

## W. M. C. NOTES.

The last meeting of the Missionary Society for the session was held on Friday, March 10th. The following were elected as officers for the coming session: President, Marjory Ward; Vice-President, Jennie G. Drennan; Secretary, Annie Topliff; Treasurer, Maggie Symington.

Miss Annie McCallum, '94, has left for home.

Another of W. M. C., K., students is engaging in missionary work. Dr. Mary Scott (nee McCallum) attended the College for three sessions, taking her final in New York. May Dr. T. B. and his wife enjoy every success in their new field.

## ARTS CONTINUED.

Andrew John McMullen.—Possessing from his birth the characteristics of the two apostles, Andrew and John, our *ful solempne man* from Elgin Co., was labelled as per above and early set apart for the work of the ministry. He came to us with a kink in his neck and his mind steeled against women and Higher Criticism—he still has the kink. Andrew has been one of our quiet unassuming men, always minding his own business, and always doing his work in a thoroughly honest, conscientious manner. He has benefited from his course as much as any man in his year. On graduating in the spring he will continue to admire Pontifex Maximus Houston, and study Divinity at Queen's with a view to missionary work. Andrew is so sure of his "call" that he often quotes:

Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me,  
And may there be no moaning of the bar  
When I put out to sea.

George Hardicanute Squire is tall as to his stature, Roman as to his nose, pompadour as to his hair, unique and curious as to the way he doffs his hat, and basso-tenor as to his voice. Notwithstanding his unfortunate consciousness of his own identity, Hardy is a man who will be missed by us all when he goes.

J. Smart Rowlands, alias John the Gaunt, is a loosely put together combination of wire-puller, gentleman of leisure and shark; though of a ruddy complexion, he may be described as a dark horse, for no one would guess from the droop of his lower jaw and the gaunt and

innocent look of his countenance how many deep laid schemes were thereunder concealed to delude the unsuspecting public.

Since entering College he has devoted himself faithfully to managing elections, missing classes, auditing the A. M. S. books, and acting as confidential secretary to John the Fat (Mowat). In fact, an analysis of John the Gaunt's character is unnecessary to any one who is acquainted with John the Fat.

As the latter does not intend graduating this spring, we are pleased to learn that the former will return next year to complete his course with the aforesaid John the Fat.

The first physical fact that strikes one on looking at James D. Stewart, our next subject, is that he is liable at any moment to be arrested on the charge of indecent exposure of his countenance. Morally he is without doubt the saddest example in college of what perverted religion, or rather religiosity, can bring a man to. In his freshman days he endeavoured to induce his fellow-students to substitute "psalms and spiritual songs" for the ordinary college melodies,—but did not succeed. In his second year he expressed doubts as to whether Eternal Salvation was possible for a man who smoked, and in his third refused ginger-ale as being a prohibitionist. However, he is gradually becoming less narrow, and we have hopes that if his days are prolonged to the number of those of Methuselah, he may become fully as broad-minded as—C. D. Campbell at the present day.

John E. Smith is popularly known, like baking powder, as the "Cook's Friend." We have also heard him designated as the house-maid's delight. He is a firm believer in Verbal Inspiration, the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, the Divine Right of Kings, &c., though far too meek ever to obtrude his views on anybody. He had formally a habit when going home with young ladies, of turning off when he reached the corner next his own boarding house, but is, nevertheless, perfectly harmless. All that is changed, however, and there is no one fonder than John E. of visiting young ladies. For some reason or other he always blushes when any reference is made to dy(e)ing. We hope that he