

✻POETRY.✻

ONE of Queen's ablest and most honored sons in his visits lately to her Halls has missed the songs that once gladdened his heart. Thinking that probably if the boys knew some of the old time songs they would use their voices, he went to work at one of his old favorites, but found out that many of the verses were now not suitable. However, by using somewhat of the old, and the creation of many new verses, he gave us the following which is to be sung to the tune of "jolly-dogs."

JOLLY STUDES.

THERE is a set of jolly Studes
But lately come to town,
They are the gayest set of boys
That ever wore a gown.

CHO.—For we always are so jolly !

At half-past eight to Queen's we go
To laugh and banish care,
At nine o'clock the Profs. come in
To give us a word of prayer.

And after that to work we go,
For work we must, you know,
And work we do till one o'clock
But then begins the show.

To fires and figäts of course we go
But church and chapel shun,
Whatever's up these jolly Studes
Are always in for fun.

Perhaps you'd like a thing or two
About the college bloods,
Those demi-gods that boss around
And swell in preacher's duds.

There's Geordie M, a mighty man
The mightiest man in town,
The man that sports a tassel red
Of "mountain sea" renown.

There's Donald R. and Johnnie M.
The exegetic pair,
There's G. and F., who wonders trace
In earth, and sea, and air.

The history of the musty past
Is taught by Geordie D.,
But mists from mathematics' paths
Are chased by our Dupuis.

Calm Watty leads us in our dreams
To view the absolute,
While little Nick. and Fletcher clear
Dig many a classic root.

Dear Davie M. is at his best
When spouting on the prism,
And Adam S. is quite at home
In formal syllogism.

There's G. and R. who train the boys
In Franco German lore,
And Georgie B., the grand old man
Who keeps the college book store.

But Williamson's the man around
The veteran professor,
Through starry maze he leads our gaze
And still's our hearts possessor.

Perhaps you'll think we're rather hard,
But then we're in our teens,
And our love is strong and will bear it long
For good old mother Queen's.

✻LITERARY.✻

GOVERNMENT BY PARTY.

IT is often said by politicians that there is no other way of governing a free country but the party system. A good many reasonably wise men, and their number seems to be increasing, take leave to doubt this. Party is war, we have been frankly told by Sir Richard Cartwright, the most downright speaker in Parliament; and some people do not understand why the country should be perpetually engaged in war; worse, in civil war, and worst of all, in a civil war in which the wells are poisoned. What are you going to substitute for partyism, we are asked? Well, let us diagnose thoroughly, before we prescribe. Let us be persuaded that the present system is bad, and it will be strange if the inventive genius of a vigorous people who are untrammelled by the hereditary principle, or by ancient usages cannot contrive a better. Of course no one condemns organization. Party as a means to an end is simply organization. It is when the party is made an end, that it becomes partyism, or the party system. Has it come to that stage in Canada? Any one who has read party organs for the last two or three months must suspect that it has. Party organs are the expression, and at the same time the stimulators, of partyism. They are the offspring and the root, an effect and a cause. They reflect and they react. Their influence is almost universal and always sinister.

We have been led to these remarks by reading the address delivered to the Dominion Grange at its last meeting by the Worthy Master, Robert Wilkie. That the party press did not like it was natural, but that the Grange received it favourably is a sign of the times, a sign that the people are getting tired of the waste and moral evils resulting from a perpetual faction fight, that can be in the interest of none but party organs and organisers and place-hunters. The following extract shows how much of the inveteracy of the system is at the door of the party press; "Party politics," said the Worthy Master, "are the bane of the country. It is often said there must be two political parties always. I cannot see it in this light. The people should support the right, irrespective of where it comes