present position in the race for championship honours. This season, however, we do not depend solely on football for our position in athletics.

A FACULTY notice has been posted in the Arts building, stating that henceforth students must not engage in Football matches during lecture hours. This practically means that Inter-class games in Arts must cease, as the students of the First and Second Years have lectures during the greater part of the forenoon, while the afternoon is almost entirely taken up with lectures—Honour and Ordinary—to students of the Third and Fourth Years. The Freshmen and Sophomores can find time for their game without interfering with lecture hours in their own Years, as can also the Juniors

and Seniors. The remaining match to decide the winners will only mean the loss of one hour to the members of the competing teams, even if a free hour cannot be found. We are sure the Faculty would be unwilling to enforce rules which might in any way hinder the advancement of athletics in McGill, and it is to be hoped they will permit the matches to be played, as they are of the utmost importance in creating a much-needed interest in Football in the University.

"OLD MCGILL 'er."

The Fourth Volume of the Annual is now engaging the attention of the Editorial and Business boards elected by the Junior Class. The prospects for financial success are brighter than in former years, and the students, as a whole, are taking a

lively interest in the book. The Editorial board are endeavoring to make this year's Annual more of a student's book than any of its predecessors have been, and not a mere catalogue of the various departments of the University. They are encouraged by the contributions already handed in and the ready assistance afforded by students who are able to undertake the illustrating, but would remind those interested that all such, must necessarily be put in the printer's hands in the very near future.

Contributions of poetry and prose or original drawings should be sent at once to A. R. Holden, Editor-in chief, 377 Mountain street, or handed to one of the editors in the respective Faculties.

No anonymous correspondence can receive publication.

## Correspondence.

### FRATERNITIES.

To the *Editor* of MCGILL OUTLOOK :

DEAR SIR,

Much has been and is being said in regard to the Fraternities in McGill University. There is much feeling, there are many complaints, there are grave charges also, against these societies, and it is high time that all these reports were looked into, and if possible silenced.

The greatest bitterness seems to be felt, because of their supposed influence in Athletics. I believe it is the general opinion among students that it is owing to the tendency of the fraternities to "run things" that McGill occupies her present unenviable position in the field of sport this season. The majority of the men on the various teams are said to be fraternity men, and non-members are allowed to go on, only because they are indisputably the best players. Men who are anxious to play Football can't get the opportunity if they are non-members, and, when it comes to choosing who shall play in a game, the fraternity men get the preference. The present plan of operations seems to be that when a man wins his spurs, so to speak, and his fellow students, being proud of him, put him on a Committee or elect him to an office, the fraternities then approach him and persuade him to join one of them. It is thought also that the vows of these societies are so comprehensive that a man is as much, if not more bound by them than if he had become a mason, which is reputed the most stringent association in existence. If this is true, what guarantee is there that a fraternity man will be impartial in deciding between the merits of a non-member and one of his order? How can he be, bound by such vows to his elected brother?

There are at least four of these fraternities here,

of as varying degrees of desire for ascendancy, and if McGill's Football record can be traced to their management, no doubt they are proud of it.

Space does not permit of the discussion of the trouble in the Hospital appointments of the division of the students in the various years, of the lack of support to University schemes and institutions, all supposed to be due to the influence of these fraternities. We are told that representatives from the college are fraternity men, that visiting clubs, teams, debaters, etc., are also composed of members of these societies, if any can fill the bill at all—and much more is complained of, finding probably more believers than scoffers.

Why the non members do not take some action is a question yet unanswered. Why do they not refuse to retain in office a man who has joined a fraternity, no matter how many prizes he has won? Why do they not organize against this monopoly?

A University should be one great society of students. Cliques, chapters and clubs for those who like them are all very well outside of interests affecting the whole body of students, but in these interests all minor orders should sink out of sight in the desire, in our case, to see McGill first. Let fraternity men refuse to hold office, and show their good faith by joining in as if they were merely members of the College fraternity, which includes all students, and the result will probably show whether their influence has hitherto been a detriment.

My aim in making known these beliefs and opinions so currently reported is to have them looked into, and an effort made to settle this question for the sake of "Old McGill."

Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for your kind indulgence.

I am,

Yours truly,

AN ANXIOUS ENQUIRER.

## Contributions.

SIR JAMES SIMPSON.

### II.

In taking lectures Simpson had his own individual method. His notes were interspersed with comments, criticisms and queries. He made sure of understanding every point, and underlined everything on which he considered the Professors themselves at sea. While Simpson was a humorist, a poet and hail-fellow-well-met among his associates, he was a hard, untiring worker and avoided dissipation and light amusements, chiefly, no doubt, because he placed so much value upon time and moments.

In January, 1830, he was suddenly called to the death-bed of his father, whom he attended till the last. Returning to the College he creditably passed the examination of the College of Surgeons, and was a qualified practitioner at the age of eighteen. He now naturally felt it his duty to do something for himself, and accordingly applied for an appointment as parish surgeon to a small village on the Clyde. However, he was not selected, and in after years he thus expressed himself:—"I felt a deeper amount of chagrin and disappointment than I have ever experienced since that date. If chosen I would probably have been working there as a village doctor still."

Simpson's brother "Sandy" now came to his aid and gave him all his spare savings to assist in further study at Edinburgh. Simpson was then chosen as an assistant by Dr. Gairdner, and it was during his practice in that capacity that he found how essential a subject was obstetrics, and forthwith began taking a course of lectures. In 1832 he graduated as a doctor of Medicine, the examinations being in Latin. He then got the post of assistant to Professor Thompson in Pathology at a salary of £50. "At Dr. Thompson's earnest suggestion and advice," he said, "I first turned more especially to the study of midwifery, with a view of becoming a teacher in this department of medical science." Simpson often prepared the Professor's lectures for him, and once he was instructed to prepare for his chief a lecture on the microscope. The Professor read it to his class without previous perusal and every few moments glared at Simpson with a dangerous frown. As soon as the lecture was over he sought out Simpson, and, shaking his fist in Simpson's face, said "I don't believe one d—d word of it." Simpson's display of details had quite overawed the Professor.

In 1833 he was elected to the Royal Medical Society and Royal Physical Society, which placed him in the front rank of young graduates. His great friend, Forbes, belonged to a secret organization, the *Οἰνερομαθικὴ* Society, or "the Brotherhood of the Friends of Truth." Forbes delineated the nature of this Society thus:

"Some love to stray in lands far away,  
Some love to roam on the sea,  
But an antique cell and a college-bell  
And a student's life for me,

For palace or cot, for mead or grot,  
I never would care or pine,  
But spend my days in twining lays  
To Learning, Love and Wine."

The motto of the Society was Wine, Love and Learning, and many of its members afterwards became eminent men, but the name of Simpson, although he was very intimate with the members, does not appear on the membership list. He was no doubt too deeply devoted to the Learning to afford time to Love and Wine.

