

Around the Halls

University College

Any wishing to subscribe for "Varsity" for the remainder of the year may do so by paying the sum of fifty cents.

Mac C—m—r—n: "Never mind, Morrison, we'll be getting our names on a new cigar yet."

E. J. Archibald has made a joke. "Going round cracking jokes, Mac?" said he, as he perceived the writer parading the rotunda, hammer in hand.

Mocking Echoes from the Parliament

"Choice Lobster" Bilkey to "Ananias Next" McEvoy, the day after: "You know, Mac, a lot of the fellows think I'm a girl still!"

We have wondered for some time "what ailed" A. M. Dallas. It all came out on Friday night, when it transpired that he was engaged to Minnie M. Our heartiest, Archie!

"What was the best joke you made at the Mock Parliament, Walter?"

"Oh,—er—they were all so good, Mac."

Clerk of the House calls "Miss Sunrise!" (Exit two horrified and scandalized maidens, with eyes modestly downcast. Painful sensation among audience).

Josephus Epaphroditus Cartwright Gibson: "The following gentlemen are advised to generalize:—(Most of the M.P.'s move uneasily in their seats)."

The men of the second year have organized a glee club of about fifteen members and are learning some of the "old-time" college songs. The object is to assist in the programmes at the regular year meetings held every three weeks, and to lead their Year in the singing at the Arts' Dinner. Regular practices are held on Mondays and Fridays.

Watt (who makes his first appearance for the day at 10 a.m.): "I would sacrifice a lecture any time to the god of breakfast."

K—y: "I've been kicking myself all over, the whole day."

Cr—g: "If you're getting tired, I don't mind relieving you for a few minutes."

Jones, '07, as Prof. Baker reproves him for a certain lack of aptness in Analytical Geometry: "I don't know much about the Calculus, sir." (Prof. affects to be "flabbergasted.")

Craig (who has missed his breakfast on a beautiful Sunday morning): "Don't go so fast; I am trying to kill time till dinner time and then I'll kill something more than time."

Kay: "Then you'll kill yourself."

He started in his Freshman year, And gained deep learning there; He meant to go through college, and Become a millionaire.

He grew to be a Sophomore— His wisdom came in chunks; He thought a salary would do Of fifteen thousand plunks.

His junior year passed rapidly; He's learned by this time that A man's in luck if he can earn Say, fifteen hundred flat.

And when his senior year was o'er, He started out to seek A modest little job that paid Ten dollars every week.

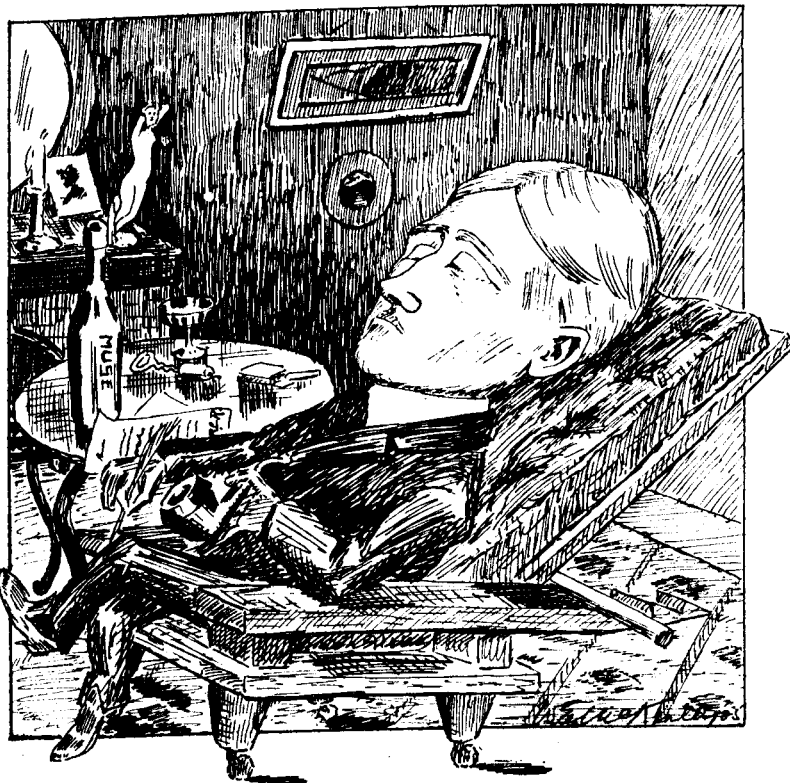
Cleveland Leader.

Medicine

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It may fairly be said that our first annual At Home was a decided success. The attendance was about as large as the Gymnasium could accommodate, and of the whole number of those present, there are few who will not assert that they spent a thoroughly enjoyable evening. The manner in which the whole affair was carried out is worthy of high praise, and the committee in charge have shown themselves worthy of the trust we bestowed upon them, and have earned the gratitude of us all, for on the success of this year's venture rests the fate of future At Homes, and we no longer need hesitate to say what that fate will be. As Dr. Parsons said in his generous praise to the boys on the following morning, "The Dinner was simply not in it for a moment." There is not a vestige of doubt that the affair proved to be a thoroughly popular move, and with the assurance that the financial outcome has not proved unsatisfactory, we are satisfied to consider that our annual At Home has become a settled thing and the best and most important function of our college year. A further account of last week's At Home will appear in the Xmas number of The Varsity, next week.

Friday morning saw a surprise sprung upon us in the shape of a neatly-printed folder announcing that the first open meeting of the Medical Society for this year would take place that evening. The notice given was a short one, yet a large audience turned out in answer to it, and were rewarded by one of the best programmes ever given by the Medical Society. The first number was a song by Mr. Shepherd, of '08, whose splendid singing is always pleasant to hear. Then we were treated to a really excellent address by Prof. Powell, entitled "The Country Doctor," and the blending of wit, pathos, sympathy and good sense with which the professor treated this subject, showed not only his skill as an entertaining lecturer and speaker, but his breadth and sincerity as a man. It was in no glowing colors that he treated the hard, self-sacrificing life of the cross-roads doctor with his long midnight drives, weary vigils and heart-breaking defeats, yet he so enlarged upon the nobility of the service and its true rewards that he had little difficulty in persuading his audience that the country doctor has good reason to be an optimist of optimists; and as good a specimen of the genus homo as a man could wish to be. The second speaker of the evening was Dr. F. J. Sheahan, who gave a lengthy address advocating the development of an undergraduate club among the



"COME, HEAVENLY MUSE, INSPIRE MY LAYS!"

Reade