

ons, and other papers gave a story of the "riot" that took place at Queen's. Such fiction could only have been the product of some fertile imagination, and can scarcely be said to have even a historic setting. But it has nevertheless been the basis of much moralizing by wise persons who are utterly ignorant of the facts pertaining to this particular case, and who are equally ignorant of the nature of university life.

The *Concursus Iniquitatis et Virtutis* had a meeting at its old stand in the junior philosophy room on Monday, February 28th, and disposed of one important case. The court officials performed their several duties very well; but some preparation before hand would have bettered the case of the prosecution. The cross-questioning was not sufficiently pointed or systematic.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

The grave and reverend seniors are sorely perplexed. In due season for celebrating the above named festival, a mysterious package, addressed in a lady's hand-writing, fell under the stern gaze of the P.M.G. The parcel was tied in some occult fashion in the daintiest of ribbon, with every suggestion that "the best is yet to be." The usually sober and solemn countenance of the recipient of the parcel has ever since been the picture of blissful, contented innocence. Yet the event is one that fills the heart of the senior with grave misgiving, and causes the court to exclaim like the other giant, "I smell fresh meat!" Hereafter all persons receiving such parcels are expected to submit them to the approval of a select committee, over which the P.G.M. will preside with his usual judicial fairness.

HOCKEY.

It is not often that history combats the arguments of philosophy; but such was the case in the rink a short time ago, and philosophy scored defeat. It was hockey—at least that is what it was officially called—and the puck was evidently the point in dispute. The philosophy men were not quite logical enough; for they left gaps in their line of argument which prevented them from reaching a proper con-

clusion. The history men on the other hand, traced the descent of the puck down the rink with more connected detail, and thereby managed to reach the goal of their ambition. For the philosophy team, McEachran in goal played an excellent game, and showed that he has the stuff of which good goal-keepers are made; their reverend point played a Starr game, even though refusing some proffered *usquebaugh*; Logie McDonnell played cover point, and covered it well. Walkem, assisted by Loucks and others, played the winning game for history.

New hockey teams are growing up in alarming numbers around us. The senior year in arts, medicine and science, each boasting of possessing one. '01 arts and '01 medicine fought it out on the ice last week, and as far as scoring was concerned they came off with even honours. It was simply an every day dub match in which the players played, and the spectators watched them as they are supposed to do. Medicine excelled arts in one particular, namely, in that they could boast of one or two players who could do more tripping in less time than is at all common. Gray was especially prominent in this. It was the quantity of his tripping and not the quality that was striking; for it was not done scientifically, but with ordinary clumsy persistence. However, it is all over now, and these two teams may never meet again.

'01 arts and '01 science also had a pleasant meet in the rink. As far as actual play was concerned, the science team came out a decided second, the official score being three to one in favour of arts. The average spectator, however, was surprised to find it commonly reported after the game that science "did" arts in this game, but his mind was set at ease when he learned that it was actually true, and that the explanation was as follows: Arts' team put the puck through the goal eight times; some jolly parties pinned the umpire's arms to his sides, so that he was able to raise the flag for only three of eight times; these jolly parties were acting in conjunction with the science teams; hence science "did" arts by a score of five to nothing.