

election to the office of Chancellor for another term of three years, and enclosing a copy of a resolution adopted by the Council with reference thereto. I have always felt that my claim to the honor of filling the Chancellor's chair was extremely weak, and that in the interest of the University it would have been better to select one of the many friends of Queen's, who are so much better qualified to fill the high position, than a humble individual like myself. During the past six years all I have been able to do has been to give proof of my sympathy with the noble work of the Principal and Professors, of my deep interests in the aims and objects of the University, and my abiding faith in the future.

In again accepting the honor which has been so graciously bestowed on me, I need scarcely give assurance that my warm and constant sympathy will remain unchanged.

I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

SANDFORD FLEMING.

EXCHANGES.

THE *Acta Victoriana* for December is a very creditable college paper. The tone of its editorials is good. Under the heading of "Only a Girl" the editor makes some very sensible remarks on woman's sphere in life. An article entitled "The demands and prospects of Methodism" is a little too heavy for college journalism. This number fully sustains the *Acta's* reputation as one of the best of our exchanges.

The second number of the *Manitoba College Journal* is a decided improvement on the first. As it now appears the *Journal* is a spicy, readable and interesting paper, and we shall be glad to hear of its continued success. The lack of college news, to which we took exception in our last number, has been rectified in the December number by the insertion of various articles on "Our Literary Society," "Foot Ball," "Local Notes," and other subjects interesting to students and their friends. We bespeak a prosperous future for the *Journal* and wish it all the success that the heart of the most sanguine editor could desire.

The *Acta Columbiana* as it now appears, diminished in size and degenerated in quality, seems but a vision of its former self, and the exchange editor sighs as he glances over its uninteresting pages, for they are uninteresting. The *Acta* of Jan. 6th contains a review of the events of the year and the President's annual report, which are, perhaps, interesting to students, though we doubt it, and also editorials and a few college notes. There is no fun, no college news of any account, and no light reading. The *Acta* must brace up if it would be perused with the same avidity as characterized the reading of the effusions formerly contributed by T. Carlyle Smith and his confrères.

The *Delaware College Review* for January, with its peculiarly colored cover, has arrived in due time at our Sanctum. From a cursory glance over the *Review* we have come to the conclusion that the editors have all been home on their holidays and have left the January number to "come out" in the best way it could. There really is not much in the *Review*, and a great deal of what there is might be beneficially left out. We would take exception to the practice of putting small advertisements at the bottom of the pages which are supposed to be devoted to literary contributions. If the editors of the *Review* are hard pushed to fill up their space, let them steal a joke from some other paper and put it in the place now occupied by tobacco advertisements.

Among the many attractions to be found in the pages of the *Columbia Spectator* are the illustrations, concerning which a great deal might be said, but a very little is sufficient. Some of them are good, and some are—well, indifferent. The *Spectator* is a carefully edited journal, full of college news and college jokes. Heavy literary articles are conspicuous by their absence, and for this reason the *Spectator* should be appreciated by all whose good fortune it is to read it. Just in a friendly way we would like to ask the *Spectator* if it could not get a coat of one color. We know that variety is said to be the spice of life, but a garment the half of which is of one color and the half of another is too strongly suggestive of a penitentiary to suit our taste.

Having plenty of spare time on our hands just at present, and feeling that our nerves are firm and our general physique good, we venture to read through the exchange column of the *Niagara Index* of January. The charming and modest youth—of the first year, presumably—who wields the caustic pen that sways the college world of America begins his semi-monthly scrawl by giving his readers a large amount of information about himself and his doings during the Christmas vacation. This is very kind of him, but, perhaps, it is not as fully appreciated by his readers as he imagined it would be. That the *Index* man is a student and lover of the higher branches of English literature, and an earnest and devoted exponent of purity of expression, is abundantly evidenced by the following, taken from the exchange column of the *Index*:—"In fact, we never liked such confounded stuff as slang in a college paper, and you can bet your last nickle we never will." Again, the exchange editor laments that "the college press has always set him down as the most sarcastic of mortals." We would not say as much as that, we would only say he tries to be. But stop! We feel that our strength is failing, and we can read no more but simply say that in all the list of our exchanges there is no paper whose editor thinks so much of himself as does the exchange editor of the *Niagara Index*.