

'95's ANNUAL dinner approacheth ! The president looketh concerned ; the treasurer anxious : the members important ; the matron cheerful ; '94, '96 and '97 curious. Let them wait ! What concept is adequate ?

To-morrow is only a dream, no doubt,
But the dream comes true to the most devout.

"A LITTLE adversity worketh wondrously in winning a man to live excellent well." So saith S——, as he gazes ruefully upon his new photographs, wherein appear not even the most indifferent indications of that fondly-cherished finger-smoother.

THE Mathematical Society convened in room 8, on the 30th ult., at 4.30 p.m., S. R. Tarr, '95, presiding. There was a fair attendance and the following excellent programme was received with relish : A paper on "Conic Sections," by Miss McKay, '94 ; "Pre-Euclidean Geometry," by W. J. Pady, '97 ; "Trisection of the Angle," by J. W. Russell, '95, historical and illustrative. :

EXCERPTS FROM OUR CORRESPONDENCE :—

"Is it proper for a young man to walk down Yonge St., with his hands encased in his trousers' pockets ?"—*Diogenes*.

No ! Nor for an old man, nor down any other street, nor with his hands in any other person's pockets.

"Should not the freshmen be hustled ?"—*Soph*.

Unless you pine for broken head,
With large and blackish eye,
And wish to spend a month in bed,
We prithee, do not try !

MIRABILE DICTU :—

"Don't care a fig !"
"It makes me *tired*."—*Thorold*.
"That's so, for a fact."—*Kendall*.
"Well, sir, it was great !"—*Trotter*.
"Hurrah, boys, shoot on goal !"—*Brown*.
"We all know what Freeman's waiting for."—*Stobo*.
"You are plis'd to be facetious, Mist' Stobo."—*Baghdasarian*.
"Literary copiousness in the stead of logical cogency."
"Mr. er, ah, em,—oh, Harry, there, at the end of the table."
—*McIntyre*.

CHORUS : CLASS SONG OF '95 :—

"Oh, '95 is the crowd for me !
We agree,
Don't you see ?

For in '95,
Together we strive, together we thrive,
And together at the goal of success we arrive,—
Then faster, ever faster,
Cheer, —'95, McMaster !"