

✻ DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS. ✻

AN AUTUMN LEAF.

"YOU are the autumn leaf," said he,
And my arms are the book, you know,
"So I'll put the leaf in the book you see,
"And tenderly press it so."

The maid looked up with a glance demure,
And blushes her fair cheek wore,
And she softly whispered, "The leaf, I'm sure,
"Needs pressing a little more."—*Ex.*

Like a tooth-brush—QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL—every fellow should have one of his own and not borrow from his neighbor.

"What salary do you get in the Gym, Fred?"
Fred, with avaricious glee—"Five cents a week with promise of a raise."

Soph's advice to a freshie:—"When you come across a man better than yourself, call him a conceited puppy and a fool. It will ease your mind and won't hurt him any." The freshie promises, but says he don't think he will have a chance.

A student in Physics, in the last monthly exam, said that the specific weight of a bottle becomes less as it approaches the equator. The Prof. hoped that this was no reflection on the morality of the gentleman carrying the bottle.

WHAT THEY ARE ALL SAYING.

"That dollar and Prof. Morgan—where are they?"

"O, we know nothing about Morgan."—Secy. Bowling Alley.

"The officers of the court should be shust men, py gosh! They should have nosing to do wis logic, and should speak the Gaelic fluently."—J. D. B—d.

"I have several offices, but to prevent a charge of partiality have concluded to have nothing to do with any of them."—J. S. McL—n.

"I'm going to take lectures in the gallery after this; seats are \$2 in the pit."—Stuart.

"My sympathies, Reddon, I'm growing sides too."—D. Str—n.

"I'm takin' senior English for Society's sake."—Tim. C.

"There's some credit now in bein' jolly in the 'gym.'"—Willie C.

"Don't insert my full name in the JOURNAL."—Thomas Reid Scott.

ELECTION CRIES.

"Furl under my banner ye illustrious stick-in-the-muds. Yes!"—H. A. L—l.

"Vote for me and women's rights—pretty near."—J. W. M—e—d.

"Then let us pray that come it may,
On Saturday for a' that;
I'll gie that Brockville lad a' skirl,
And seize the books and a' that."

—Burns.

"I'll be there every Saturday night, but you know how it is boys."—J. Con—l.

"And the name of the whole atrocious mass is—Heap."—Norman.

"I'm very *umble*, but I want your votes."—Freddie.

"You may crush me now, but my voice will one day be heard in my Alma Mater."—Neil.

"To-morrow, O, thus sudden! Spare me, spare me!"—Arthur.

"Is any one ill? Is any one ill? Is any one ill?"—McAmmond.

THE CONCURSUS OF QUEEN'S.

The *Concursus Iniquitatus et Virtutis* has been this year formed on a new constitution, and is now zealously guarding the morals and general behaviour of the whole body of arts students. The following are the officers of the court:

Judges—Messrs. W. McClement, '88, and J. Kirk, '88.
Counsel for Prosecution—Messrs. W. L. Morden, '88, and A. G. Hay, '89.

Clerk—Harry A. Lavell, '88.

Crier—E. S. Griffin, '88.

Sheriff—E. Pirie, '88.

Chief of Police—E. B. Echlin, '89.

Constables—Messrs. White and Hay, '88; Strachan and Muirhead, '89; Varcoc and Smellie, 90.

Grand Jury—Messrs. Cattanaeh (foreman), Cameron and Allen, '88; McPhail and Drummond, '88; Pergan and Carmichael, '90; McNaughton and Gandier, '91.

The following gentlemen comprise the court of the Royal. They will see that no unwary freshman makes himself too officious:

Chief Justice—E. McGrath.

Associate Judges—T. Baker, E. H. Horsey and W. Downing.

Medical Experts—T. O'Neil and J. F. McAmmond.

Revising Barrister—E. Ryan, B.A.

Queen's Counsel—F. B. Harkness.

Clerk—A. Stewart.

Constables—Second year, G. Tackport and D. Corn; first year, E. Yourex and N. Raymond.