

THE MCGILL GAZETTE

VOL. III.—NEW SERIES.

MONTREAL, DECEMBER 1, 1876.

No. 2.

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MONTREAL.

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A PEEP AT ETON.

From royal Windsor to learned Eton is but a mile. As you stand on the Round Tower, or the North Terrace or Castle, you can see both Eton and Harrow-on-the-Hill; but the "distant spires and antique towers" of the first love of King Henry VI, the first of English schools, whose halls cradled so many illustrious Englishmen, and whose playgrounds "won Waterloo," captures the eye by its intrinsic interest, as well as by the loveliness of the panorama which unfolds towards it, and the glimpses of hiding beauty caught through the dense foliage of the slopes.

You cross a bridge over the Thames—which is here about 200 yards wide—and at once pass from the town of Windsor into the one long street like a Lower Canadian village, paved with stone, and grown wise and grey, which goes by the name of Eton Town. The people move and have their being by the grace of the college, and the shop-keepers, like those of Oxford, seem to have inhaled the educational and athletic atmosphere of the place. The barber talks as familiarly of Horace as of hair; the pastry-cook translates Livy as well as bakes buns; the chemist's apprentice tells "college jokes to cure the dumps;" and the very watermen swear, intelligently, "by jove," and sing snatches of very unclassical Latin songs.

Over four hundred years have passed since the scholarship commemorated his nineteenth birthday by laying the foundation stone, yet his memory is as green to Etonians, as that of King Alfred to Oxford; and as you enter the courtyard, the first sight which meets you is the fine bronze statue of the founder in full robes, sceptre in hand, as if presiding with paternal care over the life of the collegers and oppidians in the quadrangle. The buildings form two large quadrangles, and with the exception of the chapel, which is a beautiful Gothic structure, are somewhat disappointing in appearance, being built of brick. Yet, what grandeur of architecture could increase the fame and associations of Eton. One must be prepared in these old schools of the Old World to find that time's tooth has gnawed symmetry away; that the heels and hinds of several generations of boys have worn down stone and wood steps and bannisters into shining shapelessness. Disappointment at Eton's exterior wears away. You stroll through the Upper School, extending the whole length of the quadrangle, and life seems to animate the marble busts of old Etonians. Everywhere in the oak panels the busy sharp knives of the boys have made their mark. Under the bust of Fox I read, within a small space, the names of Wellington, Fox, Chatham, Howe, Canning, Gray and Hallam, cut by themselves when oppidians. The Lower School under the Long Chamber is the "*lacubula* of Eton." Its desks and forms are cut up, as if a school of Vandal's sons had been let loose to imitate their northern sires. The sight recalled to me the remark of a boy in the King's School of rare old Chester. He had just pointed out to me an ancient pulpit in the school room, when spying a much more venerable looking desk near by, I innocently asked him its age. "Oh, that is not ancient, but *we've cut it old looking!*" It is a surprise to me that schoolmasters have not long ago made the carrying of knives at school as illegal as revolvers; but maybe, it is

because of their charity. Perhaps too, they never lose their boyish tastes, and may feel, as one in this Chester school told me he felt—when pointing up at the ceiling, sixty feet high, literally covered with pen and paper arrows, and daubs of inked paper, shot up by the boys—he said he would not for worlds take them down. No doubt the sight kept the lads who were gone, green in his memory.

I was curious to see where the Etonians roost at night. The collegers sleep in the Hall and Long Chamber. The oppidians live out of the college, principally in the master's houses. The one I visited lodged thirty-two boys. Each boy has his own room, where he sleeps and has his meals. The beds fold up out of the way; the washing basins and toilet are also hidden from view; and your idea of the room is that of a snug nest, just such as you dreamed about yourself, before you were in your teens, where cricket-bats and school-books suggest the *mens sana in corpore sano*, and a queer jumble of photographs, cricket caps, belts, bats, school almanacs and nick-knacks adorn the walls.

You pass from the cloisters under an iron covered arch, and enter the playing fields, intersected by the Chalvey stream running into the Thames, and crossed by the old Sheep's Bridge. The rich close-cut grass, shaded by splendid elms and horse-chestnuts, is every here and there dotted with the boys busy at cricket. One of the finest sights in England is the boy devotion to athletics, made more manly and gentlemanly by the sympathy and participation of their masters. After looking at the hundreds of stout built lads who bat and bowl and field in Eton, and thinking that this is only a part of a great institution all over the land, one can laugh in his loyal sleeve at people who talk so flippantly of the degeneracy of England's stock of men. Verily, flippancy never went to Eton for observation.

Even Dunce shares to the full in the honors of the playground. For the nonce, he may be Dunce at his desk, and dull as a beetle, but he crack batsman or oarsman, his cup of joy is filled to overflowing by the very Dominie who despairs in school of teaching *that* young idea how to shoot. There is a something, too, which turns out Etonians gentlemen. No doubt there is a good deal in the blood, and a great deal in the *esprit de corps*, animated by the long muster roll of honorable names, and the rich and regal associations, but I venture the explanation that it is mainly because boys in Eton, as in all England, are talked to like men, not treated like rakes; are trusted and made truth-loving by certain license with wholesome restraints; that the discipline is one in which they are asked from *sense of honour* to share.

I was agreeably impressed here, as elsewhere in England, with their manly-boyish dress, the pretty jacket—fashionable in Montreal in my school days—and the gentlemanly beaver or "stove-pipe" generally worn, and which I think very manly.

