

MacKinnon has given a rather strange translation as follows:

Scio te haec fecisse—I know these things did you.

Owing to lack of space, we will now dry up and bust for another fortnight. But before doing so, we wish to give '99 and 1901 a little hint: "Remember that Mr. Hamilton is very ill." Let them think over this sentence and they will perhaps understand how it is that they are not sick.

FIRST YEAR.

"Any substance that readily gives off gas is said to be 'unstable.'"

How "unstable" the Science Freshmen must be!

At the Ottawa-McGill match:—

Green Freshie (watching excited spectator)—How does it come that he has so much interest in the game? He isn't a College man.

Smart Soph.—Oh, he has money up, and, you know, that makes *interest*.

(Sequel—S. S. in M. G. H. G. F. in "cooler.")

"Daisy" asks—"Have you read any of it (Ovid), my dear (Medea)?"

Chemistry problems—Find compound of which the formula is $(CO)_2$? $CO Fe_2$?

A Freshman was plodding along the pathway of knowledge, finding it rather *prosy*, it must be confessed, when a strange accident happened him. Although still so early in the fall, he found *zig* on his path, and through carelessness slipped on it, as so many had done before him. He would doubtless have sustained serious injuries had not a kind Carter assisted him to his feet and sent him on his way, feeling sore and hurt, but thankful he had fared no worse.

It is hoped, since the start has been made, that many others of this class will attend the Literary and prepare themselves for the apparently inevitable debating contest with the Sophomores by taking an early advantage of this splendid opportunity of acquiring ease on the platform.

Keep Friday evening open for the Literary.

LEGAL BRIEFS.

Reserved seats—those nearest the door—are at a premium. "I wonder why?"

T-m-s-n (in breathless haste)—Has he called the roll?

Second Student—No! he has five minutes longer to lecture.

T. (in disgust)—Why did I exert myself so?

We are looking forward to the annual football match between Law and Arts. The challenge has been given and accepted. Nothing remains but to complete the details and defeat the Arts men. The former may give rise to some difficulty, but the latter, oh, no!

At a meeting of the Undergraduates' Society of the Faculty of Law, held November 3rd, S. Clay was elected

to represent the Faculty of Law at the Banquet to be given by the graduates of McGill University.

"Cosmopolitan" has always been the watchword of the Faculty of Law. Unity between all classes has been the guiding principle; the seniors have always exercised a paternal influence over the Freshmen; they have kept them within reasonable bounds; restrained their youthful follies, and by example have shown them the decorous manners which are becoming to students in their profession. Now we have reason to fear a change. They are being slowly but surely withdrawn from these salutary influences! Even now they are allowed to take some of their lectures by themselves and later they will be thrown entirely on their own resources. Then what must we look for? Being deprived of the restraining influence of their seniors they will enter into all those extravagances so characteristic of the other Freshmen classes; class yells, class societies, unsuccessful scraps with senior years and all those failings which have always been so conspicuously absent in our model Faculty. May the fates deal kindly with them when this misfortune overtakes them!

Criticism is a spur. The critic is a thorn in the side; the conventional wet blanket. He is apparently a reasoner. His attacks call for attention. He is the cool calculator. This great Faculty had a critic. His motto, "Suspend the constitution," his burly form, his well-beloved pipe, his artistic attitudes, his forcible remarks, his impressive delivery, are still green in our minds. These attributes, like their owner, have gone. They cannot be replaced. But he has a successor. One whose vehemence replaces dignity, whose energy inspires enthusiasm, whose acidity provokes a smile. But he is good-natured, he is not invulnerable, he can retire gracefully. His presence is always welcome. And yet we miss his immortal predecessor.

The front bench: to come in late, to proceed to his place in the middle of the lecture, is his prerogative, his time-honored custom, his faithfully observed rule. To the pleasantries of his fellow-students, to their amiable remarks, to their friendly advice, he is, and expects to be, exposed. But to call down on his head words of warm welcome from the lecturer confuses him, brings the flush to his cheeks, the forced smile to his lips. Will he risk the ordeal again? We shall see.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

Mr. J. A. L. Waddell, M.A.E. (McGill, 1882), whom many Science students will remember as having been brought on a year ago by the Applied Science Graduates' Society to lecture to the graduates and undergraduates of the Faculty, is again with us. Mr. Waddell being in Boston, New York and Quebec on business, kindly consented to spare a few days to lecture to the Civil Engineering students on bridge designing. On bridge work Mr. Waddell is a past master, and the Fourth Year Civils, particularly, feel themselves greatly benefitted and interested by the series of lectures, which has continued from Friday, October 29th, to Wednesday, November 3rd.

Mr. Waddell will probably open a branch office in