

The following appeared on the bulletin board a few days ago:—

Lost—A Sun-dial by Mr.—, 1st year with brass face.

Mr. H. T. Barnes, B.A.Sc., is taking a post graduate course in Electrical Engineering.

At a meeting of First Year Science the following officers were elected:

President.—E. McLea.

Vice-President.—P. Butler.

Secretary-Treasurer.—J. McRae.

Class Reporter.—K. G. Rea.

FEATHERS FROM THE EAST WING.

The First Year is very glad to be able to express in the pages of the FORTNIGHTLY its appreciation of the warm welcome it has received from all sides, and the feeling of good fellowship which has been uppermost whenever it has met with the other years for work or pleasure.

The First Year has eighteen members, who for the most part seem to be interested in their work. They are not afraid of asking questions, and are anxious to find out the exact limits for which the examiners will hold them responsible.

However, all the satisfaction these inquirers have yet received is the meagre information that "examiners are uncertain animals."

The First Year is reported on good authority to possess the "most presumptuous Freshie" yet seen within the East Wing. Let us strive to assist this member in keeping up the reputation of Arts '98.

Please don't teach the class of '98 any slang. The President has forbidden its use.

Donalda Sophomore (translating)—"*Penuria erat mulierum*—There was a lack of asses"—

Professor.—"Well, not exactly."

Professor.—Où avez-vous perdu votre français, Mademoiselle?

Student.—"Oui;" (and she doesn't understand yet why they laughed).

Once upon a time there walked along one of our principal up-town streets a lady, a McGill student, and—a small dog of the breed known as poodles.

The latter repeatedly annoyed the student by attacking the heels of his rubbers and even a little higher up.

Now, this student, although handsome, was not a cruel man, and did not wish to incur the displeasure of the lady by injuring her dog.

He placed his foot under the quadruped, and deposited him at a safe distance in the gutter.

The lady hastened to the rescue, and with scorn and indignation in her voice, commanded: "Sir! kick a dog your own size."

Our friend the student was somewhat astounded; but, student-like, rose to the emergency, and with equal indignation, exclaimed: "Madam! find me a dog of my size."

Last Monday there was a meeting of the Donaldas to discuss the question of buying a piano. It is felt that the old custom of paying rent for one every year has so many disadvantages that we must get rid of it by having a piano that has "come to stay." A cabinet grand piano, which seems to meet our wishes has been offered to us for \$150. After speaking for itself at the meeting, almost all present promised to do their share in paying for it. If we accomplish this, we flatter ourselves that we will have conferred a lasting benefit on the Donaldas who succeed us.

We always did believe our professors most self-sacrificing, but what of him who not only tears out the hairs of his head for our sakes, but sheds his very heart's blood that we may advance in wisdom?

CLASS REPORT FOURTH YEAR.

On Saturday, Oct. 6th, the class of Arts '95 set off on their second Geological tramp.

The mountain was selected for investigation, and indeed it abounds in material for scientific research; for we saw boulders galore, vast heaps of earth that once had been rock, huge layers of Trenton limestone, and plenty of stink-stein that stank as only stink-stein can stink.

One part of the mountain was thickly sprinkled with colossal crystals composed of quartz, mica and feldspar; in these were preserved "the monumental records of the changes" which the professor no doubt referred to in his definition of Geology.

After we had done up the mountain from a Geological standpoint, we proceeded to investigate the various places of interest, and refreshed our memory as to some of the later historical events.

Our love for the æsthetic was gratified by a bird's eye view of the mountain from the observatory.

Even a horse kindly contributed to our amusement by dumping his master down on the ground in such a fantastic manner, that even Seniors could not refrain a smile—and, oh, I forgot—the professor, he smiled too.

We all enjoyed the excursion, and derived great benefit not only from the valuable information obtained, but also from the healthy exercise, for we have learned to wield our hammers now with considerably dexterity.

Oct. 13th.—An expedition planned to the quarries. Thank fortune it rained. There's no place like home.