

Blossom the fruit the selfsame branches bear.
 Thereafter flowers in many an ordered plot,
 And fragrant herbs; narcissus, lily, rose,
 Grey lavender, and sweet amaracus;
 And through the grass a welling fountain goes
 That all the year they bloom and wither not—
 This is the garden of Alcinous.

Odysseus.

He stood upon the threshold, with his bow
 Strung in his hand, his arrows on the floor;
 But in their craven hearts fear wrestled sore
 With anger, and one said, "Enough of woe,
 Odysseus, we have sinned, yet let us go,
 And choose the plenteous treasure from our store,
 Or surely we will thrust thee from the door,
 And cry to rescue in the town below."
 Then spake Odysseus, and his bitter words
 Stung them like arrows: "None of you this day
 His guilty life shall ransom, though he spend
 His substance all; yea, though ye seek your swords,
 Not so shall ye prevail; I will not stay
 Mine hands till I have killed and made an end."

—*The Oxford Magazine.*

We do not know the nature of the commencement day celebrations at Mt. Allison, but hope it is not what this opening sentence of "Allisonia's" Post-Commencement editorial would imply:—

"The last landmark has come and gone."

The Niagara *Index* closes quite a lengthy review of the JOURNAL'S Convocation number as follows: "Altogether, the last number of the JOURNAL is one of the best of all the college magazines we have received this year."

We desire to extend our sincere sympathy to the feline who wandered even to the Fellows' table on Commons, last Monday, in a vain search for missing relatives.—T. C. D.

We expect in college magazines a certain immaturity and the tendency to exaggeration which goes with it. But even this cannot account for "The Recluse's Story" in the North Carolina University *Magazine*, published, by the way, by the Dialectic and Philanthropic Societies of the University. This is quite the worst thing we have seen published in the name of college journalism. Even "Nick Carter" would find it difficult to surpass the scene in which the Recluse at last accomplishes his r-r-r-revenge. We reprint it with shame.

"But I cannot write the happenings of the next half hour; (would that he had not) how at the point of the pistol, I made Keison nick his wife's ears and cut long strips down her cheeks, leaving her horribly disfigured for life; how