In 1835 Simpson's brothers, "Sandy" and John, got together money enough to give him a trip to the Continent, where he visited Paris, Liege and Brussels, returning by London and Oxford, criticizing in his notes the methods of the leading surgeons of the large hospitals. Stopping at Liverpool he called upon a distant relative named Grindlay, and met for the first time Miss Jessie Grindlay, who five years afterwards became his wife, and twenty-six years later was Lady Simpson. On his return home he began to practice alone, and in 1836 was elected a Fellow of the Edinburgh College of Physicians. He devoted much time to writing essays upon various subjects, at the same time carrying on his practice among the poorer classes of the city. Always looking ahead to becoming an Obstetrician, he carried on his pathological studies with his other increasing work, and in 1838 became an independent lecturer in midwifery. In writing home to his brothers, he said: "The patients are mostly poor it is true, but still they are patients; if my health is spared me I do hope I may get into a practice to keep me respectable after the lapse of years, but I know years must pass before that. At present I enjoy the best possible spirits and health, and with all my toils was never happier or healthier." He believed that all things come to him who waits, but his waiting was not that of inactivity. Always ambitious to attain the Professorship of Midwifery, he once pointed out to some friends the then Professor of the subject, Dr. Hamilton, "Do you see that old gentleman?" said he, "Well! that's my gown." And, indeed, in 1839 Dr. Hamilton died, and Simpson, now twenty-eight, applied for the vacancy. Knowing that, as a bachelor, his chances for election were poor, he quietly slipped out of Edinburgh for a few days and returned with Miss Grindlay as his wife. Fortunately for him, the appointment lay in the hands of the town Council, not of the University. His opponent was Dr. Kennedy and the contest waxed hot for many days, every element being brought to bear to defeat him. Even the cry of party was raised. But on the day of the Council meeting Simpson was elected by 17 to 16 amid the loud and lasting cheers of his many friends. It was not till now that he had had time to enjoy his honeymoon, which he straightway proceeded to do. But his election had cost him £500, which left him nothing daunted, but considerably deeper in debt. However, although his now constantly increasing practice required more and more outlay, his

first few years of Professorship placed him entirely out of debt and on a solid financial basis. In 1845 he purchased a house, No. 52 Queen st., which remained his home until his death. This house became the shrine of pilgrims from every part of the world. Simpson was attaining a reputation of super-human curative powers, and this brought upon him much abuse from those whose ailments he could not heal. He was now becoming exceedingly careless about his fees, and is said to have constantly wrapped up specimens or propped up windows with bank notes. Every night he emptied his pockets into the hands of his faithful valet. Every day was bringing him greater fame as a gynecologist and obstetrician, for not only was he bringing these hitherto neglected subjects into the rank of science, but was inventing and constructing instruments, many of which are the standard instruments of to-day. He was being now consulted by many of the nobility, who either went to him or sent from great distances for him. Once in 1845 he was called to London to attend the Duchess of Sutherland, and while there bought on the street a biography of himself which afforded him a great deal of amusement.

In his own home, as a host, he was at this time unequalled. He entertained the most noted men of every calling, far and near. The following is an example of his hospitality as taken from the *Scots Observer*:

"Luncheon is set on the table and some ten, twenty or even fifty people await the appearance of their host, who is on his rounds, may be, or in another room ministers to an urgent case. A stranger who has not learnt that the great Simpson was only in the broadest sense a punctual man—of minutes, hours, he knew nothing,—might be prompted by hungry discontent to suggest that none but the wealthiest can keep the doctor from his guests. The mere suggestion would be infamous, for rich and ragged alike pay fees or not exactly as it pleases them. Whatever the cause the host still lingers, and the impatient stranger has time to wonder how it is that so odd an assortment of human beings should be met together in one room. Lords and Commons rub shoulders at this table; the salt of the earth sit down side by side with the savorless; tweed jostles broadcloth; the town-bred Briton looks askance at his country-bred compatriot, and both unconsciously shudder at the Briton with no breeding at all. In one room are assembled together the American of bluest blood; the Yankee bagman; the slave owning Southerner and even the man of color, hateful to both alike. The atmosphere is chill like the grave; each guest, eyeing his neighbor suspiciously, shrinks into his own social cell; on each face the meanness of human kind is, if not aggressively expressed, at least clearly legible; when all at once Simpson bustles in. In a few minutes under the genial influence of his presence, all tongues are set a wagging, and well may you ask whether the men who half an hour ago regarded each other with cold disdain. For now they are cordial, kindly and sympathetic; each has been induced to show whatever was attractive in his nature or to give the fruits of his experience."—(*To be continued.*)

### PICTURES IN THE FIRE.

We live very little in the present, and but, vaguely in the future. It is the great past in which we are chiefly interested; the past where our troubles and disappointments fade into insignificance or disappear altogether and where our triumphs and joys stand out prominently. However dull or sad the present may be, we have only to turn our thoughts backward and live the life we lived before, to transfer ourselves to an ideal state which has only enough reality in it to make it interesting.

But in this fairyland of the past where sorrows are blunted and failures forgotten, all is not a consecutive string of events, but is composed of little scenes, pleasant or pathetic, which at one time were very real to us, and which are presented not in the order in which they occurred, but in an unsystematic, irregular fashion which pays no attention to time or space.

Let us for a few minutes turn back, as it were, along the path of our lives and enter that vague dimly remembered land and live through experiences which are neither yours nor mine, but the like of which each one of us has felt and known.

A cold November day with the wind howling around the house and drawing the flame of a grate fire up the chimney with a roar. It is dusk, and, as we sit before the fire enjoying its fierce heat after the bitter cold outside, we watch with idle curiosity the shadows which the firelight casts in a thousand fantastic forms upon the opposite wall. From an adjoining room comes the sound of music slow and irregular, a snatch of one tune, then of another, now fast, now slow, which insensibly guides our thoughts now to a pleasant memory, now to a sad one. Children again, we trudge to school and the road seems as long and dusty as it did fourteen years ago. The old road has its old looks, the trees and houses are as they were long ago. They are playing marbles at the corner, and I stop to stake my last 3 "alleys" on my doubtful skill. The school-bell rings, but in the interest of the game it rings unnoticed; one by one all my marbles go until with empty pockets and full heart I pick up my primer and hurry on. "Late again to-day? Remain after all the rest go." Such is the teacher's greeting and I sneak to my seat with sore misgivings for the future.

