

She knew all the forms and features of the prehistoric creatures—ichthyosaurus, plesiosaurus, megalosaurus and many more.

She'd describe the ancient Tuscans, and the Basques and Etruscans, their kettles, and the victuals that they gnawed.

She'd discuss the learned charmer, the theology of Bramah, and the scandals of the Vendals, and sandals that they trod.

She knew all the mighty giants and the master minds of science, all the learning that was turning in the burning mind of man.

But she couldn't prepare a dinner for a gaunt and hungry sinner, or get up a decent supper for her poor voracious papa, for she never was constructed on the old domestic plan.

—*Lynn Union.*

Brown University has had the matter of admitting women under consideration, and has finally decided that it is impracticable to admit women to the full enjoyment of all the privileges accorded to male students, but it is recommended that certificates be given to women who, upon examination, shall be found worthy to receive them.—*Mail and Express.*

How does the wind blow?

EXCHANGES.

Among the new exchanges which have visited us this term we are pleased to meet the *Speculum*. This paper has an attractive appearance, and an interesting table of contents. The personal department is very extensive and contains internal evidence that the graduates keep up communication with this college. The editors of the *Speculum* do well to style the tendency to organize college political clubs as a "mania." Nothing can be more destructive of habits of study than political fever.

The space devoted to local news in the *Colby Echo* is disproportionately large when compared with its literary department. The paper would be the better for a few more such articles as that on "Three of Tennyson's Lyrics."

The only undergraduate contributions in the *Almafilian* for October are a couple of columns of notes. The opening address of the Principal occupies one-fourth of the paper, while some choice morals of intemperate bigotry, from a prominent Presbyterian divine, are wedged in between two advertisements. The Rev. Mr. McVicar is haunted by the bugbear of Romanism; Jesuitism and French ascendancy assume terrible proportions before his fevered brain. In such cases a little blood-letting is no doubt beneficial, but the *Almafilian* should not permit itself to be

used as a cupping-glass. The *Anglo-Saxon* of Ottawa would be just the vessel for that purpose.

The *St. Viateur's College Journal* presents its good natured face in our sanctum most punctually every fortnight. We congratulate our esteemed contemporary on the industry which enables it to issue two numbers in a space of time in which we can barely make up one. We think that a more extended editorial department would improve the *Journal*.

The *Portfolio*, edited by the young ladies of the Wesleyan Ladies' College at Hamilton is a sprightly and pleasing journal. But wouldn't it be better, girls, to give us more of your own poetry and less selections? Otherwise you will defeat one of the purposes with which your paper was started.

We welcome the *Kentucky University Tablet* as another new-comer. It is a large paper but its contents seem to be arranged in studied disorder. The personal column predominates over all others.

The *University Cynic* tries to live up to its name, but in its endeavor to do so makes occasional statements which need explanation and perhaps a little proof. Here are a few: A correspondent from St. Paul says that on Sunday in that city "we see many families, Sisters of Charity, and Nuns, in general playing croquet." Has not the writer exercised his imaginative faculty a little here? An article entitled "Battle of Otumba" concludes as follows. "A christian religion took the place of the Aztec with its human sacrifices, but Spanish bigotry and greed destroyed the last vestiges of Indian literature and civilization, and proved a hindrance to the country's progress to this day." Will "E. M. A. go" inform us what he means by "bigotry" in this sentence? The article "Fate" should have appeared among the Locals, for either it refers to some incident which only the writer's fellow-students are acquainted, or else it has no meaning at all.

The *Fordham Monthly* like the highly respectable Mr. Littimer in "David Copperfield" looks gravely upon the OWL and says "you are very young, sir; you are very young indeed." We admit however that it was rather bad form in us to speak as we did, in the fulness of our heart even though we said no more than the truth. We regret that the *Fordham* did not give