

is to elect them, or others equally good, and we wish a fortunate issue to a movement so defensible, necessary, and timely.

As regards the Presidency, the re-election of the present incumbent, Mr. McGoun, or the election of Mr. Brooke, whose long services entitle him to recognition, should prove equally acceptable. The following are favored for election to the other positions:—

For First Vice-President, Mr. R. C. Smito,

For Second Vice-President, Mr. J. R. Murray,

For Treasurer, Mr. J. F. Mackie,

For Corresponding Secretary, Mr. W. H. Turner,

For Recording Secretary, Mr. H. Fry,

For Members of Council, Messrs. A. McGoun, jr., or C. J. Brooke, A. R. Oughtred, W. F. Ritchie, S. P. Leet, G. C. Wright, A. H. U. Colquhoun.

We hope that all who have the welfare of the Society at heart, will attend the annual meeting on Friday evening next, resolved to support candidates whose past conduct encourages the belief that they will inaugurate a new order of things.

THE MEDICAL FACULTY.

THE Medical Faculty has long been in point of thoroughness and efficiency a credit to McGill University, and its greatly improved equipment signaled by the formal opening of the new buildings last Thursday is an occasion for sincere congratulation. The school has won a continental reputation, and its constant progress must be viewed with feelings of the liveliest satisfaction. The members of the Faculty have ever been unremitting in their exertions, and can now afford to indulge in some slight exultation when they review all that has been accomplished. But we mistake the sentiments which animate them all, from the capable Dean, Dr. Howard, to the most recent addition to the teaching staff, if they regard the present prosperity as the acme of success, and have not determined to continue the work of making McGill one of the best medical schools in America as it is now the best in Canada.

THE GRADUATES SOCIETY.

We have lately often been asked "of what use is the Graduates Society?" And we have found it not very easy to give a satisfactory reply. Its functions in ordinary times seem to consist of three things: first, the holding of an annual meeting and the election of officers, second, the management of an annual university dinner, and third, the nomination of representative fellows. The first of these duties is never omitted; come what may there is always an election of officers.

The Society last year did not trouble itself about the second and third of its functions. There was no annual dinner, and there was no nomination of representative fellows. Whether the Society is going to have an equally active existence this year we do not know. One would think that there was nothing for such a Society to do. If their reason for doing nothing is that they do not know what to do, we shall be happy to direct their attention to several matters worthy of their attention. In the meantime we may hint that any energy directed towards the organization of a University Club will not be entirely mis-spent.

"WHERE BE YOUR GIBES NOW?"

It is the aim of every man to make a noise in the world, but all do not go about it in the same way. Some do a remarkable thing, and let others make the noise. Those who lack requisite ability for great achievements attend to the noise part of it themselves. Take an example, likewise a seat in the Molson Hall when the prizes are being presented after the annual sports. There the exponents of noise belonging to the latter class have it all their own way. Lung power asserts itself, and the victory, if short-lived, is complete. The speakers on the platform, as Brutus once did of the Romans, ask the audience to lend them their ears, but the hearing organs being just then willy nilly otherwise engaged, the essential feature of the meeting bears a strange resemblance to a dumb show.

But, seriously, this interesting occasion is losing its attraction, and the attendance of ladies and outsiders is becoming beautifully less, the winners feel that they are receiving their hard-won rewards under unsatisfactory auspices, and the graver heads are beginning to lose patience. Let us call a halt. A few seasons ago the random remarks during intervals of silence, the off-hand jokes good-naturedly given and as good-naturedly taken, the uproarious applause when none was needed, were amusing in their very absurdity, and thoroughly enjoyed. But now *nous avons changé tout cela*, and the happy proceedings are being spoiled. The desirability of a reform is so great, that we have no doubt it will be carried out next year.

First dude—"I can't go with you to the opera to-night, Chawley. I'm deuced tired." Second dude—"Been working, Algernon?" "Naw. Taking exercise. We need it, don't yer know. I wealdy can't stir out to-night, ole boy!" "What yer been doin'?" "Blowing soap bubbles. I'm dreadful tired, 'pon honor, I am. Couldn't possibly overtax myself again to-night, Chawley."—*Philadelphia Call*.