

stand the meaning of that term when applied to an Arts Faculty. Has not one of the "non-denominational" College's own defenders sarcastically asked Principal Nelles—completely misrepresenting the view he is attacking, by the way—what bearing doctrinal questions can have on "the teaching of science and languages," and how there can be a "Methodist mathematics or a Calvinistic Chemistry?" With this writer we so far agree, but we fail to see his consistency when in the same breath he taunts the colleges in question with being "denominational." It is time that this kind of talk should cease. "Hard names break no bones." To call a college "denominational" settles nothing. The Arts faculty of our own College is not in any way supported by the Presbyterian Church, its professors are not all Presbyterian, and its students belong to all denominations. We hold, therefore, that there is no reason whatever why it should not receive aid from the State, if such aid is given at all, but it seems to us preferable that all the colleges in the Province should lean entirely on their friends, and give up the chase after a phantom.

THIRTY-FIVE per cent. of the students of Dartmouth are said to be skeptics.—*Ex.*

COLUMBIA College is to have its Library illuminated by the electric light. \$7,000 have been appropriated, and the Edison incandescent system has been decided upon.

THE council of St. John's has abolished the antiquated rule hitherto in force at that college requiring men to wear cap and gown up to eleven o'clock in the morning. The rule probably dated from a time when lectures were over by eleven; now that the afternoon is being more and more encroached on by professors and lecturers, the eleven o'clock limit has ceased to have any obvious relation to facts.—*Ex.*

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

OUR friend Nibs is of a very erratic disposition, as many of our readers may have already decided in their own minds. It takes extremely little, sometimes, to make him change his mind, and this trait in his character leads him into more wild-goose chases than are indulged in by any other man at Queen's.

Shortly after the closing of last session, I determined to spend the greater part of the summer vacation at T——, a well-known St. Lawrence summer resort. I naturally did not want to go alone, and did my best to persuade Nibs to be my companion, but with no success. I was somewhat surprised then, on the day before leaving home, to receive a telegram from him as follows:

"Will go with you after all. Meet me at 2 p.m. train to-day." NIBS.

I concluded that Nibs had undergone one of his adventures, which had induced him to change his mind, and at the time stated in the telegram, I was on hand at the train. Off jumped Nibs in advance of the rest of the passengers, with a smile all over his face and a valise in his hand, which gave evidence of being hurriedly packed.

"Hello, Freddie, here we are after all!" he exclaimed. "I've got a pile to tell you, old man."

"Delighted to see you, Nibs, of course," I answered. "But how are we to account for your sudden change of mind?"

After a word or two more, we got into a cab, and after settling ourselves, Nibs commenced his yarn.

"It's not that I don't think enough of you, Fred. I wanted to go with you badly, but when I found she was going to be at T—— too, I couldn't resist any longer. All the same, I would——"

"Who in the name of goodness is 'she,' old man? You are somewhat hazy in your remarks," I interrupted.