

result was that the President's contention was upheld, viz., that the lender has a perfect right to make a reasonable charge for the use of his money, even on the supposition that if the money had not been loaned it would have remained idle.

MINERALOGICAL SOCIETY.—On April 11th the President read his fourth and last paper on "Evolution." J. H. Paradis then read a criticism of J. E. Landry's analysis of a specimen which he had called Amphibole. Mr. Paradis urged that there was not yet sufficient evidence to enable the society to concur in the analyst's opinion, and requested that their decision be deferred. Mr. Lajeunesse then read a paper on Molybdenum.

The last meeting for the present year was held on the evening of May 2nd. J. C. Moriarity gave an account of his analysis of a silicate which he desired should be called Tourmaline. J. E. Landry criticised the essay and differed from the conclusions of the analyst. The motion of the latter, however, was carried by vote. Then Mr. Charlebois described the manner in which he had analyzed a mineral which he believed to have all the properties of Ouvarovite. His conclusions were not disputed. He was followed by the Rev. Director, who complimented the members of the society on the work that had been done during the year.

EXCHANGES.

St. John's University Record, a well filled and promising monthly of the same age as the *Owl* comes to us from "the land of blizzards." The first article, "Voltaire, a Study," exposes the hypocrisy and petty meanness of the infamous French philosopher (?), and gives the intrigues by which he obtained admission into the society of "Immortals." But the writer in thinking that Voltaire failed in his attempt to compose any works of a moral nature differs from many sage critics, notably from Dr. Blair, who says that "Voltaire is, in the strain of his sentiments, the most religious and the most moral of all tragic poets." If this be granted, it only gives a more exalted idea of the powers of deception of this wonderful literary fraud. A series of papers on "Norwegian Literature" opens a mine as yet little worked, but containing we doubt not much valuable ore. Of the authors mentioned, Bjoernstjerne Bjoernson has already won considerable popularity in America. A lengthy dissertation on "Pugilism" sketches the progress of the "manly art" and makes many just moral considerations upon the effects of pugilistic contests both on spectators and participants. Were we disposed to quarrel with the exchange editor of the *Record* we might throw at him a large volume of Shakespeare, which by an automatic arrangement would, after knocking him down, place itself in his hands and open at "What's in a name?" After all what more fitting name for a college journal than

that of "the bird of wisdom?" All the other names are so very common, ye know, and we do not wish to be classed as common. "But fear not, doubt not, which thou wilt," 'twill take more than a hasty remark about our "horrible name" to make us angry with our newly found friend the *St. John University Record*, to which we wish the utmost possible success.

Our Dumb Animals is a handsomely gotten up monthly journal published in Boston in the interests of the S.P.C.A. The present number is in mourning for the death of Henry Bergh, the founder of that society. Now it might be thought from a recent editorial in the *Owl* that we do not rightly estimate the work done by the S.P.C.A. and similar organizations. Not so. We admire and praise them for the good they do, but hold that they are liable to foster an overstrained sympathy for "our dumb animals," from which arise many absurd and unchristian notions. That this is so is proved by a poem in the April number of the above mentioned journal, "My Dog's Soul," by Mrs. A. Giddings Park. Here are four specimen lines which contain the essence of the whole poem:

"And we like to think,—'tis a pleasing thought,
And a part of our cherished creed,—
That the pets we've loved, dumb creatures all,
Have a future that meets their need;"

It is to be hoped that those who subscribe so liberally towards having officials parade the streets on cold days exhibiting the placard "Blanket your horses," take an equal interest in the welfare of the homeless street waifs, and never refuse a crust to a starving beggar.

The *Quill* is published at Staten Island Academy. It has a cover of beautiful design and altogether a prepossessing appearance.

We had the temerity to inform the exchange editor of the *Xavier* in as deferential a tone as it was possible for us to assume, that there was obliquity in his critical vision, and that it was a wise old proverb which advises those living in glass houses not to throw stones. Whereupon, with the air of a pouting school-girl, he says that we are a real horrid thing, and that he will never, never speak to us again.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT NOTES.

Some of our enterprising juniors, wishing to keep pace with their worthy seniors in intellectual as well as in physical culture, have formed themselves into a society for mutual improvement, which society they have agreed to call the Alpha Beta Literary and Historical Society of the College of Ottawa. As might be expected from the nature of the subjects discussed, good work is being ac-