

DINNER NOTES.—At last the First Year have loomed up in their proper importance. Mr. Cook's speech at the Dinner really opened our eyes. We have hitherto undervalued the Class of '97. The descendant of Brian Boru is now meeting with that respect and deference which is due to blue blood in a monarchially governed country like ours. The genius of William Pitt scintillates with a dazzling brilliance now that Mr. Cook has let us into the secret of his wonderful successes in the Mock Parliament, and we are in a position to appreciate him. Ah! *ces militaires*. What shall we say? We suspected that the Lieut-Col. had a martial bearing. Now we *know* it. Other orders are represented in the Year,—Captains are common. Let there be a Bond of union, however, between those who bear the sword in our Faculty, and us, peaceful civilians. As for H——n, we are going to watch him. Mr. Cook was deservedly congratulated for the way in which he presented the claims of the First Year at the Dinner.

Our popular President set the ball rolling in good shape, and was followed by the next undergraduate speaker in a very fine style. It was a formidable array for the apprehensive undergraduate to face, but of course the sight of the chairman had a very soothing effect on the nerves. By the way, the President was just the same the day following the Dinner as before. After hobnobbing with Ministers of Justice, and judges and high officials, we allowed a full week for his feathers to settle. But no, he was just the same the next day. He's the boy.

Some fellow has accused our friend Billy of imbibing freely in Apollinaris, mistaking the same for something more highly flavored. Of course this was well on in the proceedings, and we believe Apollinaris was drunk by a gentleman who sat near to William. He teetotally repudiates that accusation. We were not far away from him, and can personally corroborate his statement. He did nothing of the kind. He kept to healthy drink the whole evening. An insane man could not make such a mistake, and we know Billy has got some sense.

At a meeting on Friday last, the Dinner Committee were unanimously accorded a vote of thanks for the manner in which the dinner arrangements had been carried out. This was well deserved. The pronounced success of the meeting was undoubtedly due to the tact and diligence displayed by the Committee of Management.

FEATHERS FROM THE EAST WING.

When we have made books our constant companions day after day, we occasionally think they are "absolutely dead things," and long to put them down to talk with living things. A class lunch with one's fellow-students is the most delightful way of accomplishing this, as the Juniors would have you know. A few weeks ago they gathered round the festive board in the Third Year class-room, whose deformities were carefully draped for the occasion, and there they chatted and ate, drank healths and sang songs for two happy hours. 'Twere long to tell of the floral decorations, the ice cream which fairly melted in one's mouth, the toasts to such customary persons as the Queen, and Sir Donald, the butterfly menu cards, the oyster patties, cold around the gills (of the oyster), etc., etc., so let it suffice merely to mention them. When Duty's stern voice called, we went, wreathed in flowers and smiles, and left some hungry friends who had entered, to make the outside of the platter clean.

The verdant Donaldas held their first lunch on Tuesday, 29th January. The class-room was most artistically decorated, though on pushing back the graceful curtains the point attracting attention was the table lined with rich red roses. Everything was excellently managed, but the special feature was the toasts. The first to the Queen was heartily joined in, all rising to sing the national anthem except a disloyal Celt. But in the toast of Alma Mater the disloyal Celt came to the fore. The other toasts were wittily and eloquently responded to by Misses Scrimger, Carr and Codd. The disloyal Celt once more contributed to the general pleasure by singing a song entitled "Josephus and Bianchus." On leaving, everyone wondered how soon we could have another; but like Xmas, "they come but once a year, and when they come they bring good cheer."

Sundry tales are being whispered of such remarks as "moisten your lips and look pleasant" being made to our Seniors.

Professor Cox has kindly consented to be our representative at the Applied Science dinner.

The Class of '97 regrets that illness has caused the absence of so many of its members since the New Year; but we are very glad to announce their complete recovery, and to welcome them once more among us.

MEDICAL CLASS REPORTS.

Owing to the fact that the last issue of the FORTNIGHTLY contains an account of the opening of the new