Now I am sitting apparently spelling over my next day's lesson. "This is a cat. Do you see this cat? Yes, I do," but really watching with a sinking heart the last scholar as he packs up his books, with such consoling remarks as "Now, you're goin' to catch it." "Won't she everlastingly whale ye," and the like. The room seems very empty when he goes out, and I envy in a vague sort of way the party of flies that are sunning themselves on the floor in front of the window, for they are not kept in and can stop and go just as they please. The teacher here interrupts these gloomy thoughts by a short lecture on the evils of playing truant and then dismisses me. How great was my joy when I had finished that first primer, and how proud I was when the teacher told me to have another book for next lesson. Not one of all the learned men in the land was as truly wise as I, for I had learned all the knowledge that lay in my

little world and knew not of the higher wisdom that stretched beyond.

The fire is burning more quietly now and with a steadier flame lighting the floor before us with a broad band of red light. Perhaps it is the stillness, perhaps it is the music, faintly heard, that carries us back to our first Sunday at church. Again we sit in the tall pew, our feet dangling in mid-air, trying to understand what the man in the white dress is saying, while at the same time we strive to obey the last command given us before entering the church: "Be a good boy now, and for Goodness sake don't wriggle." A baby is brought up, crying most lustily, before a big bowl in the front of the church; we are shocked at this want of reverence and wonder if his mother did not tell him that it was wrong to make a noise in church, because it is God's house. We glance up at father, expecting to see him interfere on the spot and eject the unmannerly infant, but he seems rather amused than otherwise and leans across to mother and whispers, "Jane, I am morally certain they had that youngster baptised in the congregational church last year, and mother replies, "Yes, they want to give him a good start, don't they?" and we wonder what it all means.

But even in our dream the church has grown strangely dark, and with a start we come back to the present to heap fresh wood upon the coals and draw our chair nearer to the fire.

The smoke rises in thick eddying curls which coil lazily around until the draught from the chimney catches them and whirls them up out of sight.

The room is very dark, the music has sunk to a few low chords softly touched, and a feeling of sadness we cannot explain steals slowly over us. But there is no danger, doctor? Oh no, no, the little girl will be all right in a week or two, but you had better keep the other two downstairs; the disease is very contagious. And so it goes on from day to day; we can from our prison beneath hear them talk upon the stairs, "Well doctor, how do you think she is to-day?" "About the same." "But no danger?" "Oh, no." But as the days drag by, an accent of doubt creeps into his reply until at last in a lowered tone he tells the truth, that little by little, day by day, the disease is tightening its grip and crushing our hopes. Shut into our prison room with heavy curtains over the door to keep out the poisoned air, we know only indirectly of the battle that is raging above; Death pitted against a little child! As round after round of the pitiless duel goes on, the sufferer tosses restlessly upon her pillow with moans of pain, which, though they come but faintly to our ears, rouse within us a helpless fear. Two voices on the stair, low and broken, "But John they will never see her again!" "I know, but—" the rest is lost. A moment after—"But just for a minute, John, for the last time."

Then for the first time in many days the hall door opens, and we climb the padded stairs to bid our little sister a last good-bye. Her face is hot with fever and drawn with pain, and the dry lips can barely form the word "water." But water the doctor has forbidden; one drop he says means death. And so she lies in agony; and, as we enter the room, turns towards us with a look of mute entreaty, for speech

is past. But no speech could ever affect us half so deeply as that one weary look of silent suffering. For the eyes have a language of their own whose eloquence no tongue can equal and the lines of the face can express days, weeks, years of suffering, with a pathos and truth that lie beyond the power of words.

In that look that speaks so plainly we can read the prayer out of mere humanity to end her pain, for hope is past; and yet no move is made. It is mercy to crush a wounded beetle in our path, it is mercy when a sparrow's life is forfeited for a broken wing. And yet must we stand and watch those who are more to us than a thousand sparrows suffer and writhe in pain, with no hope but death, and yet not end their agony? For what is mercy for a sparrow, is it not mercy for a man as well? So we wonder as we stand beside her until at last the tortured frame relaxes, the tired eyelids close and Death has won the day.

Slowly the room is fading and is growing dim and far away, for a strong but unfelt force is drawing us from the bedside with a gentle strength, until when the smoking log with a puff bursts into a blaze it scatters the last shadows of the sick-room and adds twelve years to our lives. The flickering firelight sets the shadows dancing on the wall, and its ruddy glow shines warm and bright upon us; its cheerful roar sounds pleasantly in our ears, and all combined draws us out of the mournful memories of the past and on to happier things.

For the shadows as they come and go light an object for an instant and then throw it into shade, so like our lives which pass from light to shadow and every scene of sorrow is in its very self the surest sign of joy beyond.

But once before I have seen the same alternation of light and shadow, though that was long ago, but in memory the years pass swiftly by, and once more I can see those shadows beneath the trees and again blood-thirsty savages are on my trail, while I, having waded streams and walked backwards on their muddy banks (thereby introducing into my boots an evil-smelling mud) am now, my trail concealed, in the most approved Indian fashion, lying in some brakes waiting for my foes to pass. Although my life is hanging on a thread and horrible tortures await me, I still manage to devour a large apple with tolerable relish and save the core as an effectual weapon of defence or bribery in case of capture.

How vividly it all comes back, the fragrant woods with all their tangled beauty, and the sense of freedom that one feels nowhere else, that knowledge that we are entirely alone, which brings us into a vague communication with some higher power and lifts our minds to loftier things. Again I can smell the crushed fern beneath me and hear the frantic robin roundly abusing me from its nest; unconsciously I strain my ears to catch the rustle of a foot-step in the leaves, as I did that day in the woods, so long ago, and now in imagination it comes, nearer and nearer, and nearer yet, and my heart beats faster and I grasp my wooden sword determined to die as befits a British officer lost in the wilds of the new world. A sharp crack like a breaking stick tells me my foes are very close. I

half start to my feet, and for an instant gaze around the room in a dazed sort of way half expecting to see mimic Indians stealthily creeping upon me from the long shadows behind my chair, or to hear again the breathless complaint so often heard in years gone by, when the disgusted make-believe savage saw himself distanced by his intended victim: "We found you all right; 'taint fair to run."

But the broken log, now a bed of coals, shows me the cause of my waking and brings me back before the fire.

And so the scenes pass by, drifting into one another by imperceptible degrees, and all regarded with a regretful pleasure, for we think that they were happy days indeed, those days of long ago and far different from these we live to-day. It is as if we were pushing our hands up a board thick with splinters which pierce our flesh and wound us, but, if for a moment we draw them back along the part we have already passed, the points that caused us so much pain pass smoothly beneath our fingers and seem to have lost their sting.

