

'So far as we have seen,' says the JOURNAL, 'few papers outside of Toronto have championed the cause of the institution that loves to dub itself "the Provincial University." Now, we are convinced of one of three things. Either the JOURNAL has not seen very far; or it has been looking through a single eye-glass, and that colored; or, with that logic which is but too common, it does not consider the papers which dare to differ from its opinion worthy of a place in the journalistic classification. And we are inclined to believe in the existence of all these possible positions.

We would like to tell *'Varsity* that one of the three positions cannot be believed in by those who are well informed. No member of the staff ever wears an eye-glass, colored or uncolored. The managing Editor wears spectacles but only in winter when the sun is shining brightly. He didn't require to put them on when reading the *'Varsity's* Editorial.

McGill *University Gazette* ably seconds *'Varsity*. The former says concerning the denominational outcry against Queen's:—

"If ever there was a denominational University in this world Queen's University is such, and the Faculty of Arts is merely a department of that University. If Queen's is not a denominational University, we should like to know where one is to be found. Does the JOURNAL wish to maintain that because in the curriculum of the Arts department there is not laid down a special course in the distinctive doctrines of the Presbyterian Church, the College cannot be called denominational? In that case, we have been living unawares in a blessed state of undenominationalism. Let us no longer make the mistake of calling Victoria, Methodist, and Trinity, Anglican. Have not they among their students, at least half a dozen, who are not Methodists or Episcopalians? All our Universities are undenominational! But we must cry out with D'Arcy McGee, "O sacred inconsistency."

Our Cobourg brother has been very cordial. It is quite true that we shook the dust or, rather mud, from our feet when we left Cobourg last Fall, but that in this case only showed that because of genuine good will on the part of the Queen's men they were impelled to shake feet as well as hands. *Acta* says:—

We sincerely thank Queen's College JOURNAL for the extended and flattering account they give of our late tournament.

On a different occasion the Ex. Ed. of the *Acta* delivers himself of the following:—

"Queen's College JOURNAL favors an article in November's *Acta* with a criticism as long as the article. The critic is dreadfully sarcastic, and the writer of the *Acta* article is rapidly fading away, stricken down in his youthful bloom. * * *

Will we forgive you, JOURNAL, for this merciless handling?" Yea, verily. Go in peace. Sin thus again, and each time receive forgiveness to the joy of the heart.

(To be Continued.)

The *College Rambler* calls its local column "Rambling on the Campus." If the picture on the cover is at all true to the original, the students of Illinois College have chosen an appropriate name for their paper, for the grounds are both pleasant and extensive.

❖ITEMS.❖

NOTICE in a Hoboken ferry boat: "The seats in this cabin are reserved for ladies. Gentlemen are requested not to occupy them until the ladies are seated."
—Ex.

We are pleased to make the acquaintance of the *Wesleyan Bee*.

The College papers of Nova Scotia are discussing provincial aid to their own institutions. The plague is spreading.

The Bates Student for March is a credit to the staff.

"Meet me," she said,
To-morrow night
"At the garden wall
"When the sun's gone down."

And here's to-morrow,
And here am I,
And there's the wall,
And the sun's gone down.

Knee breeches were worn at Yale '85's promenade.

We never speak as we pass by—He plucked me on a final.

"Ma," said a thoughtful boy, "I don't think that Solomon was so rich as they say he was." "Why, my dear?" "Because the Bible says he slept with his fathers, and if he had been so rich he would have had a bed of his own."

With this issue of *The Targum* the present Senior Editors cease their jurisdiction over this "greatest paper on earth." So say the editors.

...A young Alexandria miss
Was asked by her beau for a kiss,
Demurely contented
She sweetly assented,
And their lips looked like this:

○ ○

But her pa interrupted the bliss,
And said, "Who's this young feller, sis?"
And without more ado
The young fellow flew,
And his eyes looked exactly like this:

○ ○

This being the last issue but one of this Volume of the JOURNAL, we would request those who have not paid their subscription to it to do so at once that the books may be made up by the close of the session.

A PRIZE

Send six cents for postage, and receive free, a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.