

After long hard work the rescuers reached the bottom of the mass, where the legs and body of a man protruded from beneath a twisted platform. Beside him lay a cane, decorated with coloured ribbons, and a long tin horn.

Fearfully and anxiously a score of strong men lifted the weight from the head and shoulders of the prostrate one and carried him up the embankment. As they reached the higher level, he opened his eyes passed a hand in front of them, as if brushing away a film or screen of some kind, and shouted :

"'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! Sizz, boom, ah! Ki-yi, hip-hip, hoo-gah yah! Come on, fellows! Which side has the ball?'—*The Youth's Companion*.

We are in receipt of an anonymous production intended for publication in the JOURNAL. The article, despite its careful penmanship and its good syntax, is about as poor a specimen of English as has ever come our way, and abounds in the worst drivel in the way of personalities that ever trickled from a human skull. If the wretched scribbler will send us his name, we will do our best to have our subscribers contribute towards his keep in a snug corner at Rockwood. Space in the JOURNAL is too valuable to admit of criticisms of students in their private capacities. Such personalities will in the future, as in the past, find their way to the waste-paper basket.

Personals.

J. C. Leitch, '04, of Dutton was called home.

The duties of editing the sporting department of the JOURNAL have devolved on G. F. Weatherhead, B.A., and E. J. Williams.

Mr. H. Nimmo, B.A., our late editor for sports, has secured a good position on the *Detroit Standard*. Congratulations, Harry!

Mr. W. McDonald, B.A., was called home last week to attend the funeral of his grandfather, who died at the patrician age of one hundred and one years. The deceased gentleman had the distinction of having lived in three centuries, and under the rule of five sovereigns.

Mr. J. A. McCallum, B.A., is making his presence felt at Columbia University. Like all Queen's men who cross swords with men of other universities, he finds that his training in the Limestone City stands him in good stead.

He writes us :—"The son of Queen's never will, never can forget her."

Rev. J. A. Macdonald, of the *Westminster*, and Mr. J. S. Willison, of the editorial staff of the *Globe*, gave us fraternal calls during the conference. Mr. Willison was specially cordial, and the JOURNAL hopes to do better work now that its big brother has stiffened up its backbone. It is the men behind the quill, of Mr. Willison's sanity and culture, who make us proud of Canada's big paper, and who do more than many ever dream of to make cleanliness and good judgment characteristics of Canadian civic life.

'Twere vain to attempt to record the names of the men and women who visited their *Alma Mater* during conference week. Suffice to say, hard work in other fields has not dampened the ardour of the men and women who revived old memories this week. They sung with a new meaning—many of them :

Queen's college is our jolly home,
We love her still where'er we roam,
The merry songs we used to sing,
In memory's echoes long shall ring.

Not the least helpful means to social reunion is the lunch served in the museum. There ideas are exchanged, and grave D.D.'s, and reverend clergy are boys again and gather that exuberant strength and hopefulness which enable men to be and to do their best in whatever work their lot is cast.

Exchanges.

WE commend the following tribute of the *Edinburgh Student* to our late Sovereign Lady: "Very few and simple shall words be to express our sorrow at the calamity which has fallen upon our Empire within the last few days. There are times when the heart of a people is too full, too wounded, to seek utterance, and with our beloved Queen taken from us, we cannot but feel the desola-