And, so in future years when we pass back over the toils and troubles of to-day, they will seem very insignificant indeed, for their sting has departed forever. Still gazing into the fading coals, we return to the present and stand for a moment with reluctant feet where the brook and river meet, and we cannot help contrasting the difference between the placid stream of childhood on whose glassy waters we have hitherto been borne, with the hurrying rushing river into which we must enter soon. And in the coals we can see that stream flowing gently along through pleasant meadows and shady silent woods. Far away upon the ocean the waves may be white with foam, but the same winds which rouse their fury cannot even ruffle the tranquil surface of the stream; undisturbed it flows along, broken only where a heavy grass blade dips into the water or a cat-tail lifts its smooth leaves above the surface. But these are little things, and in the main its course is undisturbed. But when it meets the river, then all is changed, for it was useless with all its beauty, and the great world could have got on very well without it; now it is no longer a brook, but, although it has lost its beauty and the place it had before, its presence is needed in the world. Now all is hurry and confusion, for the mighty river cannot pause in its course even if it would but must hurry on away from the tranquil fields through which in days gone by it wound its way, and on and ever on, through village and town and city, turning a hundred factory wheels and churned and beaten into foam, until at last with slower motion, for its course is almost run and the end is very near, the river broader and deeper now, rolls smoothly through those level stretches that lie along the sea, and then at length, its work accomplished, it leaves the land behind, and flows out across that dreaded bar into the unknown ocean which men have named eternity.

Back before the hearth again we see that the coals have settled into ashes and the room is very dark; then the music ceases, there is a step behind us, and one we know stands by our side—"Asleep?" "No, only thinking!" "Yes?" "So was I."

## BEHIND THE SCENES.

It was the night of Hallowe'en, when many strange things are supposed to be seen and heard. I sat in my room gazing into the grate where there wasn't the ghost of a coal, and hadn't been for many a day. "It is cheerless enough outside" thought I, "it might have been made decent inside by a fire and a decently trimmed lamp, but such are the ways of land-ladies."

It was a question as to whether I should seek some more fortunate mortal, and I evidently decided to do so, for presently I found myself in the presence of some ten or twelve Seniors, who were most eagerly discussing the question of *who* should be elected to a certain office. I remembered my own days of Undergraduate conceit, and I listened.

"Well," said A, "I think you might elect me. No one can possibly say anything against me. I am quiet, and not without some presence. My voice is loud, and I could use the opportunity to express my views on poetry..."

"But," interrupted B, "I have the most public spirit. Every one agrees that I am best fitted so far as that is concerned. It's true I am small, but I hope I carry myself well. I am quiet too—and I can talk."

"I should think you could," ejaculated the bespectacled C, "but I know when to keep quiet, and therefore I should have the preference."

With one accord they turned and gazed at the speaker, but D. said "I have had the most experience in such things. People say I am diplomatic, and I know I can cury my point usually. Sometimes it is necessary to be a hale-fellow-well-met sort of a chap, and I can do it, and when the cold shoulder is required I am there too."

E., however, thought that was not the only requirement. "Diplomacy is all very well, but I am jolly and witty, my sense of humor would smooth over all unpleasantness, and a difficulty would be lost sight of in the laugh of which I should be leader."

"As to that," says F., "I have a better qualification than any of you, for I am handsome. We know good looks have an immense influence, and even, if I can't talk. I can always look wise."

"But I can be wise," interpolated G. "I know I am not handsome, but then I can talk well. My voice is my strong point. People say they love to hear me talk, as my diction is so smooth and flowing, my voice so free from roughness or that abruptness which marks so many."

"Humph!" says H., "I am a combination of F. and G. I am not so bad looking, I am tall and commanding in appearance, and I am no fool. I may be a little too direct, too straightforward in manner to suit some, but this is a matter requiring directness of speech..."

"I do not agree with you," says I. and J. in a breath," then I continued "It will have to be managed with great caution and policy—and I can keep my own counsel. You have seen what I can do from my action in that little matter of some time ago, and in which I shone so brilliantly. I keep in the back ground..."

"And so do I," says J. "I never come forward and admit a thing until I must, and of course can keep you all out of trouble. My powers have never been justly appreciated, and I am sure, if the rest of us were here, they would say I was by far the fittest."

"Well," says H., with cruel and cutting sarcasm, "if you show as much perspicuity in filling this office as you have the others, you will have a bird," and then H. and I fled, leaving them to call in their brethern and fight it out. What was done is yet unknown; I presume it will transpire presently, when the details have been arranged. But in the meantime I have been going on in the ordinary way and telling myself that "life is going down hill; people weren't like that when I was young."

K. K.

#### TO SHELLEY.

O lovely incarnation of the elements!  
 Thou in whose form their illimitable power,  
 For the brief space of a frail life's existence,  
 Was captive bound, yet striving hour by hour.  
 Thou wert the lyre whereon the straying wind  
 From lands of Occident did softly play;  
 Thy voice did catch the note all unresigned.  
 The sky-lark warbles in the eye of day,  
 All nature's sounds spake through thee,  
 And thy voice was theirs. To thy far-piercing sight  
 That other spirit world we may not know nor see  
 Stood all revealed in day's meridian light.  
 A voice of other worlds teach me from thine own heart,  
 To understand that world of which thou form'st a part.  
 E. C. W.

## Societies.

### MCGILL MINING SOCIETY.

The first meeting of the above Society for the present session was held in the Mining building on Friday evening last, with the president, Mr. Macmillan, in the chair.

About thirty members were present, representing the brightest intellect of their respective years, and the older ones noticed with pleasure the presence of three or four new faces belonging, as was evident from their guileless and winning expression, to the most recent addition to the ever-growing number of miners.

After an introduction, short but sweet, by the president, Dr. Adams gave a very interesting address on "Abrasives in general and the Corundum Deposits of Ontario in particular," his remarks being illustrated by references to maps and specimens. He touched lightly on the various forms of abrasives—emery, garnet, corundum, diamond and the artificial corundum—and their particular uses, and then proceeded to describe the occurrence of corundum in various parts of the Appalachian range of mountains. Finally coming to the deposits in Ontario, he detailed very fully their characteristics, showing what relation the corundum bears to the country rock and exhibiting several very fine crystals.

In connection with these, he remarked that the ruby and sapphire both consist of corundum, and that there appears to be some possibility of finding sapphires in that district, a circumstance rendered the more interesting by the fact that up to the present time neither of the gems has been found in the Dominion.

A discussion followed the address, one point

elicited being that the Geological Survey Department of Canada has been able to give hints to the corresponding department in India.

In conclusion a hearty vote of thanks was tendered Dr. Adams, and after a short hurried discussion the meeting adjourned.

### UNDERGRADUATES' LITERARY SOCIETY.

Regular meeting took place Friday, 10th instant. Mr. Johnson, Arts '03, gave an excellent essay on "The Spirit of Adventure," followed by a reading by Mr. Couture, Arts '03.

The subject for debate was:—"Resolved, that the continued application of the Monroe Doctrine is justifiable."

The affirmative was supported by Messrs. White, Arts '01, Baker, Law '00, and Ferguson, Arts '00; the negative by Messrs. Westover, Law '01; Gray, Arts '03 and Place, Law '01.

