

tion of an empty home, though she never passed the threshold. She has been nearer to us than many with whom we have lived long years. She has been gathered to our inmost hearts with an embrace, so longing, so passionately tender, that we feel ourselves bereaved of one of our own choicest friends, and yet of a sovereign to whom we have ever bowed in reverence, sincere and true as only love could make it."

"The editorial pages of the QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY JOURNAL show a rare depth of cynical humour seldom found in a university publication. The style is smooth and easy, and the cynicism not brutal, but keen and penetrating. It bears a resemblance to Thackeray's. Perhaps the editor is a strong admirer of this master novelist. Some of the editorials are more after the form of essays than editorials; but we forget this departure from the path of formality in the cleverness of the production."—*Notre Dame Scholastic*.

No, the JOURNAL is not a disciple of Thackeray, much as it admires that author. It gives its days and nights to Prof. Cappon and Principal Grant.

McGill Outlook maintains its high stand this session. The staff is evidently in close touch with every phase of the university life. Speaking of the inter-collegiate debate it says editorially:—"McGill has a glorious record to maintain, and it behooves us to do all in our power to encourage our representatives in their coming struggle. Let every man—and woman—make it a point to be present to cheer them on, and by their presence show that they take a personal interest in the result."

H. M. contributes to the number an elaborate article on the folk-lore of Shakespeare's garden.

TO THE FRESHMAN.

Blessings on thee, little man,
Verdant boy with cheeks of tan,
With thy patched-up pantaloons
Worn for many, many moons;
With thy greenness and thy gall,
With thy crudeness—plain to all—
Thou art but a Freshman now;
And to upper-class men thou must bow;
But despite thy lowly name
Thou wilt get there just the same.

—*Pennington Seminary Review*.

The 'Varsity is flourishing. No. XV. contains an article worth preserving, entitled, "A Sketch of Ontario History." The editorial tribute to our deceased sovereign is graceful and sympathetic, while the sketch, "The Queen," by Maurice Hutton, M.A., is one of the best we have seen.

Congratulations, 'Varsity man, on your fine cut of the interior of the rotunda!

Little Johnny: "Mother, what kind of an animal is a bibliophile?"

Sagacious Mother: "Johnny, a bibliophile is a bookworm."

Downcast student (to his companion): "Will ambition as well as money take one to the bar?"

Jovial companion: "Neither, my boy, thirst will."—*Glasgow University Magazine*.

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