

original poetry too, which would seem to indicate an abundance of poetic talent in 'Varsity, is generally above the average of academic productions. Upon the whole 'Varsity, as a students' organ, will compare favorably with any of our exchanges.

Our old friend, *The Dial*, of St. Mary's College, Kansas, is, as usual, rich in stories and sketches, which show a good deal of literary merit. A childish little poem, "Solved," is worthy of Eugene Field:

The sun is slowly sinking down,
And, arching o'er the sky,
Sail clouds of gray and gold and brown—
Whence came they—how, and why?

They came from far-off fairyland,
The fairies make them there,
And Mother Goose, white reins in hand,
Drives with them high in air.

She drops the tiniest feather white,
And more she throws, and more;
And if you soft peep out to-night,
You'll find her at your door.

The *Argosy* has again reached the haven of our sanctum laden with freight of various degrees of excellence. An article on "Roberts' Poetry of the Tantramar," gives an estimate of the work of that poet, which is unspoiled by that indiscriminate praise which too often characterises Canadian criticisms of the writers of our own country. The *Argosy* is a bright little magazine, and its well edited "Sackvilliana" and "Personals" columns must give to it considerable local interest.

The Owl sustains well its reputation for solemnity and learning. Some of the utterances of the oracular bird, however, are couched in language which is more spiteful than forcible, and which detracts considerably from the dignity of the journal of Ottawa College. The phenomenal success of the O.C. football team has led the editors to devote a considerable amount of space to the football history of the institution, a history which cannot fail to be interesting to many Queen's men.

The *Hesperian*, from the University of Nebraska, is a sheet which will admit of much improvement. Some of its articles are in very questionable tastes, some appear to be introduced merely to show the writer's skill in profanity, while the effusions of the Nebraska bards are confined to subjects of purely local interests.

The *Edinburg Student* still continues to devote the greater part of its space to medical concerns. Its literary work, however, is always first-class, and many of its poems are gems. A series of biographies, accompanied by cuts of the persons described, have made the *Student* of this year specially interesting. Among others thus noticed are Prof. Butcher, the

translator of the *Odyssey*, and R. L. Stevenson. For the delectation of our medical readers we quote from its pages:

A CLINIQUE.

Half an ounce,
Half an ounce,
Half an ounce daily,
Into the patient's jaws
Rolled the drug rarely;
Was there a drop remained,
Nurse said "It must be drained,"
What though the man complained,
"Finish it fairly."

Students to right of him,
Students to left of him,
Students upon him;
Banged on his hollow chest,
Thumped on his slender breast,
Volleyed and thundered;
Breathless with anxious ear,
Listening in front and rear,
Hear what they cannot hear
Sounds gently murmured.

Shocked by the battery,
Burnt by the cautery,
Pulled at Death's lottery,
Patient sank under;
P.M. at one o'clock,
Bottled and sent to Jock,
Add to Museum stock,
Valueless plunder.

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

THE next issue of the *Hogan's Alley Gazette* will contain the following orders from headquarters: "To be promoted to the forward line of the Hot Tomolies, for being 'wid us,' M-lv-le R-k-tt T-dh-pe, *vice* Jufakus F-lk-r, fired for insubordination in not voting 'wid de gang,' see!"

Prof. in English (to young man)—"How would you punctuate the following: The beautiful girl, for such she was, was passing down the street?"

Student—"I think, Professor, I would make a dash after the beautiful girl."

The following story is told of a veteran member of the M.M.P.A. The infant of the household was in the cradle. The head of the house was at home, and as he was preparing a homily to be read next day before the Divinity class, was peevish and fault-finding. "You've done nothing but make mistakes to-night," he growled. "Yes," she answered meekly, "I began by putting the wrong baby to bed."

J. K. C.—"What time is it, Billy?"

Billy K-n-n—"Its five minutes av a quarter to ten, aggszactly."