The meeting decided in favor of the negative. Dr. Gregor who had kindly consented to act as critic, gave the members of the Society some good advice. A vote of thanks, moved by Mr. Lochead, seconded by Mr. McNaughton, was tendered Dr. Gregor, after which the meeting adjourned.

Y. M. C. A.

Mr. Budge, of the city Y. M. C. A., will address the men's meeting next Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. There will be special music. Regular weekly social Saturday evening. All are invited.



## Athletic Notes.

### 'Varsity vs. MCGILL.

Toronto 'Varsity and McGill teams battled for supremacy on the College campus Saturday afternoon. The day was not an ideal one for football, as a cold west wind blew across the field and the ground was covered with snow, which continued to fall throughout the match. Despite the poor condition of the field, the game was one of the best witnessed on the campus for some time, because of the close hard fighting throughout. McGill played a hard, plucky game, but the weight, strength and speed of the 'Varsity men proved too great an advantage to be overcome. From the kick-off it was evident that Toronto was superior in kicking and rapid following up. Their half-backs kicked straight down the field, depending on their heavy and speedy wings to block the ball before McGill's backs could return it. This play was worked effectively at times, but McGill's backs generally succeeded in kicking into touch or running down the field before they were downed. Some excellent punting was done by both sides.

In the first half Toronto did better work than McGill, and at half-time the score stood: 'Varsity, 7; McGill, 0. 'Varsity's points were scored on a touch down by Brown, two rouges and a touch in goal.

The second half was more closely contested, with honors almost even, McGill fighting hard in the closing minutes of the game.

In this half Brown, of 'Varsity, again went over the line for a touch down, while McGill scored five points on a rouge, and a touch down by Trihey. The score stood: 'Varsity, 11; McGill, 5, and, with nine minutes to play, Referee Counsell stopped the game, both captains deciding to call it a "draw."

McGill's scrimmage was much superior to 'Varsity's, but our wings did not break through with such rapidity as their opponents. Our back division was strong, Johnson's splendid tackling saving points on more than one occasion. 'Varsity's back division showed wonderful speed, and their excellent punting at critical moments repeatedly gained ground. McGill certainly had the best material, but the men were clearly outgeneraled at all points of the game, Capt. Barr of 'Varsity showing splendid judgment. The game

throughout was marked by good feeling, and roughness and scrapping were conspicuous by their absence. The teams were as follows: 'Varsity—Back: Beal; Halves: Brown, Biggs, Darling; Quarter: Fleck; Scrimmage: Mallock, Mullin, Isbester; Wings: Meredith, Telford, Gibson, Biggs, Harrison, McCallum, Barr (Capt.).

McGill—Back: Mitchell; Halves: Savage, Glasco, Johnson; Quarter: Young (Capt.); Wings: Percy, Cowan, Trihey, Beck, Shillington, Molson, Duffy; Scrim.: McKay, Hampson, O'Brien.

Referee: J. L. Counsell; Umpire: H. Molson.

McGill Juniors defeated Montreal Juniors on the M.A.A.A. grounds Saturday afternoon. Score: McGill, 4; Montreal, 0. The teams were as follows. McGill—Back: Macmillan; Halves: Stevens, Andrews, Denne; Quarter: McKinnon (Capt); Scrim.: McLeod, Crosby, Forster; Wings: McCallum, Scott, Gault, Church, Whitley, Cameron, Hersey.

Montreal—Back: Walsh; Halves: Massey, O'Hagen, Lawson; Quarter: Matthews (Capt.); Scrim.: Heward, Marler, Matthews; Wings: Lyman, Davidson, Wardell, Johnson; Referee: L. H. Henderson, Britannia.

In the second match of the Gunn trophy series played on Tuesday 7th, Med. '00 defeated Med. '03. Score, 9 to 2.

On Wednesday, the 8th, Science '03 defeated Arts '03. Score, 23 to 1.

### SKATING CLUB.

At the annual meeting of the Skating Club held last week the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President—R. Hickson, Arts '01.

Vice-President—A. H. McLaren, Med. '02.

Secretary—A. P. Glasco, Sc. '01.

Treasurer—A. H. Duff, Law. '02.

Committee—Arts: J. Copeman, '01; R. Hickson, '01; D. Brown, '02.

Science—P. Cole, '03; M. Barclay, '03; A. P. Glasco, '01.

Law—S. G. Archibald, '00; A. H. Duff, '02.

Med.—C. Russell, '01; A. H. McLaren, '02; A. C. Ames, '02.



## Class Reports.

### ROYAL VICTORIA COLLEGE.

There is a good deal of talk about self-government, in this department, but what it all means we don't quite know. When we think of how we are admonished and entreated to be models of propriety, and to keep up the standard, we start at the least touch or hint of anything which sounds like government and which may contain reproof. The truth is that most of us have so much to do that we scarcely have time to think of rules and regulations, and we busy ones cannot misbehave, for it is only idle hands that Satan fills with mischief. For those who persistently follow their own sweet (?) wills, much to the delight of the Evil one, perhaps a fine, or a suspension from lectures or the gymnasium, might be found more effective than words, rules and regulations.

Is it a mark of love and respect to be placed in the Inferno by Dante? A student in Honor History rather gives the impression it is.

A student in Pedagogy says that, when teaching an arithmetic lesson recently, the result of sixteen times fifteen was asked for, and one of the pupils got the correct answer by setting down the number 15 sixteen times and adding. This reminds one of the story of the Oxford student who went into a shop and bought seven pairs of gloves at 25 6d per pair. To make up the bill, he wrote down this amount seven times and added. What was his amazement, however, to see the shopman, as is their fashion, at once write down the whole amount without such prolonged arithmetical labor, and the student eagerly leaned over the counter, demanding: "How did you do that? Show me, will you?" Of course this was joy to the Cambridge mathematicians, who were always rivals of the Oxford classes.

Lecturer—"What do you think is the size of the moon at its zenith?"

Lady Student—"I don't know; I never saw it at its zenith." The class is silent with amazement, and now they want to know if she ever was out at night, or did she never peep from her window at the jolly man in the moon in the evening hours?

### DELTA SIGMA SOCIETY.

The position held by women in the musical world was the subject treated at the regular meeting of the Delta Sigma Society, November 6.

Miss Lichtenstein opened the discussion with a short address, in which she pointed out that, though names of several eminent women could be claimed as musical interpreters of no mean standing, there was no woman composer of sufficient merit to be classed with the great masters.

Among the former she mentioned Fanny Mendelssohn, Clara Schumann and Chaminade, each of whom possessed distinctive and original musical ability.

Miss Bickerdike then read an interesting paper upon Fanny Mendelssohn.

She was followed by Miss Plimsoll, who gave a

violin solo which is considered typical of the style possessed by Fanny Mendelssohn.

Miss Garlick read an admirable little paper upon the work and life of Clara Schumann. Miss Lichtenstein kindly illustrated this by two piano solos, which were much appreciated.

