

## *Medicine.*

THE Medical Dance was held in Grant Hall on Nov. 19th. This year the Committee in charge had spared no efforts to make this Dance a very brilliant function, and success crowned their efforts in every respect.

In spite of a rather unpleasant evening, fully five hundred attended and of this number we have never heard of one who had not an excellent time. In fact, some gentlemen who attend most of the functions at Queen's, declare it the best dance they ever attended in Kingston.

Music was supplied by Merry's Orchestra, and was up to the usual standard of excellence. While the Orchestra were at refreshments, Miss Bull, Musician at the Rockwood Hospital, delighted the dancers by two selections on the piano.

The refreshments were good. Nothing very elaborate was attempted, but everything was in good taste and the service was the best ever given at a similar function.

What pleased the boys most was the presence of the Professors and their wives. Practically the whole Medical staff were there, only three being unavoidably detained.

The thanks of the Medical faculty are extended to the Patronesses, Mrs. Gordon, Mrs. Dr. Mundell, Mrs. Dr. Knight, Mrs. Dr. J. Connell, and to the Principal for the gracious manner in which they received the guests.

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It is said there is a new brand of tea advertised, "The Levana Tea."

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We hear that Bill Hale is negotiating the purchase of a new alarm clock. It is locking the stable after the horse is stolen.—He should have taken time by the forelock—it would have saved a pair of cab horses much fatigue, a fair lady much anxiety and disappointment, and himself much humiliation. The first thing we know we'll let the cat out of the bag, and Bill will———but enough said. If you are curious and would take the risk, ask Bill.

## *Divinity.*

IN connection with the topic for discussion at the Y. M. C. A. last week,—“The Ministry as a life work,” the question, what constitutes a “call” was raised. It has been thought by some, that men are called to the ministry in an altogether different way from that by which men are led to choose any other profession. Some years ago a medical student in London was walking about the east end late in the evening. Between two buildings, he saw a boy crawl into an empty barrel and “cuddle doon” for the night. Within the walls of the yard of an adjacent warehouse, he found some seventy lads similarly housed for the night. This young man completed his course and became Dr. Barnado, the friend and benefactor of an almost countless number of homeless children. Surely if any man was ever called to do a definite work, so was this founder of the Barnado homes. There came to his notice a great need. Here were homeless ones who needed to be cared for and kept from the evil influences among which they were