

the former of which, with the grant from the A. M. S. and its own membership fees, is now on a good financial working basis, and also has its aims and objects fairly well marked out.

The Banjo Club, however, is as yet more of a dilettante organization and meets rather for the individual amusement of the members than for any higher and more definite object. We believe that it is capable of serving a far higher purpose than this, and would like therefore to make a few suggestions which, though not all practicable at the present time, may yet be of some value as furnishing an object towards which to work. In the first place, a number of the members should make themselves as expert as possible in reading music, so that it will be possible for them to gradually rise above mere catchy airs to the rendition of something more classic. Then again it should not be exclusively a Banjo Club, but for the present include guitar, violin, flute and in fact any musical instrument on which any of the students can acceptably perform. In this way the whole instrumental talent of the university could be concentrated and allowed to develop in one organization until such time as each department was strong enough to have a sub-organization of its own. If something of this sort were conscientiously tried we might, in the not far distant future, look forward to the formation of a really first-class orchestra which, acting in conjunction with the Glee Club, would make it possible for the students to place some of the best operas on the stage. This at first sight may seem somewhat visionary, and will beyond a doubt require much time and patience, but we surely have some reserve force of that energy and perseverance which has placed our Athletic Clubs among the first in the Dominion, and which will not be content to allow the heroes of brawn and muscle to be the only exponents of our varied college life to the outside world.

## POETRY.

**P**ERHAPS the most entertaining analysis of poetry given by Christie Murray in his lecture was that of Burns' little song, "Oh, Willie brew'd a peck o' maut." That a convivial spirit may be aroused in the more solemn students, and as a reminder that 'Xmas is coming, we give the song in full:

Oh, Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,  
And Rob and Allan came to pree;  
Three blither hearts, that lee-lang night,  
Ye wadna find in Christendie.

We are na fou, we're na that fou,  
But just a droppie in our ee;  
The cock may crawl, the day may daw,  
And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,  
Three merry boys, I trow, are we;  
And mony a night we've merry been,  
And mony mae we hope to be!

It is the moon—I ken her horn,  
That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;  
She shines sae bright to wile us hame,  
But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',  
A cuckold, coward loon is he!  
Wha last beside his chair shall fa',  
He is the king amang us three!

### A SONG OF "QUEEN'S."

You may brag of Yale or Harvard,  
Of Leipsic and Berlin;  
You may softly whisper Tokio,  
Or almond-eyed Pekin:  
You may even name the Isis,  
Or the reedy Cam in pique,  
But in the end you'll have to grant  
That "Queen's" is quite unique.

Old Queen's is quite unique,  
She is specially unique,  
You can size up other colleges,  
But Queen's is too unique,

She has been an independent  
From the instant of her birth,  
And she'll be an independent  
While swings this brave old earth;  
The net that's fit to capture her  
Is still too far to seek,  
For somehow she won't be ensnared,  
She's so canny and unique.

Old Queen's is still unique,  
She is through and through unique,  
To catch so wide-awake a bird's  
A problem quite unique.

She has still the rapt star-gazer,  
Who has followed every move  
Of the dear old Alma Mater,  
With full fifty years of love,  
Mathematics, logic, physics,  
He has taught as well as Greek,  
For this scholarly old gentleman  
Is in his way unique.

Oh he's certainly unique,  
The old gentleman's unique,  
We have lots of booming cannon,  
But the "Students' Friends'" unique.

She owns a radiant Principal  
Who can't conceal his light,  
And, in aggravating circumstances,  
*Might* be induced to fight.  
Whatever cads and scribblers say,—  
Who find it hard to wreak  
The venom fizzling in their nobbs—  
Our G. M. G.'s unique.

Oh, yes! he is unique,  
No doubt he is unique,  
In Church and State and College Hall  
Our G. M. is unique.

Now time would fail to specify  
The group of brilliants sent  
To scintillate and sparkle in  
Our classic firmament.