

was the best paper that had ever been read before the Society.

Messrs. Lehnert and Thurston will read at the next meeting.

DELTA SIGMA SOCIETY.

"If you have tears, prepare to shed them now," ye Donaldas who were not at our last meeting! The life and writings of a woman poet surely interest all college women, and especially when treated in the excellent way in which they were at this meeting. The Life of Elizabeth Barret Browning was the subject of Miss Galt's essay, and her poems that of Miss Holden's. A thorough knowledge and love of the subject as well as much critical ability were displayed in these essays so greatly enjoyed by those present. From these intellectual heights we descended to our "little nonsense now and then," namely, an impromptu debate:—Resolved, that the World would be Unendurable without Pins. Miss Ross and Miss M. Cameron upheld the affirmative; Miss Walbridge and Miss Pitcher the negative. The negative won by such a large majority that the "slovenly," "dangerous," "wrath-producing" pin will never again dare to show his shiny head within our walls.

And now, ye Absentees, what more could we offer you? We have wept over "The Cry of the Children," and you have not wept with us; we have laughed, and you did not make merry with us.

Were you being "educated" in the meantime? Let Wordsworth speak to you about education:

"Enough of science and of art;
Close up these barren leaves;
Come forth and bring with you a heart
That listens and receives."

GLASS REPORTS.

FEATHERS FROM EAST WING.

Junior, translating: "Ein wohltabender Mann, und noch ledig," "a well-off man and still free."

Professor: "Oh, no; a bachelor."

Junior: "What's the difference?"

Second Junior: "Und was das Beste dabei ist," "what would the beast gain by it?"

Donaldas, translating: "L'appétit vient à manger," "The little one comes eating."

The Donaldas are watching with interest the development of the scheme for a skating rink in the college grounds, as it is the only college sport they might be able to join in.

We hope, when our minds are freed from their present weighty responsibility, namely, the task of paying for our piano, to form a glee club that will bring forth much hidden talent and develop musical ability.

What an "unprincipaled" place McGill still is!

From a cockney:

My first is a bird as 'ops,
My second grows has hany other crops,
My ole is heat with mutton chops."—Answer.

LEGAL BRIEFS.

We hear that the few specimens of reportorial wit which have found their way into our column up to date have had a most depressing effect upon the Freshmen. Last issue's instalment of poetry, we believe, especially, spread disorder among the new contingent. We sympathize as to the first, and desire to offer a few words explanatory as to the latter. As to the poetry then, why should the old and highly respectable Faculty of Law take a back seat in matter of college verse? Have not the Vets. their poetaster, and what may we not expect from Science and Medicine? as to Arts we have long watched with admiration and delight the career of Cap'n Goun in the realm of rhyme. He is copious, ready, regular, and he rhymes. Long may he flourish to sing college event. So long then as the college authorities do not intervene to suppress the tribe, the Law Class Reporter claims the right to grind his little verse. But we hasten to assure the First Year men that the worst is over—the ice has been broken, and after the first shock they will inure to it. We took the precaution to interlard our last with prose, and we hereby engage not to spring any of the "Simon pure" on the class without two full weeks' notice.

As to the wit—here we sympathize. Let us give these novel gentlemen a morsel of good advice culled from our personal experience. In our first year we felt the identical feeling complained of. It was in fact a nervous disorder recurring every two weeks—in a word, the regular and systematic prosecution of our studies was threatened by every issue of the FORTNIGHTLY. We were determined, however, that the effusions of the class room wit should not upset us in our pious intention to absorb the principles of law, and consequently we took heroic measures. Before opening the FORTNIGHTLY we made sure that our supply of *pain killer* was not in need of replenishment and that hot water and lemons were within easy reach. Having taken these wise and necessary precautions, we sat down and faced the Legal Briefs. Fortified from without as indicated, and possessed inwardly with a dogged determination to win, it is not reasonable to suppose that we failed. We triumphed. We fought and worried through every joke and class room witticism, and came out on top. As time passed, we became more seasoned to the semi-mensual flow of jocularity, and of course as our knowledge of the enemy increased the advantage