

arrange for music, rockets, etc., and, when the big clock on the Cathedral rang out the hour of seven on Friday evening, October 15th, all was in readiness for a big time. To tell of the fun we had on that eventful night is almost beyond my vivid imagination. However, I will try, for methinks I remember something about it, but do not expect too much, gentle reader, for you know it was OUR night and, of course, that meant that we owned the town.

At precisely 6.45 p.m., about seventy of our fellows met in the medical building, where we donned our theatre-night costumes. Each man wore a high cone-shaped card-board hat, made in McGill colors with 1930 printed upon it in large black type, and having a hole at the apex, so that it could be used as a megaphone. A red and white scarf was thrown over his right shoulder, while a large chrysanthemum of similar colors adorned his left button-hole. When all was in readiness we left the building in pairs like a lot of "Johnny Jumpers," and marched down to the College gates, where we were joined by the students of other years and faculties. We took our place immediately behind the band, and after a short wait the procession started on its "downward path" via McGill College avenue and St. Catherine street. At frequent intervals along the march our crowd yelled through their hats, and ever and anon our war whoop could be heard. At Union avenue the column took a jog around Phillip's square and stormed the trees with rockets. In due time the motley crowd arrived at the Monument National, and was soon packed nicely away in the "gods," where it remained quietly (?) till the concert was over. During the evening, a number of the thoughtful ones went out and bought baskets of grapes, which they generously passed around together with remnants of baskets. This with a few other novelties made the evening pass happily by, and when the fun was (not) over we adjourned once more to the streets where we roped in a cab with a piece of string, and hauled some of the artists to their homes. This did not end the fun for the boys of the century class. They skipped up Union avenue—serenading Doctor Roddick on the way, surrounded the Statue of Queen Victoria in front of the Royal Victoria College, which had been already unveiled by some of their brethren, and sang the National anthem—a fitting close to a McGill students' night.

It would be leaving out the best part of the evening if we failed to draw your attention to the energetic manner in which the manager of our war department conducted himself. During the evening he calmed his thirst several times with water, and then he was ready for battle. He made eleven trolley cars follow slowly behind our carriage, by standing on the fender and searing the front motorman half to death. Next he noticed several "Arts" men carrying their banner ahead of us. These he told to go home and go to bed, and they did it. On Sherbrooke street, a couple of little McGill fellows wearing peaked straw hats got tangled up among the Meds. He frightened the poor little chaps till their hair stood on end, and then showed them the way home. I expect they're going yet. Every thing had to get out of the way of the century class, and the moon even stayed out of sight.

Our two foot-ball favorites, Duffy and Turner, are doing magnificent work for the senior team.

Among the new men who are coming to the front is Horace Coates. He plays scrimmage, and can go through a whole squad of men. His kicking passeth all understanding.

Wilmot—you'll be a star some day—If you kick so high you'll soon shine in the sky.

Next issue we'll continue our account of the progress of the different players. In the meantime, all turn out and help captain Harry Hill to win the Gunn Cup for the century class.

One of our lecturers who was unfamiliar with the list of names is the victim of the following joke. In calling the roll he ran up against some peculiarly pronounced names. So he became rather shaky about tackling any more stickers. Soon he came to another one of them, and without word of explanation he forgetfully said to the class: "What's this next name here?" and the class roared.

Tom Sullivan is having a sore time with his knee. Doctor Garrow decided that a plaster of paris cast was necessary. We sympathize with you old boy, and hope you will soon be well.

The class reporter for the third year fared pretty badly in that scrap in number III if his account in the last issue of FORTNIGHTLY counts for anything. The language he used against the century class evidently came from a field of grass.