Football seemed to have its votaries as hungry as ever, notwithstanding the public feeling against the sport. Eton rivals Rugby in the yearly chapter of accidents. Coming home on the "Moravian," young A.—, fresh from the *Alma Mater* of Tom Brown, thus defended his school: "Our game cannot be so awfully rough after all. At Eton last year, they had four *legs* broken, and we only had *four cellar*

bones and an arm. That does not look as if our game was the roughest." Lately, I learn that our Canadian national game has taken a strong hold at Eton since our teams played before the boys; that Harrow has also taken it up, and a match between the two schools is expected to take place next spring.

There are nearly one thousand boys at Eton. The scholars on the foundation are called collegers, and wear black gowns; the others are styled oppidans. A new building, costing £17,000, was found necessary, on account of the annual increase of students. I was glad to learn of this increasing popularity of the illustrious seminary, whose *alumni* have won renown in the field, the cabinet, and in literature. I had read a good deal to lead me to believe that Latin verses were not only the *summum bonum*, but the *summa summarum* of Eton education, and that modern science was completely ignored. Not only guide-books but even Chamber's Encyclopedia make this positive statement. To contradict this I found a great deal of attention paid to the science of chemistry, and that since the appointment of Dr. Kornby, head-master, a laboratory has been erected, heated by hot-water, good ventilation for carrying off gases; work-shops, sitting rooms, a lecture room and a laboratory as well. There is also an observatory, with a splendid telescope and other scientific apparatus. I will not pretend that I went to Eton to study its system of education. I did nothing of the kind; and I cannot conceal the fact that I cared more to watch the boys at play than at study. The students, like the swallows, seem to have undisturbed license to rove over any fields, and roam over any road. No doubt there have been grave Provosts who would shake in their scholarly shoes at the freedom now enjoyed by the boys. Even King Henry might not condone the Eton hunt, the Eton boat-crews, or the Eton volunteers. He might quake for fear of the Eton scholars. Yet doubtless, the famous old school will not belie his hopes, after four hundred years of honorable record.

Coming back to Windsor I leaned over the bridge on the Thames, and watched a score of students practising in their outriggers on the crooked stream. Four and eight oars were being trained by professionals. Single sculls shooting under the bridge, backs flat, shoulders down, pulling a clean stroke through with straight elbows, strong loins and legs. I left the bridge with regret, wishing I were a boy again, and born to be at Eton.

SNOW-SHOEING.

The Fall has continued clear so late into the season, that winter is sure to come upon us suddenly; and if our students intend organizing a Snow-shoe Club, it is time they were setting about it. We have personally taken part in some most enjoyable tramps; the run across the mountain under the cold star-lit sky, the songs and somewhat dusty dances at mine host's on the other side and the march home, all pleasant experiences. As the greater number of our students who take any interest in athletics, belong to the city, it would be a good idea to organise a regular series of tramps for the Christmas holidays. They would probably be well attended, and would be useful and pleasant to both mind and body. One of our most popular and respected professors, overhearing a student remark that he intended to get up a certain subject in the vacation, hastily broke in with "No, no, Mr. Blank, you mustn't study in the holidays, or you will most certainly break down." These words may perhaps induce some of the harder students to take a little healthy exercise when they have the opportunity. *Verbum sat.*

A WEEK IN THE LAURENTIANS.

Any of my readers who were at Murray Bay last summer cannot but recall with feelings of pleasure the jovial and open-hearted Harry—, my companion in travel for the short space of time above-mentioned. Our adventures were neither striking nor romantic, but, I hope, sufficiently amusing to be worthy of record. We were one hot day discussing a glass of claret punch (the standard Murray Bay beverage), when Harry said to me, "Frank, what do you say to a week's trout fishing out in the country?" I had nothing to urge against the proposition, and it was accordingly arranged there and then. We proceeded to covenant with a couple of *valashe* drivers to convey us to St. Urbain, thirty miles distant, and about 4 o'clock p.m., on the 14th of August (being a Monday), we set out, accompanied by two others in quest of salmon. To show how verdant we were, I may state that, after leaving, we remembered having provided no bread to supply our daily necessities. This, fortunately, was easily remedied at the next *habitant's* house we passed. One of the few pleasures we enjoyed during the whole time was the magnificent scenery that everywhere met our view, those grand old mountains and the deep lying valleys seeming to get loftier and deeper the farther we proceeded from the shores of the St. Lawrence. About six miles out we stopped at a farmer's for tea (?); the repast consisted of bread (black, by-the-way), milk and blueberries. The last-named commodity is about the only thing the country produces in abundance. After tea, like the Greeks of old, we indulged in some music, furnished by a young cur of the peculiarly Canuck variety and an *enfant terrible* of the same persuasion. Again on our journey, it soon grew dark, and the evening's fun commenced; with pipes afloat we told stories and sang songs that made the woods resound, and called forth very hearty responses from innumerable dogs of the kind before-mentioned. Every French Canadian farmer seems to think it prudent and advisable to protect his property, and annoy peaceful passers-by, keeping about half-a-dozen of these indescribable mongrels. We took it all in good part for awhile, but (to use Mark Twain's expression) it at last grew monotonous; so to vary the amusement we filled our vehicle with small boulders, and any uncalled-for interruptions were met with a unanimous and well-directed volley—a reception so warm and cordial that, if it left our visitors (or victims) any breath at all, that little was expended in one short yelp, indicative of unconcealed surprise and dismay. We arrived at our destination about midnight, and retired to a couch whose principal characteristic was its humbleness. We rose early—very early—and with good reason, for we found our bed to be populated with certain wild and very hungry animals, who made sad havoc with us. As I look back now (repentantly, be it said) I remember in what strong and forcible language we anatomized that miniature zoological garden. We spent the hour before breakfast in lazily contemplating the landscape and prospecting about the weather. About ten o'clock we started on our journey to the trout lakes, which, we were given to understand, were only two miles distant, at most three; half the distance was to be travelled in a primitive buckboard and the remainder on foot. But we estimated the place of debarkation itself to be not less than three miles distant, and the weary tramp through the forest must have been twice that distance, as we did not arrive at the lakes till after four p.m. We had each a man to carry our packs, and do the work generally. Harry's servant was very attentive and intelligent; his features bespoke Scotch rather than French descent. About my man there could be no mistake—he was a half-breed; his features were anything but

