

ie, the ever popular and genial Fergie, enlisted as a trooper in the 2nd contingent Canadian Mounted Rifles and on the evening of December 12th the members of '03 Medicine assembled in the parlors of the British-American to present Fergie with a handsome wrist-watch and to bid him good-bye.

Needless to say it was up to the "Meds" to let the public know that Queen's was sending a representative and they did it most effectively. At the armories and at the departure of the train Fergie monopolized the reception and Roberts himself could not have got a more hearty one. Fergie's last impressions of Kingston will be a sea of faces, a host of handshakes and a howling medley of "What's the matter with Fergy," "Oil, wine, whiskey, rum," "Queen's! Queen's! Queen's!" and "Good-bye Dolly Grey."

The JOURNAL wishes Trooper Ferguson every success and feels assured that if there are any V. C.'s looking for a wearer Fergie will secure one.

It was the week before the Christmas holidays and a graduate of a few years' standing had made up his mind to re-visit the college of his student days. He entered the door and a silence as of death met his ears. He climbed the stairs, no one was visible and not a sound was heard.

Much puzzled he was about to leave the halls when he saw a head appear round the corner of a doorway and as quickly vanish again. Tracing the apparition to its origin he discovered a shrinking, nervous youth who seemed to be suffering from peculiar choreic or hysterical spasms characterized by an involuntary movement of the hand

toward the hip-pocket of his trousers, and a rotatory motion as if searching for money while a wan smile illumined his face. "Oh sir," the youth cried, "have mercy! have mercy! I'd be glad to give you a subscription but see! I have nothing"—and the involuntary spasm to the pocket took place again.

More puzzled than ever the graduate tried to soothe the young man's distress and adopting his best sugar-coated manner used only to his best paying patients he said, "Tell me all about it, I am not going to do you any harm."

"Aren't you collecting money for the election fund or Tom Coffee's present?" queried the youth.

"No," replied the graduate.

"Or for a presentation to anybody who is going away?"

"Decidedly not."

"Perhaps you are selling tickets for the Student's Dance, the debate or the Conversat?"

"No," said the graduate.

"Then you must want a subscription to the Y. M. C. A.?"

"No."

"Are you sure you are not collecting for the dinner fund or the torches on University night?" queried the youth. You're not an orderly from the hospital trying to sell some patient's photograph?"

"No, I am neither collecting subscriptions nor selling tickets," responded the grad.

"Pardon me doctor," exclaimed the youth, "you see how it is. Subscriptions have quite ruined us. All the other fellows have fled the college. I alone remain as I thought that the end of subscriptions was at hand. Hush! There's that secretary again,"—and