

❖EXCHANGES.❖

WE, the exchange editor, in opening once again this column of the JOURNAL, want to give our readers an outline of what it will be our endeavour to do. It is, first of all, not our aim to befool any of our exchanges. To ridicule is a much easier matter than to appreciate. It is one thing to skim through a college paper in about forty-five seconds by the clock and cry "rubbish" as you toss it back into its pigeon hole, and quite another thing carefully for, say, ten minutes to peruse its contents and discover if there is anything of sufficient value to merit notice.

It is our intention, however poorly we may carry it out, not to bestow indiscriminate praise or indiscriminate blame. We do not wish to rub our brothers' backs with either soft velvet or a curry comb. If all were sweets our exchanges might get sick; if all were bitter they might squirm, unless, indeed, in both cases they considered us unworthy of a second thought. We mean to attempt to make our remarks that well-known combination of sweets and sour which everyone esteems delicious. To accomplish this end we will bestow upon our work all our possible time, and all the qualifications, be they few or many, which it is our good fortune to possess, telling our exchanges, as we now send them one and all a hearty greeting, that we could not be better pleased than to be weighed on our own scales and measured by our own foot-rule.

The *Nassau Literary Magazine* for September contains a well-written story, entitled "Said the Spider to the Fly." Tanglewood is skillfully described. The observations of "Poor Napitts": "If it ain't a fixin' to rain," "If there ain't the stage; it must be agoin' to them fashion-houses on the hill," are, we think, excellent, and Helen's letter home is racy and amusing. But we think that Scene V. is perhaps not quite so good as the others. We judge that it had not rained until after the fly had been caught in the spider's web, for in that case no young lady would have sunk into any rustic seat in a garden. In plain prose if she had she would have got her clothes wet. But even though it had not rained there had been "wind, clouds, blackness, thunder, lightning," and the wind still "rocked the trees." Everything seemed to indicate a downpour. That was enough to make it unlikely that two people should be led at such a time to choose a garden as a resort. In the same paper, amongst the "Voices," is a short disquisition on the use of the term "boot-lick." We would refer the *Lit.* to Shakspeare's *Tempest*, iii., 2-22.

CAL. How does thy honour? Let me lick thy shoe.
And again, iv., 1, 214-16.

CAL. Do that good mischief which may make this island

Thine own forever, and I, thy Caliban,
For age thy foot-licker.

No. 2 of the *Acta-Columbiana* has its usual quota of good prose and good verse. We especially commend the tales, or yarns as they are sometimes called, which appear in its pages, for their freedom from vulgarisms. The *Acta* will believe us serious when we congratulate it upon its manly tone. We hope it will never descend so far as to admit into its pages stories which many of our newspapers of to-day seem to think contain no humor unless they now and then at least border on the profane. The *Acta* is teaching the public press (if it is not too mighty proud to take a lesson from a college paper) that it is possible to be pleasant and witty without at the same time being coarse.

The *Oberlin Review* for October 6th contains an article which we notice here not so much for what it actually is

as for what the author promises to be. The article in question is called "John Keats," and it is written by Stella A. Davidson. There is, perhaps, too great a tendency in it to make use of figures, while some passages in the piece convey to us (though they might not have done so had we not known the sex of the author) the idea that Miss Davidson was mourning over Keats as if he had been her own lover. We note "Poor Keats!" and "What more could we ask of a poet? Ah, a longer life," and "Let us leave on his grave a quiet query for what might have been to Keats, and a throb of pity for what was." Byron was of a different humor when he wrote:

Who killed John Keats,
"I" says the *Quarterly*,
So savage and Tartarly,
"Twas I killed John Keats."

We like the article and hope it is not the last we shall see in the *Review* by the writer.

The *Astrum Alberti*, No. 2, is full of life and vigor. We heartily endorse the course it has mapped out for itself in one of the editorials. Its aim is not to grow great, if to grow great means at the same time to grow tedious. It does not want fame if to be known the world over means to be neglected by its own grads. It does not wish learned articles on "such *interesting* subjects as 'The Greek Particle.'" The reason of its existence is to "bind the grads, of old Albert to their *Alma Mater*. In order to secure this end the *Astrum Alberti* would be content, if need to be, to narrow its pages and shorten its contributions.

Our neighbor is right. He agrees with Shakspeare, who puts these words into the mouth of Sir John Falstaff: "Will you tell me, master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thews, the stature, bulk and big assemblance of a man? Give me the spirit, master Shallow."

'VARSITY AND PRINCIPAL GRANT'S ADDRESS.

Its no use *'Varsity*; There are two sides to every question, and while confident of our own position we really thought you could put a "better face" on your side. Your article is too assertive in tone. The people of Ontario in general want *proof* and the friends of Queen's in particular want very convincing proof of the justice and necessity of Vice-Chancellor Mulock's suggestions before they are acknowledged. Again we think you are unfair to Dr. Grant in saying his address was premature. His course was honest and straightforward and such as a representative of the parties interested should have taken. And is it not unkind to Mr. Mulock to hint that his Convocation address should not have been taken notice of on the earliest possible opportunity? But we are not now going to discuss the position. It is hard for both parties to be fair and we are not going in the way of temptation till compelled so to do. Until University College people have the courage of their asserted convictions and make a direct appeal to Government the JOURNAL will bide in peace. When the question is squarely before the public we will doubtless have something to say.

In the article referred to there is an evident attempt to be courteous. Apart from a classical *tag* at its close and one or two remarks which have no connection with the subject the tone is fairly satisfactory. Cultivate such a spirit *'varsity*, because when the discussion really comes we want it carried on in an earnest manly way. We are much pleased with the letter of "Univeritas" in your issue of the 27th. It is deserving of consideration and will no doubt in due time receive a reply from the proper source.

A LADY and gentleman accidentally touched each other's feet under the table. "Secret telegraphy," said she. "Communion of soles," said he.