

In our last number a typographical error made Dewey's Psychology read Deney's.

Following the example of last year's graduating class, the seniors have decided to hold their class dinner after the examinations. The date fixed is April 20th, and no doubt a pleasant time will be spent, though we sympathize with the caterer.

Now is the time that the photographs of the various clubs and societies of the university begin to pour into the reading room. Surely the energetic curators, Messrs. Findlay, Drummond, T. B. Scott, Hay, Carmichael and Gandier, whose duty it is to hang up these and other neglected pictures will get to work soon and make the room look at least tidy.

We hope that some attempt will be made this summer by the university authorities to secure more presentable window curtains than those which now ornament the building. The present style may be collegiate but it isn't very attractive.

We regret that the old custom of presenting ornamental trees to the university, which used to be observed by the graduating classes, has fallen into disuse. We consider that there is still room for improvement in the grounds and no more suitable or acceptable memorial could be donated by retiring students. Let the class of '89 consider the matter.

### \*EXCHANGES.\*

A LETTER in the *Trinity University Review* would lead us to infer that the good old college songs are becoming things of the past there as they are here—almost.

Editorials in Nos. 15 and 16 of the *'Varsity*, referring to Principal Grant's complaints, exonerate Toronto University, and throw the blame for the lowering of the matriculation standard on the education department of Ontario.

Among the papers that favor our sanctum with their presence is the *Scientific American*. It is without doubt the leading scientific weekly of America and is too well-known to need praise from us. No one desiring to keep abreast of modern ingenuity can afford to be without this paper, in which all the latest inventions and discoveries are recorded in a readable and interesting manner.

The *Nassau Literary Magazine* is a good specimen of what college writers are capable of producing in a purely literary line. Among its contents we find many articles of a high order in all tones. The literary gossip is always refreshing, and, in the number for March, the articles on "The Philosophy of Latter-day Poets," and the rather morbid sketch, "A Fatal Realism," are especially worthy of notice, as also the short articles on "The Critic and his Two-fold Task" and "College Opinion."

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

#### EXIT '89.

YOU must wake and call me early, call me early,  
chummie dear,  
For to-morrow 'll be the final day of my short sojourn  
here,  
Of all the college year, chummie, the most hilarious  
day,  
For I'm to receive my degree, chummie, I'm to become a  
B.A.  
I've studied hard four years, chummie, I've lived in  
Plato's state,  
I've dug Greek roots and Latin and I've swallowed  
physics straight,  
And the goal I aimed for all the time, it seemed so far  
away,  
But I'm to receive my degree, chummie, I'm to become a  
B.A.  
My gown is now in shreds, chummie, my cap is cracked  
and worn,  
My books have lost their covers and their leaves are sad-  
ly torn,  
But what care I for these, chummie, of what use now are  
they,  
Since I'm to receive my degree, chummie, I'm to become  
a B.A.  
When I first came to Queen's chummie, in the fall of '85,  
I was in my opinion then, the wisest man alive,  
But I knew far more then, chummie, than what I do to-  
day,  
So I'm to receive my degree, chummie, I'm to become a  
B.A.  
My knowledge is not great, chummie, but still I've learn-  
ed to see  
That very many things exist which are unknown to me,  
And so perhaps the profs., chummie, are not so far  
astray  
In granting me a degree, chummie, and making me a  
B.A.  
And yet in all my joy, chummie, I must confess to you,  
To think of leaving Queen's for good—it makes me feel  
dark blue ;  
It makes me wish sometimes, chummie, that I could long-  
er stay,  
But I'm to receive my degree, chummie, I'm to become a  
B.A.  
There are several dozen girls, chummie, I would like you  
to console,  
And tell each dear one for me that she treacherously stole  
My poor confiding heart, chummie, and then look glad  
and say,  
"But he has got something instead, darling, he has re-  
ceived his B.A."