

annually the first Friday evening in November to re-organize for the academic year.

For the present a meeting will be held every Thursday evening at 5 p.m. in the Jun. Classics room. All interested in these studies are invited to attend.

MEDITATIONS.

1. They that forsake the law and "slope" classes continually, delight in wickedness; but the Profs. will laugh at their calamity in the spring and will mock when their fear cometh.

2. As a roaring divinity and a raging bear, so do the wicked seniors rule over the poor freshies.

3. The tongue of the freshman useth knowledge aright, but the mouth of the sophomore poureth out foolishness.

4. The Levana society understandeth not judgment, else they wouldst have invited the "boys" to their "bun-feed." Therefore, Levana, get wisdom and understanding.

5. Whoso keepeth the law is a wise son; but he that is a companion of the riotous divinities shameth his friends.

6. O Daughter of Queen's, have respect unto John, and write thou no more to the JOURNAL concerning his extraordinary appetite.

7. The sleep of the freshmen is sweet and innocent; but the "sloping" of the divinities and the "grinding" of the seniors will not suffer them to sleep."

8. If thou hast not paid thy JOURNAE fee, pay it at once; better that thou shouldst not subscribe than that thou shouldst take the JOURNAL and not pay.

Now, therefore, hear instruction, and be wise, and refuse it not.

MEDICAL NOTES.

Will the *gentleman*—!—! who stole my gloves kindly return them.—Hughie Walker.

The college "am amoverin'." The days of the dreaded concursus are past and gone. A new era in college life has surely set in when our Freshmen force their Seniors to undergo a form of initiation. They forced not only one of their Seniors but one of the officers of the high and mighty concursus to a water tap in the college and endeavoured to put him through a process of ablution. Such an indignity they would have heaped on the Crier of the Court and the eloquent orator of the second year had not the Senior Prosecuting Attorney placed himself before the tap and in thundering tones bade the persecutors desist. The frail hearted Freshies recognized the jovial tone and fled. Surely when one Senior can terrify twenty, these Freshies can easily be reduced to obedience. Awake thou that sleepest and quell this spirit.

Some time ago we were elated over the prospect of a Medical Library being opened. Before Christmas a new case entered the college and the rumour spread that it was the arrival of the first part of the Library. On our return we found it filled with drugs and no books could be seen. Some wondered if the books had followed the Medical Dictionary placed in the college some time ago. Someone, however, offered the explanation that in the calendar he saw that the Medical Library was open to the students of the Veterinary College, so we have concluded these students have made away with all the Library. If someone would only show us where this Veterinary School is located we would soon recover that lost Medical Library, or———.

All her acquaintances will be sorry to learn that an accident befel Miss Drennan that will hinder her from attending college for some time.

I move that we erase Botany from the curriculum.—T. Mooney.

I move we erase Materia Medica.—W. Kelly.

Upon an average, twice a week,
Whan anguish clouds my brow,
My good physician friend I seek,
To know "what ails me now."
He taps me on the back and chest,
And scans my tongue for bile,
And lays an ear against my breast,
And listens there a while.
Then is he ready to admit
That all he can observe,
Is something wrong inside, to wit :—
My pneumogastric nerve!

* * * * *
Alas! what things I dearly love—
Pies, puddings and preserves—
Are sure to rouse the vengeance of
All pneumogastric nerves!
Oh, that I could remodel man!
I'd end these cruel pains
By hitting on a different plan
From that which now obtains.
The stomach, greatly amplified,
Anon should occupy,
The all of that domain inside
Where heart and lungs now lie.
But, first of all, I should depose
That diabolic curve
And author of my thousand woes,
The pneumogastric nerve!

—Ex.

SCHOOL OF MINING NOTES.

It is said that several Freshmen attended Prof. Miller's lecture on "Marbles" expecting an elucidation of the rules of the juvenile game, but met with keen disappointment. We wonder if the Divinity who used to work up his physique by playing that game was present.

A proposition is on foot among the boys in the laboratories to procure a phonograph that will keep up a torrent of strong language at incorrect estimations and broken apparatus, and relieve the students of that important duty.