

Medical calendars were printed last year by the same.

Such complaints, however, even though they have a tendency to make unthinking citizens believe that we are dealing unfairly with these great organs of public thought, are as nothing compared with the anxiety of some of the papers to discredit and villify the students on every possible occasion. Fortunately the citizens know us, and know also the weakness of certain newspaper men in certain directions, and therefore we can safely appeal to them on our record when we are accused of rowdiness and disgraceful conduct. But outsiders who read the *Whig* and the *Times'* reports of our election excitement on Saturday night must think that the lives of the citizens of Kingston are in a constant state of jeopardy, and that the whole body of students compose a lawless mob with no respect for the person or property of citizens.

We admit that there may have been some little excess of animal spirits that night, but there was no disgraceful row in the City Hall, everything being done with the utmost good nature, and if on the street pedestrians were inconvenienced for a minute or two by a good-natured and rollicking crowd of the boys, surely the offence need not be heralded over the country as a disgraceful exhibition of rowdiness.

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In the realm of politics time's whirl-i-gig brings about some curious situations. The late lamented Manitoba school question had scarcely been decently interred when prohibition was thrust forward into the political arena. In the former question the spectacle was presented of a province being coerced into accepting separate schools, and the Province of Quebec represented as manipulating the thumb-screw. The result of the vote on the recent plebiscite has shown that if a prohibitory law is to be enacted the cry of coercing a province will almost certainly again be raised, but presto! the shoe is on the other foot now, and the would-be coercer of Manitoba in the matter of separate schools is in a fair way to be coerced herself in the matter of prohibition. We doubt not that the humor of the situation will strike our French neighbors in Quebec, but as for our prohibitionist friends in Ontario who were loud in denouncing coercion of Manitoba, will they see it? That at least many of them do not is clear from the labored articles appearing in the daily press which seek to deny that there is any analogy between the two cases. But who ever thought it necessary to assert categorically that there was? This undue haste to disabuse the public mind of such an impression is very suspicious. It reminds the writer of the little boy who hastened

to inform his mother, on her return from town, that he hadn't been stealing any sugar. The fact is that our above-mentioned friends find themselves upon the horns of a dilemma. Some accept the alternative that the situation revealed by the recent vote precludes the possibility, or at least the advisability, of the enactment of a prohibitory law. Others throw logic to the winds and, though stoutly denouncing coercion a few years ago in the matter of separate schools, are all for coercion now in the matter of prohibition. If we may be allowed to append a moral we should say, first, that the faddist is ever devoid of a saving sense of humor, and, secondly, that it makes a great deal of difference whose ox is gored.

Literary.

JOHN SPLENDID.

BY NEIL MUNRO.

SINCE the days of Scott the world has learned to have respect for Scotch novelists, although of late so many have gone to work so earnestly to make the past of their country live in romance that a shout has gone up "something too much of this." Still another writer enters the field and the readers of Stevenson and Crockett will be compelled to give him a hearing.

Although Neil Munro has been known for some years in England (short stories by him were published in 1893 in the *Speaker* and *National Observer*) it was not till the first chapters of his John Splendid appeared in January of the present year in *The Bookman* that he began to be talked about in America. He is a Highlander in name, in appearance, in feeling. Born at Inverary he all but faced the battle of life with a shepherd's crook as a herd laddie, instead of with a pen. The world can only rejoice that it was fated otherwise, that the sympathy and imagination that would have been lost have been given to mankind.

He is a Celt through and through, and his Celtic genius surpasses in some respects all others who have entered the much-worked field of Scotch story. He has been praised for his plot interest, but his novel lacks this interest; in the sense in which *Ivanhoe* and *The Little Minister* are stories it is not one: it has been praised for its portrayal of women, but the women are shadowy, their outlines borrowed from Scott. Even his Highland beldame suggests Meg Merrilies, but she is done with a vigor that promises much:

"She leered, witch-like, at him, clutched suddenly at his sword-hilt, and kissed it with a frenzy of words, then sped off, singing madly as she flew."

*Toronto: The Copp Clark Company, Limited.