

For naive inconsequence and unconscious humor, nothing that ever was in print is better than the little note below. A physician recently sent to the address of one of his patients a bill for professional services, and within ten days received the following letter written on the back of his memorandum:

Deer Sur this noat was put in my box by mistake I hant the man hee's deed and aint any relation of mine anyway. I dont see how your conchens will let you dun the dead. Why dont you live a better criston life and live and let live and try to meat that man who dide in heaven which is worth more than forty dollars to enny doctor.—*Selected.*

Science.

LAST spring there was formed a Mining Society, composed of Queens' students, in affiliation with the Canadian Mining Institute; and as there exists some misunderstanding as to just what this society is, and of the benefits derived by membership, it would perhaps be not out of place to make some explanation.

In March, 1902, a letter was received from the secretary of the Can. Mining Institute, stating that if the Mining Society of Queen's would join in a body, they could do so, on payment of one dollar per head, the usual fee for individual student membership being two dollars. At that time we had no organization known as Queen's Mining Society, and since the secretary's offer was made in consideration of securing a number of students, the only thing to do was to form such a society. Under the direction and ad-

vice of Dr. Goodwin this was done; and the Mining Society of Queen's was launched with an enrollment of thirty members. It is perhaps hardly necessary to emphasize the benefits derived by student members of the Can. Mining Institute, other than by saying that the students enjoy all the privileges except the right to vote. Any one who is able to attend a general meeting and hear the important discussions of mining and metallurgical problems that are met in every-day life by Canadian engineers, will be more than satisfied that he has invested his dollar wisely. Also the papers read before the Institute are neatly bound, and copies are sent to each member; and these volumes alone being worth treble the money paid for membership.

It is desired to send in a larger membership this year, and as this can only be done by the students coming forward we would advise each student in mining to take advantage of this opportunity of identifying himself with the strongest engineering society in Canada.

THE SOLILOQUIES OF THE FINAL YEAR.

When the Med. gets thru' his grindin'

And has got his sheepskin hung,

He just sits and waits fer fellers

To bring a case along.

He's sure enough of business,

For there's always someone sore,
And the boss can't come and soak him,

If he kills a score or more.

The divinity gets hooded

In a new black coat and pants,
And scares up out of preachin'

750 and a manse.

The arts man's just a trainin'