prepossessing, an immense mouth far exceeding that of the typical Ethiopian, eyes full of the essence of stupidity, and ears fully justifying the cognomen with which we dubbed him, viz., *mule*, and his subsequent actions were certainly mulish enough. Arriving at our destination, we looked about us while the men prepared dinner. After our hunger had been appeased we set about building a couple of rafts from which to pursue our piscatorial avocations. Our success was very good that evening. Harry brought in three or four dozen fine large trout: how many I caught, or how many I might have brought in. I don't know, for my *mule*, with characteristic sagacity, managed, by running the raft upon a rock, to send both fish and fisher toppling into ten feet of water; and, as if to add insult to injury, he sat in silent unconcern while I dragged myself from the water, and responded with a stupid "Ugh!" to my whole vocabulary of strong expressions, with many additions suitable to the occasion.

Sitting round the camp fire that night, Harry and I cracked many a joke at the expense of the poor half-breed, who, having captured a few luckless crabs, had roasted them, and was now slowly disposing of them with great gusto. Such was our daily programme: our sport was very indifferent in the daytime, but towards evening it was positively exciting, and as we ate about two dozen at each meal and carried home six dozen or more, we cannot be said to have failed in that respect. Harry's man (also chief cook) used to ask me before each repast what we would like for dinner, or supper, as the case might be. I always referred the matter to Harry, whose stereotyped reply was, "Trout, for a change." This I translated, and the Frenchman grinned and obeyed. The morning of our departure we despatched the hybrid at daybreak with a pack; shortly after, to our great surprise, we discovered that he was possessed of an inordinate desire for alcoholic stimulants, as our brandy flask had been emptied of its contents overnight. We swore vengeance, but after reflection we considered that, as it was probably the only time in his life that he had ever seen good brandy, the temptation must have been very strong, so, in place of bestowing corporal punishment, we simply reduced his wages by half. We arrived at Murray Bay that night, bearing evidence of having encountered innumerable *mosquitoes* (*Anglice*, blackflies), and cured of all our previous thirst for adventure and natural science, at least, in the shape of fishes.

The *Canadien Illustrated News* of October 28th ultimo contains a very faithful representation of the country north of the St. Lawrence; and as it is taken from almost the exact spot we were at, it is naturally of great interest to me. Certain it is, whatever my readers may think of it, Harry and I will never forget our Week in the Laurentians

FRANK.

—"I ain't the woman to encourage any kind of foolishness. I remember when we was first engaged, he called me a little angel. I just looked at him calmly, and says I: 'I weigh two hundred and five pounds, and he didn't call me so again.'"—*Ex.*

—I clasped her tiny hand in mine; I clasped her beauteous form; I vowed to shield her from the wind, and from the world's cold storm. She set her beauteous eyes on me; the tears did wildly flow; and with her little lips she said, "Confound you, let me go!"

—A Sophomore friend relates one phase of the boarding house nuisance in the following terms:—"Our servant-girl is of illustrious Celtic descent, so, of course she does not swear at the dirty boots, she simply treats them with silent contempt and no blacking. Formerly we had a boy who had been promised sundry quarters, which not being forthcoming, the blacking on the boots became beautifully less, till at last it seemed as if mud were used in place of the standard Day and Martin. Such was the course his boyish revenge took."

THE TURKISH BATH.

It is surprising to an observer of ordinary minuteness, that in an age of advance like this in which we live, and in a city like Montreal, the Turkish bath should not be more patronised and better appreciated by the citizens at large, and especially by the students of McGill. To students in particular, it would be an especial boon if indulged in occasionally; and during examination times, a bath taken once a week, or once a fortnight, would be found to clear the head, calm the nerves, and be promotive of sound refreshing sleep, without which, no one can do themselves justice, or show to any advantage in the Examination Hall.

There are many erroneous notions connected with the bath, such as,—"there is danger in catching cold after it;" "that it is weakening;" "that dry air at 145° F., or even 190° F., is injurious to breathe into the lungs," &c., &c. In fact, their name is legion, and the reasons on which they are based are often as ridiculous as the notions are many.

"That there is danger of catching cold," is certainly not true, for I have myself taken the bath when the thermometer stood at 20° F., and repeatedly at zero; wherefore, I am inclined to think that those who have caught cold do so through their own negligence, in not following the directions of the bath manager, with regard to cooling off properly before dressing.

"That it is weakening," is sometimes truthfully urged, but only, I think, when the bather is himself afflicted with some particular disease, or chronic general weakness. Even in cases of the latter description, however, the bath often proves a tonic, or invigorating agent.

