

musical myself and do not know the technical term to describe him; he may have been a prodigy, his range was certainly wide, but the effect used to seem to us extraordinary. Extraordinary, too, were some of the songs: "The Old Ontario Strand," of course, was always in evidence, and we were all proud of it; and there was something to be said even for "Litoria," in spite of the hideous "no-language" of the chorus; but what man in his sober senses could defend that excruciating thing that began, (or begins, for I heard it last convocation)

"I went to the animal fair"?

A very sad thing happened at one time when a girl, unable to retire after a reasonable dose of this music, lost her reason altogether for several days, and it is whispered that in her frenzy she kept repeating in agonized accents "Monkey! Monkey! Monkey!"

But I am filling far too much space, for I was only asked to write a few words to remind the girls of to-day that there are many others who have gone before them and are watching them now, seeing their own youth renewed in them. Oh! ye students of Queen's, Divinities and smooth-faced tutors, ye little know all those who look upon you from without the old gray walls, and to you all we say,

"Gather the rosebuds while ye may,
Old time is still a-flying."

Only be sure you choose your rose-buds well.

—H. D.

LEVANA NOTES.

A regular meeting of the Levana Society was held Wednesday, Nov. 23rd, when the arrangements for the "At Home" were completed. We are still looking for that loyal support of the Levana Society which, as our President so clearly pointed out, it is every girl's duty to give.

[A report of the "At Home" has been handed in, but too late for insertion in this number.—Ed.]

Medical College.

BIRTH.

"RICHARDSON—On December 6th, to the wife of the Rev. A. W. Richardson, a daughter."

This probably explains why our medical editor's "copy" did not come to hand. The excuse is a "little one," but it goes. Congratulations, Alex.

First young lady canvasser—"Why are you voting and working for Mr. F—?"

Second young lady canvasser—"Because I think he would make just a lovely President."

Science Hall.

NOTES.

A MEETING of the Engineering Society was held on Nov. 25th. W. F. Smeeton resigned the Judgeship of the Science Court and F. W. Jackson was appointed his successor. J. C. Murray was appointed Court Crier. Great things are expected of the crier when he is called upon to do his duty.

At a meeting held on Nov. 30th, the question of a dance, under the auspices of Science Hall was discussed. After numerous speeches, short and otherwise, a vote was taken and it was decided not to hold the dance. The general impression seemed to be that it would interfere too much with the Science dinner which comes on next session. E. L. Fralick was appointed Science representative to '99 "At Home" on Dec. 2nd.

A meeting was held on Dec. 6th to select a delegate for the tenth Annual Dinner of the Undergraduates of the School of Practical Science, Toronto, on the 9th inst. C. P. Merritt is the lucky man, and on his return will doubtless have so much to relate that we will all be envious of him.

Well, A.M.S. elections are over, and Science Hall has had her first crack at the Presidency of that august body. We didn't come out on top, nor did we come out underneath, and we gave the other boys a good run for their money, and helped to make the election one of the most hotly contested in the history of the College. "We're slightly disfigured but still in the ring."

Prof. Harris had another survey party out last Saturday, and as a result the boys who were with him, and there were ten of them, know every stick and stone between the College and Draper's farm, Pittsburg Road. The transit has not quite recovered from the severe and sudden shock it received two weeks ago, but did very well under the circumstances. Did you ever hear of a "buffalo throw-back?" That's one of Prof. Harris' terms, and he introduced the boys to a specimen of the new (?) species near Barriefield last Saturday. Any of the 2nd class surveying boys will tell you all about the beast.

C. G. Rothwell has left for Mexico to take a position as assistant manager of a mine at Concheno.

Some hoodoo must have found its way into the Quantitative Laboratory last week. Three of the boys spoilt their solutions in one day, the H. Cl. ran short, someone borrowed all the mortars, and disorder reigned generally. However things are getting down to normal again and the boys are gradually losing their scared look.