

**Exchanges.**

The *Outlook* gives the following report from McGill's delegate to the Conversat. here:

Dear humble scribe:—

Will you kindly put in your report a few decent remarks about my trip to Queen's. I had a gorge—ous time—the music was simply elegant—the menu cards were simply lovely. No more of your cheap daily lunches for me. I would as soon patronize a Freshman sandwich banquet. Did I do anything? Well I should think Workman's champion pie-eater is not in it. I simply went the whole limit. I only hope that such affairs will be more frequent in the future.

Yours, ravenously,

HOWIDIDEET STEWART.

The *Tech* announces an excursion to Iceland for the coming summer, under the direction of Prof. Jaggar. The object of the expedition is to study the remarkable volcanoes, glaciers and geysers of that island. Suitably recommended students from other colleges will be admitted to the party.

The ex-man of *McMaster University Monthly*, in an excellent review of Canadian college journalism, places this JOURNAL among the "Big Four" and commends especially its editorial department.

Scene—A country church.

Minister: "Deacon Jones, will you lead us in prayer?" (Deacon still snores peacefully.)

Minister: "Deacon Jones, will you lead?"

Deacon (waking suddenly): "Taint my lead, I dealt."—*Mogaphone*.

*The Educational Monthly*, in a report of the Saskatchewan Teachers' Convention, gives a summary of a paper on "The School As a Moral Agent," read by W. Guggisberg, B.A., '04.

2 lovers sat beneath the shade,  
And 1 un 2 the other said,  
How 14,8 that you, be 9,  
Have smiled upon this suit of mine;  
If 5 a heart, it palps 4 you;  
Thy voice is mu 6 melody,  
'Tis 7 2 be thy loved 1, 2.  
Say, oh nymph, wilt thou marry me?  
Then lisped she soft, why 13ly.

—*Sibyl*.

In hoar traditions there is store of  
wealth

That vast endowments never can  
surpass,

More priceless treasures than by any  
stealth,

Or trick of trade, financiers can  
amass.

Their lavish gifts grant not the breath  
of life,

That in time-hallowed institutions  
flames,

Where every stone with meaning  
high is rife,

And every spot recalls undying  
names.

The glories dead make this a holy  
shrine,

At which, like pilgrims, most de-  
vout we kneel

And list in awe for oracles divine:

Not thus before unhallowed piles  
we feel,

Nor can the heart's frail ivy tendrils  
cling

To spots unblest by age's hallow-  
ing. —*Varsity*.