

A meeting of the Undergraduates Society of Law was held on the 13th instant.

After disposing of routine business, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

President. Claude Hickson, '98.

Vice-President. W. C. Ives, '99.

Treasurer. J. C. Barlow, '99.

Secretary. G. S. Archibald, '00.

A vote of thanks was tendered the retiring officers for the efficient manner in which they had conducted the business of the Society during the past year.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

FOURTH YEAR.

And he went into the drawing room and began to teach. And as he taught some words fell among FORTNIGHTLY Reporters who greedily devoured them up. These are some of the words which he spake: "Verily this is not the Royal Exchange." And he overthrew the tables of the book makers and cast out them that matched coppers.

Again spake he unto them, after he had gone up from the sports and said: "What aileth him whom men call Albert, the iron-monger? He hath a weary look and is nigh unto death." And no man durst answer him that question, fearing lest he should reprove the unfortunate one.

Notwithstanding the well-known long suffering of the senior Civils, and the manifold benefits of our presence as examples to the juniors at their lectures in Elementary Applied Mechanics, human nature, in these latter days, recoils from human sacrifice. It, however, our august presence is necessary for the greatest good to the greatest number, we will cheerfully offer ourselves up as willing victims to the cause of reclaiming suffering juniors.

It is believed that one of our number was compelled to resort to the use of anaesthetics to enable him to better bear up under his trials, with the result of entirely succumbing to their effects during the lecture and incidentally his speedy exit from the room with a penalty of forfeiture of the privilege of attending in future. The somnolent Civil, however, explained his daring conduct, attributing it to Morpheus, a familiar spirit of the Transit House, and not to Morphine.

Foot Ballers from Ottawa City—
Came down with the game in their mit.
But Shirley sawed wood,
As he alone could.
And firmly but calmly said "nit."

Soak the referee and down with professionalism and ruffianly brutality in football.

'98 has now received its full complement of its members. The last to appear was Mr. F. W. Angel, after spending the summer in England and Scotland.

Mr. G. A. Young, though late in returning, has again settled down to business at the old stand. We are glad to learn that the land of ice-water has not in any way interfered with his usual mode of living, as witness Theatre Night. We are glad to welcome Mr. W. B. Anderson to our midst. He is a graduate of the Royal Military College, Kingston, and appears to be a card. He shows good sense in choosing McGill as a finisher.

N.B.

For all information concerning '98 notes, explanation of abstruse jokes, and any satisfaction wanted for seeming affronts, etc., etc., readers are referred to the Science Editor. All such matters will be attended to in the next issue.

THIRD YEAR.

It will be noticed in the results of the Sports Day events, that '99 Science made 40 points of the total 64 points scored by Science. This included seven firsts. The Glee Club is a further evidence that '99 as a whole is the salt of the college, there being in the organization 40 men of '99, against about 25 of the other three years.

If circumstantial evidence is to be relied upon, one of the '99 miners has taken to snake charming. The gentleman referred to is said to collect his snakes while out on the geological excursions. It has been further observed that he himself is susceptible to the charms of certain higher animals.

RAID ON GAMBLERS.

Quick recompense and just was meted out to the participants in a game of chance about a week ago. The criminals were seated on the grass of the campus, matching coppers, and were surrounded densely by a throng of admirers (all were due in the Physics Laboratory). Justice, in the shape of an envious man who could not see the game, rudely ended the game by heaving one of the smaller men against the circle. Chaos resulted. Hats that were stiff before the crash were seen afterwards in an almost unrecognizable state.