

ARTS NOTES.

What's in a name? Everything, in the case of our Secretary-Treasurer. Mr. A. Gordon holds that position, not Mr. Campbell, as stated in last number. His duties have not been very heavy so far, yet he deserves all the credit that is to be had.

Messrs. Cole and Smiley were omitted in the list of officers for the year.

They were elected as members of the Reading room Committee.

Mr. Kenneth Molson will probably represent us in the Arts team for the Faculty Race. We expect to see, at least, one good lap.

The rhetoric class is distinguishing itself. We wish to call attention to the fact that in every debate up to this time, the side supported by its men has been successful.

We do not mention this from any motive of self-glorification, but merely as a hint to the junior members—if you wish to vote on the winning side, vote for the Third Year man.

Wanted—

At the Saturday demonstrations in Zoology,—a Hamlet, all other essential requisites are on hand—an audience and Yorick's headpiece.

The year has subscribed nobly to the FORTNIGHTLY—no less than twenty out of a possible eighteen subscriptions,—so says our Treasurer.

A meeting of the Second Year was held in Lecture room No. 1 on Monday, Oct. 15th, the President, Mr. McMaster, in the chair.

An animated discussion took place as to the advisability of procuring a banner for the year. The debate continued for some time and it was finally considered better not to put the question to vote, but to appoint a committee to make enquiries relative to the banner; the meeting was adjourned until Wednesday.

The adjourned meeting was held at noon on Wednesday. The minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved. The report of the committee was heard. The discussion was renewed, Mr. Saxe supporting, Mr. Marler opposing, the motion. The opinions of many were expressed, and the feeling of the year was seen to be decidedly against the proposition. While all commended the action of the First Year in giving the initiative to succeeding years, it was felt that the Second Year should not be influenced by its action, but that it should rather follow the precedent set by its predecessors and be content to walk under the *Faculty* banner.

LEGAL BRIEFS.

BE BRIEF!

Since the night of the Laval promenade, there has been trouble brewing in the Faculty of Law. An unaccountable uneasiness and nervous disquiet has fallen upon and disturbed the whole student body of Law. Hitherto industrious students have been found during the lectures gazing at the Professor with a pained expression, and not taking a note. Even the indefatigable B—r—n has sometimes looked up, and with an audible sigh laid down his pen for a space. Fluent professors have fidgetted in the chair, ill at ease. The other day the source of all this mischief was disclosed. An important discovery was made. The sacred banner of the Faculty with the familiar effigy of the grave and philosophic fowl emblazoned thereon hung no longer from the walls of the class room. Where was the owl that was wont to look down with his kindly eye (one eye) on the perspiring note-taker? There was wrath; there was indignation. A meeting was called in this emergency, and every man constituted himself a voluntary witness, and bit by bit the fabric of circumstantial verity was established. All started at the same point. All saw the banner with due solemnity taken from its hanging place on the wall to head the procession on Laval night. All saw it flying gaily as the procession started. So far there was not the shadow of a doubt in the mind of any. But the testimony of the witnesses beyond this point was strangely incongruous and conflicting. Some lost all sight of the beloved pennant early in the evening; others declared that they watched the owl intently, and that it grew funnier as the night went on; while still others solemnly deposed that far on in the night they observed the sagacious bird under a gas-light deliberately open his blind eye, flap his stubby wings, and give forth the shrill, clear note of chanticleer. The testimony of these latter was rejected as totally untrustworthy, and the deponents put aside for re-examination when the pressure of popular excitement had subsided. Then came forward a Second Year man, who made a startling statement that stirred the student mass to its profoundest depths. He had *seen* the banner in the rooms of our worthy V. P.! *In the rooms of our worthy V. P.!* A cry went up for a rope, but here the cooler heads intervened, and counseled law and order. "Let these investigations be carried forward in the spirit of justice and fair play! Let the accused defend himself," they said. Worthy V. P. rose, and pleaded in his own behalf. It was an eloquent effort. Yes, he carried the flag on that eventful night—but he did not know of its present whereabouts. It was not in his rooms; it was not in his care and keeping. Here the speaker was interrupted by a cheer, and in burst D—t bearing the long-lost banner.