

AT this particular stage in the development of our University, when brighter days and a higher name seem not so very far off; when a Science Hall and Endowment Fund and a new army of professors are not altogether matters of speculation, it affords us no pleasure to reflect on the downfall of the gymnasium, and on the neglect and disorder to which that institution is subjected. It was not so in other years, when neglect and lukewarmness could have been more readily pardoned. Some perhaps have withheld their patronage because the building does not correspond with their ideas of architectural skill, others because a few stray holes in the ceiling disclose a scene where all the five senses cannot be expected to experience unmixed pleasure. But allowing for the lack of zeal which these disabilities create, we venture to assert that were a committee organized to put to a practical use the privileges which the senate has granted, the physical education of our students would have some semblance of reality, and the gymnasium with all its faults would become comparatively popular. A few brave hearts may be found there yet, in the face of a fireless room, oilless lamps, and the suggestive holes in the ceiling; but this cannot continue long, for however warm the blood and keen the eye they are quite ineffective in a room whose temperature is gradually radiating towards zero, and where the oil in the lamps has long since (been) burnt out. There is too much capital invested in the institution already to let it go; there are too many students whose hope for success at the University partially depends on their training in the "gym" to give it up; and the doors are thrown open to too many young boys whose informal calls, or perhaps predatory visits, cannot be said in any way to further the cause of physical education, or render the equipments of the gymnasium any more secure than they should be.

SINCE the meeting on University Day, to the full report of which in our last number, we again call the attention of our friends, the Jubilee Fund has steadily risen day by day, till it now stands at \$210,000. A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, will bring it to the needed minimum of \$250,000. Everyone who has not subscribed as yet, should at once write to the Principal or some member of the committee intimating what he is prepared to promise. Plenty of people are ready to talk about the duty of others in such a case as this, others are ready to offer sympathy, good wishes, so called prayers, and even assurances of what they will do in the "sweet bye-and-bye," but the crisis is now, and "a handful of help is worth a cartload of sympathy." Any Alumnus, or any one calling himself a friend of Queen's, who will not strike in now, is not worth his salt.

IN the largeness of our hearts and the exuberance of our aspirations it was our intention this year to issue a special Christmas number, gorgeously illustrated and accompanied by half a dozen flaming chromos representing some of the most tragic events in the life of a protoplasmic molecule. A special romance of the new style of fiction had been ordered dealing with the adventures of a medical student who was mysteriously transported, after a deep draught of a certain doubly distilled liquid, to the land of galvanized corpses at the South Pole. For those who admire realistic analytic fiction a touching romance by our most distinguished disciple of the introspective school was to be supplied, dealing with the experiences of a prospective theologian while occupying his first mission field.

This issue is not to appear. We disclaim all responsibility for the failure. We did our part, but our treasurer refused to furnish the necessary funds, taking refuge in the paltry excuse that there were no funds.