

Queen's has stood since the time of the flood on the old Ontario strand. It is an interesting tale of early struggle and victory over hard conditions, merging into a period of prosperity and rapid growth.

The writer of the article "The Spirit of Queen's" tries to define the indefinable and almost succeeds. He mentions as among its manifestations the well-known intense loyalty of all students to their Alma Mater, the freedom and self-government of the student-body, and lastly the steadfast love of truth that refuses to separate sacred from secular,—a spirit which he characterizes as "a certain fearless and open-eyed reverence for the truth."

The writer of the article on "Our College Women" shows just what the university does by way of broadening the horizon and enriching the life of her women. The indirect proof is even more conclusive than the direct. Try to fancy the Becky Sharps and the Amelias of a century ago thinking and writing as this Queen's woman has thought and written, and be thankful!

The Supplement of the Quarterly is a faithful photograph of Queen's as she stands to-day, and like photographs in general it will tell much to the intelligent stranger who studies it; while those who have seen and known will have a grudging feeling that it does not and cannot do justice to the living original, and yet will warmly appreciate it for what it does reveal and suggest.  
—M. D. H.

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## *De Nobis.*

A CARD which was much in evidence during the A.M.S. elections, bore this legend, *Honni soit qui pense autrement*. Was it this honeyed phrase which won the candidate his election? Those who *pensaient autrement* probably regarded it as an instance of esoteric pedantry. Following are several mottos which may be helpful to future candidates: *Ab uno disce omnes*; *ad Calendas Graecas* (for the freshman); *ad captandum vulgus*; *Ci-gît*; *dolce far niente*; *gaudeamus igitur*; *entente Cordiale*; *l'homme propose, et—*, (these last are a bid for the ladies' vote); *mal de mer* and *odium theologicum*.

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Freshman McSw-in hurrying into Arts' building violently collides with pretty freshette.

Freshman McS. (raising his hat) As I'm in a hurry for a lecture I really haven't time for lengthened investigation or deliberation. If it's my fault I humbly beg your pardon. If it's yours don't mention it. Good morning.

Freshette (blushing),—Isn't he lovely?

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Ontario Power House, Switchboard-man to Prof. G-II.—There ain't no use of me tellin' you how she goes because I don't think you would know after. Do you know much about her boss?

Prof. G-II:—Well—yes, a little.