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**G**OOD morning; have you used Pears'— I mean have you had La Grippe? If you have come around and see us, and we will condole with one another. Ugh! but isn't it terrible? I wish some enterprising man would catch one of those same bacilli that work such destruction, draw his teeth, break his jaw, his arms, his legs, put a chain around his body, and otherwise prevent his ability to do injury, and then put him in the museum for inspection. We would recommend that the following inscription be nailed on his lair: "*Multum in parvo.*" What a grin of solid satisfaction must spread over his wee little insignificant countenance when he sees what a commotion he produces in Brobdignagian man. Under his influence you begin to stretch, then your bones begin to ache, then your backbone gives out, your head gets as hot as Tophet, and each and every nerve in your body—and how surprised you are at their number—gets surcharged with a quadruple dose of the concentrated essence of jumping toothache. At last you get to sleep, but horrible shapes and sights disturb your dreams, and in one short hour you have enough imagery to supply ten "Infernos." At last, in despair, you take fifteen grains of quinine and crawl into bed. Soon you are prepared to believe what the lecturer said, when he stated the great bulk of one's body is water, for you begin and continue to leak at every pore. Then a train of cars, with every axle squeaking and 1,200 miles long, begins a slow, noisy procession

through your weary brain. These and many other things impossible to describe are incidental to La Grippe. As I remarked before, if you have had it, and are still in the body—I don't like ghosts—come and see me, and we will sympathize with each other.

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The St. Andrew's Society of Ottawa, nearly all of whom are Presbyterians, recently did a very graceful act in electing as their chaplain a Catholic priest, the Very Rev. Dr. Dawson. We, at Queen's, know something, we wish we knew more, of the venerable Father's beautiful, Christ-like, character, of his high and varied attainments, and we feel that the Society is to be congratulated on the Father's acceptance. Such acts are mighty towards breaking down prejudice and towards uniting brethren in one aim and object.

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The other day after reading most sorrowful accounts of the many unemployed and destitute in cities of the United States and Canada, I fell into a sort of reverie as to what was the true relation existing between poverty and those resulting acts that so frequently are termed criminal. Dimly enough we are beginning to recognize that "no man liveth to himself alone," that in some sense he is linked to all those who form the State, or yet more widely to all mankind. If such is so, the question arises: When a man and his family have not enough to preserve their being, what claim have they on society? What punishment, if any, should be given when, his need being great and society giving nothing, he puts forth his hand and takes? Whilst thinking of these questions, Jean Valjean, of Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables," came into my mind. Here was a man with a compassionate soul in him, working hard to feed himself, his widowed sister and her seven children. Then there comes a very severe winter, Jean has no work, and as a consequence the family have no bread,—literally no bread and seven children. One Sunday night, in order to provide food for them, Jean smashes a pane of glass in a baker's shop and takes a loaf of bread. For this he was sentenced to five years in the galleys. Feeling that he has been unjustly dealt with, he tries to escape, but is recaptured and has his sentence prolonged fourteen years—nineteen years for a pane of