With regard to the injury derived from inhaling dry air at temperatures varying from 145° F. to 190° F., all that need be said is, that such injury is purely imaginary, and exists only in the minds of the brilliant visionaries who created them.

There are many persons who will not agree with the above, but I think they will generally be found to be persons who have never taken a Turkish bath themselves, and who have derived their impressions of it from those who found the bath did not agree with them; these latter persons are very few, out of the number who have fairly given the bath a trial.

In rheumatism, neuralgia, &c., the bath often effects wonders, and where one is overworked, mentally or physically, it proves itself to be a most agreeable calmer and invigorator.

The object of the above is simply and most imperfectly, to describe some of the many advantages of the Turkish bath, to lead some to try it, by showing that the notions regarding it are groundless, and without foundation in fact, and to let those know who do not already, that there is a very well-conducted establishment of the kind in this city. (Monique Street) where one can get a bath any afternoon or evening, for a comparatively small pecuniary consideration.

If any, by reading this, are led to derive any benefit from the bath, as the writer has, from time to time, the object of these very disconnected jottings will be fully accomplished.

J. J. F.

Prof. (to class in mechanics)—"Place your right foot firmly against the wall, and try to raise the left. Explain your *reluctance* to do so."

PUN.—A person was explaining to Charles Lamb, in a very prosy way, the nature of acids. Lamb, becoming tired, stopped him with the remark, "The best of all acids is assiduity."

THE MCGILL GAZETTE.

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Editors for 1876-77.

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'79. G. H. GROVES.

WE would again call the attention of the undergraduates to the invaluable advantages which the Literary Society puts within their easy reach, and remind those who have not as yet availed themselves of their privileges in this respect that they are neglecting a most important part of their university training. The society has for its object the promotion of literary and scientific pursuits among its members, and, above all, endeavours to cultivate facility and aptness of expression in the art of public speaking. This art is one that cannot be acquired by the greatest regularity and punctuality in attendance on lectures, the most assiduous poring over the works of the best authors, or the most careful study of theories, any more than one can learn to speak a language by merely hearing it spoken—an art the acquisition of which is not provided for in our collegiate course, and it is just possible for a student to take the very highest standing in the college examinations, and still be unable to stand up on the floor of an assembly-room and give utterance to half-a-dozen coherent syllables. It is not to be denied that there are many men who have scarcely the rudiments of a liberal education, that are able to speak eloquently in public, and who, had they been favoured by the acquirement of such knowledge as our University affords, would have made their voices heard in the councils of their country, and most probably have honourably associated their names with its history; yet, it is true, the number of those that possess such powers is comparatively small, but powers alike in kind, however different in degree, are to be found in all, the development of which is to be ensured only by practice; and, so long as these powers are left unexercised, so long shall they lie dormant without giving the least indication that they exist at all. It is the duty, then, of every student of McGill (it matters not to what faculty he belongs), to put himself in as favourable a position as possible for drawing forth these latent energies; for, as soon as he has left these academic halls with the much-prized badge of his scholarly attainments, he may, by virtue of his new position, be called upon at any time to address an audience, and in this he will find that all he has learned merely in his course of study will go but a short way in producing fluency of speech. Now, we know of only one effective means by which

powers of eloquence can be so cultivated as to give confidence to the speaker, and enable him to set forth his thoughts in a clear and connected manner, and that is, for students to join some society or club in which they shall have both ample and frequent opportunities of engaging in discussions and debates. Such a society is the University Literary Society, which, though it is not the only one in Montreal of a literary character, still claims the support and co-operation of our students. If Canada is ever to have her Burkes or Chathams who shall look upon McGill as their *Alma Mater* (and who can doubt it), we have no hesitation in saying that they will, from their eminence, regard the University Literary Society with a profound feeling of indebtedness. Let our students, then, with a true spirit of devotion to the welfare and prosperity of all that is connected with their *Alma Mater*, consider it a duty as well as a privilege to join in upholding an institution that has for its object only the good of its members.

VARIOUS mysterious operations are going on upon the college grounds; and we have heard vague rumours of the Faculty stipulating for a hydrant to furnish water for the students' skating rink, on condition that the City Corporation be allowed to carry a main through the campus. We suppose this is the main, and we hope so, for a good rink on the grounds in winter would furnish a means of exercise to the hard working student, at once healthy and pleasant. Although the attempt last year was a wretched failure, on account of the changeable weather, still, in this case, "try again" should be our motto. Moreover, that auspicious personage, Mr. Vennor, has promised a good winter, so we need have no apprehensions of a rink going to grass so literally as it did last season.

WE regret to hear that Harvard has been beaten by Yale in the late football match. The score shows that Harvard had really the best of the match, as she obtained three touchdowns, while Yale secured one goal; but, whatever the match shows, still it is nominally a defeat for Harvard. It is said that Seaman's missed a place-kick for the first time during a match. We hope that Harvard will soon regain her laurels; indeed, we are magnanimous enough to wish that no club may ever beat her, except our own, or some other Canadian team.

WE have received a reply to "Undergraduate," from Mr. R. B. Rogers, which unfortunately we cannot insert, through lack of space. There seems to be no cause for any misunderstanding. The rule had been made before the sports came off, and if Mr. O'Heir were in any doubt as to the term "undergraduate," it surely was not the fault of the committee.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LECTURE ROOM OF M. G. HOSPITAL.

To the Editors McGill Gazette.

