

The Honor classes in English, Political Science and Philosophy are being exceptionally well attended. Some cynical observers who know the amount of work these classes involve think it will be a case of "many called but few chosen." The mere mechanical writing of lectures is of no advantage, and to understand and appreciate Honor lectures a thorough acquaintance with Pass classes is absolutely necessary. Those who fondly hope to get a grasp of these subjects in one or two years evidence their ignorance of the extent of these subjects and the difficulties they imply.

Queen's at present holds three championships, the Dominion championship at Bowling, the Ontario championship at Rugby and the Dominion championship at Rugby. A great many believe we have a good showing for the championship at Hockey. Certain it is that Capt. Curtis is just longing for good ice to appear. We ran the champions very close last year. This year they are weak while we have all of last year's team except Giles and his place can be satisfactorily filled. We predict that yet another championship will soon be ours.

COLLEGE NOTES.

It is claimed that Angels and Divinities occupy the third storey.

John seems to have become a drawer of water as well as a hewer of wood, anyway he daily carries something less than a barrel of water to the Ladies' Room.

A writer in one of our Exchanges must surely have had some college society meetings similar to some here in Queen's in his mind's eye when he wrote, "The Lord wasted no material in the creation of the universe, but it is hard for short-sighted but long-suffering humanity to recognize the divine economy of mind and matter exercised when He made the man who objects to everything anybody else proposes and never proposes anything himself."

We are glad to hear once again the familiar voice of Dr. Thompson, of Sarnia, in Divinity Hall. He is delivering a series of lectures on Homiletics which are greatly appreciated.

Professors Dupuis and Fletcher caught the La Grippe in Toronto—another reason why Queen's should remain in Kingston.

The Divinity students have been undergoing the ordeal of Afternoon Teas and At Homes.

Strange things happen in these later days, some men are courted for not attending class, others are courted for attending. One may well wonder how he is to act.

All the students are pleased with the orderly appearance of the Exchanges in the Reading Room.

Thanks to the Curators we have a Reading Room second to none.

Another member of '94, in the person of Ed. Honeywell, has been added to the list of benedicts.

Some of the boys are beginning to wonder why the photos of last year's football and hockey teams have not made their appearance in the reading room.

It seems as if not only were the students and their friends a trifle excited over the championship, but even our formerly regular time-keepers, the bells, have been running in a slightly erratic manner lately. Also those elements seen through the spectroscope appeared decorated with the red, yellow and blue.

In accordance with the principle of Judge Lynch, an impromptu court was instituted by the Honor Greek class last week, and before its stern bar of justice was arraigned a delinquent member of the class, charged with a most heinous offence. Notwithstanding the strong defence of an able counsel, the judge pronounced the prisoner guilty and sentenced him to immediate death by the usual Western method. After both the sentence and the prisoner had been in execution 14 minutes and 4 seconds, he was cut down and a coroner's jury sat upon him for three hours and a quarter. Finally, they reached a verdict to the effect that deceased came to an untimely end caused by the rapid growth and spreading of Greek roots in the cerebellum—hastened by strangulation and shock. He was then sold to the Meds. for fifteen pieces of silver, and the court went into liquidation.

The muse has at last inspired the poet of the freshman year and he sends us the following, entitled ODE TO A CAT: or A MIDNIGHT BURST OF SONG:

O cat so fat now that you've sat

Upon our garden wall,

I unto thee a melody

Will warble. Caterwaul!

You sing of spring and sing and spring

Before my boot-jack hard,

But 'ere you go, Oh loved one, know

I unto thee a melody

Will warble, sweet as lard.

My darling cat oft sits on the fence,

She does, she does.

She squalls all night for she has no sense,

She does, she does,

She jumps on the neck of her loving mate,
And pulls all the hair from the top of his pate,
And then goes on to bemoan his fate,
Singing ta la la la la la.

COLLEGE WORLD.

The students of Yale are not allowed to yell or make a noise on the Campus.

Of the Vassar graduates only 45 per cent. ever marry.