

more of something else. For quality of paper and general appearance, the *Journal* will compare favourably with any College paper. Queen's is evidently going ahead: their students in actual attendance in Arts, this year, including what the *Journal* calls "— a flock of a — a — a — *freshwomen*, I suppose we must call them," number 150, against 106 for last year. That does not speak ill for co-education.

We have the King's College *Record* for October, but no November number has as yet put in any appearance, and we miss it, for the *Record* is really a good paper. One of the best parodies we've seen for a long while is the five stanzas, entitled "How I Studies Classics." Here is the last stanza, so judge for yourself:

Yet a chilly awe came o'er me,
And there quickly passed before me
Visions dread of hours spent guily
On the ice or hall-room floor—
"Enter, come!" I cried in terror,
"Be you bright, or baneful bearer
"Of results of ease and error.
"Tell me quickly, I implore!"
"You are plucked," he answered sadly,
"Take it easy, I implore,"
Plucked in Classics, nothing more.

Trinity's present First Year men could, perhaps, derive some benefit from a careful perusal of the last half of the article on "Freshmen" in the same number.

The title of the *Hamilton School Magazine* just describes it. As merely a *School Magazine* it is a very good publication, and we strongly advise any one who wishes to brighten his learning upon examination questions and problems (plenty and good) to take the H. S. M. The number for this month has a carefully and concisely written article on Oversightness.

We welcome to our exchange table the Michigan University *Chronicle*. We much prefer it to the *University*, from the same place, not only for its 'get up,' which is better, but more on account of the *tone* of its articles. Perhaps the *University* has improved this year, though we cannot speak from knowledge, as it has not appeared here since the friendly notice we gave them in our last issue. *Michigan* is another co-educational University, about the largest of them, in fact. The class of '84, including specials, numbers 210, of which 60 are ladies.

Here is the *Acta Victoriana* again. Dear *Acta* has noticed us: it was so kind of them, and they did it in such a nice way. In fact it's entirely too good not to re-print, so here it is:—"Rouge et Noir of Trinity College, gives evidence of putting on tremendous agony in its efforts to struggle up into notice. It has the infelicitous mode of provoking attention by assuming a somewhat pugnacious attitude at times. For example, in the May number it places a chip on the shoulder of the sunbeam, and exults as a real hero when it is knocked off. We would quietly whisper to the *Rouge et Noir*, "rise through merit"—"win your spurs." Your present eccentric method subjects you to the danger of a total eclipse." Thanks, *Acta*, for using the word 'eccentric,'—it might have been worse. And just here, lest we forget it, we wish to call attention to the sort of *text* that too often finds its way into College papers under the head of 'Locals' or 'Local Items.' This is the way it begins in *Acta Victoriana* for Oct. last:—

"Hello!!

"How did you enjoy the vacation?

"How's your Ma and Pa?

"The Prots. all look hale and hearty, and ready for any amount of *plucks*

"Kind of swell Freshies this year, ain't they? Wear store clothes!—Put in ten cent pieces on Sunday! Aha! Ohee!!"

All this, and more like it, from a paper that gives, in its last issue, a full page sermon on "College Journalism." But that is not half so bad as what we get in that otherwise unexceptionable paper, the Notre Dame *Scholastic*:—

"Cold.

"Eureka!

"Sleighing.

"Very cold.

"Well, let it snow.

"And still it snows.

"Lo, the poor turkey!

"Snow six inches deep.

"Oh! I winked at the wind."

"Get your skates ready, boys.

"Locals are scarce these days.

"Hurrah for Thanksgiving Day!

"Next Thursday is Thanksgiving Day.

"Listen to the merry-sounding sleigh-bells!"

And so on. Of course it improves as it goes on, but then it should not begin so very *exceedingly*. Yet taken altogether, there is perhaps no better College paper published, for the size, than the *Scholastic*. The *Varsity*, also, is a really first class paper, a weekly, published by University College, and yet we have the edifying sight of these two papers engaged in a war of words, all about—well, we forget how it began, and they seem to have lost sight of the beginning themselves.

The *Scholastic* of Nov. 20th devotes nearly two columns to a discussion of the *Varsity's* merits, and in the last issue, Dec. 4th, we see they have wasted two and a-half columns more in the same way. It must be said, on the other side, that the *Varsity* appears to have started the row. This *Varsity* has got itself into a pretty bad 'fix,' having done no less dreadful a crime than criticise the *Sunbeam*. We brought the *Acta Victoriana* down upon us in great fury for a much less offence than that, so, my dear *Varsity*, you had better be careful.

This is what the *Sunbeam* said of the *Varsity's* first title-page:—

"The most striking feature about it is the title-page, which is resplendent with the representation of a self-satisfied young student gazing sternly at a well draped figure opposite, while "mamma" looks approvingly on, and gives her blessing."

That title-page only lasted a month. Then they got a new one, and the *Scholastic* thereupon gets off the following:—

"Those Sunbeams had, it seems, an immense influence on the editor of *The Varsity*. No sooner do they poke fun at him about the student and young maiden staring at each other, and the mamma looking on, than straight-away he gets another plate engraved with both of mamma's eyes put out, and her arms lopped off, so that she cannot give a "blessing" on the young people; and these latter are represented turning away from each other, as if they had just quarrelled."

The *Sunbeam* steadily improves with every issue, so it seems that experience was what the young ladies of O. L. C. lacked, not by any means ability.

We extend a right hearty welcome to *The Arion*, a new comer of recent birth, "devoted to Music, Art, Literature, and the Drama," says the cover, but its special branch is music. It fills a long felt want, and fills it well.

We are pleased, also to express our warmest thanks to Messrs. Chas. Moore and Chas. M. Parker, for their really first class weekly, the *Detroit Every Saturday*. As a