

If they display as much avidity to acquire knowledge in this all important branch as the Doctor does zeal in their interests, then we safely predict wonders.

What's the matter now about the Archæology of the veterinary profession? Others may vaunt their antiquity! but it was clearly proven at the Arts' Dinner that the "Vets" have precedence as far as age is concerned.

This session has been noted for the amount of sickness among the Students. And now the smiling countenance of J. D. McGillivray enlightens the wards of the Montreal General. We trust his stay in that institution will be brief.

The only Fred. of the second year was out of town a few days last week: but whether on a nigger-killing expedition or curling, we have not learned.

Genial Glen is now officiating as assistant house surgeon.

The following dialogue between two Freshmen was over-heard recently:—

Freshie No. 1.—Say, Chappie! Do you know what your whiskers remind me of?

Freshie No. 2.—Naw! What is it?

Freshie No. 1.—The cilia of a mucous membrane.

Freshie No. 2.—(In disgust) you are getting *sillier* and *sillier* every day!

VET'S SONG.

(Accepted by the Committee as the Faculty Song to be inserted in the new song book, and specially composed for the Faculty of Comparative Medicine and Veterinary Science.)

By CECIL FRENCH (Class '94).

I

Of all Professions in the world
It is of course expected
We think ours is by far the best,
With all the sport connected.
What eye and judgment it requires
As well as nerve and muscle
When we sometimes in haste are called
With equine strength to tussle.

Chorus.

We're Vets, Vets, Vets,
And proud of our Profession.
We'll drink our fill to old McGill
With joy at every session.

II

Now there's the cheeky Freshman
With his eye the "Soph's" a-scanning

While in his light and empty head
An answer he is planning.
He knows it all, he's sure of that,
At least down home they told him;
He makes a break, gets left, and thinks
That Silence oft is golden.

III

The "Soph," he's quiet, he's wiser now,
He finds he doesn't know it:
He's sobered down, he's lost his cheek,
At least he doesn't show it.
He's got to plug, he knows just that,
It pays best to be steady.
And when the balmy Spring comes round
Exams will find him ready.

IV

The senior year of well-tryed men
New theories are exploring,
And with the wings of zeal outspread
In realms of Science soaring.
When graduating, thoughts will rise
Of parting on the morrow,
But consciousness of honors won
Will drive away all sorrow.

V

Alas! so many fail to think
Our poor dumb friends have feeling,
They care not how much pain they cause
When they perform their healing.
Then let, McGill, thy mission be
Of kindness a teacher;
With thy strong arm, the guardian be
Of every helpless creature.

DONALDA NEWS.

"Nos numerus sumus et fruges consumere natae."

At last the great event, long anticipated, fraught with consequences, second in importance only to our B.A., namely, the Sophomore lunch, has taken place.

We gathered around a table decorated with savage taste, and compared notes on the suitable quotations which adorned the menu-cards. Presiding over the table was the C. G. S. system, which so far from chilling us caused a warmth and vitality to pervade the whole table and dispensed viands with mathematical exactness. After the lunch there was a feast of reason and a flow of soul which completely disproved the lines:

"Too much eating, too much drinking,
Too much everything but thinking."

The usual "battered" toasts of "Queen and Country" and "Alma Mater" were followed by a most hearty toast to our Principal, of whom it was well said, "Nature made one such man and broke the die."

"Our fellow-students" as we saw them in their representatives showed a better appreciation of our many talents and virtues than we would have supposed possible for one not intimately connected with our year.

"Our Societies" was proposed by our President in a most elegant speech, taking as the foundation of her