QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY JOURNAL.

McGill Men True Sports.

The officials were most satisfactory. Dr. Jack gave his decision promptly in boxing, and no man would have dared dispute it. Mr. Egan in wrestling and Signor Chairmonte in fencing were equally satisfactory. The Mc-Gill men were most kind and courteous to us in every way. We could hope for no better treatment anywhere.

The light diet played havoc with the minds of our men. Dunc. Dewar was talking lightly in Latin about 'fugiting tempus' while Alyea babbled like a brook of Egyptian hieroglyphs. We are assured, however, that all the men have again become their natural selves.

It is a pity that we cannot call this an Intercollegiate championship in the proper sense of the word. Varsity's absence, of course, makes that impossible. Still there is another year coming. The victory should give a great stimulus to the sport in Queen's, and a race of great boxers, fencers and wrestlers should ensue. They are indeed manly sports, and well worth cultivating.

Athletic Committee's Report.

The second Saturday in March is one of the most important dates in the Alma Mater Society's year. On that date the annual reports of the Debate, Music and Drama, and Athletic Committees are presented and the committees for the following year are elected. The report of the Athletic Committee alone would make the meeting important, for this committee handles several thousand dollars each year, controls property valued at more than eighty thousand dollars, and governs every athletic sport at the University. There is also a special report from a sub-committee in regard to a policy for athletics in the future. Every student should be present next Saturday night.

De Nobis.

E. W. Boak's favorite swear word: O! Rats.

Amers Bertram's brain food-CELERY. (The market is cornered).

Scene-Pink Tea.

Mrs. M—:"I once had a man propose to me on an ice-boat." Queen's Student (sewing):—"That's going some!!"

An optimist is a man that can make lemonade out of the lemons handed to him.

Prof. McG-, translating Faust:--"The last drunk which I prepared, and which I now choose, may it be pledged to the morning! !!"

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