

The subject of this sketch, whose popularity among his fellow-students is attested by the positions of honour he holds, is a product of Almonte High School, from which institution he matriculated four years ago with unrivalled honors. His course in college has been in perfect keeping with his success on that occasion, being marked by the winning of an unusually large number of scholarships. No man in Queen's is more deeply imbued with college spirit than Mr. P., who, while a most successful student, has fought many battles for the honor of Queen's on the football field, and has devoted himself earnestly to the performance of any duties imposed upon him by his fellow-students. He is a man of remarkably wide genius, can run a saw mill, manage a lumber shanty, conduct a river drive, and as the scarred and battered warriors of '98 can testify, is a fistic warrior of surpassing prowess. Tall, active and athletic, the most distinguishing feature in his personal appearance is the semblance of a maltese kitten which adorns his upper lip. But no sketch of this many-sided individual would be complete which failed to make mention of his ability as a vocalist. Marvellous indeed is his rendering of his favorite solo beginning with the touching and pathetic lines—

"My Mary Ann, my Mary Ann,
She ran away with the hired man,
And now right through my heart
You could drive a large wheel-barrow."

A. M. Robertson is like the wind, for we know not whence he cometh, nor whither he is going, but we do know that he came in with a lot of classes off, and is going to make a record for himself this spring. He hath a lean and hungry look for Mathematics, and 'tis said that he has his eye on the medal. At any rate he is a diligent and painstaking student, and is one of the stars in the Astronomy class. He boards about a mile from college, but nevertheless always covers the distance in three minutes, as it is one of his many principles never to walk slower than No. 19 street car. He says little but thinks much, makes no noise but works hard, and we are safe in saying that Queen's will have reason to be proud of him in the near future.

Walter Bryce, according to the most competent authority we are able to consult, was born at Keene, in the year 1792 A.D., but being in no sense a fast liver he is now only about 25 years of age. At the date of his birth Venus was in the ascendant, Mars was "on his ear," and Jupiter just recovering from an attack of grippe; consequently during his course his attention has been about equally divided among the fair sex, the rink, and a fractious moustache.

So assiduous were his attentions to these interesting and worthy subjects, that he rarely allowed his studies to interfere with his duties to them. He was fond of music and possessed a good voice. His best pieces were, "Mary and John," and "If you would only marry me I wouldn't care at all, If there never grew a praty in the town of Donegal." His rendition of these charming ballads has seldom been equalled and never surpassed. It is said that he could never go contentedly to bed until he had first played "a couple of tunes" on his violin. He now holds a good position on the teaching staff at Ridley College, St. Catherines. We wish him all success. "S'k'loo!"

J. Y. Baker hails from Glengarry, and never fails to remind one of the fact. Like all Scotchmen he is "canny," and this no doubt accounts for his record, namely, "The man against whom Cupid lays seige in vain." But for all this, certain ones who are in the inner circle of Jim's acquaintance, know he has a soft spot in his heart for the fair sex. He is not one of those men who are well known around the college, because he is not of a self-assertive nature; yet those who know him best feel the boon they have in his friendship. He is a good friend, a hail-fellow-well-met, with only one weakness, a persistency in skating alone, much to the disgust of certain young ladies. As he has been a good student we predict his success in the Spring, but hope to see him again in the Autumn when he enters the medical department.

Albert Brown, sometimes called Bertie Brown from Beachburg, is a lineal descendant of that Tom Brown who was once a school boy. He disclaims all connection with the Smiths, but admits that he is distantly related to that other great English family, the Jones. Since first he set forth to Queen's, a frightened freshman, he has wrestled manfully with "the invisible hand," Prof. Marshall's jokes and Nathan's grasp, of which latter he claims he knows the construction and use. We hope he is not deluded. Every fall he goes into the fray with the determination to win, and every spring he comes out smiling with the air of a man who has "passed," and we feel confident that this spring he will step out a full-fledged grad., with a bright future. But Albert, we must frankly tell you that you have not seen the full meaning of university life. Man, students included, is a social animal. No man should retire from the world, but should live in it and be of it. You have neglected too much college societies and college friendships, and that communion of soul with soul which the true student loves so much. Be warned in time. And now *pax vobiscum*.