

some graceful gyrations on the rink, in company with a young lady, when, somehow or other, an upset occurred, the lady taking the precedence. The senior died hard, but at last the law of gravitation came out ahead, and he dignifiedly sat on the lady's skates. Quickly righting himself he turned to help the lady up, lamenting at the time the "unfortunate accident." "Well," said the lady, "I was ready to get up a quarter of an hour before you were done tumbling." After all, if one has to fall, it is better to do it at once instead of going through an acrobatic performance trying in vain to maintain an equilibrium.

AN ALMA MATER DEBATE.

THE curtain rising discovers a youthful embryo physician in the chair, the leader of the negative "summing up," and an excited mob in the background.

Leader of Neg.—And, my friends, in this institution, 64 per cent. of these unfortunate children are drunkards. Such—

1st Member—I rise to a point of order, Mr. Chairman. The constitution says that the leaders are only allowed to sum up, not to give new points.

Chairman—Eh?

Exit L. of N.

Enter L. of A.

Leader of Affirm.—That last statement of the prev—

2nd Member—Mr. Chairman, did you rule that the leader of the negative was out of order?

Chairman—Well—ah—um!

2nd Member—Because if you didn't, and I don't believe you did, why did he have to take his seat? What is your ruling?

Chairman—What's that?

2nd Member—Does "summing up" mean bringing in new points or referring only to points already brought out? Is he out of order?

Chairman—Well, I—I— Oh, he's all right.

Exit L. of A.

Re-enter L. of N.

L. of N.—I was just going to say that 64 per cent. of the children in Toronto have drunken fathers. That's all.

Exit.

Re-enter L. of A.

L. of A.—According to the last speaker, 64 per cent. of the people of Toronto are given to drink, and I must say that—

L. of N. (from the mob)—I didn't say that. I said that in that institution 64 per cent. of the children had drunken fathers.

L. of A.—What's that he said, Mr. Chairman?

Chairman (convincingly)—He said 64 children in the institution at Toronto were fathers of drunkards.

(Cheers from the mob, wild denunciations from L. of N., and excited gestures from the Chairman, in the midst of which the curtain drops.)

SCENE II.

Chairman ("summing up" after debate)—Well, gentlemen, I'm not used to being a judge, but I'll try to say what I think:—

"The leader of the affirmative got up an' talked a long while an' didn't say anything. (Cheers.) Then the other fellow got up and knocked all his arguments into a cocked hat. (More cheers.) Then another affirmative man got up, but I forgot what he said; but (wild cheering and groans) the next fellow pulverized him, too. (Tremendous applause.) After that one of the men on the other side made a few remarks, and after that was replied to the leaders wound the thing up and got mad. So since two men on the affirmative were no good, and two men on the negative were very good, and one man on each side about equal, I decide in favor of the affirm—(wild cheers)—no I mean the negative. If you don't like it you can lump it." Curtain.

GROWLS.

FROM OUR DYSPEPTIC EDITOR.

IT makes me tired to see the cool cheek displayed by some men in this University. And they seem so blissfully unconscious of the fact. That's what knocks me cold. I was one of the human herrings in the gallery of Convocation Hall on the occasion of Principal Grant's reception. I got there in a most undignified fashion, with my hat crushed down over my eyes, my coat half off and my collar twisted just three quarters of the way round my neck. Propelled from behind and below I was flung—actually flung—astraddle the back of a seat in the third row, and had I not clung to it with the tenacity of a Sophomore to his cane, I might have been laid *under* it. Then all evening I had to sit on that uncomfortably narrow perch, with four fellows behind using me as a prop, three others sitting on my feet, and a wheezy horn in full blast in my right ear. But I might have stood all that and still have smiled. I might even have been tolerably happy. But to see freshmen and sophomores in Arts and Medicine, sitting in the front seats with various sized canes denoting the different grades of their imbecility, and with a supreme indifference to the feelings of those who had made the college building their home for from four years to seven previous to this time,—to see them monopolize their senior's prerogative and making the gallery a regular pandemonium—Bah! it makes me sick now to think of it. I would like to know what all this means. Is no precedence to be given to the older and more experienced students? Hadn't the freshmen better inaugurate a parliament to let the Senate know how to run the University? Would it not be a step forward to let the sophomores take control of the Court to keep the seniors and graduates in subjection? And would it not be well for the juniors to be appointed the guardians and censors of the divinity students? My heart is sore and the future of Queen's seems dark indeed. *O tempora, o mores!* The glory has departed from Israel.