

—written examinations. Could a man make his son indolent by leaving him his property? Certainly not. For at the age of 70 he would be beyond *written examinations*, and so all his property would revert to the state, to be divided up again among the younger citizens. On the result, of course, of *written examinations*. Could a man's attention to the welfare of the state be distracted by selfish concerns? Not unless he was cramming up for the *written examinations*. Would there be any of the sickening sentimentality connected with the tender passion, as manifested in present times? How could there, when a man could not look at a woman unless she was apportioned to him on the result of the *written examinations*. Would there be any debasing selfishness in such a state? There certainly would not according to Plato, if a man had only such personal rights as these. And even these would be forfeited if he was plucked at the *written examinations*. The advantages of this perfect state might be described *ad infinitum*. And we feel convinced that had the immortal Plato heard this marvellously inspired theory, he would have turned in his hortulan sepulchre and murmured, "Had I the wonderful genius of that young man, Greece had not now crumbled into dust." We may add that when the gentleman was making known his theory to the class they were at times, as might be expected, deeply moved at the surpassing grandeur of some of its conceptions. The Professor himself was much affected.

THE other day just before the lecture in Metaphysics commenced, an audacious theologian popped his head in the door. He was, of course, met with a volley of groans, but above the din was heard a voice, "Shut the door and keep the secular element out."

ON a soft day the walk from the street to the College is, to say the least of it, disagreeable. We respectfully recommend that a gutter be built on each side of the board-walk to carry off the water. We like wading when it is the gushing waters of a babbling brook that dance about our ankles; there's something poetical in it. But when you have your best boots on, and the water is at 4° C., the amusement loses its charm.

A MEDICAL and Arts were passing that pork-packing establishment on Johnston Street, with the usual sign of a fat porcine over the door:

Arts—I know nothing that resembles your nature so much as that animal up there, delineated in pigment.

Med.—(After reflection.) Well that is a *poor* kind of pun.

Arts—*Aw* give us a rest!

Med.—Have done sir. I never *saw* such total depravity as—

Arts—In yourself. No. Well! when a man imbibes *wine* as freely as you do, he is apt to be depraved.

And Med resigns.

THE following is an extract from a letter recently published in the Hamilton *Spectator*: "All hail! to Queen's University for opening its halls for separate classes for women. That it has been first to respond to a popular educational want speaks well for the astuteness of its faculty. Verily, Queen's will be illustrious in modern history, for preans will be sung in its praise for all time. We cannot but read the signs of the times. The great wave of reform as regards woman's education is breaking on every shore. The most stolid cannot but perceive that public opinion has grown to believe in the equal education of the sexes."

"The boy stood on the burning deck.

Whence all but him had fled:

"Because, if I should now sit down,  
I'd burn my pants!" he said."

## PERSONAL.

REV. JOHN FERGUSON, M.A., B.D., '79, who lately settled in Chesley, is getting on very well. There is quite a religious awakening in the congregation.

ALEX. MCLEOD, of the class of '82, is playing the part of domine in a school in Iroquois.

J. P. GILDERSLEEVE, LL.B., '63, has been acting Police Magistrate of Kingston for some time.

J. J. BELL, M.A., '77, is editor of the *Picton Times*, a vigorous weekly, devoted principally to Prince Edward affairs.

MANY will be surprised to learn that John Bonner, the New York speculator and publisher, is an M.A. of '45. He was one of the first students of the College.

REV. ROBERT CHAMBERS, B.A., '66, and Rev. W. N. Chambers, who was of the class of '75, and afterwards went to Princeton, have gone as Missionaries to Erzroum, Central Turkey.

GEO. GILLIES, B.A., '75, was in town the other day. He is one of the largest manufacturers in the Birmingham of Canada—Gananoque.

IT WILL be remembered that last summer a deputation of influential and intelligent farmers was sent out from Britain to report on the advantages of this country as a field of emigration. We see that at a meeting held at Canonbie, Scotland, when one of the delegates was delivering an address on this subject, Rev. Dr. Snodgrass, ex-Principal of Queen's, presided. This was appropriate because having lived here so long, and having travelled the length and breadth of the land in the interest of the endowment fund, no one knows better the advantages of the country than the learned Doctor.

## CLIPPINGS.

IS it not reasonable to suppose that Cicero's teacher, Scævola, the auger, was a bore?

HE who Mrs. to take a kiss,

Has Mr. thing he should not Miss.

*Freshman*—What is the relation between bread and hash?

*Senior*—"Bread is a necessity, hash is an invention—necessity is the mother of invention."

*Freshman*—"Gosh!"

WASTED ELOQUENCE.—"I know I'm losing ground, sir," tearfully murmured the pale faced Freshman, "but it is not my fault, sir. If I were to study on Sunday, as the others do, I could keep up with my class, sir,—indeed I could; but I promised my mother ne-ne-ver—" and as his emotions overpowered him, he pulled out his handkerchief with such vigor that he brought out with it a small flask, three faro chips and a euchre-deck, and some how or other the Prof. took no more stock in that Freshman's eloquence than if he had been a graven image.

WE are liable to err; but the man who mistakes his neighbor's slippers for a pair of arctics, pays no small tribute to his understanding.

OWED TO ANTHON'S VIRGIL.

Anthon has a little horse,

Well clad in sheep-skin coats.

Its name is Virgil, very fat,

He keeps him stuffed with (n) oats.

EVERYONE agrees that we ought not to strike a man when he's down; but it is wrong to stroke a moustache under similar circumstances?