

from the front, and special cases will be considered by that committee. In any case where a principal has gone away on active service the time of any students in his office will be allowed the same as if he were at home.

OSGOODE HALL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

The members of the Osgoode Hall Rifle Association continue their drill with much devotion. Some surprise, however, has been expressed that only a very few students are on the roll. This want of public spirit has not pervaded law students in the past. What has come over them? They should follow the example of their seniors. There are about three hundred attending lectures at Osgoode Hall, but, up to the time of writing, nothing like a tenth of them have joined the company. Some few of them doubtless have joined some of the city corps. Surely it is only necessary to remind them that of all classes in the community the legal profession should be the first to step to the front when the call comes. We are especially near to the King, for we are officers of his courts, and should be specially jealous of his honour.

It may be that in the hurry of forming this Association it did not occur to anyone to ask the students of the Law School to be represented as a distinct class on the committee. It would, perhaps, have been as well if this had been done, but we are sure that nothing of this sort will stand in the way of their cordial co-operation with others in the work of the Association.

The action of the Manitoba Law Society might well be followed, possibly with some variations, in the Province of Ontario.

A poet of repute has a word to say to "stay-at-home rangers." We should be quite angry with him if we thought he meant it to apply to the lawyers; nor do we think it will have application to University men after the patriotic addresses to them by such men as Principal Falconer and Archdeacon Cody. It is evident that we are being watched, and so we must be up and doing, and not let the following be applicable to us:—

All the brave boys under canvas are sleeping.
 All of them pressing to march with the van.
 Far from the home where their sweethearts are weeping;
 What are you waiting for, sweet little man?

You with the terrible warlike moustaches,
 Fit for a colonel or chief of a clan.
 You with the waist made for sword-belts and sashes;
 Where are your shoulder-straps, sweet little man?