

There was never any trouble after this. To his watchful care were consigned the barbarians, while the chosen few still listened to Frankie on the ablaut and prolate infinitive. Elections this year saw Joe Copeman the presidential choice, and lively were the meetings held under his regime. Search ye the records of all Sophomores, and if ye find aught of greater wit or wisdom, bring word unto us. Bill G. spoke by the hour, and our poor Hansard led an unhappy life of it, to say nothing of the cooks who were keeping our dinners warm. Sports day saw us once more in at the finish, when Percy Molson carried off the Individual Trophy, and we let the theatre people know that night to what class he belonged. Again that winter we won the hockey championship, defeating both 1900 and 1902. We also gave another skating party, at which this time there was skating and a hand-organ. It is doubtful which gave the most pleasure. The fatal results of this shine were seen in the number of hours some of our men spent on the rink. Lectures and



everything else were scornfully disregarded, and there seemed to be nothing in the wide world to do but skate. But there is an end to all things, and at last the ice broke up, and a few of the men began to realize that skating cuts no ice in the "Intermediate." The fifteen hour a day basis of the first year now rises to eighteen, and while a few disregard sleep, some even shun the festive board. However, in spite of all efforts—O sad is the tale—many were weighed and found wanting. Those who had stood the test heaved a deep sigh of relief and thanked their lucky stars that there is only one Intermediate. Weary is the life of the plugger, but verily he hath his reward. *Amat victoria curam.* All except the six year meds. flitted away in early May, each on pleasure bent, according to his own ideas. The cricket club was well patronized, and several "naughty-ones"



figured on the college teams. Those who scorned the willow betook themselves to the seaside and poured the same old story into the listening ears of the summer girl. Others, with strange notions of amusement, read for scholarships. And what amusement it was to plug Plato and all the other worthies with the thermometer 100° in the shade! *Crede experto!*

Another summer has now passed, and once more we tread the halls of Old McGill, bound to her by still closer bonds of affection; no longer Freshmen nor Sophomores, but raised to the high dignity of Juniors. The first to appear were the ambitious schol. men and the unfortunate "suppers." Foremost among the men in search of schols. was Bill G. The appearance of Bill was the signal for derisive yells from his friends, for Bill, being of an industrious turn of mind, had spent his summer in raising a moustache and a goatee. But Bill got tired of hearing "a thing of beauty