

give it a deep mark of individuality among the best of our contemporaries. We find in it none of the indescribable barbarism of expression which characterizes so many of the smaller western College papers. Every thing is good about it—not least the exchange column, which is always clever, careful and good natured. The *Scholastic* for February 25th bravely defended the "Roll of Honour" against its various foes and we think perfectly successfully, though we hardly like the "Roll" ourselves. The Editors state they are to have a new dress of type shortly, and that the little paper will present a better appearance in future. We wish them success to their heart's desire for the *Scholastic* is surely one of the very best papers the kind we have ever seen.

The *Dartmouth* is another of our favourites—chiefly for the reason that it is a *College paper* containing not merely so many beautifully printed pages of indifferent verse, stale essays, jocular editorials, &c., from which we learn little or nothing; but much respecting the familiar objects, customs and manners of the place and body of men which it represents—an interest in College life in fact, which, we take it should be the distinctive feature of a paper of this kind. An editorial entitled "The Chapel" in the number for February 7th is one of the pleasantest bits of description we remember to have seen in any of our exchanges. In several other of the editorials also, especially one on student societies, we observe the same interest in the social life of the University—a fact which makes us turn to the *Dartmouth* with more than ordinary pleasure. Besides all this the literary matter of the paper is very good and the local and exchange notes are free from the emptiness and vulgarity which are so popular at present among our contemporaries.

We have before us a particularly good number of the *Monmouth Collegian*, February 25th. Its literary department is the best part of it—containing as it does some very interesting and instructive matter.

The *Portfolio* for February contains an excellent little editorial on Valentines. The exchange notes are very well written, though perhaps a little too nicely critical. However the fair editor uses her power mildly, contenting herself with playing with her exchanges rather than dealing any very rude blows. The brother exchange who has fallen victim to one of her mild goingsover must feel very much like the spoiled kitten who receives for his offences a few gentle pats on the head, with a half regretful warning to do better next time.

The *Lariat* of February 25th is before us—one of the best numbers we have seen of it. The immense enthusiasm for the class parties and society contests of the time which its pages display is extremely refreshing. The literary department is upon the whole so good that we think the editors might afford to give us more of it. "Children of the Past" is one of the sweetest, best written things we have seen in any of our brother journals for many a day. The other articles are fair. The *Lariat* differs from most College papers in placing its local items in front—hardly a good arrangement we think. Ought not the food for reflection to come first, amusement afterwards. At any rate the literary matter looks best at the beginning of a number.

Carletonia, a new paper from Carleton College, Northfield, Minn., has been coming to us for some months past. The February number is before us. Its literary columns are largely and creditably filled, the articles on "The outward facts of things" and "George Eliot as a Novelist" being particularly good.

ABOUT COLLEGE.

Actually a telephone pole. Good omen. Thanks.

On Sunday, February 12th, the Bishop of Niagara preached in the Chapel.

Died of a rapid decline, and in the flower of its youth, the Shakespeare Club—*requiescat in pace*.

How melancholy to hear the poor way-worn senior asserting in a loud and vehement voice in the still hours of the night, that he is "the only one that's left of all the family."

What name can you apply to the jests of a certain member of the first year—not "puns" surely, nor "plays upon words,"—perhaps outrages upon the Queen's English would do.

We watch with interest the filling of that mysterious place, the ice house. The question which troubles us is where does the ice go to? We had no opportunity of knowing last year.

Father Episcopon still flourishes still the offenders meekly bow beneath his flail. Yet all hands cling to him, and his pages are no whit less bright than of yore. The December number was very popular in College.

If the authorities are desirous of doing a benevolence to us, let them cast their eyes upon the neglected condition of the reading room. Much might be done for the comfort of the place by adding a few comfortable chairs and a good table.

The pun disease is breaking out ominously among the weaker minded of the community. A vigilance committee would be a good idea; also we might advise a fire brigade for the purpose of quenching the poetic flame which is committing such ravages at present.

Mr. E. Buck, the new Lecturer in Elocution is a decided success, and his class appear to be doing well. Mr. Buck is evidently well up in his profession, having studied successfully both in England and the United States. Personally he is very popular with the men.

Mars is in the ascendant, and the war God's votaries are legion. We shudder when we think of the martial appearance the ranks of the Q. O. R. will present when the stalwart forms of Capt. C—ahem! and Mr. A— are added to them.

During last term and this the men in College, both Divinity and Arts, have had the benefit of a course of lectures delivered by the Provost in his own house on Sunday evenings. These lectures terminated with the beginning of Lent. The last subject dealt with was the Epistle of St. John. They have been numerous attended from the beginning.

It seems that there is a certain point beyond which the neglect of duty in the members of the Council of the Literary Institute cannot go. This fact was proved a few weeks ago by the vote of censure passed upon the Secretary, who in consequence resigned, and was replaced by Mr. Davidson. The office of Librarian left vacant by the promotion of that gentleman, was filled by Mr. Hudspeth, of the third year.

The College clock over the door of the Porter's lodge still remains unlighted, except by the occasional glare of the stove opposite when it happens to be burning brilliantly. Although the student may have a watch, College time is so variable that he prefers to keep his