

The Council has power to elect from its number a Trustee annually. The election is made at the annual meeting from those who received the votes of at least five of their fellow-members at the March election. This year, three gentlemen received the necessary number of votes to entitle them to be balloted for on April 25th, viz. : John McIntyre, M.A. ; Michael Lavell, M.D., and the Registrar of the Council, Donald M. McIntyre, B.A. The Council must choose one of these three as its representative on the Trustee Board from 1893 to 1898.

The Council has large powers, and these are likely to increase. We congratulate the members who have been re-elected, and we believe that the new blood, Messrs. Boyd, Cameron and Wright, will show itself pure.

#### ARTS CONTINUED.

[Our readers will bear in mind that in some of these biographies which have appeared or are yet to appear, the sentiments expressed are merely those of the individual writer and not those of the College at large.]

M. B. Dean, during his first two years at Queen's, pleased himself much better than he did anybody else. Then he dropped out for a year and returned last autumn greatly improved. He is zealous at all sports, and this year our champion athlete. He has yearnings to become one of the "upper ten," and an ornament to society. So great, indeed, is his desire to obtain introductions to swell girls that he occasionally becomes rather embarrassing to his friends. He considers himself an excellent judge of female beauty, and when with a pretty girl usually tells her that he thinks her so, and is not in the least concerned if his remark is heard by the whole of a crowded room. He has worked faithfully at his classes this year, and in that respect we have no fault to find with him.

G. F. MacDonnell never does anything until he has looked at it thoroughly in cold blood from all sides ; after which he goes for it with a whole-souled determination that usually makes him successful,—except in the case of A. M. S. elections. Unfortunately during the greater part of his course he has devoted himself to the skating rink and to rushing girls in

so thorough-going a way that his class work has usually just been good enough to show how much better he should have done. This year, however, all such frivolity has been strictly subordinated to work, and a Classical medal will probably reward him in the spring. He has not, indeed, forsaken his old loves, but has indulged in them only in so far as they did not interfere with his College work. We predict that during the next half-century G. F. will make his name fairly well known in the land wherein he may choose to dwell ; whether for good or evil we are not sure, for that will depend solely upon his own deliberate, cold-blooded choice, based, we should say, on strictly Utilitarian motives.

H. R. Grant strikes one as being a happy medium between the puritan and sport, with a strong tendency to the latter. He has a noticeable weakness for, making stump speeches, tea-meetings, girls, and lemon tarts, in all of which he allows his feelings to carry him away. He can make a speech in defence of his action in sending his resignation as coach to a lady inconsiderate enough to accept it, in support of an impossible gymnasium scheme, foretelling the success of next year's foot-ball team to intending competitors, with all the feeling, energy, jesticulation, and wild-eyed fury of a free-born citizen of the emerald isle ; or in other words when he rises to speak he can display more zeal and less discretion, and blunder into more confusion and ill-timed disclosures than any other orator of his age. As he is probably the most popular man in the College we take an interest in his future ; he is undecided whether to become a Minister, Doctor, or foot-ball referee ; he has made a success of the latter.

Herbert V. Malone is one of the quiet boys, and is a good illustration of the still water that runs deep. He should tell the Profs. that he writes the Everett system of shorthand, so that they would understand how he takes down the notes so quickly, and still has time for an occasional chat with his neighbour. Bert has the pleasant task of holding down Rayside, at the Waterloo of '94, and he says it was worse than sawing wood by the cord. He got there just the same, and got his picture took along with Peck and the others. He