Miss H. Lundie then dealt with Chaminade, perhaps the one woman whose compositions have any distinctive merit. This was followed by a duet kindly rendered by the Misses Findley and two of Chaminade's songs, sung very sweetly by Miss Roger.

A vote of thanks was tendered to all who had taken part in the programme, and the meeting then adjourned.

### REPORT OF THE Y. W. C. A.

Greater interest than usual has been taken in the Association during the last few days on account of the visit of Miss Ross, B.A., one of the secretaries of the student volunteer movement. Miss Ross was especially welcome as a McGill graduate of the class of '97 and as a former president of the Association.

On Saturday, November 4th, a meeting of the cabinet was held to discuss with Miss Ross questions pertaining to Association work. On Monday, November 6th, a meeting held in the Common Room was quite largely attended by the students. Miss Ross spoke of the Association work and of the Student Volunteer Movement in a most interesting and enthusiastic way. It was also our privilege to have her as leader of the regular Association meeting held on Wednesday, November 8th, when the subject was the Canadian Colleges' Mission. It has been decided that the money raised by the Association will be given to the Canadian Colleges' Mission towards the support of Mr. J. Campbell White, a Y. M. C. A. worker in India.

On Sunday afternoon Mr. Watters, secretary of the Canadian Colleges' Mission, addressed a few of the students in the McGill Y. M. C. A. building.

Arrangements are being made by the officers of the Association to have four Bible study classes, one for the members of each year.

### ARTS 1921.

#### OUR JOKERS.

##### I.—TOMMY.

"Tommy" has a keen appreciation for a joke, nor is he greedy in this respect; if he hears only one joke in the course of 2 weeks he is just as well satisfied and toddles peacefully around cracking the same old filbert with as much enjoyment as he did the first time. Tommy's jokes are like river bugs, which circle around a few million times in the same old course, then strike out to repeat the operation. Three weeks ago Tommy got off a joke on Bill G.—He called it "How to behave, or don't spill the gravy on the table." So frequently did he repeat this that to-day the very sight of Tommy gives us a greasy feeling as of cold gravy seen from afar.

## II.—PECK.

Peck's humour is of a variety that appeals only to himself. To himself it appears vastly funny, to the onlookers comical, but to the participant of the joke no ray of humour penetrates. A few examples will illustrate the peculiar type of fun that predominates his being. To catch a man unawares, seize him by the hair and drag him out of the room and down a flight of stairs, seems to Peck to be irresistibly amusing. If a student is sitting in a 3rd story window he considers it the best joke on earth to push him out, and can hardly breathe for laughing to see him writhing on the ground with a broken leg or a cracked skull. In fact Peck's sense of humour is so broad that he can detect excellent jokes where less cultured minds would search in vain.

## III. BILL G.

"A silent look of solemn sadness  
Sometimes secretes our mirthful Bill,  
A disposition prone to sadness  
E'en with a sob is mirthful still."

## SUNNY TEN.

As the above literary gem points out, you would at first sight not imagine that Bill G. was a joker; you would not imagine that last Mechanics' lecture he sawed away with both feet for an hour *ut* (in order that) he might produce a still small squeak wherewith to amuse the class. Bill's jokes are vented on no one in particular; they are general jokes whose point everybody feels but by which no one is tricked. A few examples will suffice. In the midnight shade Bill rides a wheel (once it was a wheel, now it is a wreck).

Yea, even in the small hours of the night did Bill bestride a wheel.

In front of the R. V. there is a level spot, bounded on either side by granite steps.

The Queen looks down upon it.

Thither Bill hied his way, and in the silvery moonlight rode slowly round and round, rejoicing in the humor of his joke, while three maid-servants from the lofty heights gazed down upon him.

'Twas a wondrous sight.

The 3 white caps far up toward Heaven's vault and Bill's black "tarpot" wabbling in the night, when all at once on the night breezes still rose the shrill query for the health of old McGill.

Bill in surprise fell forward on the step and broke a tooth he says is aching yet. Such are our Billie's jokes.

Biddy is to be congratulated for his assistance to Professors during lecture—it amuses the class.

"Get your fare took" everybody.

Those who delay need not kick if the Annual is late in the Spring.

"Mac" is now willing to receive 1 dollar from each subscriber of the OUTLOOK.

## SCIENCE.

1900.

The gentlemen composing this small but plucky contingent in the van of the army which hopes some

day to wrest a B. Sc. from the presence that presides over our college destinies in his *sanctum sanctorum* upstairs have been working remarkably hard this session. In the C. E. course the natives will hardly recognize their old boss when he returns to Kilauea, while the electrical men may be seen almost any night groping their way home in the dark with the hard working Allan bringing up the rear. Shepherd appears to set the pace in the Mechanical course, which is a swift one in the grinding line.

The Miners even now and then look serious, while occasionally the Lone Chemist may be seen coming out of his reeking lab. looking lonlier than ever.

1901.

## A SCOTCH "LIMERICK."

Here's tae oor auld frien' Donald C.,  
A braw Heiland laddie is he,  
But ye'd best gang awa',  
If ye oot wi' him fa',  
For the licht o' the deil's in his e'e.

The Year has decided to have a family party in the near future. With such an all-star Committee its success ought to be assured.

Members of the Class are particularly requested to arrange for sittings with Mr. Notman, *immediately*. The quicker you are, the sooner the Annual will be out.

And when the young men came to the place where they were wont to gather together to hear the words of their teacher, concerning the design of strange machines, lo! and behold! their beloved teacher was not in his accustomed seat. Wherefore many of the young men said among themselves: "Let us away and make sport with the bounding pig-skin," and straightway they betook themselves to the open fields and made merry. But five of the young men being wise in their own conceit, said, "Let us not be as these others, who waste precious hours in ungodly sport, but let our teacher find us waiting, so shall we get the more marks on the exams., and be the more be'oved by him." But when those who were in the field heard this, they took counsel one with the other saying: Shall these five go unpunished? Nay, verily." Wherefore they went straightway to the threshold of the class room and awaited the coming forth of the five wise (?) men. And when the hour had come the five came forth. And immediately they fell upon their necks, being buffeted on all sides. And lo! the Scot and Herbie did battle one with the other, and so also did C-m-r-n and Otty, but Reg. and the stranger that is within our gates became locked in one fond embrace, not knowing that they were of one mind.

And the battle raged until the hour for the teaching of mysteries drew near, when none durst delay his coming.

Thus endeth the first, and we hope *last* lesson.

1902.

Two Irishmen, Pat and Mike, were viewing the wonders of our Science building a few days ago, and when they came to the Physics building their atten-

tion was drawn by the strange unearthly noises which came from the room in which the members of our Year were engaged in their usual occupation of producing those sounds which the text-book calls musical notes. Drawing cautiously near the two emerald lads gazed in awed silence for some time at the strange sight. "Now doesn't that bate the devil intirely," whispered Pat, in an awe-stricken undertone. "Well, shure," was Mike's response, "it ought to, there's wan, two, three, begosh Pat, there's more than a dozen av thim."

