

Y. M. C. A. (save when a supply of cake at the Freshmen reception is forthcoming), and considers that the man who would sooner hold a hymn book than four aces is past human aid. He boards at a fashionable downtown resort, and with a few congenial spirits manages to put away the time that to some vanishes so quickly. Like No. 1 he is not an athlete, and we do not remember ever having seen him even essaying the drop-kick or Indian clubs. But let no hilarious Freshman presume to taunt him with his want of prowess; vengeance swift and terrible will be straightway meted out to the ill-starred novice, and 'twere better that a mill stone had been hanged around his neck and he were cast into the sea. For is not our hero a high official of the mighty Concursus, whose thundering mandates bring out cold perspiration on the foreheads of guilty students and cause even the haughty celluloid collar to wilt and wither away! Yet behind a stern and aristocratic demeanour No. 2 hides a joyous heart. He loves the merry rattle of the chips (this is not meant to infer that he brings in the kindling), and next to writing up Grote and the Sophists would of all things prefer to have his ace trumped second round. Unlike his predecessor in these columns, he has a large, well-ventilated corner of his heart reserved for the ladies. He delights in their society, and never wearies of recounting his various "*feats of arms*," or, to spare his blushes, shall we alter that ambiguous expression and say "*conquests*," in that direction? While not exceptionally brilliant, he has abilities of no mean order; and when, by some oversight, his name does not appear in the list of successful ones at the exams, he uses these abilities in a masterly manner—to furnish an excuse for his unaccountable failure. Tho' not disposed to public speaking, the bent of his genius would appear to tend in that direction, for in private conversation he attacks existing institutions with a venom and volubility that, to our weak intellect, seem quite irresistible. A natural bashfulness, however, which exists in microscopic form in the character of our young friend, might prevent his expounding his views in such a convincing manner to an assembly of strangers. Then, too, someone else might say something, as very often happens, and then our orator would be totally nonplussed, for from personal experience we know that he is very much annoyed and put out if a companion ventures to doubt the validity of his remarks. We cannot help stating, however, that after No. 2 has interviewed a man who really knows something about a certain subject, he will invariably be found with one or two arguments of considerable weight. Finally, like No. 1, he is not a bad sort of fellow. For there must be something attractive about him or he would not find a place here. He is nothing if not good-natured, and, to his equals, he is blithe and entertaining. They say he plays a good game of billiards, but we can contradict this flatly on the authority of a member of the Y. M. C. A., who says he cannot play a little bit, and was stuck for the drinks every time. This is pro-

bably the truth, for although we shall not squeal on the Y. M. C. A. gentleman who supplied the information, we might say that he is high up in his faculty and voted for Ryan at the last election. We will now bid No. 2 farewell with many good wishes for his future prosperity, and sing of him with Mickey Free:—

“He ne'er had a janius for work,
It was niver the gift of the Bradies,
But he'd make a most illigant Turk,
For he's fond of tobacco and ladies.”

COLLEGE NOTES.

ONE of the students has a little tin horn for sale.

On the same premises, and on the same day, will be offered for sale a “neck and crop.” Sale to commence at one sharp.

The personal column has been unavoidably crowded out of this issue.

Now that we have the torches, why not have a procession, say once a fortnight, with regularly appointed marshals who would be able to instruct the students in marching? The procession last Friday night was a success partly from the fact that the torches were a novelty, but there is great room for improvement.

We peeped into the Ladies' Sanctum last Friday afternoon, and made a most wonderful discovery. A meeting was in progress, and one of their number, the president no doubt, seemed to be in the act of administering an oath of secrecy. With hands clasped and on bended knee, the fair ones promised most faithfully not to divulge the name of their society, especially to any of those fellows on the JOURNAL staff. We hear the name is a lovely one.

EXCHANGES.

THE *Columbia Spectator* is, by long odds, the brightest and spiciest journal that comes to our sanctum. Both externally and internally it is a model of artistic taste; and the literary matter, also, is of the first order. Its college news is interesting, and its illustrations are racy and generally reflect great credit on its staff of student artists. The Christmas number of the *Spec.* was the best thing of the kind that we have seen.

The Varsity is well edited and always interesting. Like the *Trinity Review*, it subordinates college news to purely literary matter, though not quite to such an extent. *The Varsity* comes in sober, business-like garb, without the elaborately decorated cover that so many college papers affect, but the high character of the articles it contains makes it one of our most welcome exchanges, and together with its neatness and the regularity with which it appears, speaks volumes for its management.