

C. I. ET V.

That mysterious and awe-inspiring tribunal, the Concursus, ancient and venerable, disclosed itself to the dumbfounded gaze of the unsophisticated freshmen last week. It had lost none of its old-time prestige and glory, and when Hon. Chief Justice Wallace took his place on the bench the court room was packed. Crier Goodwill regaled the unwashed with an oration which took in every subject lying between the abode of Mephisto and the Philological class-room, after which the wheels of justice began to revolve. Like the mills of the gods, they ground slowly, and it was long after 6 p.m. before the docket was cleared.

While even-handed justice was being dispensed, the long-suffering spectators submitted to the usual process of blood-letting. The old gags were there; many of which had earned the right to retire on pension long years ago. Poor old veterans, how can one be mirthful in your presence! you belong to an age that is past. Would that ye could arise in your might and, grappling with the desecrating minions of the law, hurl them and their abortive efforts to be funny into the limbo of everlasting nothingness. There were some good jokes as usual, but it required a very unnecessary amount of noise to produce them in court. It is all right to make merry, at so much a "make," during the less interesting details of a trial, but the public usually desire to hear at least the judge's charge and the addresses of the counsel, and the policemen who keep up an incessant uproar all through these addresses should be heavily fined for contempt of court.

OYEZ, OYEZ.

There is going to be another Jewish wedding in town.

The favourite of one of the "foorce" is *Macanlay* bound in cloth.

The average constable's funny-bone has no connection with his brain.

T-dh-pe (as he bayonets a fly on the wall above the offender's head): "Your Honour, I call your attention to O'Br-en's hair. It has slipped off the top of his head down to his chin."

YEAR MEETINGS.

'98.

The Junior Year held its regular meeting in the Junior Philosophy room on Monday evening, Nov. 30th. As usual the attendance was large and a keen interest shown in matters affecting the year. One prominent feature of the meeting was the proposal to ask the Senior Year to hold, at an early date, a joint meeting with the Junior Year. Mr. McIntyre, in his address, fully justified the choice the

year had made in choosing him to fill the important position of honour which he holds. The following programme was rendered: piano solo, Miss Ryckman; vocal solo, Wesley Walker; reading, Jas. Anthony; vocal solo, Jas. Macdonnell. So far the Programme Committee has succeeded in providing interesting items for this year's meetings.

OBITUARY.

Perry D. Asselstine died at his father's residence, in this city, on the 18th ult. While at college he showed himself to be a diligent and faithful student, but his close application to work proved too much for his constitution, and he left Queen's in weak health. Since then he has taught school when permitted to do so, but was never able to recuperate his health. During the past year he has been at home gradually declining in strength till death ended his long continued illness. He is remembered as a man of a remarkably quiet and gentle disposition. On behalf of the students the JOURNAL extends its sympathy to his relatives in their bereavement.

In the fall of '89 "Jack" McLennan came to Queen's. From the very first he gained a foremost place in the affections of his fellow-students. This place he never lost. No Queen's student who knew "Jack" at all well has anything but good to speak of him. But while he was deservedly popular among the students in general, it was his own class-mates who loved him best. They loved him because he was devoted to their interests. No one guarded more zealously the honour of '93. Before disease had reduced his strength he did what he could to uphold the glory of his year on the campus. Afterwards, when others fought the battles of his year, "Jack" was always on hand to cheer them on to victory. Early in his course that dread disease, consumption, began to show itself. Realizing his danger he travelled for a time in the southern states, and returned to Queen's apparently restored in health. The restoration, however, was only temporary, and gradually disease wasted his strength until on Nov. 14th he quietly passed away. The news of his death, although not unexpected, was received with the deepest regret. We could have wished that he had been spared longer, but now that he is gone we are glad that we knew him and learned from him that hard lesson, cheerfulness in weakness and even in death.

Mr. Robert Meade, principal of Brockville public schools, spent Thanksgiving in the city. As a student "Bob" was a star, and we are pleased to know he is having good success in the "island city."