

When Rev. J. McLaughlin, B.A., left last spring with his young bride for the mission field in Asia Minor, there to work together for the cause of Christ, they carried with them the good wishes of all who knew them, and when a short time ago the sad news of the death of Mrs. McLaughlin was cabled to Canada it caused widespread sorrow, and we can but faintly express the great sympathy the fellow-students of the bereaved husband feel for him in his loneliness and sorrow, but earnest prayers have been offered from loving hearts that the God of all grace may console and strengthen him and uphold him in this time of tribulation.

#### COLLEGE NOTES.

**T**HANKS! Same to you!

What about that skating rink?

A good many of the boys remained in Kingston during the holidays.

After the Re-union some enterprising genius rummaged about in the various dark corners of the college and found several gloves, fans and handkerchiefs.

At that same Re-union the most patronized nook was the conveniently dark entrance to the Hebrew room. Some charitable being placed two seats there and veiled the entrance with a flag.

Although the "gym" is by no means perfect, yet it is infinitely better fitted for wrestling in than the reading room. There are some who go to the reading room to read, and it is not fair that they should be disturbed. If this hint is not taken look out for John with a club.

This question was asked in JOURNAL No. 2, "Are we going to have a Glee Club this year?" The rendering of several of the College songs at the Medical Re-union showed that it certainly is not from lack of talent in that direction. We believe that the only plausible excuse is the lack of a leader. Surely some one of our musical men is willing to sacrifice a little for old Queen's.

The opinion seems to have become general amongst the students that the Senate never intended that they should attend classes the "last day." The junior philosophy class was more considerate than the others, and kindly informed the professor (by note) that the class would not meet that day. Remember the old song, boys:—

"The British Lion is a noble scion,  
But beware how you tread on his tail."

Some of the boys who remained in town during the holidays were busy for a couple of hours every day in the gymnasium laying in a good stock of muscle on which to fall back next spring, while others, just above them, were rapidly parting with what little they might have had.

While the boys were extending a hearty welcome to Principal Grant at Sharbot Lake and receiving a warm

grasp of the hand in return, a sudden hush fell upon all as the Secretary-Treasurer was observed to glide up with a far-away look in his eye and quote the following in a deep sepulchral voice:—

"I had a dream the other night,  
When all was calm and still,  
I dreamed that each subscriber  
Came up and paid his bill.  
But ere the printer had been paid  
I woke without a red.  
Does anybody see the point?  
If so, why then, 'nuf said."

The chief of the posting department says it is not his fault if all the subscribers don't get their JOURNALS as they leave his hands O.K. But if for some other reason they don't turn up he would like if a card to that effect could be sent to Box 1104.

#### ✻DE\*NOBIS\*NOBILIBUS.✻

#### GROWLS

FROM OUR DYSPEPTIC EDITOR.

**S**OME fellows think that when they come to college all evil things, such as athletics, musical and literary culture, social pleasures and fun—especially fun—must be sent to the rear, and that to think of anything but study—oh, dear, *that* is awful! I think so too. Of course it doesn't matter whether a fellow is strong and healthy; it doesn't matter whether he knows how to use what voice he has, or cares to use it; it doesn't matter, either, whether he can, if placed on a platform and asked for a speech, make anything but a fool of himself. Certainly not. These are trivial matters. And then the very idea—the *very* idea of talking about social culture! What good is it ever going to do? What does it matter if you can't keep up your own end of a light and pleasant conversation, or walk across the drawing-room gracefully, or be an acquisition to society instead of being a bore? Who wants anything to do with ladies? They never—or very seldom—want to talk about sensible things, such as transcendentalism, or conic sections, or dynamics, or the origin of the Etruscans, or ancient Grecian literature, or—why, they can't talk of a blessed thing but dresses, and operas, and balls, and things like that. Of course I have never tried it, but that's what I hear.

And, then, please inform me what relation there is between *fun* and a noble, learned, studious life. Since coming to Queen's I have actually seen fellows desert their books to go out on the campus, kick a leather ball around, and call it fun. And I have seen them even skip classes for some little thing like a football match, or a meeting of that nonsensical thing they call the Concours. Was man made to laugh, and joke, and make it pleasanter for other people to be in his company than not? Away with such nonsense! I come to college to study, *study*,