

Saturday, Nov. 14th. After devotional proceedings the minutes of the last meeting were received. The Treasurer's report was very satisfactory. The President, Mr. John Sharp, then delivered his inaugural address. A general discussion about the supply of stations during the winter months took place. It was decided to ask all students who wished to supply to hand their names to the Secretary, C. H. Daly, B.A.

DE NOBIS.

A DIVINITY student of Queen's has a habit of repeating the first line of the hymn and adding let us rise and sing. Lately he was preaching, and he gave out a hymn beginning with

"Ye indolent and slothful rise"—

"And sing," he added, and then disappeared behind the pulpit.

On Princess Street—Ain't we two pretty little things. Don't we look nice together.—
[W. W-k-n-sh-w.

Ninety-three has a *fee-simple*. At any rate it is rumoured that he was married Wednesday, Nov. 11th.

Tune—"A Warrior Bold Am I."

When nights are cold,
And students bold
In Alma Mater hold their sway,
A warrior bold,
With gall untold,
Sings patiently this lay:
Oh I am young and fair,
I have been reared with care,
So don't delay,
I humbly pray,
I cannot stay late there.

Mallorytown concert—Young Lady—Who is that nice looking young man with the slight moustache behind the organ?

Student—Why, that's Binnie.

Y.L.—Oh, isn't he just lovely.

Guy Curtis (on the train nearing Cobourg)—Beg pardon, sir; would you like some refreshments to be prepared for you at Cobourg?

Passenger—Thank you; I would.

G. C.—So would I, sir; good night, sir.

Vigorous applause from students in other end of car. Passenger looks cheap.

H. R. Grant (in Alma Mater)—"Yes, Mr. President, I think that the conversat. should be held at the close of the autumn term. How pleasantly it would enable us to say good-bye to one another and to our friends. * * * But, Mr. President, it is ridiculous to talk of holding it in the middle of the next, or of any term; why, we couldn't—we wouldn't"—

Voice—"Wouldn't have a chance to say good-bye to her."

It does not seem to be an axiom to all, that because a man goes to College *therefore* he is a student. We notice an advertisement in a College exchange that reads: "*Students and College boys* are requested to give us a call."

Prof. G. (to medical student)—What is a sub-oxide.

Medical—Er-a a combination of oxygen with a "sub."

Dr. Sexton—If I throw down two dice and they come down both sixes, what would you say to that?

Joe D-w-ng (sotto voce)—One horse for you, old man.

Since '95 can't shine in foot-ball against the K.C.I. team, nor show up in the team race, yet, if they apply themselves diligently, they may be able to challenge some of the other years to a spelling match before spring.

In the museum—Miss D—, My, what a pretty stone! That's an amethyst, isn't it?

T-yl-r—Yes; how would you like it in a ring?

C. B-gg, '95, complacently looking at his watch on hearing the half-past nine gun go off, "Well, for once that nine o'clock gun is right. It's generally about half an hour slow."

Dialogue—Freshman (philosophic and enthusiastic)—I tell you what, there's nothing like Socratic questioning.

Graduate (of several arts)—What's it good for?

Freshman—It is unequalled for dispelling illusions.

Graduate—Think so? Try a Platonic friendship.