

†DE NOBIS NOBILIBUS.†

ALMA MATER SOCIETY.—A regular meeting of this Society has been held every Saturday night since the opening of College, but as yet little business has been done and no matters of consequence have come before the Society except that of the JOURNAL. On the evening of Oct. 14th the Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. McRossie, gave his report for his stewardship of the paper for the foregoing year. It was the most gratifying the A.M.S. has ever had the pleasure of listening to. For the first time in its history (we believe) the JOURNAL owed no man anything, and had a balance of \$26 in its favor. Two years ago the paper had a debt of about \$200. The prospects for the coming year are good. The Secretary-Treasurer and the Managing Editor, during the summer canvassed the city and increased the value of our advertising list from a little over \$100 to \$200, and taking the increase of paying subscribers to be the same this year as it was last (60) a surplus of at least \$150 should be reported at the end of the year, and that, too, taking into account the increased expense of printing the paper, caused by the improvements we have made. There is one matter though, which it is a shame and a disgrace to those of whom it has to be said. We have a long list of subscribers, perfectly able to pay, but who are so mean as to refuse to do so, preferring to sponge on the students than pay their paltry subscription of \$1. We have no patience with such men, and have a good mind to make an example of them by publishing the list. If we did, the names to be found there would make a good many people open their eyes.

Mr. Farrell the same evening handed in his resignation of the Managing Editorship on the ground of lack of time from press of other work. He expressed his regret at the necessity of doing so after his long connection with the JOURNAL. He also added to his own resignation those of the members of the old staff who had returned to College, and for the same cause. A committee was appointed to make a selection of a new Editor-in-chief, and in the meantime Mr. Farrell, at the earnest solicitation of the Society, consented to get out this number of the JOURNAL. The Committee as yet have made no report.

The annual meeting of the Society, and the election of officers for the ensuing year takes place in five weeks

(Dec. 8th.) So far all is quiet, but we think it is but the lull before the storm, which will shortly break forth with all the volcanic fury so characteristic of these elections. There is much room for improvement yet in the conduction of these annual contests. The Society has in view the printing of a certified list of the qualified voters. We would suggest that no ballot be accepted if marked before entering the polling booth, that the business part of the meeting be held two weeks later, that candidates for office be not allowed to vote, and that personal canvassing by them be discountenanced.

Our worthy Principal has been taken for many different people, but we never before heard of him playing the role of commercial traveller. The following is clipped from the *Lindsay Post*:

Two weeks ago Saturday night, a pleasant faced stranger with a sort of man-of-world air stepped off the Toronto train at Lindsay. Upon enquiring from a couple of our young law students the way to a certain citizen's residence, the young men volunteered to accompany the enquirer. While strolling along the young men retailed to their listener information of a "personal nature about various people. "Yes," said they, we know A. B., he is an old fossil, behind the times of B.C., we take his measure every time. He's officious." "Know such a clergyman?" "Well, yes, he's fresh, but will do well to keep over," and so on. Finally the legal squibs asked their affable companion what line he was travelling in. Was it sugar, or dry goods, or hides? Judge of their unearthly mortification, when the jovial, talkative, interesting chap introduced himself as Principal Grant, of Queen's University, Kingston. Great Cæsar's ghost! And now these young men can't bear any allusion about giving themselves away.

Prof. Fletcher told a story the other day of the Oxford exams, *appropos* the failure of one of the students in his class to give the native city of the apostle Paul. At Oxford every candidate for a degree in Arts has to pass an exam. in Divinity. One unfortunate fellow, from his lack of Bible knowledge had been plucked again and again, but still having hopes of success, appeared once more before the examiners. All went well till he was asked who was the first king of the Jews, he answered correctly enough, "Saul," but when he added "otherwise called Paul," his fate was once more sealed.

We would like to ask where the Dialectic Club and the Mathematical Society are this session. Are they dead? Have they gone the way of all flesh? It is time the officers of these institutions were rousing themselves, especially that of the Dialectic Club. If it is intended to be of any use to the Philosophy classes, at what time in the session does its usefulness begin? We would suppose at the first, but we must be mistaken.

The Gym! Oh, where! Oh, where is it? Since the renowned musician, *Dianthus Barbatus*, ceased giving his concerts upon the steps, public interest has been falling off, until now——. We will let its president fill up this sentence.

Queen's is bound to keep up with the times. One of her students has eloped with a "widder" of Brockville, and is enjoying conjugal harmony (?) in Chicago. Inducement, two children of the ages of eleven and twelve.

The cut on our front page is the work of the Moss Engraving Company, New York. The design is by one of our own students, Mr. Colin Scott.

One of the youths who has been studying Physics was overheard to say the other day that he could now *very near* measure with the vernier. We suggest that the Professor put him in one of his hydraulic presses.