

terest in their work, the difficulty lay, not in keeping the attendance sufficiently high to warrant the presence of the tutors; but low enough to enable the tutors to thoroughly do their work.

The professors found that instead of the necessity for reviewing several previous lectures to enlighten a few students on obscure points, they were enabled to proceed each day with new work in the knowledge that the tutors were caring for those who fell by the wayside.

And the tutors, apart from all mercenary considerations are unanimous in the statement that the work has not only given them grand practice in the "art of explaining things" (itself an asset of great value) but has impressed on their own minds those very important and fundamental facts of the Freshman year which are necessary to successful work in all subsequent years.

In the light of these results it is to be hoped that not only will the tutorial classes be continued with increased vigour in the Science department, but that the authorities may be enabled to extend the system to other parts of the institution.

Ladies.

Extracts From the Diary of a Senior.

March 8th, my last Levana meeting! Had I any tears left gladly would they fall. Never again, cosily grouped on rugs, cushions, chairs and floor, will we eleveners sit imbibing wisdom sweetened with pink ice-cream. Never again with courageous heart and misty eyes shall I rise to win all hearts by my farewell eloquence. Isn't it funny what a difference just a few minutes make? (3.30 p.m. Red Room) The College Spirit, what does it mean? that intangible, indescribable, unpurchasable thing! In the years to come, dear friends, let us rejoice the hearts of those who are following us to Queen's by large subscriptions to the Gymnasium, to the Union, to the Residence. Give your College Spirit a body. (4.30 Levana Room) "I-er-er well girls, I've had a lovely time at Queen's. Be sure you do too and use all your opportunities. Of course get all your books read before 'Xmas."

March 10th, Ye Gods! what heavenly whiffs! my longing soul conjures up the scene. Another banquet! that makes the 6th this season. Some day when men are more enlightened, also more hospitable, we will be invited to banquets (perhaps even to the faculty ones). Never mind girls! There's our final luncheon ahead and just wait for our toast to "The Gentlemen."

March 12th, Check not arrived yet. If dad dosen't send it on time no new hat for me just now. There's the "cutest" one down town, neither a dishpan nor a bread-board for a wonder, 32c. on hand and owe the Q. U. M. A. \$1.00. Gladstone may have been a financier but he never came to Queen's and he didn't join Eleven. I did.

March 16th, Even the mumps would help relieve this monotony. I'm sick of everything! glorious moonlight wasted. Just the kind of night to look for