

We hear that a member of the Second Year intends challenging the champion of the "Maher-Fitzsimmons Fight." We offer a word of warning.

What is the matter with K —'s nose?

### FEATHERS FROM THE EAST WING.

#### FOURTH YEAR.

It is well known among our graduates that, last spring, Miss Donalda McFee, B.A., obtained the degree of Ph.D. at the University of Zurich, but we feel sure many of our undergraduates have as yet not heard of it, nor has it been mentioned in the paper of her Alma Mater. Miss McFee was a member of the pioneer class of women at McGill, and graduated in 1888 with First Rank Honors in Philosophy. She then went to Cornell to continue her philosophical studies: thence to Leipzig, in 1891, and two years later to Zurich, where she wrote the thesis, "Berkeley's brene Theorie des Sehens," for which the degree was granted. Late as it is, we would congratulate her most warmly on her splendid career, and wish her all future success.

On reading this, one of our wags insists upon adding:—

"Lives of women such as this one  
Leave *this* foot-print in the sand;  
German thesis may be written  
Even by a female hand."

By the time a Donalda has attained the dignity of a Senior, one might reasonably expect some slight familiarity with the subjects of her Honor Course. But such is not the case with *some* of the class of '96. One of the most illustrious of that Year, when asked to define a simple Latin word, could only do so by giving a practical illustration. Another member of the Year has been severely criticized by one of '99 for her inability to furnish the French equivalent for some college slang.

Scene in Honor History: The students are writing industriously with their thoughts far away in sunny France with the Duc de Guise, when suddenly they are brought back to cold and snow clad Canada, for lo! the roof opens, a ladder is plunged into their midst, and a pair of stoutly clad legs appear upon it. There soon follows the rest of some "horny-handed son of toil," bearing, not as they, scarcely awakened, expected, a lightly poised lance or a flashing sabre, but a shovel and a pipe. As all this descended, the figure seemed to say: "Life is real, life is earnest, my young friends, and you must

remember there are roofs to be shovelled, which, to my mind, is a much better occupation than to be assassinating and murdering all one's fellow-men, as those old French fellows did whom you admire."

We read the other day of a man awaking with screams from a nightmare in which he thought his little son was "a minus quantity under the radical sign, and *he could not get him out.*"

Senior (to junior who has been studying Physiology).—"Just feel my muscle. What kind of fibre do you think that is?"

Junior.—"Striped fibre, of course."

Senior.—"No; fibre chamois."

#### THIRD YEAR.

On the 15th inst., the members of the Third Year assembled at the University Club for their annual lunch. To them belongs the credit of first utilizing the benefits afforded by the new institution, and the result has been more than satisfactory. This has been the most enjoyable of all their lunches, and perhaps it was owing to the absence of formality, for nobody was made unhappy by the thought of her impending speech, yet their friends were by no means forgotten in the impromptu and enthusiastic toasting.

Donaldas '97 are already looking forward to an event of the same kind next year.

Third Year Donaldas.—"A———what are you reading?"

A——.—"Please don't laugh. It is a commentary on Micah."

Third Year Donaldas.—"What's Micah? Oh! I know. That's what they put in hall stoves, isn't it?"

#### SECOND YEAR.

The Sophomore class-lunch came off on Shrove Tuesday. Contrary to time-honored custom, it was held, not in the College, but at the University Club. By this arrangement much trouble was spared, and the lunch, from a culinary point of view, was all that could have been desired. Thanks to the decoration committee, the table was very prettily adorned with flowers. At first a shadow was cast over the assembly by the announcement that we numbered thirteen. The gloom deepened when our President interpreted this as foreboding not death but a "pluck" to one of us. But by degrees cheerfulness was restored, and when it was time for the President