

this to the public without refutation, as we believe the eulogium emanated from one possessing a finer instinct, a gentler nature and a purer mind. Earnest's late rejection of a tin whistle and adoption of a well-trained terrier must have rendered decided beneficial service in the captivation of so many of Kingston's fair-haired. We extend to him a wish of prosperity, confident that he will never dishonor a calling that will ever faithfully serve a true man.

No. 15.—I. J. Foley, cynic, woman-hater and philosopher, is also profoundly learned in drugs. His sole pleasure in life seems to be to twirl the imaginary ends of his stunted rubicund moustache. Well, Joe, we hope in your future peregrinations that you will find a more congenial soil in which to instil your pessimism than in the jolly careless meds. Nevertheless, strange to say, all the boys like him, and all will say that Joe is one of the finest fellows they have met in the den. When he leaves us for New York, Canada will confer another of her many favors on Uncle Sam.

No. 16.—J. F. Gibson sports a horse and rig, yet is not conspicuously a ladies' man. He is perhaps the only one of the crew who is invariably "up in the morning early," and who does not need to "toss coppers" for recreation. He intends to make all his diagnoses at sight, so, as a precautionary measure, regularly takes lectures with his eyes shut on account of his precocity. The senate will no doubt overlook his youth and allow him to blossom in the spring.

No. 17.—H. A. Parkyn.—To describe this gentleman would require the pen of a philosopher and a poet. Watty don't leave any around the college, and Tom Marquis wouldn't lend me his, so Parkyn will have to be satisfied with ordinary indelible lead pencil. Here are a few of H. A's accomplishments: Musician, physician, vocalist, ventriloquist, hockeyist and foot-ballist. Only space prevents us extending the list. In instrumental music his range is from the church organ to the bass drum. He also has a few select tunes that he plays by thumping the top of his head with his shut fist. Some people might imagine that H. A's head is hollow. Any such idea would be erroneous. We simply state a fact and will forfeit \$1,000 to any party who will prove to our satisfaction that Parkyn cannot play Yankee Doodle on his head. We don't mean standing on his head, but by thumping his open head with his shut fist. We hope this is clear. In hockey, foot-ball, and other sports Mr. Parkyn is one of the most energetic workers the university has ever had, and there can be no doubt that Queen's owes much of her success in athletics to him.

No. 18.—J. E. Macnee, the book-worm of the class, is not as strong as they make 'em, and no wonder. The number of state periodicals he has devoured in the reading room during his course would have nauseated a bigger man. If his liver is not entirely filled with hobnails, we suspect the rest of the space is occupied with microbes. The guardianship of an erring youth—his room-mate—also weighs heavily on his mind. His specialty is locating cerebral functions, which he can do with all the exactness of an old-fashioned phrenologist.

His indomitable spirit will carry him to some quiet country village where he will build up a good constitution and a large practice.

No. 19.—D. Herald, nearly related to one of the "powers that be," since coming to college has developed a great fancy for skating and ladies, not to mention many other things, amongst them, the study of medicine. He is quite a favorite with the fair sex. Though young, he is already furnished with a complete set of side-boards of the most approved style. Of quiet disposition, he is a favourite with the Y.M.C.A. men. We wish him success.

No. 20.—M. D. Ryan, a real scientist. How my pen delights to write the words! He began to study the origin and insertion of the Pectoralis Major muscle. After some preliminary study the origin became clear to him. But to many minds, in those days, the insertion of this wonderful muscle was enshrouded with darkness. To a truly great mind difficulty is a spur. With the courage of Livingston searching for the source of the Nile, Mr. Ryan determined to follow this muscle to its termination. At last, after much patient, self-sacrificing toil, he succeeded in demonstrating that it is inserted into the anterior bicipital ridge of the humerus. His fellow students, being now compelled to recognize the keenness of perception which characterizes him, raised him to the highest office in the gift of the Concurus—its private detective. In that also he has distinguished himself, for many an ill-starred freshie, many an unlucky second or third year man has been dragged to cringe before its awful tribunal.

No. 21.—E. B. Echlin, B.A.—Well, Ech., must we really say good-bye? We would willingly stop here and not write another word. What is the use? Who does not know this handsome student? Who has watched Queen's foot-ball team and not picked him out? His eagle eye takes in the scrimmage, and as the enemy darts swiftly off with the ball, our hero hotly pursues, seizes him with a vice-like grip and winds him up, then tallies four. A lady spectator once remarked that he reminded her of the Black Knight in Ivanhoe; but we fancy he more closely resembled Gilpin, for he *eke'd* with all his might. Though not in his post-graduate course, he has been a long time at Queen's, and has always taken a lively interest in the Y.M.C.A. and the Alma Mater, in the latter of which he is senior wrangler. We are sure that in the future practice of his profession, or in walking the hospital, he will always "take the cake."

No. 22.—J. Emmons, popularly known as "Jack," (not the Ripper) is a fine fellow, and his occasional visits to the Royal made him a favorite. He was one of our promising students, but his ambition, his fondness for lemonade and his love of adventure has led him to migrate to Texas. It is confidently expected that he will "hold the place down." From the staff he took with him we judge he intends to found a college with a dispensary and shooting gallery attached, though some have hinted that he would edit a paper called "The Missionary Outlook."

(To be continued.)