

**Society Reports.** As we have heard some adverse comment upon a report of the meeting of one of the College Societies, we have this week written ourselves an account of the Lit. Society meeting last Friday. This we present as being along the lines in which we would wish to have future meetings reported, as we believe that it is a criticism and not a mere account that is wanted.

The old reports never interested anyone save those who had attended the meetings, whereas it is, or should be, the accounts of past meetings that attract men to future ones, and if such reports as the one in this issue succeed in this, we shall feel that we have been justified.

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### THE SAME OLD SONG.

We've fought with many men 'mid other scenes,  
 We've fought 'em on the field and on the track.  
 There's 'Varsity and Ottawa and Queen's,  
 But the Faculty 's the 'ardest nut to crack.  
 We never get an 'aporth change of they—  
 The information comes from other sources,  
 The work we do ain't all our people say—  
 But let those others come and try our courses.  
 So 'ere's to our dear old Faculty—booms every kind of game.  
 Yes, no matter how you take them, boys, they're mostly all the  
 same.  
 "We want to see the manly sports, they're very good we know,  
 But you mustn't miss your lectures or—we're sorry— out you go."

We've suffered nearly every kind of ill,  
 Our football teams are beaten by a mile.  
 We must confess it's not a pleasant pill,  
 To see the others dish us up in style.  
 And all we ever get from such as they—  
 Oh! don't it make you 'ot beneath the collar—  
 Is just because we 'aven't time to play.  
 Say, fellers, do you wonder if we holler?  
 So 'ere's to our dear old Faculty, thaw out a little more;  
 Oh! you won't speak out your mind to us and that's wot we deplore.  
 For give and take's the maxim, and we'd call your actions fair,  
 If you'd give us your confidence and treat us on the square.