Law claims to be the proud possessor of a genuine bearded lady. We beg to differ with them. There is only one true and original bearded lady, and that one is in Science '02. She is a genuine specimen from the Wild West, "where many monstrosities before her were bred and born." No, gentlemen, never will we yield the palm to law while we have the wonderful Dep. (that's her stage name) amongst us.

1903.

We regret very much to have to accept the resignation of our Secy.-Treas., Mr. George Wilkins, who has been obliged to leave us. Though our acquaintance with Mr. Wilkins has been of short duration he has endeared himself to many of us, and his presence will be greatly missed. Mr. Wilkins has the best wishes of all the members of his Year in his new field of labor.

Quite a crowd assembled on the Campus last Wednesday morning to witness a football match between Science 1903 and Arts 1903. Great enthusiasm prevailed, as it was the first Inter-Faculty match played this year. Arts put up a plucky game but were no match for the combination of Science players, the final score being 23 to 1 in favour of Science. Mr. McNab was referee and Mr. Mitchell umpire. We are trying to arrange a match with Medicine '03 for the 13th.

At the beginning of the week only 2 or 3 gowns were to be seen in lecture, but now nearly every member of the Year has one. This is not the result of example, but simply a gentle reminder from the Dean that it is better to pay \$5 for a gown now than to have to pay a fine of \$5 and also another five for a gown later on.

At a meeting of the Year on Friday last Mr. McKergow was elected Secy.-Treas. to replace Mr. Wilkins, who has resigned. Mr. McKergow entered upon his new duties enthusiastically, and is already endeavouring to get a good yell for the Year. At the same meeting Mr. Savage was elected football captain, and Messrs. Graham and Cameron as football committee.

## MEDICINE.

1900.

A meeting of the Four Years was held Wednesday of last week. Mr. W. F. McDonald, 4th Year, President, presiding. The outcome of the meeting had previously been well planned by some of the more Hypermetropic Ones, but something evidently went wrong with some of the underground ma-

chinery, for two white horses unexpectedly turned up.

The real and positive results of the voting were as follows:

Delegate to Varsity—W. A. Wilson.  
 " " Queen's—F. J. Porter.  
 " " Trinity—H. A. Jones, B.A.  
 " " Bishop's—A. S. Morrison.  
 " " Univ. Dinner—H. Ross, B.A.  
 " " Laval—W. B. McDiarmid.  
 " " Dalhousie—A. C. Pain'in.

Sy-m-s in Obstetric's lecture—You bet, I will buy the French forceps. You get more Iron for the money.

Why could not those Intricate Methods be made to grow, enlarge and expand like the simpler ones too often do?

Photographs of the Third Year man seen perambulating up and down the Eye and Ear wards in the R. V. H. are to be had at any first-class Kodak maker's. The next picture will find him in the Private wards—Does any one know him?

Dr. Charlton, the infallible, did not know that the tumor most commonly found in the Paratic went by the name of Myno-fibro-osteo-chondro-adenomata. Never mind that, old man—you have our sympathy.

One of our Professors is authority for saying that, so long as a man does not see more than two objects at once, he is still mentally sound. This theory may be useful, so bear it in mind.

The men elected from the Fourth Year for the Entertaining Committee were:—Messrs. Morrow and Symmes, while Mr. A. S. Donaldson goes to the Graduates' Dinner.

1901.

Music on a battle-field has nothing to do with this case. To sit on those awful seats at the M. G. H. Medical Clinic and listen to the murdered strains of Ben Bolt or You'll Remember Me issuing from a one-legged pipe organ and listen to the crescendo just as you percuss, draws any charms music might have out. That the dago's efforts are not appreciated by our Clinician can be seen by the long gaze which he casts at the window—only to hear the music stop and a couple of coal carts tear by.

Freshmen may be fresh—and Freshmen may be witty, but that hissing event of Tuesday morning during the election of officers was neither fresh nor witty, but a case of congenital idiocy. We sincerely hope it was an oversight and a mistake, and was not done with any meaning.

At a meeting on Tuesday morning, Mr. Rutherford was elected to represent this Year on the Dinner Committee. He was opposed by Mr. E. G. Simpson, both gentlemen receiving a large number of votes.

The minutes of last meeting were also read and approved of, also a discussion as to whether or not the operations at the R. V. H. should be posted in College. This matter was left to the Executive Committee.

1902.

From a single whiff of chlorine for a week or more I coughed,  
And from Iodine I must have coughed for four,  
But if of Bromine vapor you should chance to take a snuff  
Then The Lord knows it is cough for evermore.

We wonder if C—n's new and interesting method  
of administering drugs will be extensively adopted  
by the graduates of '02.

We extend to Mr. Netten the sympathy of the class,  
with hopes for his speedy recovery.

There is a year in College that is on study bent,  
Such attention does it give to all I say,  
I can see they love the manner I perform experiment,  
And would gladly listen to me every day.  
Now as to every story there is another way,  
So, when these boys let loose their foolish might,  
I would rather be I don't know—in Hades let us say—  
Than hear their pandemonium—it's a fright.  
If perchance I make a statement that these students un-  
derstand  
They applaud me to the echo every one,  
But if I catch the whistle of the Little Egypt's land  
I will pluck him in the Spring—the son of a gun.

## LAW REPORT.

The air has been so thick with portrait hunters  
and collectors for one thing and another lately that  
a man with a limited purse hardly dares attend lec-  
tures. The great problem for some of us for a con-  
siderable time has been how to get ten dollars' worth  
of spending out of fifty cents. Therefore it feels just  
a little bit like having eye teeth drawn to deposit  
one whole dollar for the privilege of having one's  
noble portrait in a book which one feels morally  
certain of not being able to buy.

If it were not for the firm conviction every man  
has that the absence of his handsome countenance  
from the Annual would do it irreparable harm, it is

very doubtful if some of us would appear there.  
Only our sense of duty saves the world from a loss  
which could never be repaired.

It is well known that the heart of man is desper-  
ately wicked and deceitful beyond measure—es-  
pecially woman's.

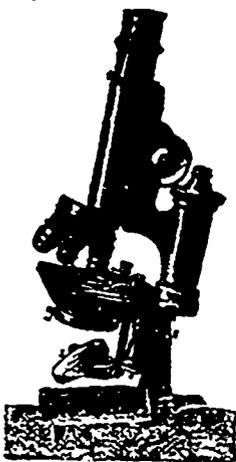
But even the latter has been put entirely in the  
shade by the first year.

