

Donalda News.

Owing to the weather, the class in Geology has been obliged to forego their rambles as "collectors of fossils," not "antiquities." This is a disappointment to those who wished to become proficient in wielding the hammer.

The fourth year are indebted to the kindness of one of their number for a delightful opportunity of enjoying social intercourse free from the associations of "cap and gown."

Class "'93" have appointed a committee from their number to arrange for a "class pin." Suggestions are in order.

The "Donaldas" appreciate the thoughtfulness which supplied them with Programme and Souvenir of Theatre night. Those who attended feel that the students may "gloat" over their success.

Yes, we all did "Warner," but she said she was not afraid of an honor science course, so long as she had a Derrick to help her. Neither was she afraid of any shoals "Tatley" to "Lee" ward.

The Reading Room is appearing in better colors, thanks to the exertions of the present committee. Improvement is still to be looked for in the matter of Magazines. Members must adhere to the rule, that no book or paper can be carried from the room.

An organ has been hired on advantageous terms by the Y.W.C.A., and stands in the second year classroom. Music is a pleasant addition to the meetings of the Society.

Musical boxes are much appreciated on the avenue.

JUNIORS AFTER SNOW-STORM.

Cause.—They had forgotten to calculate the extra time required for a body to be moved up a gradient from which friction had been removed to a great extent.

Effect.—Reprimanded for being late.
November 2nd, 10 a.m.

Prof.—"The tympanic membrane of the two ears did not vibrate in unison, and consequently music was a perfect torture to him."

Soph.—But, professor, if some one played an awful discord would he hear it as a harmony?

What are our Sophomores coming to? One of their number actually announced to a professor lately, that she had been looking at "that ladd" without any satisfactory result being obtained.

Medical Class Reports.

There was a grand old time in the Upper Lecture room on Friday. Two very momentous questions had to be decided: I. Was a Faculty or University Dinner to be held this year? II. If a Faculty Dinner were decided upon, who was to preside? The room was as thickly packed as a "Tangle-foot fly-catcher" in the middle of August. First Year men modestly stood on the back-seats, and exercised that peculiar function for which they are celebrated—their voices would have drowned half-a-dozen German bands rolled into one. Order, however, was restored when Mr. Bostwick stepped forward and explained the object of the meeting. The proceedings having been duly opened, Mr. Fry proposed a University Dinner. Then was Pandemonium let loose, and everybody but the proposer, seconder and another supporter of the motion yelled until the very panes rattled with excitement. Mr. Walker with much emotion declared that everything would end in "a fizzle" if a Faculty dinner were not held—so a vote was taken. The hands that went up in favor of the motion might have been counted on the fingers. "What's the matter with a University dinner?" demanded someone, and the whispering answer came, "Oh, its all *Wright*!" Then came the question of President. Mr. Johnstone, 2nd year, proposed Mr. Jamieson, 4th year. Mr. Deeks proposed Mr. Flemming. He said Mr. Flemming had an imposing appearance (which he has), that he ate well (this statement was greeted with tremendous cheering)—in fact he was his ideal president. Then up jumped Mr. Robt. Wilson, jun., and his remarks resulted in a little playful badinage between himself and Mr. Deeks, which was hugely appreciated by the assembled students. All this time Mr. Henderson (4th year) was nervously looking at his watch; and at last, moved by an irresistible desire to absorb more knowledge, pathetically exhorted those present to remember that Dr. Laffeur was waiting to lecture. Then he sat down, looking like a gentleman at the stake as represented in Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*. So a vote was at once taken. It resulted as follows:—

Mr. Flemming.....	142
Mr. Jamieson.....	119

Majority for Mr. Flemming..... 23

And Mr. Henderson gathered up his note-books and "scooted."