

braith. Messrs. Longmore ('97), Marshall ('98), and Black ('99), to that of "Our Younger Brothers," proposed by H. S. Berlanquet, B.A. A. C. Spooner, B.A., the class poet, proposed the toast of '96, and R. J. Clark, M.A., eloquently responded. Next came "Kingston, our College Home," by E. J. Stewart, B.A., and D. Shortell. "The Ladies," proposed by T. C. Ikehara, B.A., and gallantly responded to by J. V. Kelly. "The Press," by G. H. Smythe and J. D. Craig.

Shortly after midnight the assembly broke up, amid the stirring strains of the class chours:

Here's to '96, drink her down,  
Here's to '96, drink her down,  
Here's to '96, "Sit Fausta et Felix,"  
Drink her down, drink her down, drink her down,  
down, down.

#### MEMORIAL TREES.

After convocation a number of memorial trees were planted in the grounds surrounding the university. All the trees planted in this and previous years are being permanently marked with metallic labels, bearing the names of those whose memory they preserve. Those planted to-day were in memory of trustees who have passed away, viz.: Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, Toronto; Dr. Boulter, Stirling; and Rev. Dr. Laidlaw, Hamilton; benefactors who have passed away recently, viz: Sir Alexander Campbell, Toronto; Mrs. Nicholls, Peterboro', and Mr. Robert Anderson, Montreal; and benefactors still living, viz: Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Waddell, Peterboro'; Mr. John Roberts, Ottawa; Mrs. Allan, Ottawa, and Mr. Munro, Almonte.

#### NOTES.

"Rev. Donald McLean preached a special sermon on Sunday morning week, the occasion being the twenty-fifth anniversary of his coming to Arnprior. On the previous evening he was presented with a purse of \$200 and an address."—*Canada Presbyterian*.

If we are pleased to learn of the success of a graduate, what should we feel when the successful graduate is a father of graduates?

A. E. Layell, B.A., and W. H. Easton, M.A., took good standing in the recent examinations at Victoria.

If you know anyone or learn of anyone who is about to enter the University next fall, send to Toshi Ikehara, B.A., 208 University avenue, Kingston, Ont., next June or July for copies of the new Y.M.C.A. hand-book.

The Glee Club and all interested therein owe much to Mr. Medley for his services as director during the session. The state of efficiency attained was largely due to his skill.

Rumor has it that a B.D. of the class of '96 is soon to cross the line on his wedding tour. May your course in life be strewn with blessedness, old man Kenney, even as your Divinity course was with scholarships.

E. C. Currie got a testamur and is now buying a marriage license. We hope to see him back to Queen's next session and to congratulate him in person.

The next number of the *Canadian Magazine* will contain an illustrated sketch of the history of Queen's by J. Jones Bell. The students should be on the look out for it.

Highland mother to a respected guest, whom her son is jollying in gaelic—"Don't mind him; he's crazy."

Highland Guest—"Poor boy; was he always so?"

The *Evening Post* is undoubtedly right in ascribing to the excesses of foot-ball the degeneracy of modern college men, and their utter inability to correlate thought and action. Nowadays we don't apply our learning to life, our knowledge to action, our theory to practice. How different from the earlier generation! It is told of Noah Webster that one day when he was about to kiss a very pretty maid, his wife entered the room and cried, "Noah! I am surprised!" Noah, with admirable presence of mind, replied, "Wife, I am grieved at your misuse of the English tongue. *You* are astonished, and *I* am surprised." This is the way our stern old grandfathers applied their wisdom to the difficulties of daily life.—*Morningside*.

#### PLUCKED.

"After each batch of new-made grads. have had a Latin incantation mumbled over them by the Vice-Chancellor, two proctors—in the presence not only of university officials, but also of any outsider who chooses to look on—sheepishly stride up the long room and back again without saying or doing anything. At first there is an attempt at solemnity in their gait, but after the senseless exercise has been repeated two or three times they look, as they doubtless feel, thoroughly wretched; the effort to appear dignified, and the desire to get it over as soon as possible, combine to produce one of the most comical effects ever seen.

"The reason for this absurd performance is not far to seek. In ancient days any tradesman who had money owing him from an under-graduate might arrest the proctor's course by plucking his sleeve, and so prevent the defaulter from taking his degree till his debt had been discharged. Few people know that this is the real origin of the term 'plucked' as applied to failure in examination."—*Cassell's Family Magazine*, Nov. '84.