

COLLEGE NOTES.

Geo. Dyde, B.A., '89, and Hugh Hunter, B.A., '92, are with us again and have become Theologues.

Some of the ladies have secured lockers. Co-education "am a-movering along."

We hailed with delight on Monday last the stirring figure of "Dramatic" Dean. Just too late for football!

Many of the boys are again taking advantage of the Y.M.C.A. gymnasium, and classes have been formed for 4.30 p.m. on Mondays and Wednesdays.

The electric bells again caught the "football fever" on Monday last and were considerably "off their bases."

All who saw Queen's formation at the Cobourg lunch-counter gave up all fear of Hamilton's wings doing much damage.

Efforts are being made to resurrect the "Banjo Club." Why shouldn't they practise at the A.M.S. some night?

Students who propose entering on honour courses might do well to peruse carefully the editorial on them in this number. Many mistakes have been made in this regard, and more may be avoided.

The secretary of the Hockey Club has received a communication from the officers of the McGill College Club asking for co-operation in the formation of an Inter-Collegiate League this season.

We observe with pleasure the smiling countenance of Jas. Rollins (Theology, '94.) behind the railing in the Library. He is becoming quite popular as Assistant Librarian and P. M. G.

The excursion to Hamilton was one of the best we have ever had. Financially it has proved unusually successful, and the boys never had a jollier time. However they fared far from sumptuously at the Royal (?) Hotel in Hamilton.

E. C. Gallup, '92, W. M. Fee, '93, A. E. Knapp, '93, C. D. Campbell, '93, D. W. Best, '93, and T. Townsend, '93, after many uncertain wanderings, are again reposing in the bosom of their Alma Mater.

The Reading Room has assumed its old time aspect. The usual dailies are in their places and there seems to be a good number of magazines. We observe with pleasure the *Mac-Talla*, a Gaelic contemporary from Sydney, C.B. It and the Gaelic song of a recent Saturday night suggest a revival of the "language of Paradise" in the College.

The Concursus Iniquitatis et Virtutis held its first sitting last week, when two rash and unsophisticated aspirants to notoriety were solemnly reminded that the way of the fresh transgressor is hard. S. Woods, the crier, gave one of the best cries we have

heard for many a year. We hope to hear it soon again.

Murmurs are heard among the lady students because of the absence of the *Mail* from the reading room. This is one of the results of the demise of the much lamented *Levana*, there being now no authorized body to attend to such affairs, and no treasury from which to draw the necessary funds.

The students are again under obligation to some of the city churches for receptions tendered them. Sydenham street and St. Andrew's have done their best to make the class of '98, together with the older students, feel thoroughly at home in the city. May it ever be thus! We understand that some of the Divinities made use of long experience at tea-meetings to get in neat replies.

Alas! for the *Levana*! In vain a few energetic and loyal hearts remained on Wednesday in the futile hope of rekindling the cold ashes of her former greatness. The president gave up the keys of office, but profound mystery shrouds the remainder of that solemn meeting. Has the social element to be totally thrust aside for the studious? Give the *Levana* one more chance and justify the appeal of our correspondent "Maria."

Some ingenuous budding youth has been trying to play "smart" in the reading room. One of the curators recently drew our attention to one of the placards of rules and regulations that had been completely defaced by lead-pencil scrawls, while the word "obsolete" was scribbled over it in various places. It is time that such ungentlemanly conduct was *obsolete*. Will it be necessary to appoint a detective again?

A college exchange, in describing the experiences of a holiday spent in visiting a Fair, tells how solicitous the Seniors were lest the Freshmen should get under the feet of the live stock, and how they were almost driven to distraction when they found that fourteen Freshmen had spent the entire afternoon in a vain endeavor to measure the circumference of a squash. We must protest against the apathy and indifference of our own Seniors and our Concursus. The Freshmen are continually in danger of falling down cellar, being run over by street cars, getting lost on the way home from Receptions, dislocating their jaws staring through the portals of Divinity Hall, and of being decoyed into the angelic regions of the "Great Unknown." What is our consternation when we hear of six of them under the superintendence of Alfie trying to lift a football! What our dismay when we see the haggard looks that unerringly betoken a too susceptible heart fading into moonshine 'neath the sparkle of a Freshette's eyes! Verily the Seniors should in solemn conclave devise a speedy remedy.