

OUR TABLE.

The *Collegiate* contains an excellent article on "Romola." We congratulate the editors on the critical ability of their Professor, and hope that under his tuition they may learn to fight the Agnostics as well as to write their own articles.

The *Haverfordian* presents a creditable appearance. Its last issue is quite properly given to the report of the Garfield memorial service at Haverford.

The *College Journal* is modest but hopeful. The champion of the "fair blossom" should nor fear his foe, the 'Fighting Editor' of *Student Life*.

The "*Varsity*" as a weekly college journal ranks with the best. Its articles, as a rule, are pleasing and instructive. Though we find some parts deserving criticism, the "Observations by the Patriarch Student" cause us to smile and we pass on in silence.

The *Rambler*, from Illinois, wanders into our Sanctum. With biting sarcasms it lashes the "Wesleyans" who seem to have treated the other colleges a little "rough" at the state contest of orators held at "Wesleyan." It knows of but two Colleges in Canada, Dalhousie and Queen's University, Kingston, that are co-educational. We can enlighten them on this subject, as Acadia has opened her doors to our sisters.

The *Oracle* comes to us as a stranger with an attractive physique. But on finding that the greater number of its articles are copied, we conclude that it is a traveller in borrowed clothes. Yet from the variety and tone of its selections and general make up, we feel that we shall gladly welcome the *Oracle* among our exchanges.

We again extend to the *Campus* our greetings. It hails from a large University and contains much that is worth noticing. The article on "Professional Schools" is to the point.

The *Puistonian* exults in the prosperity of its Institution; and says that to keep pace with the college their journal must improve. We shall look for you in the coming year to press nearer the front. We judge from the poetical sentiment which prevails that a taste for the

"beautiful" predominates, and that your minds are remarkably free from college work to indulge so oft in converse with the Muse.

If to any extent we should judge a college journal by the number of its students, the *College Record* should stand to the front in our list of exchanges.

The *Archangel* is before us, but we can say nothing about it this month.

The *Niagara Index* is as full of vim as ever. The man who sits at the head of "Our Table," having slipped into the mantle worn by his predecessors, has seized his carving-knife. As usual he pierces joints and marrow, making hash of many a daintily cooked dish. The editorials are full of pith. Hazing receives heavy thrusts. The fossils that oppose their petrified carcasses to college education are covered with merited ridicule. "College cynics" are properly castigated.

It is a pleasure to take up the *Argosy*, for a neater or handsomer college paper is rarely seen. The October number, by the excellence of its matter, indicates that the editors for the current year are not a whit behind their predecessors in ability and fitness for their difficult position. The most notable, if not the most useful, article this month is an account of the class of '81, written by someone who bubbles over with humor, fun, and poetry. The exchange editor intends to do us all good. So be it.

"He from a throne
Mounted in heaven will shoot into the dark
Arrows of lightnings. We will stand and
mark."

Windsor is certainly the abode of the Muses, and *The King's College Record* is their organ. The August number contains a small variety of matter; but it is of excellent quality. "Two Lives" is a pretty fragment. "The Fishers' Mother" has the melancholy sweetness characteristic of Tennyson's "Rizpah." "The Windsor Ghost" is a long and horrible story very well told. The editorials breathe devotion to King's. Good. But how can it be made to appear that King's will be in her "rightful position" only when she is 'the leading University of the Maritime Provinces?' "My Shore" is exceedingly—well, exceedingly interesting; but by the time we had read that far we had had enough of the weird and melancholy, and wished for something cheerful. Let us see some smiles mingled with the tears next time.