DEAR SIRS,—It is a well-known fact that owing to the present condition of the M.G. Hospital, part of the clinical portion of our studies is conducted under very great disadvantages. There is no student who has ever entered this department of our hospital for the first time, or anyone else whose mind is not impervious to reason and justice, but will be astonished with the appearance of a room which is but ill fitted indeed for the purposes for which it is intended. As for its accommodations as an operating-room, I will leave that entirely to the discretion of those who make use of it for that purpose; but, as a lecture-room, I must say that it is sadly deficient in a great many respects; therefore I think that a few words on the subject (now especially, since repairs are going on so extensively throughout the buildings) would not be amiss, and, moreover, might possibly call the attention of the directors to the state of affairs which at present exist in the lecture-room.

That its seats are old and feeble is obvious from many reasons, as we can trace back several generations by the names and monograms of those who occupied them year after year, which, judging from the depth of the incisions, would seem to indicate that those seats were intended to remain untouched for ever, and it is a strange fact that this habit, *caetoes scribendi*, seems to have been inherited by every son of McGill to a greater or less degree. If those supports on which we are obliged to write were intended for writing-desks, the manner of writing in those days must have changed wonderfully, for of late years the student has found it necessary to invent various contrivances for the purpose of securing a comfortable position in writing, and consequently is obliged to resort to whatever method his ingenuity will devise. A very common practice is by making use of a board, which is laid across between two seats, and by the aid of this modern invention, those who are fortunate enough to possess one are enabled to write with a little more ease than they otherwise would, and it is astonishing to see what measures will be resorted to in procuring those indispensable articles. Indeed, one gallant Sophomore was known to carry a board, or rather a two-inch plank, all the way from his residence to the hospital. This is but one of the many instances in which may be seen the carrying into effect of that well-known maxim, "Necessity is the mother of invention."

Why, then, should such a state of things exist? It might be answered that the hospital is a charitable institution, and that its present financial circumstances will not permit of any further outlay. This may be all quite true, but such an answer will not suffice for students who come from distant parts, and many of them with but limited means, and also many who leave other universities to prosecute their studies under the more glorious auspices of our *Alma Mater*. Or is it because clinical medicine is of less importance than any of the other branches? It certainly would not seem so, for as far as the fees are concerned it seems quite the reverse; when we consider that each lecture costs fifty cents, then we must remember that it is a matter of no little importance. However, I do not mean to enlarge upon the importance of clinics, as it is too well known to all, as also the ability of the professor under whose direction they are so ably conducted; but I must

say that he cannot fail to see the difficulties under which the students are labouring, and the result is that some are obliged to write on their knees, some on the floor, some on the stairs, and a great many make themselves conspicuous by not writing at all, while another portion of the class forms an outside audience, and may be seen creeping up the stairs one by one to answer the roll-call.

In making these few remarks, I feel satisfied that I speak the sentiments of the class in general, and if they should possibly reach the ears of the directors and be viewed in the right light, which I have no doubt they will, then they will have fully accomplished the desire of

THE WRITER.

To the Editors of McGill Gazette:—

GENTLEMEN,—Although the athletic sports of the University for this session have passed off very successfully, yet the "phalanx of fault-finders" has not been completely disarmed, as is shown by the remarks of "Undergraduate" in your extra of the 15th ult.; and besides the matter there spoken of, I may be permitted to speak of another, in reference to which the Committee of Management, to say the very least, appear to have acted in a short-sighted manner. I refer to the regulations, which was to the effect that none but *undergraduates* of McGill, or some other recognised University, could compete in these sports. I think if they had been open to *all* students of McGill, the interest taken in them would in no way be diminished, but, on the contrary, would be greatly increased. This regulation seems unjust; first, when we remember the number of colleges affiliated with McGill, the students of which are expected to contribute to the maintenance of the sports, solely as a University affair; and again, when we know that, thereby many a student deterred, by reason of the unenviable "pluck" in mathematics or classics, from being a regular undergraduate is debarred from these sports. Surely if undergraduates of other Universities are allowed to compete in these, partial students of McGill are entitled to be allowed to do so likewise. One thing that made the games of Ancient Greece and Rome (an account of which has come down to us) so famous, was the number of competitors in them; and it is reasonable to say, greater interest would attach to our University games if there were more competitors in the various events.

Great as was the honour won by the successful men in the different contests, would not this be greater if partial students and students of affiliated colleges had not been debarred?

I would be sorry to think the members of the Committee were afraid our undergraduates would be worsted by students who are not full undergraduates; and yet, what else could an observer think when last year such students were among the competitors, and carried off no small share of the prizes, whilst this year they were entirely excluded? McGill undergraduates are able to successfully compete with these students in anything where brain-power is required; and surely, in the domain of muscle, they are not less powerful. With these facts before us, it is to be hoped the University sports will hereafter, in part at least, be open to all students in any way connected with the University, then greater will be the interest taken in them, and more valuable will be the honour won.

OMNIBUS.

To the Editors of the McGill Gazette:—

GENTLEMEN,—Having just made an important philological discovery, I hasten to make use of your columns in imparting it to the public. I have found, and proved beyond the shadow of a doubt, that our American neighbors never had a Centennial Exhibition at all. In fact, the whole story with its attendant circumstances, is simply an expansion of the Aryan season-myth.

