

the mere dread of breaking down and the tittering he knows will ensue, that scatters his ideas and makes him stammer. But he will soon learn to forget the presence of the audience, and have confidence in himself, his self consciousness will gradually melt away, and he will be able to speak as naturally and satisfactorily as if he were addressing two or three of his chums. It doesn't cost anything, so why could there not be a monthly public debate organized as in many sister institutions. It is what the members need and there is no time like the present.

AN enthusiastic meeting was held on Wednesday, for the formation of a University show shoe club. It is hoped that now the snow has become so plentiful the members will enjoy many tramps together, both over the country and down the St. Lawrence. The following were elected officers: President, W. E. D'Argent; Hon. Secretary, H. M. Mowat, '81; Executive—Messrs. J. Cumberland, B. A., Bissonnette, '80, Anderson, '81, O'Reilly, '81, Newlands, '82, Johnston, '82, and Short, '83.

MACKERRAS MEMORIAL FUND.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, KINGSTON,
January 22nd, 1880.

DEAR SIR:—Immediately after the funeral of PROFESSOR MACKERRAS, the undersigned met informally to consider how best to honour his name and permanently associate it with Queen's College.

What the University owes to him it is not necessary to state in detail. Loyally, even passionately, attached to his Alma Mater, he gave all that he had, and gave it ungrudgingly. We felt that there should be some memorial of his devoted service, and that whatever is done should be done quickly and spontaneously.

It was agreed that a suitable form of memorial would be the endowment (1) of the Chair which he filled, or (2) a Fellowship, or (3) Scholarships, bearing his name (a); and that the choice must be made according to the amount promised. We, therefore, re-

solved to issue a circular to his many friends, asking them if they desired to contribute to some such memorial, and to what extent. Be kind enough, then, to signify whether you approve of the object, and what your contribution will be. A Meeting will be held next Convocation Day (April 28th), to which you are hereby invited, and at which action will be taken in accordance with the answers received to this circular.

On one point we were unanimous—that there should be no canvass for such a memorial. This is the only communication that will be sent you on the subject.

JAMES WILLIAMSON, LL.D.
A. B. NICHOLSON, B.A.
T. G. SMITH.
D. M. GORDON, B.D.
M. W. MACLEAN, M.A.
JAMES CUMBERLAND, B.A.
WILLIAM BRIDEN,
J. B. MOWAT, M.A.
R. C. HARRIS, C.E.
JAMES CROIL,
D. J. MACDONNELL, B.D.
J. L. STUART, B.A.
GILBERT C. PATTERSON, B.A.
JOHN E. GALBRAITH.

GEO. M. MACDONNELL, B.A.,

Secretary and Treasurer,

(a) \$25,000 would endow a Chair; \$10,000 a Fellowship; and from \$2,000 to \$6,000 a Scholarship or Scholarships.

Please address answer to G. M. MACDONNELL, Secretary and Treasurer Mackerras Memorial Fund, Kingston.

AW!

AT a recent festive gathering of some members of the JOURNAL staff, the conversation naturally turned upon cookery and one member related his experience as follows: "The worst instance of delusion that I know of was one time when a party was camping among the Thousand Islands, one of the number loudly proclaimed that he knew better how to fry fish than any other one of the party. The rest immediately gave him full power to proceed, on condition that he would make up but a small amount of the dish as a kind of experiment. This he promised to do and set to work. He prepared his fire, frying pan and fish, then went to the tent and got several handfuls of some yellowish substance and proceeded to fry his fish in it. One of the others after watching his proceedings for a time, walked up and asked him what he was trying to do. "Trying to do?" said he, "Why I'm frying fish." "What's that stuff your frying them in?" "Where were you brought up. That's Cornmeal." "Cornmeal? Why you took it out of the saw dust box." Too sad, but true, and history has not put on record how the fish tasted. Now, the teller of this thought it ought to raise a laugh, and you can imagine the depths of dejection and melancholy to which he sank, when he heard one say "Aw! It must have tasted something like saw'd (sword) fish." And right after another, "Why he was just giving them some fine board!"