

and came home and rolled up our sleeves and proceeded to *brief* it. We don't do that now. We got past that stage very soon.

We ought to thank the boys for the numerous items that have been sent in from time to time for this column. It has lightened our labours greatly. We don't know what we would have done but for those fortnightly budgets. We do not mean to be sarcastic—how could we in this solemn moment of parting.

We have tried to "follow the year through all its joys and woes" according to promise—to keep our finger on the Faculty pulse, to record the Faculty temperature, so to speak, according to the pressure of events, great and small.

We have often during the session admired the good nature of the class, especially the First Year. We have not been clubbed for a single joke during the whole term. The First Year never get "viled." They are good fellows every one, and have sense enough to know that their Year is lawful game.

We regret that the Class Reporter for next session is not appointed till the fall. We would like to draw him aside and give him some kind and fatherly advice. We would like to point out the *great men* who have preceded him in this capacity, and exhort him to follow in their footsteps, and to do his level best to keep up this legal corner. But we will wait.

Well, really, *must* we part? Has it come to that? Here we pause to wipe away a tear. It is very pathetic. Farewell!

ARTS NOTES.

Some stories of the *Conversazione* are still rife among the students.

Scene I.

ὁ παῖς συνίπτεσε ἐνθρονῶν Μωλῶστω

Donaldum pulcher in omni primo anno.

Asses-tu qu'il la voit il lui donne tout son cœur;

But when he went to seek for her

He found she'd sought the deer.

Scene II. He finally found her, and talked shop. Latin verse, etc.

This is what he wrote on his programme: *Si alius alicui oscula feret non aliam flere necesse erit?*

How the lecture ended,—

Shrove Tuesday morning.

Prof.—"Messieurs, vous apprendrez les trois pages suivantes pour demain."

Student on front bench.—"But, sir, there are no lectures to-morrow."

Prof.—"Comment cela, monsieur?"

Voix from back bench.—"Oui, monsieur, c'est mercredi *Ash!*"

The class breaks up in confusion.

The class of '97 has lost temporarily through sickness one of its brightest members. Mr. J. C. Bruce was compelled to be absent from lectures for a few days, and finally had to go to his home in Huntingdon, P.Q. We miss him from our ranks, and hope for his speedy return in full health to resume his studies.

SCIENCE '97.

'Twas in September '93

They crowded in so blythe and free

And filled the noisy corridors,
Whose hard wood walls and slippery floors
Resounded to their shouts of glee.

Yes, 'twas September '93.

They were the jolliest lot of boys

That ever met to make a noise;

They broke the windows, smashed the chairs,

And pitched the Second Year downstairs,

They filled with awe and wholesome fear

That sluggish, studious Second Year.

The Artsmen scurried off like rats

Invaded by a band of cats.

They jumped thro' windows, broke thro' doors,

Got on the roof or 'neath the floors,

Hibernian William feared the strife

So got insurance on his life,

And then with quaking knees he found

A musty cellar underground

In which he stowed himself away,

To weep and fast and swear and pray.

'Twas in September '94

Each man came back a Sophomore;

The exams had thinned their ranks, 'tis true,

For those who fell were not a few;

But all the rest came back in state

To wage a war on '95.

The verdant freshies burned more green

Whene'er a Sophomore was seen;

They quaked within their shoes, and ran

Before a '97 man.

One took hysterics, one they say

Fell in a faint and passed away,

Because he thought that his new gown

Would be torn off and trampled down.

But soon they rallied from their fright

And scowled on us as black as night.

They thought of vengeance dire and deep

To slaughter us like timid sheep.

So on this plan they soon did fix,

To lather us with hockey sticks.

But airy castles soon will fall,

Air's not the stuff to make a wall,

Their castle crumbled and fell down,

For '97 did them brown.

But who, you ask, who, who, are they

Who scared the Artsmen all away

And filled stout William's heart with fear

And paralysed the Second Year;

Inspired with dread and fear and hate

The verdant year of '98?

Ah! then I answer you their name

Is graven on the page of fame;

'Tis stamped across the dome of heaven,

And reads thus: Science '97.

For daring feats each man is known

From Arctic pole to torrid zone.

Achilles, Hector, Hercules

Were but small fry compared to these.