

Of the '08 graduates in Education, we mention several more names:

Miss Emily Elliott, M.A., Miss Ethel Hare, Miss Annie Moffat, and Mr. Thos. Kerr, B.A., are teaching in Saskatchewan.

Miss Annie MacArthur, B.A., is teaching in Washburn Public School.

Miss Carrie Scott, B.A., is teaching in Stirling High School.

Mr. C. A. Shaver, B.A., is teaching in Galt Collegiate Institute.

Mr. G. W. Hofferd, B.A., is teaching in Essex High School.

Mr. J. J. Edwards, B.A., is Principal of Port Arthur Public Schools

Mr. M. L. Cornell, M.A., is Mathematical Master in Pembroke High School.

Overheard on the street by one of our own number:

First Student—"How do you like your course this year?"

Second Student—"Oh, I like it. But Queen's for me is hardly what it used to be. I miss so many old faces that I used to shake hands with."

Literary.

A HOMERIC PICTURE.

(*Experiment in English Hexameter.*)

Fronting the land of the Cyclops, out from their harbor a distance
 Nor far nor near, lies an island o'er-wooded and desert;
 There goats wander, uncounted, untamed, and unstartled by any
 Footfalls of men; for never the huntsman comes hither to suffer
 Torment, entangled in woods, while traversing the peaks of its mountains.
 Thither the herder of flocks and the ploughman come not to possess it,
 But unsown, untilled, it is ever devoid of a human
 Presence, and bears but the bleating of goat flocks pasturing o'er it.
 For no ships with red-painted bows are possessed by the Cyclops,
 Nor dwell shipwrights 'mongst them to build them strongly decked vessels.
 Such as would voyage o'er the sea to the cities of mortals.
 They, too, might have wrought a fair colony out of the island.
 For not unproductive it lies, but would bear all fruits in their seasons.
 Meadows are there, soft and moist, stretching beside the serene sea,
 Where, undecaying, the vine might grow; there smooth-lying corn-land,
 Whence they ever a plenteous harvest might reap as the seasons
 Came and passed; for a wondrous fertility dwells in its acres.
 Goodly the anchorage there, no need of the slightest of moorings
 Either of casting the anchors, or fastening to shore with the stern-ropes.
 Instead, running his vessel ashore, the sailor might linger
 Even so long as his heart desired or tempests were blowing against him.
 Up at the head of the harbor, a spring of bright-flowing water