

As to syntax, we cannot undertake to enlarge upon the glaring solecisms that so frequently jar our nerves, "I *done* it," "I never *seen* that before," &c., &c. Should not college men who are guilty of such expressions be indicted by the grand jury and brought before the Concursus? Provincialisms we are usually unconscious of, and we ought to thank the friend who is kind enough to call our attention to them, for only thus are we likely to be placed on our guard and liberated in process of time from their bondage.

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With this number of the JOURNAL we present to our readers a review, by a graduate of Queen's, of Conan Doyle's latest novel, "Rodney Stone." We are sure that the friends of our college organ will learn with pleasure that for the remainder of the session we hope to be in a position to make our "Literature" column one of the most interesting features of the JOURNAL. We shall include therein timely reviews of the latest additions to our literature, written in a style light and lively enough, and sufficiently removed from the conventional methods of the class-room to redeem us from the charge, so often deservedly cast upon the more ambitious literary efforts of college periodicals, of talking "shop," together with notes and comments upon the most important happenings in the world of letters.

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We confess that the longer articles in this issue of the JOURNAL come very near to our ideal of what the literary portion of a college paper ought to contain, and that if we can maintain this standard throughout the year we shall be well content. At the same time we would remind our student friends that these articles have been written by graduates, who have, at considerable sacrifice of time and trouble, responded to our appeal for contributions. These gentlemen, who, during their college career, were faithful supporters of the JOURNAL, still retain a lively interest in the institutions of their Alma Mater. We cannot refrain from asking, How many of the present generation of students will, in days to come, do as much for our college paper? We fear that the number will be small. It is not pleasant to realize that we have now in our midst so many men who are selfish enough, after having helped to place the responsibility for the success or failure of the JOURNAL upon the shoulders of the staff, to leave that staff unsupported, or, worse still, to secretly oppose it. Such men are out of place in a university. They would be more in their element as students in one of those mills for the manufacture of money-making machines which are popularly and erroneously styled business "colleges."

Such conduct on the part of a considerable body of students, considerable at least in numbers, throws the work of keeping up the JOURNAL into the hands of a comparatively small number, and our gratitude is consequently all the greater toward those who (in many instances men really overburdened with work) have hitherto supported us loyally.

If the present staff could, before the conclusion of its journalistic labours, rouse in every class in the University the interest and pride in the JOURNAL, which is all that is wanting to make it an unqualified success, we should feel that our mission was accomplished.

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Another tomb-stone has been given a place in the journalistic graveyard, and the occasion calls for at least a passing obituary notice. The *Week*, for many years our only distinctively literary periodical, has ceased publication. The cause assigned is, of course, lack of support—moral and literary, perhaps, as well as financial. Canada, we are often reminded, is still a new country, and it may be unreasonable to expect our national appreciation of and interest in things literary to be as lively as that displayed in the older lands across the seas. And yet we are well past the pioneer stage. We are no longer hewing out homes in a wilderness, and if most of us have the more immediate necessities of life as a spur to activity, that is no excuse for blindness to the higher interests of life. As a matter of fact these are not, by any means, entirely neglected among us. Universities like our own are centres of light in the land, and while we can hardly lay claim as yet to the possession of a national literature, it may be asserted that we have at least the first signs of its advent. These considerations would seem to have insured success for the *Week* if it had attained in any degree the purpose it had in view. To attempt to define the ultimate causes of its failure would be a large and perhaps also a profitless task. But we would take advantage of this opportunity to point out to the sons of Queen's the world over that our own *Queen's Quarterly* is doing, in its own way, something of the work that the *Week* set out to do, and that their loyal support is essential to its success as an epitome of the thought of their Alma Mater.

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Lord Rosebery's speech, which brought into general notice the Ostwold-Ramsay correspondence, has directed a good deal of attention to the remarkable development of Germany along industrial and scientific lines. In pure science, in the manufacture of chemicals and textiles, Germany has taken the foremost place. The German manufacturer is supplanting the English, not because he manufactures