

With best wishes for our graduates we close by promising that new developments will be faithfully recorded from time to time, and we would humbly request all who would keep abreast of the times to subscribe for QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

WE ARE ALL AGREED

That we ought to have copies of the daily papers on file in the Reading Room.

That some new arrangement should be made at once for the delivery of letters addressed to the Royal.

That our heartiest congratulations are to be tendered to W. F. Wood, who has recently removed from the state of celibacy and settled in a pleasant location in the state of matrimony.

That more singing of college songs should be indulged in by the Meds.

That as soon as the season for football closes a vigorous search should be instituted to ascertain the immediate location of the gymnasium.

NEWS.

We are to have a telephone.

T. B. Scott and J. T. Kennedy were appointed as delegates to the Inter-collegiate Missionary Alliance held in Montreal.

J. E. Empey has been elected as our delegate to McGill Medical College Annual Dinner.

We were pleased to have a visit from our old friend Dr. Skinner, '39. He had been reported as having died of small pox, but he turned up at the Royal hale and hearty. We wish him every success in his new location at Odessa.

Hospital Refrain:—

"She's my Anning,
I'm her Jo."

Dr. Water's lecture on "Chatterton" on the evening of Friday, the 14th, was fairly well attended, but not so well as the lecture deserved. It was listened to with wrapt attention. The musical tones of the speaker, the rythmic flow of his elegant sentences, and the sympathetic narration of the marvellous life of his hero, deeply impressed and charmed the audience. The students owe him their warmest thanks, and should he ever again favor Kingston with another lecture we bespeak him an enthusiastic reception.

Mr. Connery gave two readings during the evening, and was well received. Queen's is fortunate in securing his services as teacher in elocution, and the boys are jubilant.

A. E. Lavell, '91, represented Queen's at the Trinity dinner. We understand that his speech was a masterly effort. He speaks in glowing terms of the treatment he received at the hands of the Trinity boys.

"Gather your rosebuds while you may,
Old-time is still a-flying;
And flowers which bloom so fast to-day,
To-morrow will be dying."

DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.

Eh! There's a collection on.

If two bodies of clay come in contact they are likely to go off together. Ha! Ha! Ha!

The Medical Court is, this year, to be conducted "economically, systematically, and according to Hoyle." Go for 'em, ye bull dogs.

John says that them gayrls is terrors.

A renowned Sophomore acknowledges that he has worn out twelve of *her* photographs during the summer. If he does not treat the original with better care, there will be a difficulty for he declares that she is not in duplicate.

The following, written in careful schoolboy hand, enclosed in an envelope, on which the stamp was carefully adjusted, speaks for itself:—"Dear Mister Editor of the De Nobis column of the QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL, I am well and hope you are the same. I enclose a few very funny little jokes that I would like to publish. I think they would be almost sure to make the people laugh." No, my boy, they won't do. We have to use moderation in administering jokes as in all other medicines, and yours are altogether too funny.

Willie, assistant in Physics, is no more. Alfred now draws the slide, turns the crank and puts on the chromos. Except in name, he bears a striking resemblance to all his predecessors. This rapid succession of scientific meteors which shoot across the horizon of fame may well be likened to that mysterious river of which the poet said:

—nobody knows
whence it comes or whither it goes.

Well, Alfred, we wish you success, but when we think of the fate, common to all your predecessors, we weep for you. Perhaps if you were to subscribe for the JOURNAL, and, what is next in importance, read it constantly, it might save you.

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

Why don't we have a gymnasium?—[The boys.

Barbers are scarce out west.—[J. A. Mc.

You've a corkin' good team.—[Pres. Varsity F. B. C.

I'd go to the ends of the earth to see her.—[Ar-g-e.

It's a terrible joke to be taken for another man.—[W. J. H-rb-s-n.

'Sh! I don't want my name in the JOURNAL.—[A. J. McMullen.

"What fools these wedded students be."—[Dr. Robertson.

Mr. F., you know a trifle or two about languages, don't you?—[Prof. N——n.

Enough is as good as a feast.—[Student in Moderns.

I beg your pardon, I thought I had come home with Miss —[J. T. K.