Class Reports.

ART NOTES

Ninety-seven are as mighty with the pen as with the tongue and can handle truth with the nicest discrimination. The following from their chess hard approves the fact:—

A. K. T., our captain he, Says we have got a team, And he's correct, for if you reflect. You this O. K. will deem. We've A. C. P. and R. P. C. And we have Alec Ross, While Sammy A. can run away From all he runs across. We've C. K. R. and Harold Ker. And Mallinson and Crack, Then Ives and Moore are very sure We've corkers on the track. With many Mars and J. G. Sixe, We'll fly on fleeting wings, Until our Cap., the dear old chap, To us the trophy brings.

S. P. Q.

Ninety-seven welcomes back C. K. Russel and Mr. Ryan. Better late than never.

Dr. K-bi.-Some of the ancients among the Visigoths, although they could have been dressed in purple and fine linen, preferred to remain clothed in the SKINS OF THEIR ANCESTORS."

Mr Lawrence MacFarlane reports a very enjoyable time at the Bishops College conversatione at Lennox ville. He was the right man in the right place.

It has been suggested that a tooth brush be added to the instruments in use at the Botanical laboratory, as it appears that the bottle of hemaboxylin is rapidly dwindling before the onslaughts of one of the members of the acvanced class.

M-r (translating). She educated her sons in -

General applause greeted this translation and it was unanimously agreed that this woman had taken a decidedly wise step

The reporter also offereth a large money prize for any one cutside of 1900 who will find the joke in the following. All answers to be addressed to the First year reporter.

Mr. G. —"That's as far as I've done, sir."
"Then get up and see what you know."
Ensuite.—Rise and fall o: Mr. G.
Answers to be written on one side of page only.

The class of 10 0, Arts, mourns the loss of a beloved class mate. Mr. Condie departed for the west last week in order to take up mission work. We hope Mr. Condie will return to us bettered by his experience.

LEGAL BRIEFS.

MATCH BLIWLEN LAW AND ARTS.

A perfect day; an enormous crowd; a splendid game. The legal lights were awe-inspiring; their courage was beautiful to see; their sung field was frigid; their foresight was admirable. Writs of injunction were served on ail their opponents, restraining them from playing too hard, from tackling an opponent and from kicking the ball. Three of them were bound over to keep the peace, and three others were served with writs of quo terrando, based on their appearance on the field wearing face guards and shin guards. A special writ of injunction, issued against one of their number for making a try and his inscription in appeal, was dismissed with costs. The respondent, a third year law student, is sorry he won. The sureties were worthless, and the respondent is now suing appellant in torma fauferis. Of the match nothing need be said. Every one knows what a magnificent battle it was. Where all did so well for Law it is hard to particularize, but Cook's run of 100 yards was a feature of the game; whilst Hickson's brilliant attempt to convert a try, and nearly converting himself into a corpse by missing the ball was, the writer regrets to say, loudly applauded. Hond was magnificent. He was unselfish to a fault. Instead of keeping the ball when he got it, he invariably, and with unerring celerity, immediately gave it up to one of his opponents. Noble Bond! The score of 16-2 in favor of Law gives but a faint idea of how one-sided the game was. An interesting event occurred during the second half. An attempt was made to distinguish between two of the Arts team. Needless to say the investigation was a complete failure Rack Joss as referee, and Hampbell Coward as umpire, were severe but just

To longer does decorum reign in this faculty; it has departed. And in its place we have levity, unseeming levity. It causes the hand to throw; the foot to scrape. In vain does the Professor expound wisewords. We are obdurate, we are deaf. We are impatient for the end; for "the hour of rest." Young men, cease your godless pastines. Think of the exams.; think of them and tremble.

Lecturer Geoffrion has the heartiest congratilations of all the students at this auspicious time of his life. May his path be strewn with flowers.