

of the Queen." One aged "Mr. Stiggins" drew near to thank us in the name of Montreal, making the rather stale remark that McGill is the only saving feature about the city. To his great consternation he was immediately seized and bounced.

Everything is calm and peaceful this year, with nothing to mar our life but subscription fiends and exams. A few of us it is true have our minor personal troubles. Tommy still bothers Bill G. and Bill G. still swears at Tommy. Not to say that Bill really swears, for he belongs to the Y. M., but—well, he uses violent language. "You go to the Y. M. C. A.!" "You be blown!" "Not by a jugfull!" instead of certain kindred expressions. Daisy still writes epics and inflicts them on his friends. Jack still roasts Biddy and Biddy "dashed idiots" Jack and everyone else. Sid and Peck, each with humour peculiar to himself, still keep the jokes circling round. We have changed but little. Some have increased in stature and not in wisdom; some in wisdom and not in stature, and some have struck the happy medium.

This is our history to the end of the first term of our Junior year. If you think that the great deeds of 1901 are not half told, pity the poor scribe, whose pen has already transgressed the appointed limits, and will bring upon his devoted head the wrath of *Monsieur le Redacteur*.

