

In all probability, if the Principal had ever told Janet (he never did, we may remark) that they must part company, she would have asked him where he was intending to go. It was amusing to notice what a wholesome fear butchers and grocers had of bringing anything to the Principal's house that was not first-class in quality. Janet had a tongue, and the unfortunate butcher's boy who brought a roast that was not up to the proper standard took it back to his cart with a meekness and docility that he had not known he possessed.

The tremendous energy which characterized Janet's every word and action called forth the admiration of every one who watched her. In spite of her sixty-four years, she would do as much work as two ordinary women. She had a personality all her own. With a perfect knowledge of her own capabilities she combined a beautiful humility. A visitor once remarked to her: "I don't know what the Principal would do without you, Janet." She replied quite naturally, and with an amused chuckle, "Oh! he couldn't get on without me at all." She was a Presbyterian of the old school, and had her seat in the Kirk, but theological questions did not worry her. She had a fundamental belief that the Principal of Queen's and the minister of St. Andrew's knew all that there was to know of religion.

We give an anecdote which illustrates how well she knew the Principal. Last winter the Principal was accustomed to retire to bed, according to medical orders, early in the evening. One of the very rare occasions on which he broke this rule was on the night of the McGill hockey match. He waited up till eleven o'clock in case the

game should be over. Finally his conscience drove him to bed before the news arrived. He had never been known to call for anything after retiring, but on this occasion, when he heard the front door slam, he called out, "Who won?" This was reported to Janet next morning. "Well," she said, "I was wondering what made the Principal call out, and I said to myself, 'there must be a match to-night, for nothing ever excites the Principal like a match.'"

We rejoice to say that owing to the wisdom of one of our professor's wives Janet is still to be found on the staff of Queen's.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS.

By the time this issue of the JOURNAL is ready to make its appearance in public the Christmas vacation will be already on the wing, and the season for making the usual inviolable(?) good resolutions will be rapidly approaching. Most of the students will have left the scenes of learning and gone in quest of Christmas joys at home; while the few, who for reasons such as distance, etc., remain in the city, will be drinking deep at the fount of knowledge to make up for time spent at social functions during the earlier months of the session. The Christmas season is usually one of retrospect and reflection on the events of individual or collective interest that have transpired during the year. We feel that this subject offers a most tempting theme for an unusually touching, nay, even sentimental, homily; but we will bravely resist the temptation and content our editorial garrulity with wishing our readers, one and all, a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year.