

an appearance to-day after an absence of over eleven months. It is strange how little effect Carbo lignite and lard has on some faces.

#### OBITUARY.

It is with sincere sorrow that we have here to chronicle the death of Mr. A. J. A. Ewing, a Student in the Faculty of Comparative Medicine and Veterinary Science. He was a general favorite throughout the entire University, being an active member of the foot-ball team, and a prominent figure in University athletics.

Although but eighteen he was in the graduating class, and gave ample promise of a useful future.

After one short week of illness his sturdy frame that had so ably upheld the honor of his Faculty on the foot-ball field and tug-of-war contest succumbed to a fatal sickness. He was buried on the 26th of Nov. As a token of the deep respect with which he was held by his fellow-students, a beautiful floral shield gotten up in McGill colors, with the words "our class-mate" worked across it, was presented by his fellow-students. The funeral took place from his father's house, 22 Shuter street, and was preceded by his sorrowing fellow students, students of the other Faculties and members of the foot-ball team. Six of his own year '93 bore the remains of their departed companion and friend to his last resting place, where as a last and fitting tribute to his memory his fellow-students sang in feeling accents the grand old hymn "Nearer My God to Thee."

#### WOMAN'S WRITES.

By the way, can any one suggest why our supply of "pin-money" should be increased?

We fancy the Donaldas of Arts '93 are pretty good authorities on this point.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid, how many may you be?"

"How many? seven in all," she said, and wondrous looked at me.

We also were seven when a short time ago we set out for the Quarries. The object of our trip was "Photography and petrography." No one who saw us ascending Mount Royal's rugged slope at a rate which bade fair to outrival electricity (we mean street railway electricity) needed to cast any unkind aspersions on our zeal. Nothing but lack of space prevents us from favoring the general public with the details of our adventures. Those who feel any curiosity on this subject may receive full particulars by applying to any of "the Seven Wise ones of the East" (though, on second thoughts, two of us may be claimed by the West). Suffice it to say, that for pure unselfishness we stand unrivalled. "Why?" .... Did we "pocket" the garnets we found by the way-side? No, we left them for Arts '94, and returned home with our hammers unused and our bags empty.

"As it is tough, we should have to use a whole pig."

At least so our esteemed professor informed us one Saturday morning in the museum. Oh, Science, thy language is misleading.

Arts '96 must be very precocious since one professor declared them to be quite advanced in Mathematics at the early age of six. Opinions differ, however, for by another they were advised to take up a subscription for rattles *pour passe* / *l'ups* during lectures.

Inquisitive Freshy: "What is your last exam. this year?"

Melancholy Sophomore: "Post-mortem."

Freshy faints.

Devout Donaldas wish to inquire what is the proper temperature for prayers.

Lately some Students have been complaining of a cold in the head. Is this on the principle that nature abhors a vacuum?

#### TO R.....

Ashes of roses, withered and dead,  
Colorless, odorless, there they lie.  
Their once sweet and glowing beauty has fled;  
They are dead, for all things fair must die.  
These pale faded ghosts bring back to me  
Memories of days that long since have fled;  
Days when dearest of friends were we,  
Days alas! that like them are dead.  
And yet, those days of friendship past,  
I could not wish them back again;  
For thought of what has been can ne'er be so sweet  
As thoughts of that which might have been.

Nov. 11, 1892.

DONALDA.

#### MEDICAL CLASS REPORTS.

Messrs. Lawrence and Tompkins have returned from Toronto, where they have been representing McGill at the annual Medical banquets of Toronto and Trinity Universities. They both express the highest satisfaction with the reception and hospitality extended to them. A marked feature of the visit was the courtesy shown them by the various professors, both in college and hospital. Special reference might also be made to the genial "house staff" of the Toronto General Hospital, who proved themselves to be "jolly good fellows." The menu card of the Toronto University dinner, shown by Mr. Lawrence, is a gem of artistic delicacy and jovial suggestiveness. Go on, Toronto, and prosper. You hold a warm place in the heart of "Old McGill."

Messrs. Hall, Jakes and O'Connor are to be congratulated upon the manner in which they entertained the representatives from sister universities. They were the right men in the right place.

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"Jimmie" McShane, when speaking at the Medical dinner, stated that he owed much of his greatness to