

Granted that birds of a feather flock together ; but why are some of '95 so fond of prairie chicken ?

Certain "grave and reverend sen(i)ors" find it hard to bear the unseemly disturbance which has usurped the place of applause at our business meetings; and they trust that soon the escape valve of the feelings of their "young" friends will be opened in some other direction.

Practical Problem for a Senior.—What course to pursue when Professor No. 1 requests you to shew visitors through a certain room to the right of the stairs as you go down to the basement—and Professor No. 2 very strongly resents your having door of said room unlocked for said purpose.

It is a moot point among those most interested whether the *new* mound at the extremity of the Campus is for the purpose of illustrating wave motion, whether it is to serve as a landmark for those mariners who plough the troubled waters of the St. Lawrence, or whether it is there for some reason unknown to the world. All trust that the latter is not the case, and that some day the mystery may be solved.

The officers for the Third Year Science have been elected, and are as follows :

President.—Wm. McDougall.

Vice-President.—W. M. Archibald.

Secretary.—H. M. Killaly.

Representative to Glee Club.—Alex. Dufresne.

Representatives to Reading Room Committee.—H. R. Trenholme and George A. Walkem.

Class Reporter.—T. F. Kenny.

Misfortune seems to have fastened on one of the most genial and prominent members of Science '96. After passing successfully through a railway accident in the summer with only the loss of his baggage, he is now laid up with the mumps.

We wish you luck with them, M—.

"Pat" seems to be spending his evenings now in microscopic investigations of the structure of a fly's eye, etc. Do not let it interfere with your work, "Pat," old boy.

Do you want any protractors or French curves?
Not *this* year.

The summer's work seems to have taken a good deal of *Hare* off the heads of some of the '96 men.

The "Kid" has suddenly developed a sporting tendency of the most pronounced kind. He is spoken of as a representative on the Faculty team race.

Another of our '96 men has deserted us for Medicine. We hope he will be as popular there as he was in Science.

We hear that "Socrates" has left us and gone to California for his health. We hope he will return to us soon with renewed strength from the genial climate of the South.

None of the Third Year men are taking German this year. It is not from lack of love for the grand old German language, but from want of time.

If one of the popular Arts lecturers would call on the Third Year he might obtain a couple of keys of the lecture room door that mysteriously disappeared last year.

At a meeting of the Third Year on the 5th, Mr. H. M. Killaly, their popular secretary, sent in his resignation on account of having been elected General Treasurer of the Undergraduates Society of Applied Science. On Mr. Killaly explaining that he could not conscientiously hold the two offices, his resignation was accepted with regret. Mr. R. H. Stewart was elected in his place.

At a meeting of the Second Year, the following officers were elected :

President.—Clark Staples.

Vice-President.—W. F. Connal.

Secretary.—A. B. Newcombe.

Reading Room Committee.—J. W. Bell.

Class Reporter.—B. C. Travis.

Prof. C's latest pun—Pre-Sise-ly.

He had been sent to the wrong store.

Clerk (at book-store).—"Are you sure that the key you want is not among these books?"

Freshman.—"No, sir; I wanted a latch-key."

All of the Second Year, with but few exceptions, have subscribed to the FORTNIGHTLY.

The five men who attended French lecture while the strike was on were greeted on their return with a liberal quantity of water, soap and burnt corks.

Sc. Soph.—Do you see that man?

Fair Donald.—Where?

Sc. Soph.—Across there, leaning against a tree.

Fair Donald.—Oh! is *that* a man? I thought it was a professor.