

Professor, lecturing on Community of Property: "Gentlemen, this is a disputed point among the authors. Poithier discusses the matter at length." Freshman: "Is that Poithier on Obligations?" Professor, with a world of compassionate tenderness in his voice: "No; Poithier on Community."

Mr. A. G. Jones of Class '94 beamed in upon us the other evening. J. looks well, and seems to have abundant sympathy for the old students, particularly the Final Year men. He knows how it *feels* to be in the Final year, especially from a medal point of view.

Criminal Law at last! And now for the Code. The introductory lectures on this subject have been the event of the session so far—being intensely interesting, and delivered in the Dean's very best manner. We trust the enthusiasm evinced by the students at the outset will bear much fruit—at the examinations

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

A special meeting of the Applied Science Glee Club was held on Monday, Nov. 5th, for the purpose of reading a letter from the president, Mr. R. L. Blackburn, in which his resignation from the position of president was tendered on account of his inability to return to McGill this session.

After his resignation was accepted, A. R. Holden, Sc. '95, was elected to the position of president, and the Executive Committee was instructed to immediately engage a conductor and open the campaign for this session.

The Club has special aims this year, and will need support from all the Science men. Besides the annual Christmas drive and dinner, there will be a smoking concert given for the benefit of a special object in connection with the University, which needs some such help, and which will be made public later.

We are glad to hear that Mr. W. A. Ramsay, Science '98, is up again after his attack of typhoid fever. We are sorry that he will not be able to return to College before Christmas at the earliest.

On the evening of September 24th, an oyster supper was given to the Second Year by Messrs. McKinnon and McLeod.

At this time the question for Sc. '96 to decide is not "can he swim?" but "*Kenny* sing."

The Prof. of Astronomy has indeed reason to feel satisfied with the interest shown by the present Fourth Year Civil students in this branch of their work.

One Member of the class in particular has, it would

seem, thrown himself heart and soul into the study of the heavenly bodies. Not satisfied with the two evenings a week of practical work in the College Observatory, he may be found every clear night (at about 11 p.m.) deeply absorbed in watching the "transit of Venus." Let us hope that the amount of extra time he thus spends in advanced practical work will not prove detrimental to his other studies.

The Class of '95 are anxiously looking forward to an interesting publication, in which Willie's results are to be communicated to the world at large.

Some of the members of the third team football showed themselves quite proficient in the use of carmine pigment in the trip home from Quebec.

FEATHERS FROM THE EAST WING.

A FROG STORY.

One pleasant morning in the autumn of 1894, a young frog lay, croaking his merriest in one of the choicest frog-ponds about here. "Bliss is it on this dawn to be alive," thought he, as he basked on the edge of the pond and ate his wormy breakfast. But the last squirm had barely disappeared when strong hands seized him, popped him into a can, and carried him, cramped and miserable, for many a dreary mile. Pity him, gentle reader! When released from his prison, it was only to feel the sharp cut of a knife, and then "blind unconsciousness stole over his senses," until he woke to find himself being stared at by eighty pairs of eyes and talked about most familiarly. Knowing his wound was mortal and that therefore these indignities could not last long, he passively submitted to them, and tried to catch what was said of him. He evidently heard much, for almost his last thought was: "Never too late to learn; here in my dying hour I find I have lungs and a heart, veins and arteries, with corpuscles of different sizes. Truly, I am 'fearfully and wonderfully made'." He then began to sink rapidly, and ere long was in the happy frog-pond of all good frogs sacrificed in the pursuit of science.

Donalda Sophomore (translating): "And Cincinnatus ordered the men to bring provisions cooked for five days, and to carry with them *stakes*."

Professor (sleepily): "S-t-e-a-k-s, I suppose also cooked for five days."

Are the Donalda Sophs. color blind? If not, why in freshman-like simplicity does one mistake orange red macrospores for yellow microspores, and astonish the professor by mildly inquiring: "How when you get one thing are you to know it's not the other?"