

the political forces of the day. I am convinced that it is from lack of united efforts in this direction that the bench has not been properly recognized. If the two distinguished lawyers who lead the rival political parties of our country would put their heads together and get their forces in line on this subject, a measure of justice to our profession would soon be wrought more potent in its consequences than the raising or lowering of the tariff wall by a cent in the dollar. If we would support the hand that holds the scales of justice, we must strengthen the arm wielding the sword which enforces her decrees. There are some anomalies in the profession, too. While every one will agree that the prizes of the profession—if they be prizes—should be distributed with reference to personal worth and professional skill, regardless of nationality or other like considerations, is it not an anomaly that the letter of the statute establishing the Supreme Court of Canada is overborne by an amendment, founded in custom only, which bars every English judge or lawyer in this province from a seat on the Supreme bench?

If I may offer a word of advice to the undergraduates—quite gratuitously, I assure you—it is this:—Do whatever you undertake as well as you can; never despise the facts of a case; never give off-hand advice and never put your name to an opinion that is not the result of careful and conscientious study; never indulge in flash performances in court. *Mammy* like a general till you ascertain your client's strongest position—strongest in law and strongest in fact—and then defend it with all the skill and all the courage you possess. With all its drawbacks, there are some compensations in our profession. There is a glory in the strifes of the profession in its higher aspects, in "unmasking falsehood and bringing truth to light," as Shakespeare puts it—an excellent definition of proper cross-examination. There is a keen mental pleasure in the construction of argument and in the destruction of sophistry; in discerning the true intent of an instrument or a statute deranged by the misuse of words and sentences. There is a pleasure, too, and it is one which is peculiarly associated with the Bar, in meeting together for the exchange of views in all the confidences of a profession founded on confidences, around the social board.

Mr. C. J. Fleet, in answer to repeated calls from his brother graduates, sang one of the old-time favorites in splendid style.

Mr. R. A. E. Greenshields also replied to the toast by a speech and recitation.

Gordon MacDougall, B.A., then proposed sister faculties, welcoming the representatives; and Mr. Piché, who responded in behalf of Laval, made one of the speeches of the evening. He mentioned the fact that three Englishmen were studying Law at Laval, and advocated reciprocity in these matters as tending to the fusion of the races. Mr. G. D. Ireland responded also on behalf of "Arts," Mr. Street on behalf of "Science," and Mr. Semple on behalf of "Medicine."

The guests and professors then left the hall amid the cheers of all the men, and the dinner broke up after

the toast of "Class '93" proposed by C. Gaudet, B.A., and responded to by C. A. Harwood.

Taken all in all, the dinner was an unqualified success, and the Faculty of Law may well feel proud of their undertaking, resting on the assurances of all those who took part in the Annual Banquet of 1893.

#### APPLIED SCIENCE DINNER.

"The true essentials of a feast are only fun and feed."

According to Holme's standard, the 11th Annual Dinner of the Undergraduates in the Faculty of Applied Science was an unqualified success. The boys again (we would say "for once," but we in Science love the truth) forgot their M's, their H's, their *dr's*, aye even their *ms*, and entered heartily into the spirit of the occasion. We forget who has said that few have learned "the art to dine." Sixty Science students on the evening of February 3rd showed pretty conclusively that nearly half the Faculty of Applied Science have mastered the art fairly well. They certainly had full scope for gastronomic discrimination in the St. Lawrence Hall's excellent bill of fare, as set forth on the neat menu card, whose well chosen quotations vexed the souls of those who didn't understand Greek,—and of some who did.

Shortly after eight (all too short the preceding half-hour to exchange social greetings with guests) the company sat down to dinner. Mr. Macphail '93 presided. On his right and left were the guests of the evening—Mr. W. C. McDonald, Dr. Johnson, Dean of the Arts Faculty, Professors Bovey and Macleod, and Mr. Lee, assistant professor, while scattered here and there among the students, in the best of good fellowship, were representatives from the other Faculties, from Toronto, and from the *Herald* and *Star*. Letters of regret were read from Professors Harrington, Chandler, Nicolson and Cox; also from the Science schools of Kingston, Fredericton, Dalhousie, Cornwall and Boston, the students of the latter admitting that this was a kind of reciprocity in which they thoroughly believed.

About 9:30 the toasting began. The heading:

"Poor victim prepared for his classical spit,  
With a stuffing of praise and a basting of wit,  
You may twitch at your collar, and wrinkle your brow,]

But you're up on your legs and you're in for it now."

turned out to be rather inappropriate, as the speeches reached an average seldom attained on such occasions, and were totally unmarred by any of the symptoms above referred to.

The first toast, the Queen and Canada, proposed by the Chairman in most loyal vim, was enthusiastically received. Mr. Macleod '93 then proposed Alma Mater. And did we not all feel our hearts burn within us under the magic influence of his well turned sentences as he touched on the affectionate regard of her students and sketched her brilliant future? Professor Johnson replied in his usual felicitous style. A reference to our beloved Principal elicited unbounded enthusiasm. He was kind enough to translate the Greek on the card,