

Shea, MacKeracher, MacDonald and Beecroft. Their work showed careful training and practice, and was heartily applauded by the audience. The duet — Hunting Song — by Messrs. MacKeracher and MacDonald, was also well rendered.

When we consider the small number of players in the Mandolin and Guitar Club, we need not hesitate to express our pride in the excellent work done by them. The selections given are good in quality, and carefully rendered.

Our Alumni.

MR. L. P. Chambers, M.A., '05, now on the staff of Bithynia High School, a mission school for boys, is a Queen's graduate who shows his loyalty to the Alma Mater by remembering in a very practical way the college publication. An entertaining letter from Mr. Chambers was published in an earlier number of the Journal and now we are glad to be able to present to our readers one which we think will prove even more interesting and instructive.

Dear Editor:—

A somewhat steep climb through gardens of mulberry trees, now almost bare, and then through small stretches of oak, barely green throughout the dry summer, soon takes you up above the mud plastered houses of the village, and there you see, stretching all around, hills, tier beyond tier, that invite you to come and wander away with them through green fields and deep woods and lonely villages. The nearer hills are covered mostly with the hardy scrub

oak. Here and there an inferior sort of heather reminds you, in the spring, of the Scotch hills, although you may have never seen Scotland but through other peoples' eyes. Bare patches of ground, in some places of considerable extent, again mere spots amid the surrounding wilds, show where man has been making puny efforts to force a living from the unyielding soil, with no better equipment than had Boaz in whose fields Ruth gleaned. Wealthy is he above his fellows who owns a pair of oxen and can hitch them to a wooden plow roughly shaped out of a huge root. The ordinary farmer, or gardener, as I should say, digs his few odd acres with a heavy two pronged fork, sows his seed by hand, and reaps his harvest with nothing better than a sickle, while the women folk tie up the grain into sheaves which he carries to the threshing floor on his neighbor's wagon; or if it be mulberry leaves which he is to take home to feed to his silk-worms, the women folk take the loads on their backs, while he rides on his horse, a privilege not only earned by a day's hard work but also due to his superior position in society. Truly in this land "man works from sun to sun, but woman's work is never done." And there is no "sapolio" to relieve the situation, for the government is conservative.

Those few red roofs over to the left in the shelter of that distant hill mark a Turkish village. There are quite a few of these around. On that hill to the right and outlined against the blue sky is a lone cocoonery, but there are others scattered about, more