Consider for an instant, and you will be compelled to concede the truth of my affirmation. The so-called opening was by the joint action of a southern potentate and a northern one. This clearly stands for the *spring* when summer comes up to meet winter. For a while the summer keeps northward, but a few months suffice for his stay, and he then returns to his native land. Call him what you like—Apollo or Emperor of Brazil. These are but names for the same solar deity. The latter story too, tells of many productions gathered together; just as abundance appears in the track of June, and continues for a few months, passing away in the autumn. The very word has a peculiar meaning. "Centennial" evidently stood for something connected with "scent"—the peculiar fragrance belonging to the leafy season; or it may have been a corruption of "sun-tennial," the last three syllables being a subsequent addition. If so, the allusion is obvious. As for Philadelphia, that is accounted for by the cognate Sanskrit compound "fill-a-deaf-eye," a peculiarly expressive term to denote the absorbing nature of summer melodies, e.g., feline, tide music, or the frog orchestra.

Again, the eager student at once recognises in the name Grant, a singularly clear demonstration that the being thereby defined, is a personification of winner. "Granite," a connected word, points out the austere nature of the hero. The Sanskrit root *grāt* contains a happy allusion to the only language of which this particular deity is said to make use. In fact, gentlemen, my standpoint is unassailable. The whole story is an Aryan myth.

Yours truly,

PHILIP OLOGST.

[Since the above was received, Mr. Ologst's warden has informed us that he is not likely to recover, but will continue his residence in Beauport during the winter months.—Ems.]

MONTREAL GENERAL HOSPITAL.

To the Editors McGill Gazette.

GENTLEMEN,—Allow me, through your columns, to call attention to the deficient amount of cloak-room provided for the students attending the M. G. Hospital, and to request, on behalf of those students, that if it can be done without much expense or inconvenience to the Hospital authorities, more room should be provided.

If a student arrives at the Hospital, somewhat late, he finds all the hooks crowded with coats and hats, and he is obliged to put his coat &c. on one of the benches, to serve as a cushion for the patients who are ushered in there by "Joe," to wait for the attending physician. Hoping this inconvenience will be shortly remedied,

I remain, Yours truly,

"STUDENT."

[We coincide with the opinions of "Student," and hope that the grievance will soon be remedied. We would also suggest to the Hospital authorities, to have the clinical theatre dusted before lectures, and we are sure they will have the thanks of the students by so doing.—Ems.]

FOOTBALL AFFAIRS

The only match played by the students since our last issue was that between the Freshmen and a team selected from the High School, the Business College and Mr. Fawcett's School. During the early part of the match the schools played very pluckily, and for awhile staved off defeat; but owing either to want of training, or to the Freshmen making more vigorous exertions, they became quite demoralized later on, and were completely overmatched. No goals were taken on either side, however, in consequence of the bad kicking of the students, Messrs. Campbell, Scriver and Foster each missing two place kicks. This was somewhat the fault of the ball, which was an unusually bad one. The game terminated in favor of the Freshmen by seven touch-downs to nothing. The team of '80, which was much heavier than that of the schools, consisted of the following players:—L. Campbell, captain; C. Scriver, Foster, F. Church, C. Walker, Macpherson, J. Church, Bull, Cooke, Cole, Darcy, MacKenzie, Robertson and Pillsbury. As some of our players were new hands, "offside" had the usual amount of indignant victims. The weather was so clear up till the 22nd of November that some of the more enthusiastic members of the club were enabled to practise steadily; and an excellent opportunity was offered of getting the fifteen perfectly familiarised with the game, but unfortunately many did not avail themselves of the fine days.

As there were several important matters before the club, it was decided to hold a general meeting, which accordingly took place in the Reading-room, on Thursday, Nov. 23rd—the President, Mr. R. D. McGibbon, in the chair. The Secretary read a short report of club affairs during the fall, and Mr. H. H. Wood presented a financial statement. The meeting then discussed the advisability of sending a team to Harvard in the spring. After a few remarks against this by Mr. E. T. Taylor, Mr. Robertson, in an able speech, advocated that no challenge should be sent to Harvard for a match in the spring; that it was desirable to make this match an annual one, and playing too often would be the surest means of breaking it down altogether. He thought also that Harvard was so strong a club to risk a game against without the training and practice that could only be got in the fall. He would like greatly, however, to play another match as a member of the College Team, and therefore hoped that some good one might be arranged. Some further discussion took place, and resolutions were passed by the meeting that two Ontario clubs should be challenged, both matches to take place on the same tour. The meeting then adjourned till March 1st, 1877, Messrs. Wood and Ross having been instructed to ascertain the most feasible method of defraying the expenses of the team, and to report generally on the prospects for the spring.

A NORTH HAVEN young woman was refused a school because "we dont want our school taught by a girl with a beau."

A LITTLE fellow ran to his mother the other day, and asked: "Ma, can I have some bread and jam?" His mother wishing to break him of so voracious a habit, replied: "When I was your age I couldn't get anything to eat between meals if I wanted it." "Yes," said the boy, after a moment's pause, but you didn't have a good, nice mama, did you?" That settled it in the favour of the young fatterer.

—Two Freshmen taking an evening stroll through one of the suburbs of the city:—

No. 1. (Reading a sign)—"Groceries, Provisions, &c."

No. 2. (Beholding only some delapidated conveyances)—"Those are not groceries!"

No. 1.—"Why, yes; you know they carry groceries and then, by metonymy, they likewise get the name."—(An actual occurrence.)

A NOVEL.—NOT BY LYTON.

There was once a bad little boy who, even from the cradle, was accustomed to play tricks, and as he grew older, desiring to perfect himself in that art, sought the classic shades of McGill, and became a self-constituted medical student. Amongst other places to which he had resort, was a large tri-winged nursery, in which babes of all ages were admitted to be taken care of and properly nursed.

