

A programme of music, &c., was eagerly proposed and accepted, and we all declared that the impromptu Saturday reception was by no means the least delightful we had attended.

Y. W. C. A.

The subject of the meeting on Friday, Dec. 4th, was the "Loneliness of Christ." Miss E. C. Murray, the leader, gave a very beautiful paper. This was one of the most interesting meetings of the session.

The next regular meeting was held on the following Thursday. Miss J. Kennedy read a paper by Mr. F. W. Robertson on the "Glory of the Virgin Mother." An interesting discussion followed.

Miss Lydia Lochhead, of '96, is among the students of Queen's registered at Pedagogy.

Miss Cloney, one of the brightest students of last year's class, is now teaching moderns in the collegiate at St. Catharines.

THE CHARGE AT QUEEN'S.

"Forward the b--jo club!"
The inaudible rub-a-dub
Of each proud-throbbing heart
Beat a triumphal march
On through the city streets,
Up to the door of Queen's!
What caused the halt they made?
All the wild words they said?
Here 'twas the "charge" was made!
"Tickets!" the door-keeper said.
This, then, is what the long,
Sad halting means.

"Forward!" again was said,
Was there a man dismayed?
Not, though the students knew
Some one had grumbled.
Stormed at by hoot and yell,
And many a laugh as well,
Bravely they stand and tell
How 'twas on principle,
Not dollars and cents they stumbled.

Sound the proud dead-beats, march!
Raise high the triumph arch!
On through the hall's wide doors
See them advancing!
My, how each face does shine!
Don't the dress suits look fine!
Simply entrancing.
Look, those who fought so well,
Of whom historians tell
How homeward (from principle)
Not dollars and cents they tell
They almost went prancing.

Were they not Honour men?
Why should they charge them then?
Did not the time they gave
Prove their devotion?
What shall then be said of those,
Who to the occasion rose,
And, to their principle true,
Gave time and money too?
They were the HONOUR men
And women, to my notion!

PERSONALS.

We have to thank W. B. Munro, M.A., '96, who is now in Scotland, for a copy of the Edinburgh University Students' Hand-book. This little volume which, as the introduction states, is the University's first venture in this direction, "is published by the Students' Representative Council with the object of providing for all students a compendium of useful information regarding the work of our University societies." It contains a short prefatory note written by the Principal, Sir William Muir.

H. S. Berlangnet, B.A., '96, has been heard from at last. He is not dead as was supposed, but threatens to bury himself next spring—in the states.

John Rowlands, '93, is in the mining broker business with the Northern Belle Co. of Toronto. John expects, ere many moons have passed, to be a millionaire.

G. F. Macdonnell, '93, has given up teaching and gone back to the study of law.

A. H. Beaton, B.A., '93, is now Secretary of the Ontario Hockey Association.

J. C. Rogers, B.A., '94, has lately become principal of Bradford High School and has already secured some extra-mural students for Queen's.

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

HARRY B-K-R having a little spare time on hand after completing his work in Hon. Math., Hon. Physics, Hon. Natural Science and a few pass classes, instead of shaving, as he should have done, made an "X rays" camera out of some old boots, Billy's scrimmage cap and some live wire, and gives us the following results of snap shots taken in the halls with reference to 'Xmas wishes:

Ne-sh, yclept "Hungry"—"Countless plum puddings to feed his face."

J. W-ll-ce—"A barrel of rheumatism on tap as a last resort to stop that bad, bold dance."

McGaughey—"That the mills of the gods might grind a little less slowly and not so exceedingly small."

Johnnie J-st-n—"Four aces."

Mat W-ls-n—"A chance—just one chance before he dies of re-writing the Westminster Confession."

S. A. W-ds—But here the machine sputtered, kicked and a rope broke, all of which shows that even the "X rays" draw the line somewhere.

R. W. Br-ck—"I find myself more inclined to discuss the problem of the inter-stellar ether when I find the possibility of its being a jelly."