

the first state. Mr. Cochrane closed the discussion by drawing from the paper some lessons of warning which were thoughtfully received by the members.

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Messrs. N. R. Carmichael, A. B. Cunningham, J. W. Muirhead, W. H. Davis, A. E. Ross, and W. L. Grant were appointed a committee to select officers for the JOURNAL staff for session '92-3. Their report will be given at the meeting to-night.

Mr. Carmichael's motion *re* receipts was not ready, but it will be brought up to-night.

'92.

Jimmy MacDonald wears spectacles, is prophet of the year, quarter-back of '92's football team, and an honour man in Classics. He is a painfully hard student, and Convocation, which gives to most of us a respite, is unheeded by him. His holidays, we believe, number two in the year: Christmas, which he considers necessary for his health, and the first of July, which was forced on him by misguided relatives in spite of his tearful remonstrances. He intends to take honours next year in Moderns and English, and then to go to Johns Hopkins.

Charles S. Kirkpatrick is a brother of last year's Frank, and is chiefly known from being critic of the Alma Mater, an office which he has raised to the rightful position it had so long been deprived of. He is also Crier of the Court, and a prominent member of Mrs. Jarley's wax-works show. He rarely stops smoking, and is an enthusiastic yachtsman. After graduating he intends to enter business.

Benjamin Webster is also a yachtsman. If you want to know all about him read the Biography of his brother Charlie in last year's JOURNAL. Ben. also adds the character of politician, and goes it blind on the Conservative ticket every time. He attributes his lofty stature to the amount of pulling on ropes he has done. His intention is, we believe, to go in for a Ph. D. course in Philosophy.

W. H. Davis is 1st Vice-President of the A.M.S., Senior Judge of the Court, on the JOURNAL staff, and a prominent member of the Arts Society, Y. M. C. A., &c., &c., &c. His oratory is stupendous, and will electrify Div-

inity Hall, which he intends to enter on graduating. We are perfectly sure that he will not long stay at \$750 and a manse, but will go on conquering and to conquer. He comes from the United States, and is by no means ashamed of it, though he does object to being called a Yankee.

P. Pergan is a student attending Queen's. He is a senior and comes from Brockville, we believe. He studies hard, and it is said knows lots and lots of history. We have heard that he is rather pleasant fellow. He wears a slight sandy moustache, his coat collar turned up, spectacles and a thoughtful smile.

Frank Anglin is the honoured Secretary of the Modern Language Society, and the way he can twist French out from under that little black moustache is really astonishing. He is a pleasant companion if you do all the talking, and he can get pretty fair music out of the organ in Convocation Hall, which is more than most mortals could do. Though of a retiring disposition he is Clerk of the Concursus, and signs all the summonses in a neat, round copper-plate.

Wm. Easton is President of the Y. M. C. A., ex-President of his year, can talk Philosophy and do many other things, but he can't lie, doesn't know how to talk German or swear in any other way, nor can he dance. He has a terribly solid look in his face and general make up; the girls, however, think he is just too sweet for anything, and when last October he tried to lift Annie Abbott their envy of the little magnetic lady was very touching.

Donald Cameron—Goliath, Milo, Ossian, Kant and Green in one—is four cubits high and gentle as a little lamb. He is an ex-President of the Y. M. C. A., champion athlete of the University, a scrimmager of the Rugby Team and a profound Philosopher as well as a Gael. To see him take the high jump head first, or trot leisurely up the field with the ball under his arm and six or eight men hanging on his shoulders, arms or legs is one of the greatest sights on the campus. After graduating he will study Theology.

James C. Gibson believes that "while speech is silvern, silence is golden." He has been accused of being a pessimist, but this we are glad to be able to deny. His what-a-sad-world-it-all-is, won't-some-one-bury-me look does not