Here reigned supreme a fair-haired maiden, who only wants a Homer to make her share the fame of Oculapius. In an airy chamber in the centre of this great edifice, was to be found, like Penelope of old, one wielding not the ancient distaff, but its modern substitute, the sewing machine. Hither the fair goddess was wont to resort and survey with matronly care, the piles of snowy linen.

Now, this *enfant terrible*, one day after following the Wright course, was prompted by his ever present evil genius to turn the key of the chamber which contained the queen of the domains. In an instant the passers by beheld the door quake as if human, and upon one more venturesome than the rest, (although warned of the dangers to be encountered from invading forbidden ground) animated with a spirit of chivalry, tremulously stepped forward and released the fair prisoner. As the lioness leaps forth from her broken cage, so sped she forth to light and freedom, seeking, but unable to find, that naughty little boy.

APPLIED SCIENCE.

The McGill Association of Engineers held its annual meeting on Saturday, Nov. 11th.—Mr. W. J. Sproule in the chair. About twenty-five members were present, five of whom were graduates, and letters were received from some others. The meeting proceeded to remodel the constitution, which business proved to be so lengthy that the association was compelled to adjourn till Nov. 17th, after appointing a committee of three, Messrs. McLeod, Boswell and Sproule, to consider further alterations and report accordingly. On the 17th the members reassembled, and the constitution, as altered and amended, was adopted. The alterations were very important, and changed the association into a graduate's instead of a student's society. Undergraduates now join as "student-members." The election of officers was then proceeded with, three of whom must be graduates, and the president a graduate of three years' standing. The following gentlemen were elected: President, Mr. C. H. McLeod, B.A.Sc.; 1st Vice-President, Mr. J. Frazier Torrance, B.A.Sc.; 2nd Vice-President, Mr. W. J. Sproule, '77; Sec.-Treasurer, Mr. J. J. Frothingham, B.A.Sc.; Assistant Sec.-Treasurer, Mr. P. D. Ross, '78. After some further business the meeting adjourned.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Our subscribers will greatly oblige us by remitting their subscriptions before the Christmas vacation. We also desire that immediate notice be given us if the GAZETTE is not received regularly. Our next Number will be issued during the holidays, and will be ready for students when they return. It will contain several select Christmas articles from Graduates and others, and a full report of the Examinations.

FASHION, FOLLY AND FALSE HAIR.

The minor miseries superinduced by fashion, that queen of fools, can hardly be conceived by those who live in the present day, when common sense is invalidating every hour the authority of this silly despot, and confirming the rational distastes of comfort; and one of these miseries in the shape of false hair, we are sure if our fair readers will only see with our eyes, will soon be a thing of the past. A German doctor has discovered that several grave diseases, such as affections (we ourselves can testify to severe heart affection produced by a very small ringlet of false hair,) and consumption, may be cut-off by the parasite found in the false hair, with which ladies so largely supplement their natural supply. Under the influence of heat and moisture, these parasites swell and burst, their nuclei float in the air and penetrate with it into the body, introducing disease. It is estimated that in a ball-room fifty ladies with false chignons may set free no less than forty-five millions of the lethal germs.

WHAT holds all the snuff in the world? No one nose.

A HEAVY MAN will grow round on square meals.

Student (to Professor).—"Sir, I have received your requisition to write five hundred lines, but I shall report the circumstances to the pupil!"

Fond Papa (reading a book).—"Dolphus, my boy, what's a gulf?"

Dolphus.—"They call it a gulf, papa."

Fond Papa.—"Well, what's a gulf?"

Dolphus.—"I don't know."

Ring Master (to).—"When your beast throws up his heels, you have only to hold on tight with your knees, and throw yourself backward."

Unfortunate Rider.—"Yes, but suppose you can't!"

Some bright Junior has placed a notice on the students' bulletin board, in four different languages, to the effect that the rascal who made away with a certain memorial fund had better return it, as the aforesaid Junior has his eye on him, and will, sooner or later, bring him to justice.

SISTERLY AFFECTION.—The memoir of Caroline Herschel is a charming tribute to the devotion of a sister to her favourite brother. She lived in and for her brother William, the great astronomer, finding her highest joy in doing menial service for his comfort, and in aiding him in his scientific studies. She was the patient helpmate of a great mind. Such complete absorption in another is rarely seen, even in a wife, and proves that disinterested love is not wanting in our selfish age. The "Life of Lord Macaulay" also records illustrations of ardent affection on the part of his sisters, though manifested in a different way. They idolized their brother, and, even in their married life, were never happier than when studying with him, and discussing the books and questions in which he felt an interest. One of the most beautiful eulges in literary history is the story of Macaulay's life with his sisters; of his knightly devotion to them, and their adoring affection for him, and pride in his literary and political success.

SCIENCE AND POETRY.—Science is destructive of poetry,—at least of so much of it as is founded on error of fact. At a dinner-party given by Haydon, the artist, where Wordsworth and Keats were guests, the latter proposed as a toast, "Confusion to the memory of Newton!" Wordsworth insisted upon an explanation before he drank to such an absurd toast. "Because," said Keats, "he destroyed the poetry of the rainbow by reducing it to a prism." Poor Keats! his toast illustrated Pope's lines:

"A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
Their shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again."

If he had known more of science, he would have discerned that while it, by its great discoveries scattered illusions, yet it brought out facts and laws far more suggestive of true poetry than they. Keats may have had as great poetical genius as Tennyson, but Tennyson is the greater poet, and one reason for his superiority is that he knows more of mental, moral and physical science than did Keats.

