

Rev. D. L. Gordon, B.A., of Fernie, B.C., has been heard from. He sends good news from Revs. John Millar, M.A., and W. A. Alexander, B.A. He says of them: "Both are hale and hearty, but they look somewhat lonely, and seem to be contemplating following the example of Stewart Woods and of your humble servant. A. D. Menzies, the father of the presbytery, was also in his place as clerk of the presbytery." Speaking of football matters he says: "May Queen's long continue with a stout heart and a 'righteous kick' to pile up championship scores."

### Squibs.

#### WHEN APRIL COMES.

The college girl grows thin and pale,  
 No time for fun she knows;  
 Her garb severe would make one quail,  
 No more in curls she goes.  
 Time flies so fast it fairly hums  
 Past college girls—when April comes.  
 The college man no longer shaves,  
 No more we hear his song;  
 The class, without his cuffs, he braves,  
 His hair grows thick and long.  
 In vain he strives to pick up crumbs  
 From learning's store—when April comes.  
 The college Prof. grows stern and cold,  
 To pity, he's unknown;  
 No more he thinks to rave or scold  
 When we our tasks bemoan,  
 But simply hearts and minds benumbs  
 With hints of "Wait till April comes."  
 The JOURNAL is grateful for the foregoing.  
 A neat P.S. requested that the work of art be  
 not inserted in the ladies' column, and all the  
 world may see that the request has been com-  
 plied with!

A London (Eng.) correspondent describes the unrest felt in Britain among the lower classes on the dark, sad day following the death of the Queen. Stubbs, the green-grocer, called in our correspondent and delivered himself as follows:

"It's a sorry day for Hingland this—what'll the nation do now? Why my father can't remember the time the Queen's not on the throne—we've all growed up under 'er—we 'ave, and she knew 'er business—she *did*. We could leave it all to 'er—but there's changes now—kings ain't queens.

Degree exams are now looming in the near future, and already the "fear of judgment" is nerving the hitherto idle ones to fresh resolves and well-meant endeavours. One unlucky wight expressed himself thus in our hearing—

"Oh, the session's nearly past,  
 An' I'll sune be far awa'  
 'Mong the bonnie heather hills  
 That are aften in my view:  
 Yet there's muckle dool an'  
 Sorrow in my hert when I reca'  
 The thocht o' the exams,  
 For I'm feart I'll no' get through."  
 —*The Edinburgh Student.* Same here!

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