

will be increased. Those who have assisted us this year have certainly done nobly, but they were comparatively few. This state of affairs might be improved. We desire to express our thanks to those who have so kindly contributed to our columns, especially to Mr. R. McDougall, M.A., and to Mr. Henry Mott, the assistant librarian of the University, to whose uniform courtesy and generosity the FORTNIGHTLY owes so much.

The FORTNIGHTLY is now on a paying basis, and has every prospect of continued success. To keep up its reputation, however, it must always be run in a business way. The students can hardly be expected to support their paper out of pure patriotism. They must be interested; and whether this is done or not depends largely upon the Board of Editors, who should always be of broad and liberal views, and who should do their work with a single eye to the honor and welfare of the paper, the subscribers, and the University. The FORTNIGHTLY should be a perfect reflection of University life in all its phases, ready to recognize everything which has a legitimate claim upon its attention. It is essential, therefore, that all its machinery should work smoothly, if the best results are to be attained. These relations have been, during the past session, of the most pleasant kind, and augur well for the future. We now drop from our hands the reins of power, in confident expectation that our successors will be imbued with the same sentiments with which we ourselves have been animated, and will do all that lies in their power to enhance the welfare of the FORTNIGHTLY for which we have worked faithfully, and in the success of which we shall always feel the deepest interest.

In taking our final leave, perhaps we may be permitted, like our old friend Silas Wegg, to "drop into poetry," in the following lines which we owe to the kindness of Mr. Henry Mott:—

#### VALEDICTORY.

INDULGENT FRIENDS! Our yearly work is done;  
The goal we touch, the victory is won.  
Strong was the hope and strong the moving cause,  
To reach that goal with honour and applause.

Defects are the exception, not the rule,  
In any well-conducted Editorial School.  
How broad the field that here before us lies,  
Where thoughts in never-ending progress rise!

A never ending work of new creations,  
A vast, a boundless range of combinations!  
We grant misfortune may perform a part,  
Depress the resolution, chill the heart;  
With gloom and darkness shroud the future life,  
And make the prize seem hardly worth the strife.  
Yet, still, success is mainly in the man;  
Whoever says he will, will find he can.

A varied social life we here embrace;  
See true politeness beam on every face;  
And see in every student, if you scan,  
The perfect lady—perfect gentleman.

From golden rule, the wrong we here eschew;  
We learn the just, we learn the good and true.  
In public spirit, too, our souls aspire;  
We feel the glow of patriotic fire.

While other sterling virtues here expand,  
We learn to love our own, our native land.  
Its manly freedom here we learn to cherish;  
Oh! far the day when Liberty shall perish!

While thus the subject vast before us lies—  
From outer earth to yonder vaulted skies;  
While we the harvest proudly gather now,  
Like tempting burden on the autumn bough;

Yes, patrons, friends! Your gracious kindness here  
Has crowned the many labours of the year:  
Their fruits upon the future age shall tell;  
Oh! may ye live to see them.

FARE YE WELL.

The Staff of the FORTNIGHTLY for the session 1894-'95 will be as follows:—

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#### CONTRIBUTIONS.

##### IN MY EASY CHAIR.

"I am a gleaner after Time."

I closed my gossip in the last number of the FORTNIGHTLY with the announcement that I had jotted down some other *memories* for future use; and as the Magazine closes for this season with the present number, I am tempted to produce one or two, which I hope may be acceptable. I must tell that away back in the *forties* I was on terms of intimate friendship with two or three artists and wood-engravers, who worked on *Punch*, and we met frequently, spending our evenings at each other's houses, and we had one rule which was imperative, viz.,—that on each evening of our meetings, a new song should be sung by one of the company present. I call to mind that on one occasion we were amused with the following metrical version of some of the chapters of *Humphry Clinker*, which I give from memory, only saying that it is as nearly complete as I can make it:—

"Of ancient bards to sing in praise of heroes, is the way go;  
But I will sing the life and times of Lieutenant Lismahago  
In Scotland's bleak and northern clime, his life he did begin it,  
But though he loved his native land, he didn't stop long in it.

"But he set sail under Admiral Hawke, with the wind in a  
stormy quarter,  
And when the ship was under way, he thought it was under  
water;

And when arrived in America, to gratify a *penchant*,  
He wore a sword, 'twas four feet long, for glory and a pension.

"One day as they were firing shots at a target on the turf, he  
Was taken by the Potowats, along with Ensign Murphy.  
But Murphy dodged behind some trees, so fleet that they well-  
nigh lost him,

These funny Potowattamees they thought they'd better roast him.