

Much sincere sorrow was felt by the members of Class '97 when the news of the death of one of their classmates was conveyed to them. Mr. George Eric Harrington, son of our much esteemed Dr. Harrington, died on Jan. 24th, after a somewhat long illness. He was much beloved by his classmates during the short time that he was permitted to be in their ranks, and he was missed by them this year. At a special meeting of the class, a resolution of sympathy with the bereaved family was drawn up, and it was agreed to attend the funeral in a body.

LEGAL BRIEFS.

The morning lecture had finished. The genial Professor of Successions took off his glasses, leaned forward in his chair, and gazed lovingly at the students for a few moments in silence. They saw that something was coming, and cocked their ears accordingly. Something came. "Gentlemen," said he, "I hear that your dinner is coming off to-morrow night. From past experience I have reason to believe that there will be a *difference in the morning*. Consequently I will not lecture on the following morning." Riotous demonstrations of joy followed this remark on the part of the Freshmen; an amused expression passed over the features of the Second Year; while significant winks were exchanged between such old stagers as the Dinner Committee.

And by the same token didn't we see the jolly judge himself at the dinner, eating and drinking and enjoying himself to the full—always in moderation, to be sure; and didn't he make one of the very best and wittiest speeches of the evening. It made no difference to *him* in the morning. But how thoughtful of him to consider *our* wants and necessities. Ah! but he's the kind Irish gentleman!

Mr. Bannell Sawyer, B.C.L., has visited us quite frequently of late. It is pleasant to see occasionally the smiling features of those loved ones who have passed through our mill. Mr. S. was a former class reporter for this Faculty. He always has a hearty shake-hands for Ye Scribe. We understand each other. We are in the craft-knights of the quill, as it were. It is truly comforting to us to get apart for a quiet moment, and to be able to pour into the attentive and appreciative ear of Mr. S. our tale of the difficulties and the arduous duties which are undermining our health in keeping this important Legal Column up to highwater mark. However, Mr. S. has always a supply of lively and cheering little anecdotes to relate,

of the old days when his own shoulders stooped under the responsibilities of this important office; and we are always enlivened and encouraged when we come into contact with him. In spite of it all, we are very much taken up with journalism—both of us; and should the law fail, we intend to embrace that calling. We have the whole thing mapped out. It's to be a twenty-four page evening sheet. Mr. S. will do the double-leaded leaders, and Ye Scribe is to hank around and scrap up news. Personally, we don't think we have got the best of the bargain; but we have lots of time yet. We will think over it.

The Intercollegiate Debate, which is to take place shortly between Toronto University and McGill, is the event of the year as regards our McGill Literary Society. Last year the Faculty of Law had the honour of contributing one of the debaters; but this year, while not supplying its quota to the forces oratorical, is yet too well represented to have the slightest cause of complaint. One of our most energetic members is on the Committee, while our estimable confrère of the Second Year, Mr. A. C. Hanson, as President of the Literary Society, will officiate as chairman. Moreover, our Dean is to act as judge, and the task of weighing the respective arguments could not be entrusted to better hands. The debate is looked forward to with considerable interest, and a delightful evening is assured.

Criminal Law finishes this week. Now, gentlemen, gather in the *slack*. Exam. on the 23rd.

The Professor of Real Estate can tell a story to illustrate a point as well as most. That one about the cock that crew in the morning, while on the subject of Property Rights, shed a bright light on the point at issue, and put the boys in good humour. How these feathery bipeds sympathize with each other! Our old owl plucked up his side-intelligencers and twitched his stubby wings, and seemed to take a lively interest in the adventures of his first cousin in the Courts of Justice. It was new to him—none but owls have to do with things of the law. But how careful we should be in our dealings with the fowl world when the ante-matinal antics of a single muscular and high-spirited cock can involve two mighty nations in a momentous official correspondence, and even threaten ambassadors with dismissal and disgrace.