

\*PERSONAL.\*

REV. FRED. JOHNSTON, B.A., '86, of Chaumont, N.Y., has received an addition to his family in the form of a little son. May he be a worthy grandchild of our Alma Mater.

We are pleased to announce that Miss Sawyer, '88, of the Women's Medical College, who has been sick for some time past, is improving slowly.

Dr. H. Cunningham, '85, who returned from England in December, has left for Toronto, where he intends to reside in future.

Dr. T. Moore departed from Kingston for Westville, Nova Scotia, where he will take the practice of a retiring physician.

We regret to announce the death of the mother of Gordon Bradley, '90, which event took place a few weeks ago. We extend to him our cordial sympathy in his great bereavement.

Where is our orator Knowles, '89, anyhow? Rumor hath it that he has bought a life ticket on the G.T.R. and drops on Whitby now and again. We wonder who is the loadstone there.

Rev. Alfred Gandier, B.A., '84, of St. Mark's Mission, Toronto, received a short while ago a call to St. Thomas, with an offer of \$1,600 salary and a free manse. He has, however, declined the call, as it is his intention to further pursue his studies in Edinburgh before taking a permanent charge.

The Rev. Norman Macpher, of Dalhousie Mills, Ont., sent, as a personal subscription, the handsome sum of \$50 to Mr. Smith for the Foreign Mission Fund of the University. It is to be hoped that many of our graduates will follow his good example.

Our medical friends will be saddened to hear that Capt. H. Nicholson, who took classes at the Royal last year, has gone the way of all flesh—that is all flesh that knows what's good for itself—and in future will be but a fraction of his former self, not quite half in fact. Our best wishes go with the happy couple.

L. S. Lochhead, '88, secured last year a situation in the Canandaigua Academy, located in the flourishing town of that name, some 28 miles east of Rochester. This institution, which was founded nearly a hundred years ago, appears to be similar in function to our Collegiate Institute. It is a training school for teachers and prepares University matriculants. With customary American style, however, its teachers are all professors and the pupils on leaving it are said to graduate. Prof. Lochhead teaches modern languages and some of the branches of mathematics.

\*DE\*NOBIS\*NOBILIBUS.\*

THE following is an exact quotation from Marshall's Dynamics :

"Pressure is a force acting between two bodies already close together in consequence of which they tend to approach still nearer to one another."

One of the boys says he learnt that by experience long ago—generally when the old man wasn't around.

Another definition explains that "*Tension* is a force acting between two bodies close together, in consequence of which they tend to move away from one another."

The fore mentioned young man says that that's the sort of *tention* the old man used to show him.

Prof. in Chemistry : "Now, gentlemen, this substance is really two hundred and twenty times sweeter than sugar ; I mean *this* substance Mr. S." Mr. S. had been examining some of the specimens on the seats beside him.

"By gum !" said a surprised junior in the physics class, as he saw the Prof. boil water at 76° by means of the air pump, "I'm going to make an air pump one of my camping utensils next summer. Boil potatoes in great style at two minutes notice. Wonder how much the thing costs."

The train steamed into a neighboring village a few weeks ago bearing with it a Queen's divinity student of diminutive stature and clean shaven countenance, who had been appointed to preach there the following day. Expecting some one to meet him our friend gazed around, but saw no one but a long lanky farmer, who, however, paid no attention to him beyond a patronizing smile. The theologian then entered the waiting room expecting soon to be "called for." That event, however, not happening in the next half hour, he walked into the village and was directed to the house of a prominent Presbyterian. On his knocking at the door it was opened by the aforementioned lengthy individual. The student stated his mission and the surprised farmer invited him in, saying as he did so : "Why, I was to the station and saw you there, but, Gosh! I didn't think *you* was the minister." When Sunday came our juvenile-looking friend entered the church and took his seat in the pulpit, much to the astonishment and indignation of an old lady sitting near by. She, gravely coming up beside him and jerking one of his coat tails, hoarsely whispered : "Boy! Boy, come down out o' that. *That's where the minister sets.*"

"He's always talking about 'attraction of gravity,'" grumbled a discontented member of the physics class. "Why can't he give us something about the 'attraction of levity' for a change?"