

On Friday, the 15th inst., the Scientific Society began the fourth year of its existence. A lecture on "The Conservation of Energy" was given by Mr. J. P. Gookin, '02, to whom great praise is due for the masterly way in which he handled his subject. Supplementary to the lecture were piano selections by Messrs. Hurly and Torsney and vocal solos by M. Maloney. Though the attendance was fair it was not what it should have been.

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The Debating and Scientific societies wish to offer Rev. Fr. Rector their most heartfelt thanks for providing them with a piano.

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TO M'SWIG'S MOUSTACHE.

Soft as the down on the duckling
new-born,
Silky and smooth as the wool
freshly shorn,
In color as bright as the sky's
golden orb,
(No doubt, on account of the
juice they absorb,)
Are those hairs on the brave
Kilaloo's upper lip.

* *

Gabe refused to walk down town with Kari. He said that Dic was bad form.

Spud—Mal-n-y says its his ambition to be a man of letters.

T. P.—Yes, delivering them.

Joe Gink, raising the corner of his mattress and ruefully considering the spring, thinking aloud, says: "Guess no soft mater'll ever flow from that spring; soil's pretty hard and full of ups and downs." Dick, the fat cripple, finishing his night prayers, asked that his spring might never run dry, its waters were so refreshing.

The following is from Adam Funnyscribbler:

A lad at eve had fallen ill,
While danced the light near
Fili still;

And he, poor thing, could not
see the place

For which he made a shaky
race.

The cause of all, by Jove, was
grief

And sleep disturbed by a load—
of beef.

(Next morning.)

Woe worth the game, woe worth
the play,

Which caused that end to so
gallant a day.

A few days ago one of our friends from the East wing went down to the "co-ed" de-