

## Class Reports.

### MEDICAL NEWS.

Our dinner of this year promises to eclipse in every respect those of years gone by. Our genial President, Mr. Fred. Wainwright, assisted by Mr. Lyster and Mr. A. L. Foster, are leaving no stones unturned to procure for all those concerned a thoroughly enjoyable evening. It has been definitely settled that we shall dine at the Windsor on Dec. 10th, and all that is now desired is the full co-operation of every student in medicine. We do not prophecy too much by saying, that in after years we will look back on the night of Dec. 10th, '06, with very great pleasure indeed, therefore, gentlemen, do not miss the chance of a lifetime.

Mr. H. Pittis, '98, was called home last week by the sudden death of his father. Mr. Pittis has the profound sympathy of his class.

An excellent photograph of the medical buildings appeared recently. It was taken from the top of the Science building. Our "friend to the left" will be pleased to supply all intending purchasers.

Some of the members of class '08, thirsting for more knowledge on "Primary Subjects," attended a Second year lecture the other day, and were astonished to learn the following fact, viz: "If a man were to injure himself while running for a train it would be because he was not 'in training'."

A meeting of the Sigma Pi Club was held last week, at which some new members were initiated. A "good time" was spent by all.

We are glad to announce that Mr. O'Shaughnessy, '98, is rapidly recovering from a rather severe illness and will soon be with us again.

A glance at a final student after 7<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> p. m., would convince the most skeptical that the fatiguing 5 o'clock lecture held forth no longer. We cannot be too grateful to the members of the Faculty

who brought about this very desirable change in the programme.

The Fortnightly would be pleased to publish the wants of the First year at least, occasionally.

### LEGAL BRIEFS.

#### PROMINENT LEGALITIES.

*Mr. Dickson*, from the Eastern Townships. A man of strong convictions. Self-complacency rules his demeanor. Self-confidence is his guiding star. The high pitched voice; the emphatic nod of the head; the striking of one hand by the other, all denote the egotist. He convinces himself, always; his auditors, rarely.

*Mr. Bond*: his temperament is Southern. But he lacks the languor, the lassitude, the repose of the South. Like the fiery steed, he scents the battle. He is bursting with impatience, with restrained energy. In his turn, he pours forth torrents of utterances. His words overtake each other; surround each other; lose their individuality. He is emphatic; spasmodic. He resembles a whirlwind; a tempest. But it is the tempest of the tea-pot. It does no damage.

Legislation governs. It is the law. But it is human. It has defects. And so our Constitutions cannot resist minute inspection: the inspection of the erudite. Mr. Cook has studied it; he knows its weaknesses. They continuously rise up before him; haunt him in his dreams; dodge him in his walks abroad. They reproach him for their existence. They cause him uneasiness; unhappiness. And to quiet them he desires their obliteration; their annihilation. And so he moves the "suspension of the constitution." The motion looks harmless. It carries. And C. is jovial again.

The human mind is an enigma: a maze in which one may wander forever without finding its secret. In its mysterious recesses the fam-