JUST BEFORE THE WEDDING, MOTHER.

Just before the wedding, mother, what a lot there is to do!
Seeing after wreaths and dresses, and the wedding favors
too;
Bridesmaids six around one crying, spoiling pretty bonnets
gay;
Oh, what a comfort it is, dear mother, weddings don't come
every day!

CHORUS.

Farewell, mother, we must sever, cries the bride in tones of
pain.
But you'll come and see us, mother, when we're back in
town again.

Just before proposing, mother, oh, how nervous young men
are!

Even after they're accepted, and referred to dear papa;
For the settlement and breakfast dear papa has got to pay.
And says, "Oh, what a comfort, mother, weddings don't
come every day!"

Chorus:—Farewell, &c.

Just before the breakfast, mother, no one knows what to be
at.

But, when guests are round the table, they are more at home
at that;

Bilious wedding cake and speeches! save me from such
speeches, pray!

What a comfort 'tis, dear mother, weddings don't come every
day.

Chorus:—Farewell, &c.

Just before departing, mother, and the carriage is outside!
Aunts and uncles, brothers, sisters, tearfully caress the
bride;

Every slipper in the household, after them is thrown away;
Oh, what a comfort 'tis, dear mother, weddings don't come
every day.

Chorus:—Farewell, &c.

Just before the christening, mother, such a fuss you never
saw!

When the household is commanded by one's dear mama-in-
law;

"Pretty poppet," cry the ladies, "Happy father," people
say;

Well, he has this consolation, christenings don't come every
day.

Chorus:—Farewell, &c.

A SCIENTIST, BUT MODEST.—At the festival the other night,
a 77 honor science man was showing some ladies over the Mu-
seum, when a blooming Fishman asked him what was meant
by an *ornithorynchus*; he frowned and reminded him that there
are some things that should not be mentioned before ladies.

We all know the "pride" of the Sophomores (Med's.) One,
upon whom every God hath seemed to set his seal to give
the world assurance of a man; yet, like other mortals, he de-
plores the perfidy of woman. He wrote asking her to meet
him at the corner of McGill Avenue and Sherbrooke Street,
under the gaslight. She replied that she was no *gas meter*.

SNAGS!

[We were much incensed a short time ago by hearing the above term
applied somewhat disrespectfully by the printer to our stock of original
jokes, but its novelty has induced us to use it as a heading for this column.
—Eds.]

—An Ulster overcoat covers a multitude of sins.

—Why was a certain well-known Junior once a sexton? Because he is
an Ex-toller of the bell (e).

—A senior, when requested to join the Glee Club, replied that he had a
good bass voice, but it was unfortunately beyond control.

—Prof. D., (on the proposed pond in the College grounds.)—"I
suppose it is for ducks to swim in in summer, and for *goose* to skate on in
winter."

—*Scene*.—Psychology Class-room. Prof.—(Lecturing on the malevolent
affections) "One particular manifestation of Misanthropy is Misogyny"
—Attentive Student.—Miss who?

—A couple of students were passing Freeman's restaurant while it was
being painted. Said one, "Why is that painter necessarily a good man?"
His friend gave it up. "Because he obeys the second commandment; his
painting is neither the image of anything in heaven above, nor in the
earth beneath, nor in the waters under the earth."

PERSONALS.

—75, J. Page, B.A.Sc., is at present engineering on the Lachine Canal.

—76, H. Pedley, B.A., though not through his theological course, has
received a call to Kingston.

—77, We are sorry to hear that Mr. Faulkner is down with typhoid
at the hospital.

EXCHANGES.

—The *Asiatic Athenion* is a nice little paper, with a tendency to
declamation.

—Our friend, the *Lampoon*, like Alexander mourning for new worlds to
conquer, wants us to be a little more amusing, to cure him of *triumphalism*.
Never mind, Lampy, we will try and get a funny man on purpose for you.

—The *Crimson* is one of the best College papers in America. Every-
body will tell us they knew that before; but, without flattering, we cannot
help repeating the statement, even at the expense of rank platitude. The
last number treats mainly of local topics, with no general interest except in
regard to style, in which an elegant standard is maintained.

—The *Cornell Review* is, on the whole, decidedly dry. Our tastes may
not be up to its own, but whether that is the reason or not, we felt like
giving it up in despair, after wading through six pages of "Mathematics
in Nature;" five of rather better "Stoicism in the Roman Empire;"
and two-and-a-half of superficial stuff on the "Rise of Mahometanism."
"Capri," and "St. Helena," were brighter, even interesting, as also is
the local news.

—We cannot but feel complimented by the Queen's College *Journal*
taking the cue from us, but still would advise them always to stand on
their own responsibility, and be independent enough not to take the cue from
anyone. Its editors also show a cavilling spirit, which ought not to mani-
fest itself in a College paper; surely the outside press rails enough against
the shortcomings of students without their own organs taking up the
cudgels against them.

—Criticism is like champagne—nothing more execrable if bad; nothing
more excellent if good. So being only amateur journalists, we will not
attempt to soar to the heights of the sympathetic critic, but confine our-
selves with disinterested convictions to that style of criticism, like that of
him who, when all the world were enraptured by the Ceres of Raphael,
have tied it. Thus we think that the proof reader of the *Cornell Era*
wants waking up, because bad spelling and grammatical transpositions are,
to say the least of it, incommensurable in a College paper.

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