

to all who attend its courses are of such great import to the individuals and to the State.

Next month the Ottawa Valley Graduates Society meets, and will discuss a number of interesting topics. The constitution, by-laws and prospectus of the Society is now being printed, and will shortly be issued.

Last May the Society held a most successful banquet at which Sir Wm. Dawson, Dr. T. Wesley Mills, and representatives from Toronto, Queen's, Victoria, Laval, etc., were present. But more anon.

HENRY M. AMI.

TIM O'GALLAGHER.

Recited by Mr. D. GUTHRIE, B.A., at the Science Concert in the Windsor Hall.)

Me name is Tim O'Gallagher,—there's Oirish in that same:—
Me parients from the Inmerald Oile beyant the Ocean came.
Me father came from Donegal, me mother came from Clare,
But oi was born in Pontiac, beside the Belle Riviere.
Oi spint me choildhood tamin' bears and fellin' timber traas,
And catchin' salmon tin fate long and doin' what oi plaze.
Oi got me iddication from the Riverind Father Blake;
He taught me Latin Grammar and he afther taught me Grake.
Till oi could rade the classics in a distint sort of way—
'Twas the sadetoime of the harvist that oi'm rapin' ivry day.
Me parients thought me monsthrus smart—of thim 'twas
awful koinl,

And where oi'd go to College now was what perplexed their moind.

So they axed the Riverind Father Blake what varsity was best
To make a docther, bachelor, and lawyer and the rest.
Said Father Blake, "If oi must make decision faith oi will:
Sure, sind the boy to Munthreal, there's none loike Ould
McGill."

So oi came to Munthreal and found McGill one afternoon,
And saw a great excoited crowd all shoutin' out of tune;
And in the centre thorty min was foightin' jist loike mad.
And two big fellows on the top of one poor little lad.
Oi turned indignant to the crowd and tould thim to their face,
"Ye pack of coward savages enciviloized and lase,
To stand and see two stalwart min abusin' one that way;
Oi loike a gladiatorial shew, but loike to see fair play."
So oi jumped in the arena and oi caught thim by the shirt,
And oi knocked their hids together and consigned thim to the dirt.

Oi was removed and they were carried home, but all the same
Though Ould McGill was two min short, she won that Football
Game.

They thought oi was a funny chap, and when they played agin.
They put me in the scrimmage—. We got thorty-foive to tin.

Thim oi wint up to College whin the lectures would begin;
Oi took notes of ivry lecture—when oi happened to be in;
Get me work up, kija me note-books in the illigintest shape;
Oi took notes of ivry lecture—barrin' whin oi was ashlope.
But oen! oi troy to do me hist, for sure it's Father Blake
As says the foinist Faculty is Arts, and no mistake,
For they they tache Philosophy and English Literature,
And Mathematics also and the classic authors sure.
Oi larned the Gracian poethry, oi larned the Latin prese,
Oi know as much about thim both as me professor knows:
How Hannibal wint shloidin' and how Caysar loiked his Gaul;
How Socrates did Athens in his noight-shirt—that was all.
How Xerxes wept because his army soon would pass away,
And Alexander wept because there were no more to shlay.
How Brutus dhropped his partner and dissolved the Roman firm,
And Caysar wasint mayor af'n—jist for another term?

Oi'd the honor of a mornin' with an influential Med.
And he took me to the room in which they mutilate the dead.
Oi don't object to crack a skull or spoil a purty face,
But to hack a man what's dead is what oi called extramely base.
But all personal convictions, he explained, should be resigned
For the binifit of science and the good of human koinl;
And though oi don't at all admoire their ways of goin' on,
Oi'll take a course in Midicine, oi will, before oi'm gone.

Oi saw the Science workshops too, and thought whin oi was
made,

These little hands were niver mint to larn the blacksmith trade.
And for that ilietricity, the thing what gives the shock,
They collared old Prometheus and chained him to a rock
For a playin' with the loightnin' and a reachin' to the skoies,
And the vultures gnawed his vitles and the crows picked out
his oyes.

But toimes has changed, and larnin gives us power, don't you
see,

And whin oi'm done with Arts oi'll take that splindid Faculty,
For sure it's from their worshops that the solar system's run;
Besoides, they make the wither too and rigulate the sun.

Oi troied exams at Christmas, and oi didn't pass at all,
But oi can have another whack at thim nixt Spring and Fall.
In toime oi'll pass in ivrything, and study all they tache;
Oi'll go through ivry Faculty and come out head in aiche.
And whin oi've studied all, loike Alexander oi will soigh
There is no more to master, and oi'll lay me down and doie.
They'll bury me with honors and erect in me behalf
A monumint which shall display the followin' epitaph:—

Here loies shwate Tim O'Gallagher,—sure he had wits
to shpare.—

His father came from Donegal, his mother came from
Clare.

He was a shplindid scholar, for he studied at McGill;
He drank the well of larnin' dhroy (and faith he got
his fill).

Was niver mortal craythur larned to such a great
degree.—

B.A.M.A.M.D.C.M.B.Sc.L.L.D.

CAP'N. GORM.

ARTS' DINNER

"Happy we've been a' thegither,
Happy we've been yin an' a'
Time shall find us a' the blither
When we rise to gang awa'."—BURNS

On Friday evening, the 27th ult., the Arts Dinner took place; to say that it was a success would be but slightly describing the glorious event. At about 8.15 o'clock the professors and students, marching in with the glowing strains of sweet music greeting them, comfortably filled the Ladies' Ordinary of the Windsor Hotel, and a sumptuous repast such as the Windsor is celebrated for was begun and had justice done it. The menu card was very tastefully gotten up with appropriate and widely chosen quotations. The toasts were well arranged, and though the proposers generally dwelt too long on their remarks, it can safely be said that all were admirably given and admirably replied to.

Mr Chas Mansur, Arts '03, president of his year, presided, having on his right our most worthy Dean Dr.