

bathe. And before eight o'clock classes, the Queen's girls were generally in the lead as far as 6.30 a.m. bathing was concerned. One splendid feature about our conference was the arrangement in the dining-room where everyone was requested to change places every meal or so and in this way we got to know ever so many girls we might not have had time to talk with during the hurry of the day; for one day we found a Varsity girl beside us, another day a girl from Mt. Allison or Acadia, or even sometimes "Little Dal.," as we fondly called the jolly little rep. from Old Dalhousie. There were so many jolly girls and everyone met everyone else, so that the spirit of friendliness and good-will was everywhere and we hope it will remain so as the conference grows steadily larger and larger, for it cannot help but do so, as everyone enjoyed it so much and resolved to return again and bring others to share in its joys. Perhaps some day, too, we may ask representatives from across the line, to get more into touch with what they are doing and to get to know them better.

In everything, in spiritual uplifting, in food for thought, in good health, in friends, in sympathy and a broader view of life in general, have we returned richer than we went and not one can be grateful enough to the Association which sent them, or more desirous that as many others as possible shall go next year to the second Canadian Summer Conference.—M. G. S., '09.

Letters to Men About College.

DEAR Doug.:—Many a time has the De'il been anxious to have thee! If thou hadst turned thy hand to his business, methinks thou wouldst have done it, almost to his liking. But then thou wast born a Presbyterian and a *philosophic*—too cool a combination for his purpose, yet warm enough not to be mistaken for an image or an angel. Indeed has it not been told that when a good brother asked thee in the chapel-meeting, "Art thou a Christian?" thou didst stoutly reply, "No. a Presbyterian." There is something of the Scot about thee—a latent period before that robust laugh breaks, or rather shatters thy *open* countenance.

Thou art a man of few words, some of which are strong enough to come out at a Queen's-Varsity Soccer match. But, then thou art from the Hall, and must know the words of life, else how canst thou lead a brother who knoweth not. And so thy language, let it pass, it was, as my remarks upon it are, but cursive. Thy gentle soul was not to blame—it was the Upper Campus—or rather they that—but then 'tis thought it will be used this winter as an outdoor rink, and with the money earned, the coming spring a fine new ground will be prepared and football-practice troubles will be over. For there is no truth in the rumor that Queen's isn't going to *play* football any more. No, rugby and association are not played in the Gym. That is for basket-ball and exercise which Archie says is sheer rot when there's mental work to do. But, Douglas, not that I love strong words, to thy friends in private, say what thou dost think of the campus question.