

The Invitation Committee came in for considerable criticism because of the proportion of the sexes. There were so many ladies that the students found some difficulty in giving the out-of-town guests a good time. All evening the gallery was full of ladies, interested spectators, not, let us hope, unclaimed partners. There were frequent comments, too, on the unique flavour of the lemonade and the avoirdupois of some of the cakes. Certainly, though the refreshments were served nicely, they were not quite up to the standard. Another thing that struck one was the prevalence of a process known as "sloping." On every side you could see groups of excited men and girls in earnest conversation, in which ever and anon that word "slope" occurred. Everybody seemed to be "sloping" or being "sloped"—and nobody seemed to mind very much. Everyone was sane enough to recognize the fact that in such a crowd accidents were bound to happen. On the whole it was a most enjoyable evening, that came to an end about three o'clock, when the last stray hackman whirled off in the moonlight. And all that remained to show that old Queen's had for one night thrown off her scholastic severity and given herself up to revelry were the drooping flags, the piled up benches, and here and there a crushed flower or a lost glove.

"I'm glad I belong to '02," she mused as she settled herself in the cab. "For the Conversat. of 1902 is a thing to be proud of."

The delegates to the *Conversazione* from Toronto and Montreal were welcome guests and made themselves very agreeable.

REFLECTIONS OF A HOCKEY PLAYER.

'Tis pity that 'tis now beneath our
pride
And dignity to take once more the
stick
To chase the elusive puck along the
ice.
We will not play, we Seniors, Oh no!
The captain is an Arts man, and are
we
To cringe and bow before him? No,
not one.
The Frontenacs grow bold and bid us
play
The Goo-goos and be beaten out of
hand;
They clamor for the game, or say
"Default
And learn to curl. A proper game
for you
Who still can stand erect upon the ice."
Well, what of them? Dubs we have
learned to scorn
As foes unworthy of our Juniors'
steel!
More potent in the camp those voices
sound,
Erst wont to root our line to victory;
"Where are the Heroes great of old?"
They ask.
"Would they were gone; for then dis-
honour rank
Had stood aloof from us. The season
ages
And no mighty man comes forth to
glide
Or wheel in circle light and call from
high
The thunder of the galleries, while
bold
Goes up the strong 'cha gheill' from
either side.
Have they all died at Fort Duquesne,
or where?
Or are they, of such modern date,
forgot?
They needs must lurk within the
camp and smoke
The pipe of peace and sweet content
at rest."
What need have we to play? I dare
to ask.
They called us dead ones when we
failed