

His songs were greatly enjoyed. Through our own kindness, some of '01 were permitted to hear him. Brig-Gen. Burke and Pte. F. N. Smith acted as accompanists in a very efficient manner.

At last the class photo is taken. When everyone was ready to be "took" it was suddenly discovered that there was no mascot. Accordingly Davies and Grier scoured the building till they found one in the person of Huntley Duff ('98). On pain of instant death they compelled him to take his place in the centre of the top row. But the wily MacDuff felt so proud of his place, and so ashamed of his own inferior year, that in order to make strangers believe that 1900 was '98, he contrived, unknown to his captors, to hold up his class minute book upon which was written '98 in white (the symbol of cowardice, or peace, very inappropriate for the warriors of '00.) J. Campbell and J. Todd acted as assistant mascots. Mr. Walford expressed the greatest surprise that his camera stood the awful shock of having these three faces appear among the handsome ones and stalwart figures of '00. He printed 1 and only 1 photo. The plate could hardly bear the strain, and it was utterly impossible to print another without first removing the MacDuff and '98. This Mr. Walford accordingly did. So, as regards 1900's class photo., Mr. Duff and '98 are NIT. Rev. O. D. McLeod kindly consented to be taken with us. He occupies a very prominent position on the left of the group. There are 43 of '00 in it.

Grier looks like Nydia, the blind girl of Pompeii. Burke, Cochrane, Cooke, Crowell, Dorion, Ellis, Ferguson, Forbes, Reford and H. Scott seem to be suffering from indigestion or some kind of a pain. Crack, DeWitt, Horsfall, Johnson and J. Walker must have seen a horrible sight, judging by their staring, panic-stricken faces. Cohen, Davies, Rowat and Rowell must have got out of bed on the wrong side. W. Mitchell and Jeakins evidently feel very proud of themselves. Baker, Elder, Goodhue, Ireland, MacKinnon, Nutter, G. Scot, Walker (Horatio) and Woodley are grinning to beat the band. Charters has lost all control of himself and is laughing in childish glee at the little bird in the camera. Ainley, Hardy, MacMillan, Newson, Radford, Weinfeld, Willis and Napoleon are very sober, as if suffering from a recent affliction. Dixon and Ritchie are very natural. McCormick we will not discuss, as his face is half cross with a squint in his eyes with a quarter smile hanging round. Rev. Mr. McLeod is as

large as life. Dickson, Grieg, Luttrell, MacInnes, Mathers, Smith, Shaw and Shepherd are not in the photo.

FIRST YEAR.

In spite of the confident forecasts by the Seniors to the contrary, the hockey match "'98 vs. '01," resulted in a victory for the latter—score, 2-1.

The game was hotly contested, and marks of good play could be seen on both sides. Though the Junior team had not quite got into shape, it was decidedly the stronger of the two, and, if more shooting for goals had been done, the score would doubtless have stood higher in its favor.

With more team practices and some improvement in combination play, "'01's" team has a good chance for the class championship in Arts, especially if '01 can manage to defeat '00.

Since the "Conversat." there is at least one member of our who class can speak or think of nothing else.

Even in sleep, his lips utter sounds, inarticulate, yet full of tenderness. While awake his eyes have a far-away look that gives place at times to an unnatural brightness. In the Library he is consumed with a feverish excitement, his pulses throb and the flush tingles his cheek. With what haste and eagerness he hurries to the scene of his undoing—the Greek prose room—where formerly he went with leaden step! How his eyes wander round the room till, resting in the Eastern corner, the dreamy look returns, and he becomes oblivious of his surroundings! Even an Ex. marked O rouses him not from his reverie, and it is with extreme reluctance that he tears himself away. And how he raves when he gets an appreciative listener! Verily he has been badly struck.

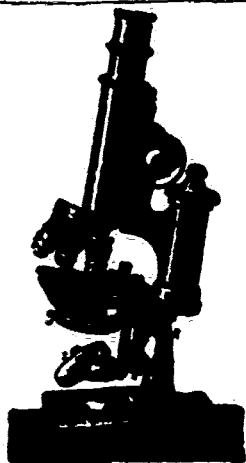
"Pleased to see one's name in print" is as true of small people now as it was when newspapers were less common.

This love of petty notoriety we have seen pandered to by a class-reporter not more than a thousand years in advance of us. The next time any such reference *must* be made, why not, for the sake of economy of space at least, refer to the lists in the Calendar?

Part of the wreck of a Latin paper cast-up after Xmas exams. 2. (c). Arguto conium percurrit pectine telas.

Translated by Donalda Freshie.

"His wife stabbed his breast with a sharp weapon."



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