

TO FREDERICTON IN MAY TIME.

This morning full of breezes and perfume,
 Brimful of promise of midsummer weather,
 When bees and birds and I are glad together,
 Breathes of the full-leaved season,
 when soft gloom
 Chequers thy streets, and thy close
 elms assume,
 Round roof and spire, the semblance
 of green billows;
 Yet now thy glory is thy yellow willows,
 The yellow willows, full of bees and bloom.

Under their dusty blossoms black-birds meet,
 And robins pipe around the cedars higher;
 Thro' the still elms I hear the ferry's beat;
 The swallows chirp about the towering spire;
 The whole air pulses with the weight of sweet,
 Yet not quite satisfied is my desire!

Chas. G. D. Roberts, '79, in the *U. N. B. Monthly* (Commencement Number).

We would be lacking in gallantry, and indeed, in the critical yet appreciative faculty, for which our exchange department editors have hitherto been noted, did we fail to mark the arrival of the *Wells College Chronicle*. This monthly is edited by the young ladies of Wells College, Aurora, N.Y., and the first number has set a really high standard of excellence. The leading article on "The Raphaelite Movement" is decidedly

well written and indicates the ambitious character of the magazine. "Red Chrysanthemums," a short story, reminds us that in the short story section we, of Queen's, have been long unrepresented. And the sketches in the "*Chronicle*" ought to be a source of inspiration to our co-eds. to "go and do likewise."

Two little girls were playing, when Margaret made a misstatement of fact. "That's a lie," said Beatrice.

"Oh," ejaculated Margaret. "Do you know where you will go for saying that? You'll go to hell."

"Where's that?" returned Beatrice.

"The idea," replied the other; "you a Methodist and don't know where hell is!"

"Well, I don't care," responded Beatrice, "I'm only in the second book and we just started geography."
 —*Ex.*

The Dictum Est, a bright little sheet, comes to us from the Red Bluff High School in California.

"The Scribe" in *Alfred University Monthly* is a most innocent, and consequently all the more entertaining, joker. Allow us two sentences to prove it.—"Be broad but not too broad, nor either too narrow. Do not be simply a book worm, a social lion or a physical hero."

How they hit these Freshmen!
 Just listen!

Who ever thought of a "hug" as a "round-about way of showing affection?" Such, however, was the idea expressed by the First Year man in the English class the other day.—*O. A. C. Review.*