

THE ROYAL COLLEGE.

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

"SAY, Jack, I'm going to bequeath a rich legacy to posterity this time."

"How's that chummy?"

"Well, you know that we have quite a number of really clever boys going to college now, and in a few short years they will be the leading men in the Dominion, and an admiring populace will languish for some particulars of their youth, and will be forced to fill their mental bellies with the husks of political war-cries and party papers.

Above all this, others besides ourselves will want to know particularly the shade of their complexion before a temperance campaign's sun has tanned it, and the peculiar hue and "stub and twist" properties of their hair before "sixty summers shall have thinned and blanched it."

"And so —?" said Jack enquiringly.

"And so," I resumed, "I shall earn the gratitude of some, and I dare say, the lifelong enmity of others, by giving an accurate pen and ink sketch of our leading students whether they be noted for feats of mental strength, or only for a certain Gall-ic daring, which we trust will soon make room for more reputable features."

"Hear, hear!" said Jack feebly, rather fearful that his profile might appear amongst the heroes. But Jack needn't have been afraid; and I proceeded, much as one does who parades his favorite animals before the admiring gaze of friends.

"Imagine to yourself a pair of pants and a coat which reach about five feet above the ground. If you look carefully you will perceive that for six inches directly over the collar of the preceding, space is occupied by a protuberance, which is thatched with light hair, not however of that decided shade which gave Sir Walter's Rob the surname of Roy. A straggling overfall of similar colour but partially conceals the mouth, which, as we gaze, illuminates the neutral-tinted face with a quiet childlike smile. For the first time you notice that the eyes are a pale blue. You may close your eyes, ladies and gentlemen, for the apparition is about to fade."

"Ha, ha!" said Jack, "that's Hank R——"

"Stop!" I commanded in a dictative manner, "don't say anything; what other people don't know won't hurt them."

"Go on," said Jack, and he continued:

"The next figure that we call up is about three or four inches taller than the last. Its lower extremities are constricted, from the ankles up, in pants which painfully suggest tight lacing, but one looks in vain for the laces; even those of the boots being covered with natty gaiters tightly strapped down. A short coat condescends to come towards the shoulder of the pants, the triangular interval at the collar being filled with a gaudy neck-tie of a short-lived crimson hue, in whose gory folds nestle Gems, to-day of one sort, to-morrow of another.

In referring to the colour of the neck-tie I have called it short-lived, because, on glancing from it to the superincumbent face, its glory fades several shades immediately. Apart from its hue the face is rather large and rather square, rather flat and rather obtrusive, the chin being the first feature to press itself on your observation, not so much from its size but from a habit its owner has of thrusting it forward when delivering one of his sage opinions. As the mouth opens lengthways, you immediately perceive a slight impediment in the front teeth, which, however, will not drop out, much as you expect it."

"I think I know who it is," said Jack, "just tell us the color of his hair."

"His hair is thin, and close to the scalp, is brushed neatly, and has one or two carefully-fostered spit-curls on each side of the parting, which is in the middle. The color is black."

"Black!" said Jack dolefully, "I thought you were describing——"

"Wait," I replied; "I said black; I should have said black in a very thin layer, which our professor of chemistry told us the other day was a dirty red."

"That settles it," said Jack.

His whole appearance is that of a gentleman of good address. Direction J. M. C., Kingston.

"Exactly," I responded, and we separated.

+DE NOBIS VOBILIBUS.+

FEELING that the readers of the JOURNAL would like to have the opinion of representative students of the different years upon the Federation scheme, our most energetic reporter, the irrepressible Nibs, was despatched on a round, and reports as follows:—

Jimmy G. Smallman, '88, was found all alone in a tidy little room on Alfred Street, the walls of which bore evidence of plenteous maternal solicitude. He was deep in the mysteries of the German declensions, with sundry note books at his elbow. His opinion being asked, he blushed and stammered nervously, and finally opined that he would prefer to stay in Kingston, "because you know, Sir, if we have to go to Toronto, a fellow won't get a respectable cake all session, for it would get stale on the way. Besides, we would have to have a residence up there, I suppose, and wouldn't the concursus go for us more then, Sir?"

G. T. Blazes, '87, was next interviewed. He boards on Wellington Street, and lives in princely style. He is evidently opposed to federation. "No, confound it all, do you think we want to get mixed up with those Toronto snides. Why our boys can walk all around them any day of the week, no matter how strong a team they chuck on, and yet they crow as if they were the cocks of the roost!" Evidently his thoughts were on the foot-ball field.

F. Justin Thyme, '86, was not at home. The girl who answered the door thought he must have gone to a party, for every drawer in his dressing case had been left open, and he evidently had been in the middle of a shave. Nibs met him on the street the next morning, however, and the consultation took place. "Well, the fact is, old fellow, I weally haven't had time to examine the dooced scheme, dontcheknow, but a fellow can't get half a chance up there dontcheknow. See-you-later, old chap, but Queen's won't go, fact-I-assure you."

J. Ketchum Ready, '85, was discovered strumming on a banjo, with his friend Tommy on a sofa reading aloud the editorials in the last JOURNAL. Both said that they blessed their stars there was very little chance of their being made victims of the proposed scheme, as they both were confident of passing in the spring. However they thought the destinies of Queen's were perfectly safe in Kingston, and that there was very little danger of the change being made. It is quite evident that the scheme is not favorably received by our students.

University Preachers for the rest of February and for March:

February 22: Rev. G. H. Wells, American Presbyterian Church, Montreal.

March 1: R. Campbell, M.A., Montreal.

" 8: W. D. Armstrong, B.A., Ottawa.

" 15: Jas. Barclay, M.A., Montreal.

" 22: Dr. Burns, Methodist Ladies' College, Ham.

" 29: D. J. Macdonnell, B.D., Toronto.