

ASSOCIATE EDITORIALS.

A. M. S.

WHAT has become of the ancient dignity of the Alma Mater? Whither has its glory fled? One who has not attended a meeting can hardly bring himself to believe the report of it. One week a meeting, whose correct minutes may be found in the "De Nobis" column—a meeting such that it wrung from a sober junior the remark that it was the first meeting he had ever attended, and would be the last—but let this pass, "A little nonsense, now and then," etc. But nonsense extending monotonously over all the meetings is relished by no one. Why will men come to the society night after night and make themselves ridiculous by taking the floor every few minutes and obstructing all business and everything else without saying one single word of sense per mouth? At the first meeting at which our present president occupied the chair he carried strictness to the farthest limit (at least when men who had the interests of the society at heart desired to speak). Now he appears to have gone to the extreme of indulgence. At the meeting on February 2nd events occurred which showed the wisdom of the course taken by two or three members at the meetings last February and March. If anyone will search the minutes of those months he will find objections recorded night after night because of the refusal of the secretary to record the settlement of the most important questions that interested the society through the whole session. The treasurer reported that the principal had a note, signed by the officers of the society, which promised to pay \$250 with interest next March. Nobody had ever dreamed of such a thing. It simply shows the profound secrecy with which the officers keep their action veiled. But this was not the worst. The question was broached whether the ladies should be allowed to spend the money, which they have paid toward athletics, upon their reading-room. That the ladies cannot use the gymnasium appears sufficiently obvious, yet men apparently sober were found to maintain that there was nothing to prevent their doing so. To us the gymnasium—the cellar of the dissecting room—appears much more nearly unfit for male students to enter than fit for the female. But the society, with utter carelessness of the fact that it had appointed a committee for the express purpose of overseeing the expenditure of this money, appointed another—not one of whose number is a member of the original one—to confer with the Principal about this fee. As for ourselves, we have very decided views about this matter, and they are (1) that the ladies' money ought not to be expended on the gymnasium; (2) that they ought to have it, or a greater portion of it, for their reading room; (3) that they ought—and we believe they will agree with us—to pay something toward football. But let all things be done decently and in order.

LITERATURE.

ON A RAFT.

(Continued from page 61.)

IF any race of people on the face of this green earth deserves to be healthy, wealthy and wise, it is assuredly the voyageurs of the St. Lawrence, granting that the old saw is reliable. Their hours for repose are regulated on the basis of the sun-dial. As soon as the sun sinks into the horizon, they sink into their bunks, and when the glorious orb shows his face again in the morning, they show their faces (much dirtier, bye the bye) at the shanty door. Not having read up the theory, I am not prepared to state their resources in cloudy weather, but imagine that force of habit would carry them over any moderately long spell. Although it was barely eight o'clock they had nearly all disappeared, and as it was growing very dark and the mosquitoes were very playful we disappeared also. This was our first day and we both agreed that, on the whole, it was a very jolly life. Even "Spot," the fox terrier, seemed to be enjoying himself and had secured a splendid, soft corner on S—' pillow, where he was comfortably curled up in blissful ignorance of the coming storm. We sat and talked for some time and then took a look out and found the moon had risen and the mosquitoes vanished. Ahead of us were, on either side, the lights of Brockville and Morristown. It was too late to go ashore but we stayed and kept the moon company for a little while and then turned in. During the night it came on to blow hard and we had to lie by near Prescott till the wind moderated. Sleep was impossible owing to the peculiar tendency that Frenchmen have of exercising their lungs when at all excited. The tug had ranged up alongside and a vigorous communication was kept up in the dark between the respective crews in the very shrillest tones and their incomprehensible dialect. The only creature that slept that night, I believe, was "Spot," and he snored away contentedly as if the roar of the elements and the shouts of French sailors were his ordinary lullaby. But we didn't allow time to hang heavy on our hands; we lit the lamp, shut the door, hunted up a euchre deck and were well on into double figures as to games played, when the stentorian voice of old Aimé could be heard above the din, "lochez le bowline, faites les voiles! vite, vite!" We knew what this meant—the wind had either veered to another quarter or showed signs of going down, and it would not be long now ere we should be once more on our way. By dint of a tremendous amount of yelling and sacré-ing the bowline was hauled on board and coiled up forward, the men on shore leaped for the raft as it forged ahead, and all hands rushed to the shanties to try and get forty winks or so before dawn. The next day, Sunday, was to be an eventful one for me at least. We were to run two rapids, weather permitting. Sure enough we were aroused at a most unearthly hour by our faithful