We have always known that they were a remark-  
able lot of youngsters. This has now been put be-  
yond peradventure or wherefore. The wise have  
known for some time, by the strange quiet that  
prevailed, that the children were up to mischief. Last  
Friday night the blow fell. The event was known  
to and attended by only the elect; to which company  
this present scribe belongeth not. However, so  
nearly as the outside world may know, some guilty  
wretch was tried for high crimes and misdemeanors,  
and doubtless is now suffering in the hands of the  
law. Of the details of this remarkable landmark in  
the history of jurisprudence we know nothing. We  
believe, nevertheless, we are safe in saying the pro-  
ceedings were quite innocent of the wiles and tricks  
known to the law.

Mr. W-s---r desires to announce that he will not  
smash the Hon. John McIntosh this year. The  
announcement of his intentions was premature.

We understand that Mr. D-b-ll has been engaged  
by the Crown to amend the indictment against the  
accused in the Banque Ville-Marie case. Much  
trouble would have been saved had it been done  
before.

The key to the Faculty room has not been forth-  
coming on two occasions lately. Prof. McDougall's  
lectures are falling off greatly in popularity in con-  
sequence.



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### EARLY EMPLOYMENTS OF FAMOUS AUTHORS.

It is true, however unflattering, that most of our brilliant writers are men who have failed in some other calling. To the cold entertainment of the Bar we are indebted for at least a score of writers whose names are household words to-day—from Blackmore, who was wearing wig and gown in earlier life; to Anthony Hope, who was going the barren round of the Circuit long before he showed promise of becoming a "man of mark" in 1890, and Rider Haggard, who wasted many weary hours in waiting for briefs which seldom came.

Few men have unwittingly prepared themselves for writing by a wider range of experiences than Robert Barr and Jerome K. Jerome. Only Mr. Barr himself knows in how many ways he has earned the means of living. "I've spit rails in my time," he confesses with a pardonable pride; and, if report be true, he has mastered most arts, from bricklaying to qualifying as an Iroquois chieftain. Mr. Jerome gave little evidence of genius when he was a railway clerk, or in his subsequent changes of profession from tutor to shorthand writer, and from actor to solicitor's clerk. And yet he was only thirty when he "awoke to find himself famous" as author of "Three Men in a Boat."

Mr. H. G. Wells, the clever opener of the new vein of scientific fiction, struck the right track at last when, at the age of twenty-eight, he abandoned his lectures on education and gave himself to journalism, which led him by natural stages to the "fairy land of fiction."

W. L. Alden, the humorous writer of nearly a score of books, had passed his half-century before he knew that he could turn his pen into profit. He practiced for years as a lawyer in New York, and for three years figured as United States Consul-General at Rome.

Baring Gould was an obscure country

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parson for sixteen years before he charmed the world with "Mehalah."

Half Caine was a comparative failure as an architect. Richard Le Gallienne as an accountant, William Le Queux as an artist, while Conan Doyle was quick to recognize that he could win fame more speedily by writing books than by writing prescriptions.

WHY SOME SOUTH AFRICAN TOWNS WERE SO CALLED.

The origin of the names of some of the towns in Cape Colony and Natal which are at present so prominently attracting public attention is of interest. Durban is named from Sir Benjamin Durban, who was Governor of the Cape in 1834. Grahamstown and Harri-smith are named respectively from military commanders—Colonel Graham and Colonel Sir Harry Smith. Caledon, Beaufort, Somerset and Craock are named from former Governors—the Earl of Caledon, Lord Charles Somerset and Sir John Craock (Lord Howden). The towns of Ladysmith, Port Elizabeth and Lady Grey are called after the wives of Cape Governors. Kimberley is named after the Earl of Kimberley, who was Colonial Secretary from 1870 to 1874, when that town advanced from the position of a mushroom camp to that of a permanent mining centre.

To the Editor—  
Dear Sir.—When you gain your sweetheart's "Yes," that is happiness.

By the sea,  
Rustic seat;  
He and she  
Awful sweet.

Pleadings dumb  
From his eye;  
Ditto from  
Maiden shy.

Pouted lips,  
Soulful eyes;  
Luscious sips,  
Blissful sighs.

Question fair—  
Modest "Yes."  
Solitaire—  
Happiness.

—J. P. Muga.

Charity: "Can't you help me, Mr. Sinnick? We are getting up a calico ball for the benefit of—"

Sinnick: "It seems to me you women are bound to get into print one way or another."

"How many fellows have called on your sister this week?"

"Five."

"That doesn't include me, does it?"

"Oh, no. Sister says you don't count."



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Then he went to the booking-office and procured two half tickets for the little sons—aged sixteen and seventeen respectively.

"So Whippins got married. Well, I thought all he cared for was horses."

"Yes, but he got a wife who is a perfect nag, you know."

Materfamilias (11 p.m.): "What's the matter? You look distressed."

Paterfamilias: "I thought it about time to give that young fellow in the parlor a vigorous hint that it was nearing midnight, so I walked right into the room, and, giving both him and our daughter a severe look, I deliberately turned out the gas."

"Mercy! Did he get angry?"

"No; he said 'Thank you.'"

BIFFLY ON THE BUFFET.

Durbin and Wikey were talking together.

"You know how close Biffly is?" asked Durbin. "Got a joke to tell you about him. He went to Manchester last week. Put up at a third-rate hotel. Met Wilson in the street one afternoon. Wilson loves a joke, and doesn't care a bit more for a sovereign than he does for a cigarette.

"Have dinner with me?" said Wilson. "I know a place where you get a great spread for 2s. Come along as my guest."

"Biffly accepted, of course. They had everything from soup to wine. It was nothing less than a royal banquet, and they were at table two hours, and Wilson paid 15s, but Biffly didn't know.

"Only 2s, did you say?" asked Biffly, as they passed out.

"He made careful note of the number, and the next evening he was there to repeat the feast alone. He ordered like a prince and an epicure. He ate to the limit of his capacity, and chuckled to himself. When filled to repletion he asked the waiter for the bill.

"What's this?" he shouted, when he saw the list; "what do you mean by charging me 14s 6d?"

"And then it dawned upon him.

"He is now lying in wait for Wilson, and intends to have him, even if it costs £10,000."

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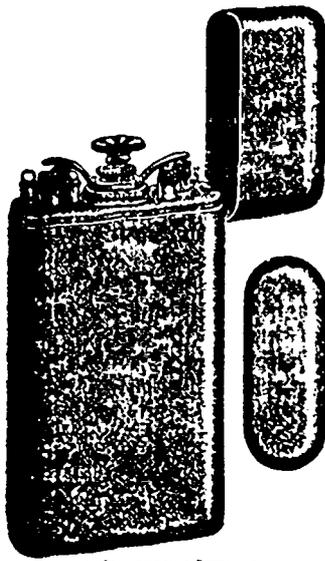
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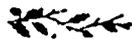
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