

Could the following in a letter picked up in the avenue have reference to the moon: "Full to-night, full last night, full eleven nights out of fifteen."

The class reporters in Science are: T. McLeod '93, C. H. Longworth '94, F. Wilkin '95, S. Bishop '96.

### Arts News.

Messrs. Howard and Leroy have been elected to represent the second year on the Reading Room Committee.

In the report of the Sports, the name Sutherland should be read in place of "Bucker" in the list of the Arts tug-of-war team; and the captain was Mr. John R. Dobson, B.A.

For the excellent music with which we were furnished on the day of the sports, Mr. Wm. Bond of the third year is to be thanked, and the band of the Prince of Wales Rifles.

It is rumored that some Arts men, fond of fruit, are in the habit of going over to the Science building at lunch time to eat electric currents. This is all right so long as the power is not required to dine a more voracious Faculty.

In this connection it may be mentioned that the first year has Latin to-Dey and French to-Morin.

The Dean has come to the conclusion that the first year Science is altogether too pushing.

Prof.—"Don't put your hand on the mercury ball, that's the way Hamilton has of heating the class-rooms."

A meeting of the Students of the Faculty was held with regard to the adoption of a university pin, which, we were wrongly given to understand, had been adopted by the students in Medicine. It was decided to have nothing to do with the pin in question. At the same time a general opinion was expressed, favorable to the selection of some such ornamental distinction, to be chosen by a committee representing all the students. A few dissented. Of course, it's a matter of a pin, you.

Fourth Year Man.—"And have I to grind up all that third year work again?"

—"That's what the calendar says."

F.Y.M.—"I thought we were living near the end of the 19th century."

—"Why, that's just it, my boy. We *are* living at the end of the 19th century, and it falls upon us, whose

misfortune it is to constitute this last generation to revert to the customs of those gone by. But we! forward to a change, and that's what *fin a* means."

### Comparative Medicine.

A. Gaudry, D.V. M. (Laval), is taking a post graduate course in this Faculty. He proposes taking a McGill degree.

Dr. Gunn (M.D., I.R.C.P.) (Eng.) has consented to conduct the annual series of Therapeutical experiments in connection with the Montreal Veterinary Medical Society, special attention to the toxic effects of the secretions of the animal body.

Professor Chas. McEachran, who recently had the misfortune to sustain a severe sprain of the knee joint while in the field at a meeting of the Montreal Hunt Club, is now able to be out and is once more at the College. The boys are all glad to have Dr. "Charlie" with them again where his genial face was greatly missed.

We are glad to say that the long talked of Reading Room has at last been fitted up in the most modern style, and can confidently state that it stands without a rival in the Dominion if not on the Continent, thanks to the indefatigable efforts put forth by the students more especially of the Second Year.

The long lost "Charlie Ross" arrived in town on Friday, in time to take in the "Cruiskeen Lawn." What's the matter with "Henry" the 1st (of his kind).

We are reliably informed that each one of the Art's and Science were presented with a card as a reward of merit for their behavior at the Academy of Music last Friday p.m., by Miss Hamilton. We are much pleased to know that they did not disgrace the time honored University. We are pleased also to know that Miss Hamilton is endeavoring to keep up the old fashioned Sunday School custom, and the Arts no doubt thought that she was a most genial sort of teacher.

Genial John Malloy, whose smiling visage is one of the pleasant objects that greet the early morning anatomy student, has at last fallen a victim to the Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-De-ay craze.

It is with regret that we announce the serious illness of L. Sherman Cleaves, president of the class of '94. His many friends, among the Meds and the Vets will join us in wishing him a speedy recovery.

"Oh, what a horrid brute!" To which we most heartily say. Amen.

This is a progressive age. The world is constantly changing. Things that were new yesterday will be old to-morrow; and the veterinary have taken to singing sacred songs.

Speaking about singing, the Vets now boast of two quartettes who vie with each other for excellence, much to the amusement of the audience and their own discomfort.